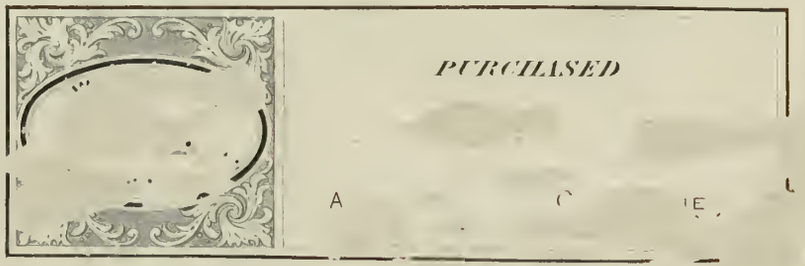
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ERRATA.

Page 19, col. 3, line 37, for "*frotté*" read "*frottis.*"
Page 20, col. 1, line 13, for "Peace" read "Law."
Page 20, col. 1, line 63, for "Tryon" read "Troyon."
Page 58, col. 1, line 13, for "le" read "au."
Page 21, col. 2, lines 29 and 32, for "Sayoum" read "Fayoum."
Page 158, col. 3, line 60, for "Foster-Barham" read "Cobb."
Page 158, col. 3, line 69, for "Needler" read "Foster-Barham."
Page 158, col. 3, line 75, for "Cobb" read "Needler."
Page 180, col. 2, line 65; col. 3, lines 41 and 62, for "Abbott" read "Abbot."
Page 369, col. 3, line 4, for "gown" read "gowns."
Page 369, col. 3, line 60, for "early" read "easy."
Vol. 83, page 544, col. 1, line 28, for "elosing eighteen years" read "Two months in 1888-9."
Vol. 83, page 565, col. 1, line 55, for "Monet" read "Manet."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1907.

The Week.

The week's news puts two Presidential candidates in the attitude of being "willin'." One is Mr. Bryan, who had formerly been suspected of readiness to sacrifice himself in the White House. But the formal launching of Secretary Taft's Presidential boom is quite another affair. It involves both an interesting personality and a very complicated political situation in the Republican party. Mr. Taft has undoubtedly impressed himself upon the country as a man in whom is the stuff of a statesman. In an unusual degree, he combines ability with good nature. Nor is there lack of downright courage in him, as the country learned when he went to Ohio in 1905 and boldly attacked the Republican boss. That act has apparently cost him the support of the Republican organization in his own State, but if Mr. Taft is to succeed at all, it will be not as an Ohio politician, but as a national figure. His square announcement, in his speech in Maine last September, that he was in favor of a thorough revision of the tariff, would fix general attention upon his candidacy if that large question comes to the front, as it easily may. Politically, Secretary Taft's chief handicap would lie in his being thought of as an official Administration candidate; for such are generally in disfavor.

Secretary Root's overhauling of the State Department is on every account praiseworthy. He is introducing in the records the same methods that almost revolutionized the Record and Pension Office of the War Department when he was at its head. It seems to be Mr. Root's forte to take official machinery which excellent predecessors had either regarded as reasonably satisfactory, or else had given up as hopeless, and make it genuinely efficient. Neither Mr. Root nor any of his predecessors has been able to induce Congress to establish a system of promotions for merit in the State Department, and the progress of this reform depends altogether upon the temper of the Executive. A good deal has been accomplished by filling vacancies in high positions from the grades below. The average of experience in the diplomatic and consular services is doubtless being increased. There remains, however, the almost impassable gulf between the classified and the appointive services in the State Department. The corps of consular clerks created a score of years ago with the idea of providing trained men who could move up into important consular positions remains a rather pathetic memorial to the false hope that special training would prevail over political influence. Mr. Root and the President deserve unstinted praise for every instance in which they have recognized merit apart from other considerations, and helped to build up an honorable diplomatic tradition. Their good work, however, in no way lessens the need for a regular statutory reform along the lines of the bill which Senator Lodge has offered in several recent Congresses.

The Appalachian and White Mountain forest reserve projects, belong to that great class of measures which every one knows to be deserving, but which stand a poor chance of early adoption. The arguments in favor of the forest reserves are of general application. Government control of such tracts prevents wasteful lumbering, secures a timber supply for the future, safeguards watersheds from freshets, increases the value of water-powers, protects against forest fires, and is in every way a wise and far-sighted policy. Why, then, restrict such benefits to one section of the country? There is not a single national forest reserve east of the Mississippi River, though States like New York and Pennsylvania have reserves of their own. The rivers flowing into the Pacific have their headwaters protected by vast tracts of forest preserved from indiscriminate lumbering. Those flowing into the Atlantic, though their present commercial use is tenfold greater, rise in regions where the commercial lumberman generally has full sway. As the Senate committee reported last year, the New Hampshire rivers "contribute more largely to the prosperity of other States than to hers. She ought not to be expected to burden herself with debt for the benefit of her neighbors; nor can they be expected to purchase lands outside their own borders for the creation of a forest reserve." As for the Appalachian reserve, "the various States in which it is proposed to locate this reserve have already by legislative acts conferred upon the United States Government the right to acquire title to these lands and exempted them from taxation. They cannot, because of the proposed location of the reserve in more than one State and their own lack of funds, be expected to go much further." State co-operation is thus assured, and the project simply waits upon Congress.

If George W. Perkins and Charles S. Fairchild really committed forgery in the third degree, it is well that the grand jury has indicted them for that crime. The excuse that their intentions were excellent, or that benefit rather than harm was the result to their policyholders, amounts, as Recorder Goff remarked, to nothing more than a recommendation to mercy. It is no bar to indictment. Forgery is forgery, and crime, crime. The beating of that truth into the heads of the people is one of the most valuable functions of courts and prosecuting officers. Hence we can but consider the proceeding most wholesome. It will tend to heighten the feeling that there is one law for both rich and poor; and the times need nothing more urgently. The particular transaction upon which the indictment is based was perceived by all right-minded men, as soon as Mr. Hughes brought it out at the insurance investigation, to be essentially dishonest. To cheat the Prussian authorities, to deceive the public, by pretending that shares were sold which were not actually sold, and to attempt to obtain new business on the strength of these false pretences, were acts repugnant to the moral sense. That the grand jury has found it repugnant also to the Penal Code, merely shows that the law reinforces morals.

The report of the committee on the race riot in Atlanta cannot give satisfaction to fire-eaters of the Tillman school who believe in letting blood every now and then to suppress negro crime and teach the colored man "his place." It is now shown that not a single negro killed belonged to the dissolute classes, but that all were absolutely innocent men who left wives and children. In no way concerned with the criminals whose vile deeds aroused the anger of the populace, their lives were sacrificed to blind hysteria and brutal race passion. Can any one think that such indiscriminate killing will awe anybody or stop any peculiar kind of crime? The low black criminal will be emboldened, if anything, for he and his kind got off scot free. Atlanta, thanks to the weakness and incapacity of her police and officials, must be ranked as a place where, according to the testimony of her own citizens, innocent men and women may be done to death by reason merely of race prejudice.

The growing difficulty of getting a serious hearing in the press for serious discussions is well illustrated in the reports of the meeting in this city of the Association for the Advancement of Science. To judge by the accounts in most of the newspapers, the chief question agitating the assembled savants last Thursday was whether Mr. Rockefeller

could or could not afford to eat oysters! The story told on that subject of absorbing interest by one of the ex-tempore debaters, was "played up" in headlines as if it were the most important thing in the entire session. Nor is this perverse reporting of sober addresses a new thing. The journalistic search for the bizarre, the unexpected, the sensational has gone such lengths that any lecturer utters a paradox or indulges in a humorous aside at his peril. We know what happened to Dr. William Osler. Such incidents could be multiplied indefinitely. It has got so that a professor or lecturer with a weighty subject to treat, shudders as he sees the reporters come in. He foresees the distortion, the misunderstanding, the false impression, almost certain to follow. Now, we are not blaming the reporters. They know that such hunting for the trivial or the sensational is "what they are there for." The true reproach strikes back to the newspaper managers, and, behind them, to the public, ever demanding the novel, the queer, or the blood-curdling. It is the general habit of mind that is really at fault. The phenomena of newspapers are only a part and a symptom of that. If the power of steady attention to serious topics of thought is being gradually broken down, as many signs indicate, we need not be surprised if the attempt is made to turn the Advancement of Science into a new kind of vaudeville. We are not certain, either, that the withers of the scientists themselves are wholly unwrung. Apparently, they cannot altogether escape the drift of the times; some of them seem to strain for a sensation with the yellowest of journalists.

At the meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association in Syracuse last week, Commissioner Andrew S. Draper spoke with disapproval of what may be called "trade unions" among teachers. He admitted that salaries are inadequate, but he could not believe that the interests of education would be forwarded by "any combination of teachers with some other combination which operates through politics." In this period, when the cost of living is rising so rapidly, the teacher is at a greater disadvantage than almost any other member of the community. The tradesman gets higher prices and sells more goods; the lawyer and the doctor may increase their fees and enlarge their practice; the manual laborer is receiving higher wages for less work; but in many cases the pay of the teacher remains where it was fixed ten or even twenty-five years ago. His case excites no deep pity, because his $500 or $1,500 is enough to keep soul and body together. The difficulty of his situation, however, is that in order to discharge his duties properly and render the most efficient service, he must buy books, pictures, and other instruments of culture; and he must occupy a fairly prominent social position, must entertain and be entertained. On the income of a mechanic, he must live like a professional man who earns three or four times as much. He must vie with the ill-paid clergyman in keeping up appearances. It is the wretchedness of the money return that keeps men of energy and resource from taking up teaching. However attractive the work itself may be, a man will turn elsewhere in order to get enough for the ordinary comforts of life. If something is not done to improve the condition of teachers of all grades, from primary school to university, the profession will become the last refuge of those who are too dull for business and too lazy to toil with their hands.

With the ordinary ill-informed and sentimental outcry against vivisection of animals we have no sympathy. Studies of the effect of disease and of surgical operations on the guinea-pig and the rat have done much for the progress of medicine, much for the alleviation of human suffering and the prolongation of human life. Yet we must protest against the torture of animals for merely trivial investigation. In a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in this city last Saturday, John B. Watson of the University of Chicago told how he tried to discover whether rats have a sixth sense unknown to man, a sense of direction. To this end he put a rat in a box from which the only outlet was by a maze, and he kept it there until it was thoroughly familiar with the intricacies of the exit. Then he removed its eyes, but it managed to get out. Next he extirpated the olfactory nerve, but the rat still threaded the maze. As the escape might have been due to a sense of touch, Mr. Watson froze the rat's feet. Finally, he covered its head completely with collodion. We do not labor under the delusion that the rat suffered as a human being might under the circumstances, but we submit that this cruelty was so nearly purposeless as to be wholly unjustifiable.

Another victim of the *de luxe* edition habit is seeking redress through the courts in this city. She (for it is a woman) began with a set of President Roosevelt's writings, cheap at $6,000. The book-agent thought it but a short and easy step to Thackeray and Shakespeare at $10,000 apiece. But when she held off, he handsomely came down to $12,500 for the two. The agent, who apparently did not know when he had enough, tried to wring $1,500 more out of her; and now she wants the whole contract annulled, on the ground of fraud. She has discovered that her precious Roosevelt is worth not more than $1,500, and that the Thackeray and Shakespeare are by no means as represented. The agent had told her that the editions were limited and extremely rare, and that they were "extra-illustrated." She complains, however, that the agent has simply bought "well-known and easily procurable copies" of these several authors, removed the bindings, changed the title-pages, interleaved "certain illustrations of a showy character, but intrinsically of little value," and has then rebound the editions attractively. The trick is an old one, and is being played every day in New York upon people who have the misfortune to be both rich and silly. In their minds, such phrases as "limited edition," "large paper," "crushed levant," "hand-tooling," and "extra-illustrated" are a sure index of value. Without going into questions of fine paper and binding, we may observe that sane men do not care to buy their books already extra-illustrated. To some persons it is a pleasure to ransack heaven and earth for extra-illustrations—the joy of the chase. But buying the illustrations in a lump may be compared to the sport of scooping trout out of a tub with a landing-net.

King Leopold's efforts to influence public opinion in this country with regard to the Congo by inviting American capital to its development, have not attained the desired result. Even 2,500,000 acres of mining property, 741,000 acres of forest, and 2,470,000 acres of rubber-producing land have not sufficed to blind this country to certain moral issues connected with the Congo. Last week an appeal signed by prominent clergymen and business men of this city was forwarded to the Secretary of State, urging him to bring to bear the "moral support" of this nation on the question of eliminating the "measures and practices of flagrant inhumanity" which King Leopold's own commissioners have found existing in the Free State. An arduous tax in kind which forces the majority of natives to pass almost their whole time in collecting rubber for the state or the operating companies, a system of land appropriation which has restricted the natives to the soil on which their villages are located and deprived them of the liberty of migration, unspeakable atrocities committed by native sentinels exercising unrestrained authority in the villages, gun in hand, and still more iniquitous, because official, atrocities committed by punitive expeditions sent out by the concessionary companies to enforce the payment of the rubber tax—these make up a list of crying evils for which the moral

sense of the world refuses to find compensation in the rapid development of Boma on the European model, or the large number of steamboats afloat on the Congo. The time is certainly opportune for making the voice of this country heard in the matter. The Belgian Parliament has just finished discussing the ultimate annexation of the Free State, and, protest as King Leopold or Belgium may that the question is one that purely concerns themselves, the debates have been largely shaped by the campaign that has been carried on in Great Britain; and the action taken by the Chamber of Deputies has been chiefly dictated by deference to the opinion of the world.

The provisions of the new public worship law passed by the French Senate on Saturday turn out to be much more moderate than preliminary accounts led one to expect. The Government obviously seeks to avoid all appearance of a punitive policy against the Church. The new measure permits the celebration of public worship in accordance with the provisions of the Associations Law of 1901 or with the law of 1881 regulating public meetings; this, of course, in addition to the form of worship contemplated by the Separation Law of 1905. The new measure also squarely meets the chief objection raised against the Briand circular dealing with the law of 1881, namely, that as the mere personal interpretation of the present Minister of Public Worship, it offered no permanent legal guarantees. Justifying those provisions of the law which provide for the immediate taking over by state and commune of the bishop's houses, presbyteries, and seminaries, the Ministerial declaration states:

> As soon as it appears certain that the faithful, as well as the clergy, at least for a period whose duration cannot now be foreseen, will abstain from the formation of public worship associations, it would be vain to wait any longer.

But till the end of the period, "whose duration cannot now be foreseen," the Government is prepared to wait. It is opposing patience to patience, and keeping its hands off. A final instance of self-restraint appears in the provisions of the law dealing with pensions and subsidies to ministers. It had been said that these would be all suppressed; but it is only the temporary subsidies that are abrogated in the case of recusant priests. The pensions granted to priests over forty-five who have served for more than twenty years, are continued, and a very large class is saved thereby from real privation that might have led to the rise of a hostile public opinion.

Enemies of war might draw consolation from the results of a popular vote recently taken by the Paris *Petite République* on the question who are the most celebrated Frenchmen in history. The poll was headed by Louis Pasteur, with Victor Hugo second, and Gambetta third. Only fourth place went to the man whom nine out of ten foreigners would unhesitatingly place at the head of the list—the man of Austerlitz and Waterloo. Is the military spirit dying out in France? Or is the general public neglecting the text-books and picking its favorites from among the names that occur most often in the newspapers? This would seem to be indicated by the other names that occupy a prominent position in the list—Lazare Carnot, Thiers, Curie of radium fame, and Dr. Roux. Gambetta and Thiers, though not contemporaries, are often mentioned in a discussion of Church and State or relations with Germany; but how can Napoleon possibly be connected with any one petty issue of our own times? The very magnitude of the word probably caused many Parisians to overlook it, while others undoubtedly felt ashamed to vote for Napoleon, because it would be so commonplace. That Pasteur should occupy first place is not strange—once the fact is known. Pasteur was both the scientist and healer, which are only the modern expressions for the priest and the prophet; and these latter have always impressed the imagination of mankind. He was priest in his character of keeper of the mysteries of a world unseen except through the microscope, and prophet in the wide horizon he opened to the potential preservation and prolongation of human life. Utopias nowadays are based on statistics, and the man who can reduce the average rate of mortality appeals to an instinct certainly as powerful as any in the heart of man.

The full details of the new Transvaal Constitution have now been made public. Its main features are an elected Assembly of sixty-nine members; a nominated council which, after four years, may be made elective; manhood suffrage for all white citizens; a Ministry of not more than six members; the cessation of Chinese labor under present conditions; and a land settlement board, terminable in five years or earlier by agreement. There is no express provision forbidding any ordinance such as the existing one in relation to Chinese labor, but there is a requirement that the Government of the Transvaal "shall reserve any law providing for the introduction under contract, indenture, or license, of laborers into the colony from places outside of South Africa," for the King's pleasure. This reservation is treated by the Liberal press as a "new charter of industrial freedom for the Transvaal," for it is certain that it will never again be the King's pleasure to consent to servile contract labor in South Africa. There is the same reservation of any law imposing disabilities or restrictions upon "persons not of European birth or descent," which are not also imposed upon Europeans. "By these reservations," says the London *Tribune*, "the Government do their utmost to secure the British ideal of one law for all persons under the British flag, be they white, black, brown, or yellow." But the English Government has not contented itself with simply preventing future importations of Chinese. Those now in South Africa practically as slaves will be repatriated as rapidly as their three-year contracts expire, and it is estimated that the whole system will be at an end by July 1, 1908. Thus there will be abolished with all possible speed the crowning disgrace of the Balfour Ministry—its truckling to the wealthy South African mine-owners from the very beginning of the troubles with the Boers. It cannot, of course, be said that unlimited self-government has been bestowed upon the Transvaal, so long as Great Britain retains a veto power over legislation, or so long as the Council is appointive. Yet the good faith of the Liberal Government is clear in this piece of constructive legislation, which confers substantial home rule upon the Transvaal within four years of the time it was ablaze with armed hostility to England.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Indian National Congress began last week in Calcutta. Since it is the most important unifying force in the diversified population of India, any large scheme of autonomy must naturally centre about it. The Congress has enjoyed the favor of the Government because of its adherence to a legal and peaceful propaganda; it may indeed be regarded as a creature of the Government, for the broad system of university education was instrumental in bringing together representatives of the higher classes from all parts of India, and giving them in the English language and English culture a medium for common action. The president, Dadabhai Naorogi, summed up aptly the forces working in favor of Indian autonomy. There was the sympathetic attitude of the British Premier, and of the Secretary for India, John Morley; the general "revival of liberty and liberalism in Great Britain," which manifested itself only the other day in the grant of self-government to the Transvaal; and the stirring of subject peoples, which has resulted in a constitutionalized Russia and Persia. The Congress wisely does not expect the immediate establishment of autonomy; but the signs of the times point to marked progress in the direction of its hopes.

WEALTH IN USE.

James Graham Phelps Stokes's rebuke of the Young Men's Christian Association for teaching how to invest, and how to care for property, gives fresh point to an old question, partly economic, partly moral. Concerning the personal attitude of this estimable inheritor of wealth, and his enthusiastic wife, we would not say one word of dispraise. They display a devotion to higher things which to blasé men and pleasure-loving women is both a reproach and a challenge. It is the renewal of ideals in such as they that makes one hopeful for the future. So long as aspiration and resentment of cruelty and wickedness burn in the hearts of chosen youth, the world will neither stagnate nor decay.

Yet the duty of examining, before accepting, the views of even the best people on earth remains and will remain the same. The burden of Mr. Stokes's arraignment of the Young Men's Christian Association is that, in the matter to which he refers, its course is not Christian. To instruct the young about dividends and real estate investments, much more to "receive dividends produced by the labor of others," is, Mr. Stokes asserts, "very distinctly contrary to the teachings of Jesus." He adds that there can be no real love of neighbor, if a rich man lives in comfort upon wealth which his neighbors "need far worse."

Now, on this we may be permitted to remark, what many thoughtful and devout Christians have pointed out, that the doctrine of wealth taught, or rather implied, in the New Testament, is defective. It is so, just as its astronomical doctrine is defective—simply because the conditions of the time made full perception of the truth impossible. The modern idea of wealth in use had never come into the ken of the New Testament writers. Great riches were, to them, an accumulation of jewels, or other personal belongings, which could be used only for selfish enjoyment. Even the man who had lands and flocks and herds was thought of merely as one to whom much flowed and from whom nothing came. In a word, the conception of capital as a fructifying source of development and employment and social good, was unknown in Judæa two thousand years ago. Hence it could not figure in the teachings of the New Testament. Christian morality had to do with the life, the motives, the brotherhood, whether of rich or poor; but had not, and could not have, anything directly to say about an economic world of which it never dreamed.

This is the reason why so often some practices of a modern industrial society are said to be "distinctly contrary to the teachings of Jesus." Taken literally, that is true; but we are not to take any saying literally which would surely result in mischief, suffering, and real inhumanity. "Sell all thou hast and distribute unto the poor." Would it be for the good of mankind if our rich men were to take that command as applying to themselves, and obey it to the letter? Clearly not. Suppose a man had $100,000, and should distribute it all among the needy. That sum would be swallowed up, and the owner's power to be useful to his fellows at once dissipated. But let him put it into some productive industry, paying wages of, say, $10,000 a year, and more absolute benefit would be conferred than by the indiscriminate distribution of $100,000, while the process might go on indefinitely, resulting in many times $100,000 being paid out to stimulate self-help and thrift.

One is almost ashamed to recur to such elementary truths, stated again and again by Mill and others, but it sometimes seems as if even elementary truths were in danger of disappearing in a wash of sentiment. With the misuse of wealth, let us deal as occasion demands. Against the barbaric conception of riches which so many of our new-made millionaires display, let us employ every form of protest—ridicule, exposure, satire, hot denunciation. But let us try to keep our heads throughout, and not be betrayed into oversight of the necessary part which great capital plays in keeping modern society and government going; let us not fall into notions that would, if carried out, cause us to revert to the status of savages. And it must not be forgotten that loose talk about the sin of having large property, which, in a time like this, passes as amiable but inconsequent, might easily, in a period of depression, translate itself into riot and social disruption.

OLD CLERKS AND CIVIL PENSIONS.

If notoriety be a good thing, then the superannuated Government employee has been enjoying a succession of "banner years." He had been let alone up to the beginning of the twentieth century, privileged to potter about the departments, and draw his pay once a month. Suddenly he found himself a subject of grave concern. Cabinet officers and bureau chiefs annually spread their views regarding his "habits, customs, virtues, vices, and future." Committees sat and wrangled over his fate. Sometimes they reported plans for dealing with him—which never became law, however. Secretary Hitchcock declared in 1904 that if the aged clerks were removed from his department, he would be able to do the work with a force 25 per cent. smaller. The House Appropriations Committee last year devised a plan for eliminating the septuagenarian clerk entirely from the public service after June 30, 1913. The clerks' own spokesmen are prompt to suggest a civil pension as a cure for all existing ills. For all that, the general problem of superannuation remains unsolved.

The report of a special committee appointed by the National Civil Service Reform League, copies of which have recently been sent to members of Congress, comes nearer to a plain basis of facts than most of the discussion that has gone before. The situation looks grave enough in the abstract. Last year it was stated that in the District of Columbia alone there were 1,687 clerks of sixty-five and over, receiving average salaries of $1,235, and 586 clerks of seventy and over, receiving average salaries of $1,243. "We must prevent," said Congressman Littauer last year, "the development of the civil service into a civil pension list." But the committee, headed by Horace E. Deming, shows that relatively the situation appears much less grave. In its summary of results the following propositions are clearly stated:

> The retention of employees in the civil service of the United States is no longer than in the service of the great railroads.
>
> Only 1.2 per cent. of the employees in the executive civil service throughout the country are over seventy years of age.
>
> The number of these is not increasing.
>
> The tendency of the civil service law and rules is to decrease the number of old employees.
>
> The separations are enough to change the whole service on an average once in 12.5 years. By far the greater part of the resignations are among the competitive appointees seeking better places outside.
>
> Only 5.1 per cent. of employees now in the service who are over sixty-five years of age entered through competition by examination.
>
> The Government's loss . . . expressed in salary, equals only $1,200,000 a year.

These facts do more than show that the situation is not so alarming as had been supposed. They also demonstrate that civil service reform is not responsible for the "dead wood" in the departments. Of the employees of sixty-five and over, no less than 94.9 per cent. entered the service without competitive examination. This is natural enough when one considers the fact that the Civil Service law dates back only to President Arthur, and that a man who, at thirty, took the first examinations for appointment held by the Civil Service Commission, would not yet be sixty. Spoilsmen and place-hunters have been only too glad of late years to hold the "civil service" responsible for decrepitude in office. "We had a simple way of regenerating the service," they said. "The men we put in office were not the worst in the world. They had demonstrated energy and initiative in the political field. And there was no chance of their going stale because we overhauled the whole lot every time another party or faction came in. Now you reformers have locked the door leading out of the civil service, and patrol the

door leading in. It is your fault if we have a job-lot of incompetents inside, and it is up to you to find a way out of the difficulty." The Democratic Convention of 1896, which put itself on record as in favor of civil service reform, but opposed to life tenure in office, expressed the doubts which were felt by many casual observers.

We must grant, of course, that in a service completely covered by the rules, all the superannuated clerks would ultimately come from the competitive class. For these men the Civil Service League believes that something must be done in the near future. A civil pension it rejects. This city's experience with its police pensions would alone be sufficient to make us dread the experiment on a national scale. If the men too old to work must be looked after by a Government which has hitherto permitted the impression that employment is permanent, and saving almost unnecessary, then the best plan is the Australian requirement that every successful candidate for a place must take out a deferred annuity policy in some reputable company. But the simple plan of paying clerks what they are worth would logically be enough to regenerate the service. The aged clerks, says the committee, do work worth $1,200,000 less than that of younger men paid the same salaries. Very well, cut down the aggregate salaries by that amount. It will be an incentive for the younger men to save, and at the same time will remove the old from the status of mere pensioners, whom their superiors are too soft-hearted to discharge. In the execution of such a policy there are obvious difficulties, but its suggestion may be a step toward supplying the needed corollary to the achieved reforms in the selective machinery of the civil service.

THE DISAPPEARING TRAMP.

"Dusty Rhodes and Weary Willie are no more, except as they exist in the comic supplement," declares the superintendent of a Louisville Rescue Mission. "There are tramps and bums today, but they are not of the same type that roamed the country five years ago." Five years is a short time in which to accomplish even a minor social revolution. Had the gentleman harked back some eight years further to the days when "armies" of the unemployed were on the march, he would have been able to point a more striking contrast. But his observation fits in with that of other qualified persons who assert that recent years have witnessed rather an extraordinary shifting and overturning in what is often called the "under-world." The Louisville authority says:

> The tramp or wanderer of to-day, as a general thing, comes from a good family, and at one time probably held both a good business and social position. Ninety per cent. of the men that come into Hope Rescue Mission, as boys attended Sunday-school. In fact, there are no tramps today. Instead, there is a great army of men and boys who are drifting from one city to another. But the tramp that used to camp along the roadside is practically a thing of the past.
>
> On the other side, the police officials of every city have been talking of the rise of the "yegg," or criminal tramp. The bank-robber and burglar was at one time a highly skilled craftsman, doing his work with a finish that only too often identified the artisan. He lived, so to speak, in a style befitting his station, and for that reason the police were more likely to know him and be able to find him. "But what can you do," they now ask pathetically, "when the bank robber comes into town ragged and on foot, with no tools but a cake of soap and a vial of nitro-glycerine, does his job, and steals a ride on a freight train to get away? Nobody knew him before or after; he has no recognizable peculiarities. Outwardly he is only a common tramp."
>
> The droll tomato-can tramp of the comic papers was once a reality, or at least as much a reality as any of the other conventional figures of our national humor. Is it competition that has killed him? Pressed relentlessly by the outright criminal and the fallen scion of good family, has he gone the way of the small dealer and the circuit rider? Or has he simply discarded a few of his odder traits and dropped to plain raggedness? Or is the "yegg," perhaps, only the old tramp himself imbued with a new and criminal ambition? All these are possibilities, but the qualities that made men tramps are older and more enduring than the pyramids. The tramp wandered about the country, not simply because he was possessed of an inherited *Wanderlust*, like the gypsy; nor because he plied a trade that necessitated moving about, like the tinker or peddler; nor because, like the itinerant printer of other days, he was intellectually curious, and wanted to see the world and earn a living by the way. His grievance against the world of cities and shops was general, not particular. His hand was against no man's, but, if any man's hen-roost happened to lie across his path, he would not actually push the chickens away. He was as free from malevolence as he was from steadfastness. It is known that a beggar can greatly increase his receipts by employing a printed appeal instead of an oral whine. Yet only the very élite of their profession have the enterprise to use such means, and those who do, copy the three or four metrical and other pleas already in use rather than compose new ones of their own. The same inertia was characteristic of the tramp's threats and revenges. With matches in his pocket, he might exert himself enough to burn a haystack or a barn when the farmer's wife refused him a "hand-out." But elaborate schemes of either revenge or plunder were beyond him. He might go on for weeks without a single actual infraction of the law, aside from his habitual lack of visible means of support. He was, in short, the product of ineradicable traits, complete aimlessness and laziness.
>
> One wonders whether the old freemasonry of the road is to be ended with the passing generation of tramps. Because nobody in particular was looking very hard for "Weary Willie," he developed the habit of indicating his movements through the country by signs and symbols carved on the railroad water-tanks and such places. His sense of fellowship led to the marking of hospitable and inhospitable houses, sources of plunder, lodging places, and the like. The new classes of tramps are much less apt to keep up this kind of lore. The criminal does not want to tell the interested public where he is going; the carpenter, clerk, or insurance agent who has seen better days does not know how. A noble art would thus stand in danger of being lost but for one fact. That is the improbability that the tramp of "type," as the biologists say, will stay suppressed. More aggressive competitors may temporarily crowd him out of his living or drive him to more active methods. But let the pressure be momentarily taken off, and he is certain to reassume his old place.

HONORING A PROFESSOR.

Prof. Ernst von Bergmann, the great German surgeon, celebrated his seventieth birthday on December 16. As the occasion was the signal for a striking demonstration of public regard, it is worth while to consider Prof. Von Bergmann's career and the honors which have just been paid him. Beginning in 1864 as instructor in surgery at the University of Dorpat, he served as a military surgeon in the wars between Prussia and Austria, Germany and France, and Russia and Turkey. He was called in 1878 to the University of Würzburg, and was requisitioned in 1882 by the University of Berlin. There he was one of the most distinguished teachers; and scholars from all countries came to sit at his feet. In surgery, there are two fields in which Von Bergmann has distinguished himself. Lister's antiseptic methods in operations he supplemented by aseptic bandaging. His teaching that a fresh gunshot wound is aseptic and is best treated by a simple bandage and by trust in nature, has saved the lives of many thousands of soldiers who would have died from the infection that results from probing. Von Bergmann's surgical treatment of diseases of the brain is his second great achievement, thanks to

which parts of the brain are now accessible to the knife in a manner not dreamed of only twenty years ago. In fine, he has contributed more to the development of surgery than any other German.

This is in outline the record which provoked tributes from the leading German newspapers. A further indication of the pride which Germany takes in her savants is the fact that no less than forty delegations from all parts of the Empire called to congratulate Von Bergmann and the nation upon his attainment of the Scriptural three score and ten. From ten o'clock until three they filed past, bringing gifts of every kind. The University of Munich, the Society for First Aid to the Injured, the Red Cross, the Central Committee for the Education of Physicians, the German Samaritan Society—these were but a few of the organizations whose officials presented themselves.

Official recognition of the anniversary was also not lacking. Emperor and Empress telegraphed congratulations. The War Minister and the Minister of Education were represented by high Government officials, the one in recognition of Von Bergmann's service in war-time and the other of the relation of the Government to the University of Berlin. On the literary side, no less than four important scientific works were published by way of commemoration. The eighty-first volume of the monumental "Archives of Surgery" and Prof. Franz König's "Tuberculosis of the Human Joints and Skull" were specially dedicated to Von Bergmann. Dr. Walter von Oettingen's "Studies" in military sanitation during the Russo-Japanese war appeared with an enthusiastic dedication to the author's former instructor, noting the importance of his discoveries in the field of military hygiene. The other side of Von Bergmann's activity was recognized in a volume, dealing with the social value of the saving of human life. Next, the septuagenarian submitted to the tortures and pleasures of a great banquet, at which over 500 distinguished persons were present on the invitation of the Berlin Medical Society. Last, but not least, Professor Von Bergmann's wife and daughters were present on this occasion and worthily toasted in recognition of what the *Ewig Weibliche* has done for him.

We have dwelt on the details of this remarkable event, surpassed only by the tributes to Virchow during his lifetime, because the celebration shows clearly how high the university professor still stands in the life of the German people. The Empire has developed into a great industrial country, flooding the world with the product of its factories. Thus its citizens have become known as the "Yankees of Europe." But the respect for the man of learning has in no way suffered; if anything, it has increased. To the average graduate of a university the possibility of becoming a distinguished professor still seems the fulfilment of the loftiest ambition. Far from being regarded as a cloistered life, devoted only to musty books and abstract theories, the career is recognized as one which brings not only the highest social standing, but also necessitates close touch with everything affecting the state. Virchow, for instance, besides being a great teacher and scientist, was a city councillor, a Liberal of the Liberals, with the keenest interest in all political matters. Nor was he ever rebuffed or told, as a mere "closet philosopher," to return to his tomes. His words on all questions affecting national affairs were listened to with respect; his influence was of the widest.

The same has been true of Von Bergmann. "He is devoted to his profession of university teaching, and takes pride in being a widely sought surgeon; but he is not wholly absorbed by it," writes one of his eulogists. He has not only had time for art and music and drama, but has been one of the "foremost citizens of Berlin the city," "one of the leaders of those who work for the public weal." In national matters, too, his word has "had the respect of all those highest in authority." Thus there has been a remarkable relationship between the professor and the state. The latter has known how to honor a scientist, and the scientist, recognizing his responsibility, has freely given himself to the advancement not merely of his countrymen, but of all mankind as well.

In all this there is much to make Americans reflect. True, in not a few instances the achievements of our men of letters or science have been recognized before death. President Eliot, for instance, must know what people think of his priceless services to the republic. But in most cases, the tributes have been local in character or confined solely to that particular branch of learning in which the scholar is conspicuous. If in this day of materialism, of worship of our captains of industry, there are those who would exalt our intellectual leaders, the honors to the German surgeon suggest one way in which the achievements of the hero of the laboratory may be acclaimed.

PSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

The annual meeting of the American Psychological Association, held in this city last week, in connection with the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has directed public attention again to the progress of psychological research. There was an exhibition of the newer methods employed and results achieved in the various laboratories throughout the country.

Experimental psychology is a term not very well-defined. By some it is supposed to mean physiological psychology. But that is concerned chiefly with determining the correspondence between psychical processes and functions of the brain, and its method is primarily objective. Experimental psychology gets its data originally from the self-conscious subject, and seeks to correct the irregularities and errors of individual observation by objective tests of various kinds. It is not satisfied with the experience of a single observer, but puts its questions to the "group," and so is largely statistical. It eliminates "the personal equation" by testing these data through the use of accurate instruments. Its field of research is much wider now than formerly; for it takes into consideration varieties of age, sex, and race; compares the psychical processes of man with those of the lower animals; and deals with problems concerning language, æsthetics, and even religion.

Some of these phenomena were considered incidentally by Weber and Fechner in the first half of the last century; but experimental psychology had no independent standing as a science until 1878, when Wundt founded his famous laboratory at Leipsic, where so many European and American "experimentalists" have been trained. His example was speedily followed by Müller at Göttingen, by Martius at Bonn, and ten years later by Ebbinghaus at Berlin. Within fifteen years there were laboratories of experimental psychology in several European countries, and no less than sixteen in America. Though Münsterberg came to Harvard from Germany, the chairs of experimental psychology in this country are mainly occupied by Americans, who, as might have been expected, have shown proficiency in a science which calls for extraordinary mechanical ingenuity and dexterity. A considerable percentage of the members of the Psychological Association are devoting their energies to experimental work.

It is particularly during the last ten years that the scope of experimental inquiry has been enlarged. At first the principal matters considered had reference to sensations. There were discussions of the differential perception of colors in the spectrum, geometrical illusions, the influence of rhythm on the pulse and circulation, and similar subjects. Later investigations have been concerned with such widely different matters as the influence of tea and of hashish on psychical processes, the psychology of the telegraph operator, respiration in relation to attention, and the development of voluntary motion in the child. At the meeting of the Association in 1905 there were occasional digressions into animal psychology. One paper dealt with the variations in the

nests of a spider and the measurement of the variability of instinct, another on the psychology of the ant-queen, and one adventurous member discussed the sense and intelligence of the Japanese dancing mouse. This year also a number of papers were read on similar topics.

It is no disparagement of the ingenuity and industry of the experimentalists to say that the value of the results thus far achieved by them has not been proportionate to the labor expended. It has, we grant, been an undoubted advantage to have psychology taken out of the department of *belles-lettres*. The science is no longer obscured and hampered by an overweight of metaphysical speculation. Indeed, about ten years ago there was a great revival of interest in psychology in its larger sense, and a series of treatises appeared in Germany, France, England, and America such as had never been equalled in the whole history of philosophy. Then, too, many of the discoveries of the experimental psychologist have been found of immediate practical utility in the arts and in pedagogy. It may be said that all the facts collected and reported will one day be parts of a wide philosophical generalization.

But although it is probably too soon to estimate the value of what the specialists are doing, much of their time is spent over that which seems very trivial. Physiological psychology is as yet in its infancy; and among psychologists there are very few at work on the anatomy, histology, and physiology of the brain. Here is a field in which there lies far more undiscovered treasure than in the heaps of statistics regarding, for example, "mental faculty" and "sensation-measurements" in school children and university students.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

NEW HAVEN, December 29.

One of the largest and, from the point of view of general interest, most enjoyable meeings of the Modern Language Association was held this week at Yale University. The character of the papers was even farther removed from the dry-as-dust productions on specialized philological subjects than were those of last year. Of the twenty-three papers, ten were in the field of English literature, and that mainly modern; and six might be roughly grouped under the head of the technique and criticism of literature in general. The foreign literatures were rather meagrely represented, German having four papers and the others only incidental reference. Linguistics could claim only two papers, and but one of these was of purely specialized interest; the other was an interesting discussion of the familiar Southernism "You all" by Prof. C. Alphonso Smith of the University of North Carolina. Professor Smith showed that the expression was applied only to a plural subject, that it is not equivalent to "all of you," but to "you persons," "you and your folks," etc. The accent is always on "you," thus distinguishing it from the universal idiom "you all" with the accent on the "all." Of the colleges and universities represented, Yale headed the list with four papers, and Princeton through her preceptors followed with three. Harvard, in contrast to her large representation last year, presented only one paper, and Johns Hopkins none. The South was represented with three papers. Canada presented one paper, as last year, from McGill.

The Association was welcomed by President A. T. Hadley in an address in which he declared that, owing to the decline of the ancient languages, especially Greek, in the secondary schools and the colleges, the modern languages should be so taught that they should have the cultural value in the training of the student that the older languages had. In the evening Prof. H. A. Todd of Columbia, president of the Association, delivered his address on the function of the doctor's degree in the study of modern languages in America. In his view the training for the degree should develop breadth of view, soundness of method, and constructive power. At least one year, preferably the second, should be given to study abroad. The thesis should be an object lesson in scholarship, even to the humble but necessary details of proof-reading. It should be printed as part of the requirement of the degree, and should combine the solidity of the German with the lucidity and charm of the French dissertation.

A paper of somewhat surprising interest was read by Prof. Kenneth McKenzie of Yale on the forbidding topic, "Means and End in Making a Concordance." The subject was presented with such clearness and cogency that the Association was prepared to fall in with Prof. A. S. Cook's resolution that a Concordance Society be established and a constitution be adopted. A special meeting of those interested was held and the Society was organized. The object of the Society is to furnish subventions which will induce publishers to undertake the publication of such concordances of modern authors as are most needed. An endeavor will be made to bring the Society up to a membership of one hundred, and, by charging a fee of $5, to make possible the publication of concordances as soon as they are ready to print. Already Professor McKenzie is busy on a concordance of the *Rime* of Petrarch, and Profs. Lane Cooper and C. S. Northrup of Cornell are at work on one of Wordsworth. Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia read a paper on the five-act scheme of the drama, protesting against the odor of sanctity in which it has been revered and urging the logical superiority of the three-act scheme.

At the close of the Friday morning session Dr. C. P. G. Scott opened a discussion on spelling as approved by the Simplified Spelling Board, and Prof. Calvin Thomas presented the following resolutions for adoption by the Association:

I. That the Modern Language Association hereby approves the plan of campaign adopted by the Simplified Spelling Board in its effort to promote the gradual simplification and rationalization of English orthography, namely, to recommend to the public from time to time and in the case of selected words and groups of words,

(1.) The dropping of useless, silent letters, as the *ue* in *catalogue*, the *ugh* in *though*.

(2.) The bringing of meaningless anomalies into line with the prevailing anologies of the language, as *metre* into line with *diameter, thermometer*, etc., and *centre* and *theatre* into line with the great multitude of words like *letter, river, father*.

(3.) The reduction of unphonetic combinations of letters to simpler terms as the *ed* in *dropped* to *t*, the *æ* in *mediæval* to *e*, the *ph* in *phantom* to *f*.

II. That the members of the Association be requested, while reserving the right to reject any proposed simplification that they do not approve, to manifest their interest in the cause by using and encouraging the use, so far as they can, of such simplified forms as they do approve.

III. That the forms recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board in its published list of 300 words be used hereafter in the publications of the Association. The author of a monograph shall, however, always be consulted beforehand, and shall always have the right to direct that his work be printed in the spelling which he prefers.

The presenting of the resolutions came as a surprise to most of those present, and was followed by a rather warm discussion, and by such an interplay of motion and amendment that certain members failed to understand the question, and voted in favor of the third clause when they would otherwise have voted against it. The vote of 56 to 31, though not representing the exact sentiment of the Association, has established for the ensuing year the simplified spelling as official.

On Saturday morning Prof. J. B. Henneman of the University of the South gave a good illustration, in a paper on ballads heard and collected in eastern North Carolina, how original and valuable work towards preserving ballads which are becoming extinct may be done by undergraduates. One of Professor Henneman's students took down from the lips of an illiterate old woman ten ballads, which had been transmitted by oral tradition from her English ancestors. These ballads have suffered in transmission, the metrical form has in places given way to prose, and the tone has, on the whole, been vulgarized, as by the presence of oaths not found in the corresponding ballads in Child's collection, but they still possess a rude vigor. There is evidently much ballad material still to be discovered in the South, especially in the two Carolinas, Alabama, and Louisiana. Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of McGill gave a brief but convincing summary of a paper on the masque, in which he disputed Brohanck's thesis that the English masque goes to France, and not to Italy, for its origin.

In this necessarily limited correspondence it is impossible to do justice to the papers read. Many of those of which no mention has been made held the attention of good-sized audiences. The president for the ensuing year is Prof. F. N. Scott of the University of Michigan, and as next year a joint meeting is to be held with the Central Division, the place will be some town in the middle West.

CHICAGO, December 29.

The Central Division of the Modern Language Association of America held its twelfth annual meeting at Chicago, December 27 to 29; the members were the guests of the University of Chicago. In the absence in Europe of the chairman, Prof. E. P. Baillot, Prof. G. E. Karsten

presided. At the formal opening of the sessions on Thursday evening, Prof. Nathaniel Butler, Dean of the College of Education of the University of Chicago, welcomed the association. Following Professor Butler, the French consul to Chicago, M. Merou, and the German consul, Dr. Wever, each spoke briefly of the close relationship existing between English and modern European languages and literatures. Unfortunately Professor Baillot's address, "The Pessimism of Our Days," did not arrive from Europe in time to be read.

The departmental sessions, a comparatively new feature of the annual meetings, were a marked improvement upon those of former years. This improvement was due in part to the fact that more time was devoted to them than formerly, an entire afternoon being set apart for the discussion of subjects connected with the teaching of modern languages. Then, too, the topics were more carefully chosen, while the discussion itself received definite direction from speakers selected in advance to open it.

At the business session the Central Division, after considerable argument, voted to print the proceedings in accordance with the rules of the Simplified Spelling Board. The report of the committee appointed a year ago to consider some method by which duplication of dissertation subjects might be avoided was considered and referred to the executive council of the Association. Professor Karsten of the University of Illinois was elected chairman for the ensuing year; Prof. C. B. Wilson of the State University of Iowa, secretary.

The social element which in these annual gatherings has come to occupy so large a place, received its usual emphasis.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL AND OTHER ASSOCIATIONS AT PROVIDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, December 29.

Five national learned societies—the American Historical Association, American Economic Association, American Political Science Association, American Sociological Society, and the Bibliographical Society of America—held their annual meetings this year at Providence, December 26-29. In addition, the New England History Teachers' Association held a semi-annual meeting at the same place in conjunction with the American Historical Association. For societies which, like these, deal with the same general field, a common meeting place and occasional joint sessions are to be commended; for while the combined programme offers an almost bewildering variety of topics, the opportunity to share in the offerings of more than one society is a great advantage. The attendance at Providence exceeded that at any previous joint meeting, the proportion of younger scholars being especially gratifying; the provision of rooms and of other facilities was ample, and the audiences at the public sessions large.

To compare, save in the most general way, the programmes of the several associations would be a difficult and not very satisfactory task. The Political Science, Economic, and Sociological associations have, from the nature of their subjects, a distinct advantage, so far as the public is concerned, over the historical group, in that the matters which they discuss have, or may easily be made to have, a practical bearing on current events and contemporary situations. Men and women at large are certain to be more interested in such topics as protection and Trusts, the regulation of railway rates, and the government of dependencies, than in any purely historical subject. It was interesting to notice, however, that the historical programme, though presenting on first inspection few topics of marked significance, called out a good attendance of members, and evoked as general and spirited discussion as took place elsewhere. Of discussion of any sort, however, there was comparatively little: the programmes were crowded, and would have been more crowded still had all the papers announced been presented. Even the round-table conferences of the Economic Association were slimly attended.

One point at which the different associations may be compared is afforded by the addresses of the presidents. Not even the American Historical Association, the oldest and largest of the societies, has yet succeeded in giving to its presidential address the character and weight which attach to the addresses of the presidents of the British Association or the American Bar Association; and the address this year of Judge Simeon E. Baldwin did not rise above the general level. It was a well written, but dry and rather superficial, discussion of the importance of the religious element in history. Prof. J. W. Jenks, for the Economic Association, touched a more popular vein in treating the modern standard of business honor; but beyond pointing out the special need of honorable dealing on the part of corporations, and the desirability of harmonizing public and private moral standards as closely as possible, the address did not plough deeply. The presidential address of Dr. Albert Shaw, on the other hand, was an extremely well-put statement of the problems which now await the political scientist, and of the bearing of the study of political science upon current political and governmental activities; while that of Dr. Lester F. Ward was an equally thoughtful and concise statement of the development of sociology as a science, and of its claim to a place at the head of the scientific hierarchy.

Both papers and discussions showed, as a rule, independent thought and investigation, and a willingness to question accepted theories that could not be easily sustained by facts. Prof. Edward A. Ross of Wisconsin, in a discussion of "Western Civilization and the Birth Rate," entered his frank dissent from the whole doctrine of the general desirability of large families, and urged that, while there were undoubted perils in the present movement for restriction, the movement itself seemed to be a salutary one, and the evils in its train either minor, or transient, or self-limiting, or curable. A discussion of child labor in the United States was notable for the severe condemnation, by Prof. Samuel M. Lindsay of Pennsylvania, of the recent action of the National Civic Federation in attempting to minimize and discredit the Federal statistics of child labor; action which, he declared, "was palpably intended as an apology for employers who have resisted legislation to protect childhood, violated existing agreements, evaded existing legislation, and shown a lack of concern for the children of the nation."

Dr. George L. Beer of Columbia, whose studies of the commercial relations between the American colonies and England have made him the foremost authority on that subject in this country, contributed a valuable paper on the new colonial policy of Great Britain from 1760 to 1765. Miss Susan M. Kingsbury of Simmons College, whose admirable edition of the "Records of the Virginia Company of London" has just appeared, offered an instructive comparison between the Virginia Company and other trading companies of the time; while Prof. C. H. Van Tyne of Michigan, in an historical discussion of sovereignty in the American Revolution, dealt another blow at the misinterpretation and distortion of unquestioned historical facts, which courts and lawyers have long been guilty of, though unwittingly, in their efforts to enforce the national view of the Federal Constitution.

The Political Science Association devoted two sessions to a discussion of various phases of the government of dependencies, the most interesting of the papers being, perhaps, that of Alleyne Ireland on "The Need of a Scientific Study of Colonial Problems." Of the other papers of this association, special mention should be made of one by Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick on the new charter of Newport, R. I., and another by Prof. J. Q. Dealey of Brown, on recent Constitution-making in the United States.

The American Historical Association emphasized its concern for the proper teaching of history in schools and colleges by a joint session with the New England History Teachers' Association, and by a conference on history in the college curriculum. The joint session was devoted to a discussion of the report of the committee of eight on history in elementary schools. As the report is not yet complete, its provisions need not be entered upon here, further than to say that the committee has in hand the preparation of a complete and detailed course of study in history for elementary grades. The deliberations of the conference were less fruitful, the discussion of the assigned topic, "The Sequence of College Courses in History," bringing out wide diversity of practice and opinion. A conference on the special problems of State and local historical societies, particularly with reference to the condition and treatment of archives and the marking of historic sites, showed that encouraging progress was being made along both of these lines. The work of the Public Archives Commission, and of State and local commissions and commissioners, is beginning to bear fruit.

The two sessions of the Bibliographical Society were held in the beautiful building of the John Carter Brown Library, and were largely given to papers and discussions of direct historical bearing. Thus, at the first session, George P. Winship reported on the efforts which are being made to locate all copies of early Americana; Clarence S. Bingham of the Rhode Island Historical Society, on the need of a bibliography of American colonial newspapers; and T. L. Cole of Washington on the plans for a union catalogue of American colonial laws. The chief obstacle, apparently, to the speedy carrying out of all three of these large undertakings is the lack of adequate pecuniary resources. The second

session was given to a consideration of plans for an international catalogue of the current literature of the social sciences, participated in by representatives of the various associations interested. The comparatively small number of members in attendance was itself an advantage, in that it gave to each session the character of an informal conference. Not to be outdone by its sister associations, a committee of the society recommended the establishment of a periodical as a medium of communication between members.

The presidential address before the Sociological Society has been already referred to. The only other paper comparable to it in weight was that of Prof. A. W. Small of Chicago, on "Points of Concurrence among Sociologists." Some twenty-one such points were enumerated. The discussion of this paper, more than of any other, brought out the prime difficulty which confronts sociologists at the present time, namely, the lack of agreement as to what, precisely, sociology is. Professor Ward, for example, puts it at the apex of a scientific pyramid, with practically the whole sum total of human knowledge as its proper view. Professor Dealey would have us believe that it transcends all other subjects in importance, since it concerns both the individual and society in general; by inference, therefore, every one should study it. Professor Small pointed out that the primary task of sociology was to discover and formulate laws of those processes in society which differ in degree or kind from processes found in earlier orders in the scale of evolution; while Prof. J. E. Hagerty of Ohio State University thought that wider observation and less introspection was the crying need. The lesson which the discussion apparently enforced was the necessity of more accurate definition, particularly in the direction of method.

Most of the commissions and committees of the Historical Association reported commendable progress from year to year in their assigned fields. The Public Archives Commission begins to see the end of its large task of describing the character and condition of State archives, while the transcription of documents in the Public Record Office and other depositories, done under the direction of the commission for the Library of Congress, goes on apace. The Justin Winsor prize was awarded to Miss Anna H. Abel of the Women's College of Baltimore, for an essay entitled "History of the Events Resulting in Indian Consolidation West of the Mississippi." It was voted to award this prize biennially hereafter, in alternation with the Herbert B. Adams prize.

The newly elected presidents of the several associations are: Historical, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson of the Carnegie Institution; economic, Prof. J. W. Jenks of Cornell; political science, Frederic N. Judson of St. Louis; sociological, Dr. Lester F. Ward of Brown. A graceful act of the Historical Association was the election of James Bryce as an honorary member. The associations meet next year at Madison, Wis.

Correspondence.

AN EARLY SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present active discussion that is going on among us with regard to the spelling of English, and also at the same time in France about changes in the orthography of their language, may render the following citation from Howell's Letters—not our fellow countryman W. D. *Howells* but James *Howell*, the well known English letter-writer of the seventeenth century—of interest to some of your readers. It is an "Advertisement" to the first edition (1645).

Among other Reasons which make the English Language of so small Extent, and put Strangers out of Conceit to learn it, one is, That we do not pronounce as we write: which proceeds from divers superfluous Letters that occur in many of our Words, which adds to the Difficulty of the Language. Therefore the Author hath taken Pains to retrench such redundant unnecessary Letters in this Work (though the Printer hath not been so careful as he should have been) as among multitudes of other Words may appear in these few, *done, some, come:* Which though we to whom the Speech is connatural, pronounce as Monosyllables, yet when Strangers come to read them, they are apt to make them Dyssyllables, as *do-ne, so-me, co-me:* therefore such an *e* is superfluous.

Moreover, those Words that have the *Latin* for their Original, the Author prefers that Orthography rather than the *French*, whereby divers Letters are spared, as *Physic, Logic, Afric,* not *Physique, Logique, Afrique: Favor, Honor, Labor,* not *Favour, Honour, Labour,* and very many more; as also he omits the *Dutch k* in most Words; Here you shall read *Peeple,* not *Peo-ple, Tresure,* not *Treasure, Toung,* not *Tongue,* &c. *Parlement,* not *Parliament, Busines, Witnes, Sicknes,* not *Business, Witness, Sickness; Star, War, Far,* not *Starre, Warre, Farre,* and Multitudes of such Words, wherein the two last Letters may well be spared. Here you shall also read *Pity, Piety, Witty,* not *Piti-e, Pieti-e, Witti-e,* as Strangers at first sight pronounce them, and abundance of such like Words.

The new Academy of Wits, called *l'Academie de beaux Esprits,* which the late Cardinal *Richlieu* [sic] founded in *Paris,* is now in hand to reform the *French* Language in this Particular, and to weed it of all superfluous Letters, which makes the *Tongue* [sic] differ so much from the *Pen,* that they have exposed themselves to this contumelious Proverb, *The Frenchman doth neither pronounce as he Writes, nor speak as he Thinks, nor sing as he Pricks.*

Aristotle hath a topic Axiom, that *Frustra fit per plura, quod fieri potest per pauciora;* When fewer may serve the Turn, more is in vain. And as this Rule holds in all things else, so it may be very well observed in Orthography.

It is worth noting how many of the changes advocated by Howell have been made, without Literature receiving any violent shock. That he does not with the word *Tongue* follow his own precepts, is a droll oversight. Grace Norton.

Cambridge, Mass., December 26.

THE PARENTAGE OF PRESIDENT DUNSTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It will interest American genealogists to know that the date of the baptism of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College, has been ascertained by William Hewitson of Bury, Lancashire, who contributes an article on the subject to the December number of *The Clavian,* the magazine of the Bury Grammar School. Mr. Hewitson identifies him with the Henry, son of Henry Dunster, who was baptized at Bury, November 26, 1609. It is certainly curious that the baptism has escaped notice, as it appears to have done, in the country where Dunster did his work and is best remembered, the more so as it was known from Dunster's own telling that he was a Lancashire man, and that a letter (dated 1640), printed by Dr. Chaplin, in his "Life of Henry Dunster," gives the residence and name of Dunster's father, and the names of several brothers and one sister. These facts being known there should have been no difficulty in finding further genealogical particulars of the family. Unfortunately, those interested in Dunster relied on extracts made from the Parish Register of Bury by the person who was parish clerk in 1854. These were presumably intended to be complete, but they were only a selection, and were not accurately copied. At a later date another inquiry was made of a later parish clerk, and again an incomplete and inaccurate copy of the Dunster entries was supplied. Neither list contained the president's baptism. The complete register, as published by the Lancashire Parish Register Society, contains all the family of Henry Dunster as we know it from the letter of 1640.

The case may be taken as a warning not to trust to parish clerks, who are rarely competent to read a seventeenth-century parish register. Nor are parish clergymen much better. The numerous parish register societies now existing in England deserve more support from America than they have so far received. One of the most successful of these is the Lancashire Parish Register Society, which shows an excellent return for the guinea subscription. The Hon. Secretary is Henry Brierley of Thornhill, Wigan, who would be glad to receive the names of new subscribers. The more subscribers there are to these societies the more registers can be printed, and the less will Americans and others at a distance need to rely on the tender mercies of illiterate parish clerks.

The will of the father of President Dunster is not referred to by Mr. Hewitson, but it is preserved in the Chester Probate Register, where I saw it the other day. He describes himself as a yeoman. There is nothing of special interest in it, but it gives the name of a daughter Alice, who is not named in the letter of 1640, and shows that the wife, who was living in 1640, had died, and that the widower had remarried. The date of the will is October 6, 1645, and it was proved by the two daughters (Elizabeth and Alice) December 14, 1646. The parish register records the burial on September 16, 1646, of Henry Dunster of Baleholt. Ernest Axon.

Hatherlow, near Stockport, England, December 22.

Notes.

The Clarendon Press will soon have ready for publication "The Shirburn Ballads," taken from a manuscript volume owned by Lord Macclesfield, of Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. Andrew Clark, the editor, says of the volume that it "has preserved a

number of pieces, of no slight value, which certainly are not found in the great collections; and which, possibly, are found nowhere else. Further, it bridges over the gap between early ballads and post-Restoration ballads, and shows that many of the ordinary issues of the black-letter press of Charles II.'s and James II.'s reigns had been in common circulation under Elizabeth and James I. . . . It is, above all, a singularly representative collection, embracing ballads of almost every type in circulation, and so presenting us with just the library which was found in most English households in Shakespeare's time."

Two products of the Cabinet may be mentioned here together. One, Secretary Taft's "Four Aspects of Civic Duty" (Scribner's), contains the Yale lectures on "The Responsibilities of Citizenship." The other is the regular Government edition of the "Speeches Incident to the Visit of Secretary Root to South America."

Edith Wharton's new novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," begins with the January issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. The "Military Memoirs" of Gen. E. P. Alexander of the Confederate army also begin, with an account of the Battle of Bull Run. Two of the buried cities of Ceylon, Polonnarua and Dambulla, are described by Rosalie Slaughter Morton.

Under the title, "Books, Culture, and Character" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), J. N. Larned, late librarian of the Buffalo Public Library, has collected a few addresses on such subjects as "The Test of Quality in Books," "Hints as to Reading," "Public Libraries and Public Education," and the like. The addresses are incidental, as it were, to his office. They are neither erudite nor "literary." But they are commendable for the plain common-sense and simple clear-sightedness with which they resolve some of the confusions and sophistries of the day. His test of literary quality, for instance, is as right-minded as it is unfashionable: "Does the book leave any kind of wholesome and fine feeling in the mind of one who reads it?" And equally pertinent is his plea for a return to a moral and humanistic teaching of history. Such views may seem commonplace; but it is well to have them recalled from time to time to the consciousness of a supersubtile generation.

If English is not well taught in our schools and colleges, it will not be for lack of information and advice on the subject. Many books and articles on the subject are being printed, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have recently issued "The Higher Study of English," by Prof. Albert S. Cook of Yale, and "Talks on the Teaching of Literature," by Prof. Arlo Bates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Professor Cook's book is made up of four occasional papers and addresses: "The Province of English Philology," "The Teaching of English," "The Relation of Words to Literature," and "Aims in the Graduate Study of English." As he deals very little with technical details, but dwells rather on aims and ideals, his work appeals to the general reader as well as the teacher. Professor Bates's "Talks" are founded upon lectures delivered in 1905 before the Summer School of the University of Illinois. In eighteen chapters entitled "Some Difficulties," "Preliminary Work," "The Study of Prose," "The Study of the Novel," etc., he attempts a fairly comprehensive treatment of matters concerning which, as he says, "so many teachers are in doubt." He is a believer, we may note in passing, "in thorough courses in English grammar" for pupils of the lower grades. In the *Educational Review* for November and December, Prof. Charles Sears Baldwin of Yale discusses Freshman English. He begins with a statistical survey, showing exactly what courses are given in the colleges. The second paper is constructive. In it he lays down sound doctrine as to composition.

The larger opportunity of freshman English is not best realized by confining freshman themes to topics from literature. On the contrary, such restriction often hampers individual expression, and always hampers the natural service of rhetoric to all studies. . . . Because writing must be learned in part from great writers, or more vaguely because composition is "English," some schools have shut their pupils up to futile attempts upon the life of Burns or the character of Julius Cæsar. . . . That a pupil can write more readily on moths, carpentry, automobiles, on chivalry or socialism, is a bent not to be deplored nor checked. He will become no more literary for writing on Lady Macbeth.

In *School and Home Education* for December, Margaret H. J. Lampe offers an answer to the question, "What Poetry Do Children Like?" In the *Pedagogical Seminary* for December Mary Ella Coppersmith has "Suggestions on Teaching English" in the grammar school. She maintains the theory that "young children can be taught to write well."

The pleasantest word in Professor Saintsbury's second volume of the "Minor Poets of the Caroline Period" (Oxford University Press), is that the work is to be extended to a third volume. We have already observed that, in our opinion, Professor Saintsbury is most usefully engaged in editin these excellent reprints of what is probably the least known portion of English literature since the middle of the sixteenth century. We have here the works of Shakerley Marmion, Sir Francis Kynaston, John Hall, Sidney Godolphin, Philip Ayres, John Chalkhill, Patrick Carey, William Hammond, and William Bosworth—poets of the mid-seventeenth century for the most part, but extending back to 1600, and well onward in the period of Dryden—makers of heroic poems, whose influence may be seen in Keats and elsewhere, but which are little read at the present. In some cases, as Godolphin and Kynaston, the works have never been reprinted, and are practically inaccessible. They have considerable historical value and even sufficient intrinsic interest to warrant their reproduction in these handsome but not over-expensive volumes. Professor Saintsbury has not, it must be admitted, gained the reputation for that kind of accuracy which is of the first importance in this editorial work, and occasionally one is troubled by doubts. We agree with him in thinking the best service is done to literature by standardizing the spelling, but why then should such inconsistencies of printing as the following be found on a single page (11): "Spiced," two syllables; "nourished," three syllables; "looked," one syllable; "mourn'd," one syllable? Let us add that in general the system of marking syllables is more regular than this, and that errors of a really serious kind are apparently very rare. Indeed, much labor and expense have entered into the making of the book; the Syndics of the Press have even gone so far as to have photographic copies of rare books and MSS. prepared for the editor's use in correcting his text.

The Oxford Edition of "The Complete Poetical Works" of Goldsmith is just published by Henry Frowde. The fact that Austin Dobson supplies an Introduction and notes is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the editing. The volume, as Mr. Dobson explains, is a reprint, "extended and revised," of the "Selected Poems" of Goldsmith, issued by the Clarendon Press in 1887. The Introduction is a succinct and critical memoir, revised in accordance with the latest discoveries regarding Goldsmith's varied and troubled life. The notes, however, are the feature of chief value. No student of eighteenth-century literature and life can ignore them; for they are a perfect mine of information, curious and interesting, regarding Goldsmith and his contemporaries. The writings of Goldsmith are full of references and allusions to current events and persons in the public eye. Mr. Dobson, whose knowledge of the period is unrivalled in minuteness and accuracy, tracks even the most subtle allusion and supplies an illuminating commentary. It may almost be said that in these notes Goldsmith, his friends, and acquaintances live again. "Retaliation," with the "Postscript," is a poem of only 174 lines; but Mr. Dobson devotes twelve solidly printed pages to the elucidation. The bibliographical memoranda are also copious and extremely valuable. One matter which deserves special commendation is Appendix C, in which Mr. Dobson—anticipating the "New English Dictionary"—traces the use of the epithet "sentimental" from Sterne's first employment of it in a private letter of 1740 to its general acceptance in the latter part of the century.

In "Greek Morality in Relation to Institutions" (London: Blackie & Son), W. H. S. Jones essays an examination and discussion of the testimony of Greek writers to Greek morality. He treats the subject from four points of view, morality as it relates to religion, to society, to the family, and to the private individual, adducing, at the end of each chapter, a convenient collection of illustrative passages. The last sixteen pages of the book are of special interest to students of Attic tragedy, inasmuch as they contain analyses of all passages in these authors dealing with moral questions.

The Ingersoll Lectureship at Harvard furnishes an annual booklet on some phase of the subject of immortality. The lecturer for 1906 was the Rev. Dr. Charles Fletcher Dole, and his address bears the title "The Hope of Immortality: Our Reasons for it." (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) Complaint has been heard in some quarters that certain of the appointees under the Ingersoll bequest have possessed altogether too mild a faith in the doctrine they were supposed to discuss. Dr. Dole is at least a believer in immortality. He de-

clares that it has always been easy for him to see the obstacles in the way of faith, and that he has not been guilty of evasion of arguments on the other side; but when all has been said of the impossibility of demonstration of a future life and the inherent difficulty of the faith itself, he finds that his natural bias toward confidence in the rationality of the universe has held its ground, and maintained the immortal hope as one of its essential elements. The subject is treated as a religious conviction, as "part of the integrity of religion itself." Belief in the life to come is declared to be inseparable from theistic faith. Some of the considerations advanced to support the author's thesis are as old as Plato, and some will carry no great weight; but Dr. Dole has handled a hard subject in a thoughtful, sympathetic fashion; and the reasons for cherishing the immortal hope he has presented in a manner that gives no offence, but rather inspires the respect of earnest minds.

Clara Spalding Ellis has collected some two hundred testimonies to belief in personal immortality, which she publishes under the title "What's Next? Or Shall a Man Live Again?" (Richard G. Badger.) The deponents are from all walks of life except the ministry, the views of clergymen being excluded. Vigorous assertions of faith in a future life from trust magnates, officers of the army and navy, and prominent merchants appear on the same page with the confessions of authors, scientists, and musicians. Men of affairs would appear to have been somewhat more willing to declare their belief than educators and writers. Americans only were interrogated, and collations from living American authors on the subject of immortality occupy somewhat more space than the answers to the editor's letter of inquiry. Such a compilation has, of course, no evidential value, and it may be questioned whether the result is worth the pains. It is of no great importance what a magnified haberdasher, a popular actress, or the governor of a Western State, thinks of immortality, but now and then a testimony appeals to something deeper than curiosity, as this of the late President W. R. Harper of the University of Chicago:

I am going before my work is finished. I do not know where I am going, but I hope my work will go on. I expect to continue to work in the future state, for this is only a small part of the glorious whole.

The "Almanach de Gotha" for 1907 (its 144th year) comes to us as usual and takes its place among the books reserved for reference.

Guasti's paradox, that the age of the "Decameron" was profoundly ascetic, is the text of Charles Dejob's erudite work, "La Foi Religieuse en Italie au quatorzième siècle" (Paris: Fontemoing). Poetry and prose, edict and chronicle have been searched for testimony in regard to the religious feeling of the Trecento, and Professor Dejob's researches indicate that, while faith was then as yet undisturbed, it was soon to wither as a result of the growing decay of morals in public and private life.

A recent issue in the series of small books called "Les genres littéraires" (Paris: Paul Delaplane), Léon Levrault's "La Fable, Évolution du genre," presents an interesting example of the study of literary evolution which has lately been much in vogue in France. The author has already treated several other literary types in earlier volumes of this same series. The first chapter deals with the fable in general and its earlier examples up to the time of the Romulus collection. The rest of the book is devoted to the evolution of the fable in France alone. It is a clearly written, well-printed volume of 150 pages.

Some years ago the California Association of Teachers of German published an outline of a three-year course in German for the guidance of teachers in California high schools. In October, 1905, the Association, in view of the changed conditions of German instruction in the schools of the State and of the progress that had been made in point of method, decided to issue a new declaration of principles, more in keeping with present-day theory and practice. The committee intrusted with the formulation of these principles presented a preliminary report at the meeting of the Association held at Berkeley in December, 1905, which was discussed and adopted, and has recently been issued in pamphlet form. As we understand it, the report was in large measure prepared by the chairman of the committee, Prof. Hugo K. Schilling of the University of California. Because of its brevity and the modesty of its form, this little book may miss the recognition it deserves, and fail to accomplish what it otherwise might. The attention of teachers of German should therefore be particularly directed to it. The principles promulgated are those that have come out triumphant in the discussions and experiments of the past fifteen years in Germany and other European countries. But the members of the committee evidently thoroughly understand the conditions that prevail in American schools. Such a piece of pedagogical writing augurs well for the future of instruction in modern languages, not only in California, but in the country at large.

The University of Leipzig has inaugurated a noteworthy innovation in the shape of popular lectures for students of all the faculties on Biblical subjects, followed by replies to questions from the audience. The lectures have been delivered so far by the members of the theological faculty, among these being Dr. Albert Hauck, the Church historian, and Dr. Ludwig Ihmels, the head professor of systematic theology.

Miss Emily Penrose, recently appointed Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, is a granddaughter of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby. Her father, the late architect of St. Paul's, London, is commemorated in Athens, where he long ruled the British School of Archæology, by the Penrose Library. Miss Penrose vacates the Principalship of the Royal Holloway College, which she has held since 1898. Till that year she had been Principal of Bedford College in London. This last-named position she was called to fill almost immediately after her graduation in 1892 from Somerville College. She was the first of her sex to win a first class in *Literæ Humaniores*, and her doing so created some momentary confusion in the ranks of those who had been maintaining that distinction in that school was not for womankind.

A book of value to libraries has just been issued by the Library of Congress—an index to portraits (about 120,000) contained in printed books and periodicals. The work was compiled with the coöperation of many libraries for the Publishing Board of the American Library Association, and edited by William C. Lane, librarian of Harvard University, and Nina E. Browne. The collection of material was begun in 1897. A list of the works indexed includes about 1,181 titles, or some 6,216 volumes. The indexing of current periodicals is in most cases brought down through 1904, but not further.

A committee of the Library Association of England reports that this year the entries for library examinations exceed all previous records by nearly 100 per cent., indicating that "at last the more intelligent and active assistants have awakened to the value of the professional certificate as an aid to advancement." These certificates occupy in England much the same place as library school diplomas in this country; and the enlarged number striving for them is attributed to the recent action of several of the leading libraries in making professional and educational fitness the chief conditions of appointment.

The proposition to secure Government grants for public libraries is still being agitated by English librarians. The matter was recently made the chief point of discussion at a meeting of the Northern Counties Library Association, and a resolution in favor of such grants was passed with but three dissenting votes. Grounds on which the passage of the measure is advocated are, that the library is an integral part of the educational machinery of the country, and should therefore have the same standing before Parliament as the scohol; that local support could be very much stimulated by national aid; that the educational standing of any community is of interest not only to the people of that community, but to the whole nation; and that it is often in just those places where there is the least local interest and initiative that the library is most needed.

In an editorial, the *Library Journal* takes the position that in general rural libraries should not aim at a larger collection than ten or twelve thousand volumes. More than this, it says, will rarely be needed, and every volume means added expense. The ideal library, which can have but one attendant or at most two, should be a happy combination of the public with the private library, in which readers may see about them a collection of books attractively arranged, an ideal not fulfilled by the formality of the stack system.

Under the heading "Starveling Libraries," the Indiana State Library *Bulletin* issues a warning against that over-enthusiasm for library extension which leads to the planting of libraries in communities too small or too poor to give them proper support. Referring to the boast of one of the Eastern States that every town in it has a public library, the editor quotes with approval the statement of a prominent librarian from this same State, that it would be in a far better condition with regard to library service if it had half as many libraries and each correspondingly better supported. The proper solution of the library problem for such communities, he claims, is either the

county library system with widely scattered deposit stations, or travelling libraries maintained by the State.

Protestant Germany is preparing to celebrate, March 12, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great hymn composer, Paul Gerhardt, the author of "Befiehl du deine Wege." He was born in Gräfenhainichen, in what is now the province of Saxony, in Prussia, where a memorial house is being erected for charitable work. A fine edition of his hymns has been issued for the nominal sum of 75 pfennigs.

Fredcrick William Maitland, Downing Professor of the Laws of England at Cambridge University, died on December 21 at Grand Canary, whither he had gone for his health. Born on May 20, 1850, he was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar by Lincoln's Inn in 1876, and was elected a bencher some years later. In 1884 he was appointed Reader of English Law at Cambridge, and four years later he was elected to the Downing professorship. In addition, he had been elected an honorary Fellow by his old college (Trinity), and had received honorary doctorates in law from the Universities of Oxford, Glasgow, and Cracow. He was a corresponding member of the Royal Prussian and the Royal Bavarian Academies. In the field of comparative jurisprudence and the history of English, as well as in international law, he made large contributions to our knowledge. Among his works are: "Glouccster Pleas," 1884; "Justice and Police," 1885; "Bracton's Notebook," 1887; "History of English Law" (with Sir Frederick Pollock), 1895; "Domesday Book and Beyond," 1897; "Township and Borough," 1898; "Canon Law in England," 1898; "Political Theories of the Middle Ages" (translated), 1900, and "English Law and the Renaissance," 1901. For the Selden Society, in the work of which he was deeply interested, he edited a number of volumes, including "Select Pleas of the Crown, A. D. 1200-1225," "Selections from Manorial Rolls of the Thirteenth Century," and the "Year Books of Edward II." At the annual meeting of the society in 1905 Lord Alverstone, the president, said that Professor Maitland's work on these year-books had been a complete revelation to him, not only from the point of view of history, but also from that of the interest and amusement which they afforded. In this issue we review Professor Maitland's edition of the life and letters of his old friend and connection by marriage, Sir Leslie Stephen.

At a meeting in Glasgow, December 18, in aid of a scheme for the preservation of the "Auld Brig" of Ayr, immortalized by Burns, Lord Rosebery made a characteristic speech. Referring to the influence of the poet, he said that even Scott had never dwelt in the hearts of the Scottisb people as Burns had done. His strongest argument, however, for the preservation of an "object of national and antiquarian interest" was the following:

> Unless the Old Brig were saved, they might have it purchased by some great American multi-millionaire, who would have the stones numbered, and the Old Brig put up in his back garden in Chicago.

The recent gift of the municipality of Venice of one thousand lire ($200) towards the erection of the Shakespeare Memorial in London is a noteworthy illustration of the growing spirit of international comity. The letter enclosing the donation wished the movement every success, and testified to the high honor in which the memory of the great poet was held in that city.

The original Account Book kept at J. J. Audubon's Philadelphia office while the octavo edition of his "Birds in America" was being issued, contains some facts which may be of interest to collectors. The first edition of Audubon's "Birds," 435 plates, the birds all shown life-size, four volumes folio, was published in England from 1827 to 1838. The accompanying text was issued from 1831 to 1839, in five volumes, octavo, under the title of "Ornithological Biography." The second edition of "Birds," 500 plates, forming, with accompanying text, seven volumes, octavo, was published in Philadelphia from 1840 to 1844. It originally appeared in one hundred parts, each containing five plates and text, the price being $1 per part. Complete sets in parts as issued are now very rare, a set having been sold privately a few years ago for about $500. No. 1 was ready December 3, 1839. The first edition of the plates for this issue was 300 copies only. On January 18, 1840, a little more than a month later, 300 additional copies were printed. Again on March 12, 325 copies; on June 6, 200 copies; and on January 9, 1841, 350 copies more, making in all 1,475 copies. The total edition of No. 2 was 1,345, and of No. 3, 1,339. The work was, as these figures indicate, an instant success. On July 8, 1840, Audubon wrote:

> Our list of subscribers has increased so rapidly that our present edition is now making up to one thousand copies; we have not yet, however, a quantity of numbers sufficient in hand to supply the demand, and even at this moment have not a complete set on hand.

No. 11 was the earliest to run 1,000 copies in the first printing. This was the uniform first issue up to No. 24, of which one edition of 1,250 was printed. This issue continued uniform up to and including No. 50, with the exception of Nos. 3, 28, 29, and 30, of each of which 1,500 copies seem to have been printed. The plates of these three numbers were lithographed and printed in New York by Endicott. All the other lithographs were made by J. T. Bowen, in Philadelphia. Subscriptions evidently began to fall off, as with No. 51 the edition was reduced to 1,150, and again reduced with No. 57 to 1,050, which remained constant as far as the record goes, which is to No. 84 only. This shows why (as has been well known) the later volumes are scarcer than the earlier. The above figures all refer to the plates. Of the text, which was printed by E. G. Dorsey, 1,200 copies formed the first edition of No. 1, and 1,000 copies of No. 2 and succeeding numbers up to No. 23. With No. 24, the edition was increased to 2,000 copies. The earlier numbers were reprinted in February, 1841. With these data some zealous bibliographer can get together several copies of the earlier numbers, and by comparison, perhaps, discover some corrected errors which will enable him to distinguish the first and second editions.

At the auction at Sotheby's, London, December 14 and 15, Congreve's first publication, "Incognita, or Love and Duty Reconcil'd, a Novel," 1692, a fine copy in the original calf, brought £115. In May, 1903, a copy in similar condition brought £61. Peele's "Battle of Alcazar," first edition, 1594, brought £60; a copy of the original Boston edition of Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," Boston, 1677, with the correct "White Hills" map, £100; a collection of autograph letters of Marshal Turenne and others of his time, three folio volumes, £222; a collection of manuscript, in all thirty-three pieces, in the autograph of Jonathan Swift, in large part unpublished, £510; Napoleon's original draft, in his own hand, of his proclamation to the French army, just after the battle of Rivoli, three pages folio, £130; Machiavelli's works, given by Sir Martin Frobisher to George Daye, and containing an interesting inscription in Frobisher's autograph, dated March 26, 1585, £49; an autograph letter of Sir Walter Raleigh, enclosed in a copy of Prince's "Worthies of Devon," £80; the letter of Keats to John Taylor, asking him to obtain a passage for Leghorn, and accompanied by a little scrap of paper containing instructions as to the distribution of his effects in case the vessel should be lost, together with a lock of Keats's hair and two sketches by Severn, £560; Charles Lever's correspondence, memoranda, notebooks, and other manuscripts, £185; Catnach Press Ballads, £76; George Peele's "Battell of Alcazar," 1594, £60; Shakespeake's "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, £250; "Merchant of Venice, 1600, £380; "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, £60; "A Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619, £100; "King Lear," 1608, £300; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," 2 vols., 1766, £92; Blake's ten original drawings in color to illustrate Milton's "Paradise Lost," £2,000.

LIFE OF LESLIE STEPHEN.

The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen. By Frederick William Maitland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

"Can you not praise the dead man sufficiently unless you tell lies about him?" So Stephen once asked. To this inquiry Professor Maitland, with a literary art and a moral delicacy which are all his own, has given the best of practical answers. He has composed a biography which thrills in every line with affection and admiration for his hero, but never lies. In truth, it is loving sympathy alone which enables a biographer to tell the truth, and the whole truth. Why should any one wish to conceal the weaknesses or the peculiarities of a friend when he knows that the truth will set before the world the nobility of the man? We assuredly follow Professor Maitland's wish in directing the attention of our readers chiefly to the qualities, moral and intellectual, which gradually made Leslie Stephen the first among English critics and thinkers, and one of the most influential among English moralists. His character deserves examination not only because of his own eminence, but because it presents a singular paradox in the combination of qualities which rarely coexist.

Something, at least, of Stephen's nature may be connected with a feature of his physical development. He was not exactly

a delicate child, but his health caused anxiety both to parents and doctors. They dreaded over-excitement of his mind. Even as he approached manhood he could hardly be called strong. When, however, he passed to Cambridge, he developed into one of the hardiest athletes in a university full of vigorous men. The transition from comparative weakness to great strength is a singular one; and in Stephen's case this strength remained through life, connected with a physical irritability or excitability which is not generally the accompaniment of great muscular power. Moreover, his moral and intellectual character seems to repeat the paradox of strength combined with irritability, and also with intense sensitiveness. As to this matter, ample evidence is provided by his friends and by Stephen himself. Take his own characterization of himself:

I am, like my father, "skinless," oversensitive, and nervously irritable. . . . Even when alone in my family I am sometimes as restless as a hyena.

Turn, on the other hand, to these sentences written by George Meredith after Stephen's death:

One might easily fall into the pit of panegyric by an enumeration of his qualities, personal and literary. It would be out of harmony with the temper and characteristics of a mind so equable. He the equable, whether in condemnation or eulogy. . . .

Each statement is absolutely true. There is the strength of the intellectual athlete, the mental keenness of the scientific thinker, the equable mind of the exquisitely fair critic. There stand, on the other side, the excitability which even in matters of work and thought rendered Stephen, to use his own metaphor, like the hoop that must go at full speed, or drop; and the oversensitiveness which made him feel with excess the harshness or unfairness of a reviewer. If you look deeper, the same contrast is still traceable. A stern truthfulness which makes a man look all the hardest facts of life in the face, a habit of treating the imaginative side of religion and morals with a logical precision which some people think hardly suitable for the subject, are found linked with a passionate love of poetry and of certain kinds of beauty. Then, too, the bravery of the boldest of Alpine climbers is united with detestation of war; and a far from sanguine estimate of the possibilities of human nature or of life is joined to an infinite capacity both for receiving and exciting affection. "I have sometimes thought," writes Maitland, "that there was emotion enough in [Stephen] to equip two or three first-class sentimentalists. . . . If Stephen does not indulge in emotion for its own sake, that is not because he has not been tempted, but because he has manfully said his *Vade retro*."

One other contrast remains which is possibly not quite sufficiently emphasized by Professor Maitland, though he clearly recognizes its existence. Stephen held no religious dogma against the innocent enjoyments and the ordinary ambitions of life, yet in a true sense he was an ascetic. The only pleasures he thought worth anything were simple manly pleasures. The joys, for example, of an Alpine climber, of happy family life, or of true friendship. He contemned ordinary comfortable self-indulgence. For petty objects and petty pursuits, above all for worldly pomps and vanities, he had no care whatever. He might well be described as one of the most unworldly of men.

All his most characteristic traits govern his conduct, at every turning point in his life. Thus there is something which perplexes even the English readers of 1906 in Stephen's taking of orders and in his mode of discharging conscientiously the duties of a clergyman. To any one used to the ideas prevalent in English universities, and old enough to remember the state of feeling fifty years ago, the whole matter, as indeed Professor Maitland conclusively shows, hardly needs explanation. Becoming a clergyman of the Church of England was in his case an undoubted mistake. But it was, as far as outsiders dare judge, an error, not a fault. It is clear that he took the step honestly. He was one of those well-conducted and serious-minded men who possess the virtues becoming an English clergyman. Add to this that the education of young men, and especially of undergraduates at the English national universities, has, according to tradition, always been treated as the discharge of clerical duty and equivalent to a cure of souls. This view, though open to criticism, has given to Oxford and Cambridge, as also to English public schools, their best and most eminent teachers. Paley, Dr. Arnold of Rugby, J. H. Newman, Benjamin Jowett, to take four men widely differing, each performed some or the whole of his life's work as at once a clergyman and a teacher. That Stephen, who may no doubt have appeared to donnish contemporaries to be a mere boating rough, conscientiously and in many cases effectively performed the clerical duty of teaching and fostering all that was good in undergraduates, is absolutely certain. Nor was there any inconsistency in the combination of enthusiasm for athleticism with unflagging zeal for the promotion of a high moral tone and a strenuous life among his pupils. At the time when Leslie Stephen gave new life to Trinity Hall the belief in muscular Christianity was at its height. If his energy raised the college boat to the head of the river, it also inspired his boating pupils with high ideals. Thus writes one of them, himself a clergyman:

His university life was a grand life of doing good to men at a critical time. . . . Pretty nearly every one of us in those days would have done anything for Stephen.

If Stephen's life as a clergyman had a seriousness which might easily escape the attention of many, even among his contemporaries, his surrender of the clerical position was marked by great courage. In 1865 or 1866 the indelibility of orders was a doctrine practically held and accepted by almost all English clergymen. The clergyman who attempted to throw off orders was himself often haunted by a suspicion or superstition that he was playing the part of a soldier who deserts the army during a war. This was the true nemesis of faith. We can trace its working in the actual life of John Sterling as told by Carlyle, and in the imaginary career of Markham Sutherland, the hero of Froude's novel. Leslie Stephen, when he dared the bold step of retreating, on conscientious grounds, to a layman's position, described his feelings in a private memorandum written in shorthand only for his own eye, and published by Maitland. It contains, among other things, these words:

I can scarcely believe that two and a half years ago I was still reading prayers as a parson, and that little more than a year ago I was preaching. I now believe in nothing, to put it shortly; but I do not the less believe in morality, etc., etc. I mean to live and die like a gentleman, if possible.

"He found it," as his biographer adds, "quite possible to live and die as a gentleman, and better." He escaped the failure of Sterling; he never even came near the ruin of Markham Sutherland. He did more than this. He with a few other brave men opened the path now made easy through a change of law and of social sentiment by which Englishmen may without blame retreat from a clerical position. Nor did his zeal on behalf of honesty and freedom end here. He had the courage to avow openly the adoption of beliefs opposed to the religious teaching of his time, and certainly not even now accepted by the mass of Englishmen. With theological matters we have here no concern. All that it is necessary to note is the rigid honesty of a man who was endowed with more sensitiveness than most of us, and to whom honesty therefore was certain to bring much pain.

Turn now to the last phase of a noble life. Stephen's belief in morality was based upon an intense belief in the sacredness of family affection, and all that family affection involves. The death of beloved ones, twice and even thrice, shook, if it did not shatter, his happiness. But his belief in human affection never failed. Add to all this the enduring courage with which he bore the last strokes of fate. The painfulness of a fatal illness did not disturb the equability of his judgment. He was not by nature sanguine, he was no optimist, yet almost within sight of death he was not blind to the happiness of life. He writes to a friend whom he completely trusted:

I take a rather more cheerful view than you do of my life. If the superior intelligence of whom you speak, asked me how I had liked it, I should say, not only that I have had times of exceeding happiness, but that I have been continuously happy, except for certain periods. If one's happiness temperature could be marked thermometrically, I could say that for many years mine never sank to zero—where unhappiness begins—except for moments.

Here, if anywhere, one sees the essential equability of Leslie Stephen's judgment.

Mr. Maitland, with rare (but for the world unfortunate) self-restraint, has resolved not to criticise Stephen's books, and this on the ground which Mr. Maitland's readers will think hardly tenable: that he does "not possess and cannot now acquire the requisite knowledge or the requisite taste." Without attempting the task from which Mr. Maitland shrinks, one may without presumption dwell on one or two aspects of Leslie Stephen's literary labors.

Writing of his friend's later years, Mr. Maitland says:

The time had come when he was being told in the newspapers that he was "the first of English critics," and so forth; the "George Eliot," in particular, brought a chorus of praise. He could not but know that his position among English men of letters had become quasi-decanal. . . . He was an honorary doctor of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Harvard. Once

more he was a fellow, an honorary fellow, of Trinity Hall.

He reached, in short, by something like general consent, a rank which somewhat resembles the primacy which in the England of the eighteenth century was assigned to Dr. Johnson. His conception of a "National Dictionary" was as wide as it was thoroughgoing. Of the "lives" by him to be found either in the "Dictionary" or in the "Hours in a Library," one may venture to say they are all but perfect. As a critic his preëminence came to be a matter of universal acknowledgment. His "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," his "George Eliot," and his "Hobbes," are masterpieces. Every one can see that not only his knowledge but his insight increased as his life drew towards its end.

But these works are his lighter labors. To understand Leslie Stephen's position as a thinker one must study his "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" or his "Science of Ethics." The first of these books, which should be read with his "English Utilitarians," shows how nearly he approached to an historian of supreme skill in tracing the devious current of human thought. In the "Science of Ethics" he attempted to connect together—and, as some would say, succeeded in the attempt—the truths contained in the utilitarianism of Bentham and the truths contained in modern theories of evolution. What will be the verdict finally passed on his philosophic speculations, it would now be rash to say. His system, if so it is to be called, is no doubt like other ethical systems, imperfect; but the "Science of Ethics," like the works of all great moralists, is full of fertile ideas which are assuredly destined to live. Moreover, Stephen was primarily a moralist, and even a preacher. His sermons—for his later writings are often nothing else—though full, as sermons rarely are, both of insight and humor, are often, as witness the essay on forgotten benefactors, addresses of extraordinary impressiveness. With him, the conduct of life was always a matter of supreme interest. In truth, everything he writes, at any rate as a moralist, will appeal to the sense, to the honesty, and to the seriousness of the English people.

STUDIES OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

History of the United States, from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877. By James Ford Rhodes. Vols. VI., VII. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 each.

With these volumes Mr. Rhodes completes his task. His original intention was to tell the story to the first inauguration of Mr. Cleveland as President, but he now says in his preface:

> To write purely a narrative history from 1877 to 1885 or to 1897 would be to shirk a duty and to miss the significance of the period; and, for attacking the social questions involved, I feel as yet a lack of basic knowledge.

So he purposes to make a systematic study of the history of Europe during the last two centuries, "in order to bring to bear the light which the experience of those countries may throw upon our own progress since 1877." The writing is thus merely suspended, and a later volume may be expected.

Of Mr. Rhodes's success in his published volumes there can be only one opinion. He has written a history of an eventful, even critical, period, that will long remain a standard; and he has to a remarkable degree met the principal requirements of modern historical methods. Great industry in compiling his authorities, marked capacity for weighing them, clear arrangement, and a balanced judgment of men and events—such qualities have resulted in a series of notable volumes, in a dispassionate tone. Never attempting the florid or eloquent, he never falls to the dull or turgid. That there are defects and omissions is not to be denied; specialists may find faults in every chapter. But, as a whole, the work has been well done. It describes a period of sectional difference and strife, in a manner that will appeal to the whole country.

It does not follow that Mr. Rhodes is without definite opinions or is backward in expressing them. On the contrary, his pages bristle with praise and blame. Their value lies in the fact that they have been judicially bestowed. The criticism of Sumner will offend the admirers of that great character of great limitations, but the praise will also show that the writer has not blamed hastily. The condemnation of Blaine for his tricky explanation of his abuse of a public trust brushes aside that web of apologies that his biographers have thrown over him, and he stands forth as a "tattooed man" indeed. No good word for Ben Butler as a legislator has crept in to soften the severe judgments rendered on his military career. The Credit Mobilier scandal is carefully sifted, and the few who were really guilty are now pilloried for all time. If in these matters Mr. Rhodes has not uttered the final word, he has offered one that will stand the tests of present knowledge.

These closing volumes open with the struggle over the Fourteenth Amendment. Had the powers then in control shown greater wisdom and tolerance, many of the reconstruction troubles could have been avoided. The South admitted defeat, and was ready to take up activity under new conditions; but the course of Johnson and of the radicals in Congress alienated the ablest Southerners. Mr. Rhodes blames Johnson for obstinacy, Stevens for harshness, and Sumner for overlooking the essential elements of the question of race. Congress carried its policy, and the people of the North supported Congress. It fell to Johnson to execute the reconstruction acts in States as yet unrepresented in Congress. He was sincere, but never were the evils of military government so convincingly displayed.

With ignorance enfranchised and intelligence disfranchised the results in the South were deplorable. Rascality of office-holders, continual interference from the outside for political reasons, and the economic necessities of the Southern people drove them to mistaken measures of defence. Southern "outrages" were greatly exaggerated; but the "bloody shirt" proved an effective political issue to the dominant party long after there was any cause for waving it. State after State accepted the hard conditions, and, framing a Constitution to meet them, was readmitted into the Union. In the face of this struggle over reconstruction the removal of Stanton and the impeachment trial of Johnson were mere incidents. Mr. Rhodes gives full credit to the courage of those Republicans who voted against impeachment. He has studied his sources with care; he mentions the reply of Stanton to Johnson, which appears never to have been sent to Congress; but he has overlooked the protest of the Democrats of the House against impeachment (prepared by Representative Eldredge) which the House refused to receive or to permit to be spread upon its journal.

The election of Grant by an overwhelming majority promised a better condition. Unfortunately, the man was too open to bad influences. His original Cabinet was not unlike the first Cabinet of Jackson in its incongruity and low standard of ability; and when he did select able and upright men, like Hoar and Cox, he easily crossed their purposes and made their retirement a matter of course. The personal character of Grant is developed as the story of his rule proceeds, and without a strident note of excessive praise or extreme blame. His extraordinary consorting with Gould and Fisk, his neglect of civil-service reform, his blindness to open dishonesty among those closest to him, his simplicity in political affairs, and his pathetic trust in his own abilities in civil matters, undermined public confidence as well as his reputation. Mr. Rhodes acquits him of any dishonesty, but is without mercy in describing the conditions surrounding him. It required something approaching a martyrdom to restore Grant in the affections of a people whose admiration for the soldier was clouded by a deep distrust of the President.

Unfortunately, the Republican party was as much involved as was Grant in the misgovernment of the South. To protect the negro was a praiseworthy object; but the means employed consolidated opposition in the South, and led to shocking abuses. The real intent of the leaders at Washington was to build up a Republican party in the South. The existence and maintenance of this organization involved so many experiments in government and expedients in law, so much that was shamelessly dishonest, that the reader sickens of the story. Mr. Rhodes writes with the advantage of having visited the South in 1872, the year of the cessation of the Ku Klux Klan operations, and of the last Presidential election in which the Republicans obtained the electoral vote of most of these States. With the radicals in control in Washington, and with the presence of Federal troops under the direction of Grant and Sheridan, the conquered States had no opportunity for overturning the corrupt and ignorant governments imposed upon them. Much should be forgiven communities suffering under such disabilities, and the highest praise is not too great for the men who had the courage to meet and to better the conditions. The opinions expressed by Mr. Rhodes of Lamar, George, Chamberlain, and their like, will be accepted as just.

In dealing with economic questions, Mr. Rhodes is not at his best. Dishonesty was prevalent in public life. It was a period of speculation, large Government expenditures, and recuperation from the exhaus-

tion of war. The Credit Mobilier was only one incident, and the Tweed stealings could be found on a smaller scale in many cities. Offices given in reward for political activity, perquisites, peculation, and shady adventures under cover of Government privilege—the list of instances would be a long one. Greater stress could be laid on the influence of the tariff and a currency fluctuating in value in producing these unfortunate results; moreover, the foreign commerce of the country should not be ignored. By throwing away the fair opportunity offered to reduce tariff duties after the war, the Republican party has become the party of extreme protection.

The seven volumes relate the story of the emancipation of the slave and the efforts made to give him rights equal to those of the white man. Mr. Rhodes's condemnation of negro suffrage as conferred after the war must be read to be appreciated. In a later volume we shall look for an account of what the negro has done in spite of the reconstruction policy, and the disabilities imposed upon him by his political activities. That will be a fitting close of this model history.

Twenty Years of the Republic, 1885-1905. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

The return of the Democratic party to power in 1885, symbolizing as it did the complete disappearance of the slavery issue from American politics, was originally chosen by James Ford Rhodes as the closing point of his History, which began with the compromise of 1850. Professor Peck takes 1885 as a beginning, but it is a curious circumstance that his book should appear soon after Mr. Rhodes, changing his view regarding the critical point in recent history, decided to end his record nearly ten years earlier. Cleveland's inauguration, however, more truly marks the opening of the present era, in which the trust question perhaps supplies the leading motive, than it marks the ending of the civil war period.

The writer who attempts to discuss living men and pending measures with anything like real historical perspective has set himself a hard task. Most of the events which Professor Peck describes have been too recently in partisan controversy for any interpretation of them to secure general acceptance. A page of his excellent index, chosen at random, shows twelve references to living Americans and only four to men who are dead. The author has tried to get a detached view. He keeps to the past tense as consistently as though each day's newspaper did not bring fresh information about some of the men whom he characterizes. Yet the suggestion of journalism in his pages is ineradicable.

Professor Peck writes entertainingly. He has woven the events of five Presidential terms into a racy and eminently readable narrative—qualities not impaired by a tendency to snap judgment, a habit of rather sweeping generalization, and a love for unusual words. Mistakes which crept into this history as published serially have been corrected. There remain slips which seem to show lack of familiarity with the minutiæ of government machinery rather than downright blundering. There are blind references to public documents, for instance, identified by serial number without indication of the Congressional session. Similarly, the record of 500 private pension bills a day passed in Congress during Cleveland's Administration is dwelt upon as if it were not surpassed several times every winter under Cannon's speakership. Most of the characterizations of public men, notably that of Mr. Roosevelt, are happily done; and some of the brief interpolated discussions of public questions, like that of the tariff on page 206, are both apt and illuminating. Quotations from contemporary documents, even when they merely refresh the reader's memory, add to the interest. Such papers as Mr. Bryan's Chicago speech, William Allen White's editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas," and Cleveland's letter on "Perfidy and Dishonor" will be found in liberal quotation.

John Calvin, the Organizer of Reformed Protestantism. By Williston Walker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

This volume in the series entitled "Heroes of the Reformation" gives us at once an authoritative and popular account of John Calvin. Professor Walker brings no novel information; the ground has been trodden too thoroughly; but he takes us to the primary sources and presents the results of adequate learning, mature reflection, and independent judgment. Of all the leaders of the Reformation Calvin is the object of greatest contention; in his person, his theology, and the organization which he instituted, he has been subject to unsparing abuse and unqualified praise. In our own age, which seeks to understand and not to judge, he is given his rightful place, and the picture which emerges from the pages of Professor Walker is luminous.

Though Calvin belonged to the second generation of the Reformers, he is ranked among the most influential leaders in the gigantic struggle of the sixteenth century. Had not Luther and Zwingli gone before he could not have done his work, but he was far more than a builder on other men's foundations. He was born in the town of Noyon in Picardy, in 1509. His family, originally humble, had risen in worldly success and the social scale, so that his father was able to offer his sons the highest advantages which France afforded. Calvin, through his father's influence, received benefices in the church while still a little boy, and with his years his ecclesiastical income increased. At fourteen he entered the University at Paris, where he took high rank; he studied further in the Universities of Orleans and Bourges and again in Paris. In all he distinguished himself, not only in ecclesiastical learning, but also in law; for his father intended him for the legal profession, and Calvin, notwithstanding his own reluctance, dutifully obeyed. On his father's death, however, he returned to the classical studies which commanded his interests.

His first book, published when he was twenty-three, was a commentary on Seneca's "Treatise on Clemency." It was written in Latin of singular clarity, brilliance, and cogency, revealing a range of reading almost marvellous in a man of Calvin's years. The book also shows Calvin's high sense of moral values and his sympathies with the ethics of the Roman writer. Though he rejects Stoicism, he yet shows no inclination towards the doctrines of the Reformation, and speaks of Christianity as "our religion," meaning by this the Catholic faith.

The account of Calvin's conversion leaves much to be desired. The father before his death had quarrelled with the Chapter of the Cathedral at Noyon, and Calvin's older brother had completely broken with it. How much Calvin was influenced by these events we do not know; but his conversion would appear to have been the outgrowth in part of his humanistic studies and in part of acquaintance with Reformed leaders. He himself always regarded it as the direct act of God, describing it as sudden and overwhelming. From a devoted adherent of the Catholic faith, he suddenly became its thoroughgoing opponent.

With the clearness of a Frenchman, trained in law, he presented in his "Institutes," first published in Latin in 1536, the most logical theological treatise of the Reformation. In this work Calvin set forth his position which was to remain unchanged throughout his life and which affected profoundly the Protestant Church in Western Europe. The book was repeatedly revised by its author; the definitive edition appeared in 1559. Before the close of the century eight editions had been issued in England, with many editions besides in French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and German. Starting from the conception of God, Calvin follows the Scotus idea of God's will as the fundamental element in his being. To ask why God wills is to suppose something greater than that will, which is impossible. From this single point Calvin perceives the universe and all history to unfold itself, with a rigor that carries his thought to its ultimate conclusion. Yet with this line of philosophical development he combines the truths found in his study of Holy Scripture, which he regards as the ultimate source of all religious authority. This authority, however, is not objective or external, for it is only as appropriated by the believing spirit that it becomes the voice of God. The doctrine of predestination, though involving him in repeated controversy, was at once the source of joy and courage. Over against the authority and the might of the Roman Church he places the assurance that we are the elect of God the omnipotent—in which confidence God's children may fearlessly face all powers of earth and hell.

Called to Geneva by the reformer Farel, Calvin found himself very early in a position of leadership. In Geneva the Reformation was almost wholly political, and the history of the struggles of parties is necessary for an understanding of his attitude. To him there came a vision of a city organized on Christian principles, with Church independent of State. To a degree unknown in Germany he advocated the freedom of the ecclesiastical organization and the independence of the State itself, but over both was to reign undisputedly the law of God. His twenty years in Geneva were a period of uninterrupted labor and contention, but in the end he was triumphant, and died in the consciousness that his ideas had prevailed. Notwithstanding the bitter antagonism which he constantly excited, he won innumerable friends, de-

voted to him as the pure exponent of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The event which perhaps has been most discussed was the burning of Servetus, and for this the modern apologist finds no excuse save in the temper of the times. As a matter of fact, not only did the leaders of the Protestant Church, including even the mild Melanchthon, commend Calvin for this act (Servetus had already been condemned to death by the Catholic Church), but the deed finally completed Calvin's triumph in Geneva, securing his position for the remainder of his life. Servetus himself exhibited the same spirit: he not only inscribed words like "scoundrel," "fool," "cheat" upon the very document which contained Calvin's charges, but he made to the Council the extraordinary proposition that Calvin should be tried and condemned to death.

Calvin drew to himself from Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, France, and Italy a multitude of Protestants who sought Geneva in part as a safe refuge and in part for the inspiration of Calvin's presence and teaching. Through these followers his theology became the dominant type in all the churches of the Reformation, except where Lutheranism prevailed. His organization of the Church also was most widely followed, except in England, where for various reasons it failed to obtain a hold.

Calvin had the nature of the natives of Picardy: he was vehement, impulsive, almost hysterical in his fits of anger, yet equally capable of acts of generosity and calm wisdom—the kind of man concerning whom no one may remain neutral; all must range themselves as friends or enemies. His system had the defects of its qualities. The logic of the Freuchman, which has been increasingly manifest during the last century and a half, was Calvin's. He could make little allowance for human nature, but the logic of ideas must, in his thought, prevail. His adherents were men who, capable of grasping his point of view, obtained in it that lofty intellectual satisfaction which comes from philosophical systems complete and clear. In this respect no other body of theology of the Reformed Church can compare with it; but, like all such systems, it on the one hand repelled men who dissented from its fundamental presuppositions, and on the other hand exasperated those who could understand it only in fragments. Like all such systems also, it furnished an ultimate explanation of the infinite facts of our universe, but in such one-sided fashion as to give the glimpse of only a portion of life.

In like manner Calvin's life task, the organization of the Christian city, was impossible of realization. For a little while, under the influence of his genius, Geneva could be moulded to his will; but the will of no man, however wise or well informed, can set forth the norm of human society, with its varying estimates of values and its varying needs. It was no vision of a new Jerusalem, descending to the earth and gathering all nations within itself, which Calvin saw, but a Puritanic community formed on narrow lines and directed to relatively petty ends. Thus it was neither possible nor desirable that Calvin's work should achieve the material results which he had intended, but as an inspiration to pious men, as a source of courage for many who had to fight the bitter fight, as a mighty influence entering into the tangled mass of Western civilization, it succeeded.

Calvin is too completely out of the characteristic mood of our own day to excite our love, yet we cannot withhold our admiration for the frail student who, by the clearness of his intellect and the power of his will, unaided by other resources, made himself so powerful a force in the development of thought and institutions.

Honoré de Balzac. By Ferdinand Brunetière. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50 net.

This contribution to the French Men of Letters Series constitutes the fitting terminal chapter of the insistent and sometimes dogmatic criticism of the late Ferdinand Brunetière. Consequently, this monograph on Balzac is much less a definitive pronouncement on the "Comédie Humaine" than an illustration of the difficulty of interpreting the many-sidedness of genius in the terms of an *à priori* system, inelastic because of its very pretensions to scientific completeness and precision. Throughout the volume there runs the suggestion of almost constant struggle with the subject, a struggle which characterized, it may be remembered, the endeavor of Rodin in his much-discussed portrait-statue.

But Brunetière's primary contention is unassailable; it may be too often reiterated in more or less roundabout phrase in the course of the book; still, "the representation of what constitutes the daily course of human existence . . . is the first law of a form whose purpose and principal object are to give an exact copy or representation of life" (p. 134). Herein undouhtedly lies the explanation of Balzac's appeal to a generation whose interest in romantic character or situation suffered a temporary chill in the atmosphere of positive nineteenth-century life. What renders Balzac's treatment of his theme supremely vital is that the man himself, for all his reactionary professions or posing, was essentially and incurably of his own generation, symbolized incarnate in the person of a *bourgeois* king. The perpetual obsession of money as the motive energy of modern society found its motto in Guizot's famous "Enrichissez-vous!"

It might analogously be maintained that the melodramatic element in Balzac's fiction (which Brunetière seems disposed to slur over or to minimize) demonstrates no less clearly the pressure of prevailing literary conditions or practice. Balzac yielded to it not in the depiction of character so much as in stage-setting or situation; we note it in "La Vendetta," "Illusions Perdues," "La Fille aux yeux d'Or," "La Cousine Bette," and perhaps most of all in "Le Curé de Village." But why should this prove incompatible with the opinion that the firm basis of the colossal structure is observation of life read in terms of genius? "La société française allait être l'historien, je ne devais être que le secrétaire." When has the society of any epoch enjoyed the services of such a secretary?

In the estimation of the æsthetic valuc of Balzac's work (ch. v.) there appears, initially, a certain amount of confusion. While granting that intensity of emotion marks some of the great scenes of the "Comédie Humaine," the critic brings them into comparison with alleged kindred episodes in "Les Mystères de Paris" and "Monte Cristo" (p. 124), thus suggesting a close relation between the pathos of romance and the pathos of real life. What reader feels the samc kind or degree of poignancy in the two death scenes of L'Ahbé Faria and Cousin Pons? In this chapter, also, one misses anything approaching definite reference to the quality in Balzac's work so thoroughly understood by Dr. Brandes, namely, the power of vivifying touch which gives to the myriad details of a description the complete and instantaneous impression of a presentation to the eye; nowhere is this better exemplified than in the many pictures of places, here spoken of as Balzac's "geography," in which, it should he added, each locality stamps itself on the memory with untransferahle color and force. Under all this discussion there would seem to be latent the desire to wrest Balzac from his surroundings, to isolate him in literature, and in so doing to dwarf not only the influence but actually the worth of his admittedly great Romantic contemporaries. On no other conjecture is it possible to explain such a *boutade* as the following: "What, then, is 'Les Misérahles,' which I see the same judges valuing so highly, but a 'detective story'?"

Other chapters take up, from Brunetière's well-known point of view, Balzac's social doctrine, ethical teaching, and subsequent influence on fiction in France and elsewhere; hut the offhand detaching of Balzac's political and religious views as negligible reduces to the uninterestingly simplified terms of Brunetière's narrower conception a question which Balzac strove to present in its manifold, yet integral, complexity. Yet the last chapter, which traces the influence of "La Comédie Humaine" at home and abroad, shows Brunetière, the master of historical criticism of literature, once again at his best in the department of study with which our generation inseparably connects his name.

A German Pompadour, being the Extraordinary History of Wilhelmine von Grävenitz, Landhofmeisterin of Wirtemberg. By Marie Hay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

A good literary style applied to a romantic, even exciting, story must save Miss Hay from the reproach of treating an episode that belongs to history after a manner that belongs to fiction. She reverts to the dramatic presentment of historical events that was known as the *nouvelle historique* in the seventeenth century, merely assuring her readers, in guardedly general terms, that manuscripts have passed through her hands authenticating her story. It might, however, have been just as easily derived from the facts given in Spittler's "Geschichte Wirtembergs." The result is delightful, and far hetter reading, for incident, for style, for local color, than the vast majority of current novels.

Wilhelmine von Grävenitz was a German adventuress of the early eighteenth century—the gilded days of Teutonic rococo. She made the conquest of Eberhard Lud-

wig, Duke of Wirtemberg, and became the presiding goddess of his court. Then followed a series of curious and dramatic incidents, for which the reader must be referred to the book, that closed with the disgrace of the favorite towards the end of Eberhard Ludwig's long reign. As the merit of the book lies in its style, an example of this must be given. Wilhelmine still a girl, enters the village church, and listens to her music master playing the organ:

The organ was silent for a moment, and then through the stillness of the shadowy aisle floated the first notes of an *Ave Maria*, which Wilhelmine knew well and had often sung when no disapproving element of Protestant burgherdom was near. Instinctively she came in at the appointed bar for the voice's commencement—*Ave Maria, gratia plena*—she sang, and her powerful notes echoed through the cathedral with all the sombre glory which lay in her great contralto voice. The player at the organ immediately softened his music to a mere accompanying whisper, which yet supported the voice, greeting it with the newly awakened soul of the organ. *Ora pro nobis peccatoribus*—she sang, and surely the Mother of God must have listened to so wonderful a tone-prayer? *Nunc et in hora mortis nostræ, Amen.* And the organ wandered on, repeating the Amen again and again in a solemn, dreamy deepening of chords, which the beautiful voice followed and answered with that certainty and ease which belong to a few of the world's singers when they sing to the accompaniment of one with whom they are in perfect musical and sympathetic understanding.

Drama.

Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Entirely revised and edited by William Archer. 11 vols. Vols. II., III., VI., and VII. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1 each.

Four volumes of the long promised new edition of Ibsen are now at hand. There will be eleven in all, but they are not published in order. Those now on the market contain "The Vikings," "The Pretenders," "Brand," "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," and "Ghosts." The general title of the edition indicates that it is complete, and it is the first in English to make such pretension. The list of plays does not, however, contain "The Tumulus," a product of Ibsen's youth; the mediocre romantic play "Olaf Liljekrans," and the much more important "Catiline," in which the genius of Ibsen first showed its characteristics. Two of the plays now included, "The Feast at Sol haug" and "Love's Comedy" have not, to our knowledge, been previously published in English. The latter, in verse and the first of Ibsen's works to take its subject from modern society, was partly translated before by Mr. Archer. A third play now added to those in the previous edition by Archer is "Brand." The play is of special interest because it was the first to meet with success and general recognition. The translation of it is thoroughly good, and repeatedly approaches the splendid vigor of the original. At times it is rugged, but so is Ibsen's verse.

From the title one would infer that the plays have been thoroughly revised. Traces of this polishing are not numerous, but where found they commonly mark an improvement. The translations as they now stand presumably show Mr. Archer's utmost power of reproducing the original; and with the originals, not with the previous editions, our comparison must be made. Our conclusion is that while Mr. Archer's version has many excellences, a translation conveying to English readers an adequate conception of the form as well as the ideas of Ibsen is yet to be made.

The dramatist employs the language of a real world, the brisk staccato utterances of men and women, thoroughly alive and nervously active. Furthermore, he possesses what so many of his friends as well as of his foes doubt, namely, humor. It reveals itself in the subtlest and most charming ways, generally through some quaint turn of phrase. Ibsen's language is much more direct—much more English, one might almost say—than that of his translator. The diction of Mr. Archer is too often circuitous and stilted. When, for instance, Ibsen speaks of "fine food," (dejligmad) Mr. Archer makes it delicious dishes." When in "Ghosts" Manders says that Engstrand was "quite crushed" (knuset), Mr. Archer writes "quite overwhelmed with contrition." In another passage, which exhibits an ill-judged attempt at crispness, Archer's Manders exclaims: "You shock me unspeakably!" But the Manders of Ibsen remarks with dignified comical indignation: "I am on the verge of being offended at you, Mrs. Alving." And the excellent German translation may be cited in corroboration: "Es fehlt nicht viel und ich bin empört über Sie, Frau Alving." Each such failure may be insignificant, considered by itself, but when added together in the production of a total impression they mean much.

Mr. Archer is much more successful when writing of Ibsen. The introduction to each play throws valuable light both on the plays and their author. Together, these introductions will form a pretty complete review of Ibsen's life, as well as of his art. They are bibliographical and biographical, and at the same time spiced with personal reminiscences. Of course they have nothing absolutely new to offer, for the field has already been completely covered by Dr. Rudolph Lothar's comprehensive work; by the writings of Henrik Jaeger in Norway, Hellen Lingren in Sweden, and George Brandes in Denmark; and, above all, by the bibliographical researches of J. B. Halvorsen. All this material and much more has been at the disposal of Mr. Archer, reducing his task largely to one of compilation. But his introductions form, nevertheless, the first systematic survey of Ibsen in English.

"The Road to Yesterday," which was played, for the first time in this city, in the Herald Square Theatre on Monday evening, deserves a few words of hearty welcome because it is an effort to get away from the beaten tracks, and because it affords varied, excellent, and intelligent entertainment. Idealistic and scientific Chicago—profoundly impressed by the mention of Mahatmas and apparently unacquainted with Pythagoras—hailed it as a great work in practical illustration of the theories of Oriental and other mystics concerning reincarnation, but the originality of it is quite independent of any such formidable purpose as that. The joint authors of it, Beulah M. Dix and Evelyn G. Sutherland, have only used a very old theatrical form, the dream play, in a novel and ingenious manner. Their actual achievement is not quite so good as their conception, but this is one of the cases in which inconsiderable defects in the performance should not be suffered to distract attention from merits of design. Briefly, the plot is as follows: A young American girl, saturated with mediæval romance, is greatly overwrought by a hard day's sightseeing during a first visit to London, and falls asleep, after an animated family discussion of the legends of Midsummer Eve. Naturally, she has uneasy dreams, in which she is the heroine of a romantic melodrama. Her friends and relatives figure as their own ancestors of three hundred years before. She herself is conscious all the time that she is dreaming, but is unable to break the spell of sleep or escape from adventures alternately harrowing and comic. Incidentally, there is some capital satire upon the many absurd conventions of theatrical romance. The idea is clever, and, on the whole, is worked out adroitly. A play that is imaginative, ingenious, satirical, plausible, and interesting is so rare that it would be ungracious to dissect it in search of minor faults. In one way it provided a significant object-lesson in the complete inability of most of the members of a cast, of more than common excellence in the modern parts of the play, to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of the mediæval romance. If their training had taught them how to interpret these properly, the representation would have been thrice as effective.

Beerbohm Tree's production of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" at His Majesty's Theatre in London last week was one of the most beautiful spectacles ever seen on the stage. But the acting was subordinated to the scenery. Shakespeare's forty-two scenes were reduced to thirteen.

The death is announced in London of Charles Hamilton Aidé, who was long a prominent member of theatrical and literary society in England, and achieved considerable success as a dramatist. He was the author of "Philip," in which Henry Irving made one of his successes in the early seventies. He wrote also "A Nine Days' Wonder," in which John Hare made a great hit as Mr. Vavasour; and in 1890 he provided George Alexander with "Dr. Bill," an adaptation from the French, which enjoyed much popularity both in England and this country. He was author of many poems, ballads, and novels.

Music.

The Profession of Teaching Music. By Wilhelm and Carrie Eylau. Leipzig: R. Voigtländer.

Voice Production in Singing and Speaking. By Wesley Mills. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

The fact that the first two pages of the Eylau book are decorated with the portraits of its authors raises a prejudice which is, however, mitigated by three brief testimonials as to the value of its contents by such eminent authorities as Prof. Hugo

Riemann, Dr. R. Batka, and Dr. G. Münzer, written, we are assured, "quite contrary to German custom," after inspection of the manuscript. It would have been well if these preliminary readers had advised the authors to rewrite a considerable part of the text, eliminating bombast, and infusiug greater clearness here and there. It would also have been advisable to allow some one conversant with idiomatic English to revise the translation, correcting words, expressions, and sentences like "theorie," "virtuos," "an useful," "when the soloist has discharged his programm with sweeping effect, that is quite enough," etc.

For the contents of the volume we have little but praise. The authors declare that ninety-nine out of every hundred students of music (most of whom start with hopes of fame and wealth as performers) end by being teachers; and they admit that the countless failures on the concert-stage are less the fault of these pupils than the result of their teachers' incompetence and lack of interest. The aim of their little volume is to explain what the profession of teaching music really means, and what a vast sphere of action it embraces. The authors try to show how even technic can be spiritualized; they point out, in a few eloqueut pages (54-56), why it is the teacher's task to nourish the pupil's interest in his art; they dwell on the dangers of incorrect practice at home. The best teacher, they assert, is recognizable by the simplest methods. Such a teacher will "never bring up an exercise by itself, but always as a link in the whole development." Particularly illuminating are the remarks on pp. 114 and 129-132 as to what is required of a player who wants to be able to interpret correctly pieces like Grieg's "Spring," or "Melancholie," or Schumann's "Abendlied."

Reviewers of books on voice culture are likely to be shy of those which profess to be based on scientific principles. Such works are usually the product of charlatans who try to hide their ignorance by displaying pictures of thyroid and arytenoid cartilages and making a halo of physiological terms around their directions. It is not in this category that Dr. Mills's book belongs. It is the product of one who, by the testimony his pages bear, is thoroughly and equally versed in anatomy and music. His experience as a practising laryngologist made him acquainted with the extent of the ruin that may be wrought hy incorrect methods of using the voice. He sums up his attitude in these two sentences:

> The physician to-day who treats disease without reference to anatomy and physiology is, at best, but a sort of respectable charlatan. Why should students and teachers of voice-production be content to remain, in the advanced present, where they were hundreds of years ago?

The author is doubtless right in holding that the reason why great singers and speakers are rare to-day is because we do not pursue right methods for a sufficient time; but we caunot follow him in the assertion that in the matter of breath control our singers are far behind those of the old Italian period. We doubt if any other age produced more wonderful "hellows" than those with which, in our time, such singers as Lehmann, Nordica, Alvary, Jean de Reszke, and Caruso have been blessed. But this is a mere detail; what is more to the point is that Dr. Mills gives lucid directions as to how all can improve their lung power. He regrets that schools pay so much attentlon to the use of the pen and little or none to the use of the voice, though most persons talk more than they write. He dwells much on the spccial importance of hygiene in these strenuous days; explains why a disordered stomach mars the voice, and points out the evil done to the vocal orgaus of those who have sung in choirs without adequate vocal training. He makes the very sensible suggestion that teachers should have consultations in doubtful cases, like those of medical men. In conclusion, it should be said that while the greater part of this commendable volume is devoted to questions of vocal physiology and hygiene, the artistic side is by no means neglected. A single page (272), for example, contains two aphorisms of the highest value even to famous artists, some of whom are very apt to ignore the truths embodied in them:

> A continuous *forte* ceases to be a *forte*, in reality, since the ear and the mind weary under it, and all the effect of contrast is lost.
>
> When a building is large, nearly all effects should be increased—*e. g.*, all pauses lengthened, the tempo taken a little slower, the contrasts made stronger, etc—rather than the volume of tone increased.

Having succeeded in capturing a good Parisian tenor, Mr. Conried of the Metropolitan Opera House is able to give more attention to French opera than during the last two seasons. Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" and "Faust," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," and Bizet's "Carmen" are among the prominent offerings this year; and last Friday night there was a revival of Delibes's "Lakmé," with Sembrich and Rousselière in the leading rôles. Three previous attempts (the first in 1886) had failed to give it a place in the brief list of popular favorites, yet it has sufficient charm to entitle it to an occasional revival. While its quaint Oriental melodic intervals do not intoxicate our senses with their exotic fragrance, as they did two decades ago, they have by no means lost their charm. There is, moreover, a good deal of original melody in the score, especially in the second act; but, so far as it is orchestral, it is lost in the vast spaces of the Metropolitan, for which the perfume of this music is too faint. The heroine of the story is a Buddhist priest's daughter, who falls in love with a British officer and poisons herself when she finds he must return to his army and his sweetheart—a plot which obviously contains the germs of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly." "Lakmé" will be repeated on Saturday afternoon.

A new book by Felix Weingartner has just been issued in Leipzig by Breitkopf & Härtel: "Ratschläge für Aufführungen der Sinfonien Beethoven's." It will probably create something of a sensation, for Weingartner is a conservative interpreter of the classics, yet in this treatise he endorses the changes in the orchestration of Beethoven suggested by Wagner. Wagner's central thought was that some of Beethoven's musical ideas were ahead of his time; in other words, that certain orchestral instrumeuts of his time did not permit of his scoring his melodies as he indubitably would have scored them if the improved instruments of our time had been at his disposal. Weingartner reviews the nine symphonics page by page, commenting on phrasing, modification of tempo, tone-coloring, etc., giving hundreds of hints to students and younger conductors—hints based on a special study and experience of two decades.

Art.

Storia dell' Arte Italiana. By A. Venturi. Vol. I. From the beginnings of Christian Art to Justinian. 1901; Vol. II. From Barbaric Art to the Romanesque. 1902; Vol. III. Romanesque Art, 1904; Vol. IV. Sculpture of the Trecento and Its Origins, 1906. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli. 18 lire a volume, each of which contains from 500 to 900 half-tone illustrations.

There are certain advantages in reviewing this gigantic work in mid course. Its qualities accentuate themselves as volume is added to volume, and one may more fairly judge by the recent instalments than by the earlier. As the scale of the work broadens and the highroad of the fourteenth century is reached, it becomes increasingly evident that the work is no history in the ordinary sense, being too inclusive and without subordination of the less to the more important. It is, however, a survey and a commentary of an extraordinarily useful and stimulating sort. To find its prototype, one must go back a century and more to Tiraboschi's "Storia della Letteratura Italiana." Like his predecessor, Professor Venturi has been inspired by a consuming antiquarian zeal, is interested rather in the cultural than in the technical aspects of his súbject, and carries off his enormous task with unflagging freshness and enthusiasm. And these two great scholars also agree in seeing with the historical rather than the critical mind. But we must not press the parallel unduly. In so far as Professor Venturi's work has not been of a pioneer type, but has involved the digesting of a vast amount of special treatises in many languages, it is a more difficult task than Tiraboschi undertook. And if one could count as surely upon the author's connoisseurship as upon his amenity and breadth of view, the volume before us would seem well-nigh perfect.

It is the first comprehensive treatise on the subject that has completely availed itself of modern photographic processes of reproduction. It might fairly be described as a corpus of half-tone cuts of Italian art, with an elaborate commentary. Practically no important monument has been omitted, and generally the record is exhaustive. Take, for example, the late twelfth-century bronze doors of the cathedral at Beneventum. One plate gives the portal in its setting, showing that the two doors contain each thirty-six panels with bas-reliefs. Then follow twelve plates presenting each four panels on a scale sufficient for iconographical study. A final plate depicts the splendid lion handle and a single bishop, who represents sixteen colleagues omitted as unimportant in the illustrations, but duly enumerated in the text. Twenty-four pages of description surround and frame the cuts. The same thorough method is followed with scores of monuments, and merely as a handy compendium of il-

lustrations these volumes should be on every art-historian's shelves.

This very richness of illustration—about a cut to a page—brings about certain defects of structure. In a sense the text has had to be written to the cuts, and its amplitude is determined not by the importance of these, but by their number. Thus the principle of composition becomes quantitative, chiefly, and one meets such discrepancies as 45 pages devoted to a comparative nobody like Tino di Camaino, while Giovanni Pisano gets but 77, and Arnolfo di Cambio claims a full measure of 93. One could wish, then, that Professor Venturi had had the courage to print running descriptions of a minor sort in smaller type apart from the general text. This would have made the work both more readable and more convenient for reference. As it is, it is a book rather for consultation than for consecutive reading, although many students will pick it up—with difficulty, for the volumes weigh about five pounds apiece—and peruse the chapters for simple pleasure. Wherever the subject-matter permits, the text is enriched by documentary and literary citation, being in this respect almost as remarkable a mine for the student as we have seen the illustrations to be. Again, barring the routine descriptive portions, the text is very interesting, having many of the qualities and defects of Symonds's equally discursive treatise on the Renaissance. Professor Venturi's History is indeed so packed with information, so thoroughly humanized in its manner, that one could wish it available in English for the larger public.

In dwelling upon a certain diffuseness and lack of proportion in this work, we have perhaps done it less than justice. As a matter of fact, there is nothing haphazard in the arrangement. The monuments are consistently grouped by artists and schools. Each chapter constitutes such an overhauling of its subject as has not been given for years, and the author never fails to have considerable contributions or retractions to offer to the accepted classifications. At every point a specialist may profit by following Professor Venturi. In fact, he has set problems which connoisseurship will hardly unravel within our generation. His conclusions are often as likely to provoke dissent as to gain acquiescence. In either case they are the product of an affectionate familiarity with the matter, yet in these chapters one feels constant misgivings as to the connoisseurship of the author. There is a shade too much of original investigation for what purports to be a history; untried positions are taken somewhat cavalierly, and the wise reader will be on his guard not to accept suggestions as facts—so persuasive is Professor Venturi's manner and so imperceptible his transition from tentative theory to certitude.

If asked to give examples of this matter, we might fall back on the traditional phrase, "too numerous to mention." But let us take merely one or two. The arguments (vol. iv., p. 113 ff.) for assigning the famous bronze St. Peter, in St. Peter's at Rome, to Arnolfo, seem quite nugatory. It is stated, for instance, that the draperies between the knees fall in angles more acute as they are lower. But this is a characteristic not of Arnolfo, but of drapery generally, which hangs upon two points. The ascription, in short, which is Wickhoff's also, is in itself plausible, but the arguments therefor are lamentably weak. In compensation, as it were, Professor Venturi adds to the work of Arnolfo the magnificent fragments of an Adoration of the Kings obscurely stored away in Sta. Maria Maggiore, Rome. The instance illustrates capitally his foibles as a connoisseur and his fine *flair* as a discoverer. Another capital instance of this combination of an alert and correct taste with deficient critical caution is the discussion of the massive heads which serve as brackets for the second row of arches outside the Baptistery at Pisa (vol. iii., p. 994 f.). These are unqualifiedly assigned to Nicola Pisano (or d'Apulia, as we must now call him) on the strength of their expressive and monumental simplicity. Supino's statement that these heads were pretty certainly done after the restoration of 1278, and probably by Giovanni Pisano, is met by an offhand conjecture that the restoration may, nay, must have begun above the arcade which these heads adorn. The note in which this plea is advanced (vol. iv., p. 169) is a marvel of inconclusive casuistry. Fortunately, the book contains the materials for correcting this surmise. One has merely to run over the plates of these fine heads to perceive that they are all tinged with a Gothic sentiment we should not expect to find in Nicola. More specifically a comparison of the splendid mask in the Pisan Museum (vol. iii., plate 885) with the head of a prophet at Siena by Giovanni Pisano (vol. iv., plate 120) is pretty nearly conclusive as to the derivation of the Pisan heads. Slight technical differences between the two faces are due to the fact that the figure at Siena is some fifteen years later in date. Let us say, promptly, that we do not hereby attribute the Pisan heads to Giovanni Pisano, but merely believe (with Supino) that they are of his school.

In all the volumes architecture is treated from the point of view of the painter or sculptor, and an almost complete absence of ground plans and structural sections is a serious defect. In many ways it would have been better not to discuss architecture as such, but merely the decorative arts. On the other hand, the minor arts—jewelry, ivory carving, enamelling, illumination are handled with uncommon fulness. These chapters present to the student most useful matter otherwise accessible only in scattered or expensive sources.

If we have seemed to dwell ungraciously on certain shortcomings of this great work it is because its positive merits will appeal immediately to every reader. Students simply must have it, and general readers can ill afford to pass it by. It would, in fine, be difficult to give another instance of so laborious a task conducted with so fine and sane an enthusiasm, and with so consistent a regard for the cultural aspects of the subject. Surely Professor Venturi in offering this book to the thousands who love Italian art may well say

Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore.

For a generation and more students and the cultured laity will honor that plea and bear his name in reverent gratitude.

The two papers of greatest general interest in the December *Burlington* are both concerned with Velasquez. Sir J. C. Robinson treats of that artist's earliest works, the *bodegones*, or still-life pieces (though they all contain figures), which are an eternal lesson to those who imagine that the great Spaniard's technical mastery can be acquired without his discipline. If we had similar examples of the work that Frans Hals produced before he was thirty, the lesson might, perhaps, be driven home and clinched, and we should see less of the sheer sloppiness that too often passes for freedom of handling with the half-educated artist, dazzled by the splendor of the later achievements of these giants. Herbert Cook writes of a "Rediscovered Velasquez," the interesting early portrait of the idiot Calabaças or Calabacillas, apparently one of the first painted of the series of portraits of Philip IV.'s court fools, and connected by Mr. Cook with one of the latest, the "Bobo di Coria." The resemblance of feature in the two portraits is not only "plausible"; it is, allowing for the difference of age, quite striking, and the presence in the later picture of the two gourds, or calabashes, may fairly be thought a rebus on the name by which the "booby" was commonly called. Dr. W. Martin's article on "How a Dutch Picture was Painted," is somewhat disappointing. The information he gives us is welcome as far as it goes, but it goes so short a way. On what sort of a ground was the outline in white chalk or "pencil" drawn, and what does he mean by a pencil? Was the first painting a *frotté* or a solid dead-coloring, and was the after painting done opaquely or with glazes? To such important questions we get here no answers. Other articles are on "Cretan Embroidery," "Lace in England Before the Time of James I.," "The Parisian Miniaturist Honoré" (thirteenth century), etc. The most important of the illustrations, outside those of the articles on Dutch and Spanish painting, is a lithograph by C. H. Shannon, "The Morning Visit," well designed and graceful in line, but without much grasp of the structure of the human figure.

Prof. Adolf Michaelis of Strassburg deserves the thanks of all who are interested in archæology for "Die archæologischen Entdeckungen des neunzehnten Jabrbunderts" (Leipzig: Seeman). After an initial chapter dealing with our knowledge of ancient works of art up to the end of the eighteenth century, he gives a clear and readable account, in ten chapters, of all the great discoveries in Italy, Greece, Egypt, and other Oriental countries from that time down to the year 1905. The book is without illustrations, but the author refers to the pictures in the well-known handbooks of Springer and Winter. A list of sources and a complete index further increase the usefulness of the book.

The account of Eleusis written in French by Demetrios Philios, director of excavations there from 1882 to 1894, has just been translated by Hamilton Gatliff under the title "Eleusis: Her Mysteries, Ruins, and Museum." (London: S. Appleton.) A queer state of things is revealed in the preface. There the translator disclaims any responsibility as to the historical and archæological opinions expressed by the author and then prints a letter from Dr. Philios in which he refuses to authorize the trans-

lation without the corrections made necessary by the new discoveries of the last eight years, which he himself now has no time to supply. Thus we are assured at the outset that the work is out of date; and a reading of the version, only 79 pages printed on thick paper, makes us wonder just why Mr. Gatliff desired to make a book of it.

Kenyon Cox is exhibiting at the American Fine Arts building in this city a large allegorical painting, "The Beneficence of Peace," which he has recently completed for the Essex County Court House, Newark. This composition contains seven figures, the charm of several of which Mr. Cox has seldom surpassed.

Paul Cornoyer is holding an exhibition of his recent work in Powell's Gallery, in this city. He reveals considerable freshness of vision and sureness of handling. For continued progress Mr. Cornoyer needs to add to the delicacy of his art a more assertive and enlivening accent.

An exhibition of water colors by F. Hopkinson Smith is open from January 7 to 26 in Noé's Gallery, in this city.

The American Art Association of Paris, organized in 1890 under the name "American Students Association," has issued an appeal for $300,000. Of this sum $75,000 is wanted for land, $100,000 for building and equipment, and $125,000 for endowment. The object of the association is to further the interests of Americans who are studying art in France.

Walter Appleton Clark, the artist and illustrator, died last Thursday in this city. He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1876, and studied under H. Siddons Mowbray and William M. Chase. In 1900 he won a silver medal for his exhibit at the Paris Exposition; and in 1901, another for his work shown at the Pan-American Exposition. He was an instructor in the Art Students' League of this city, and he was also connected with *Scribner's Magazine*, for which he had designed a number of effective covers. Among the books which he illustrated is Percy Mackaye's modern version of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." F. Hopkinson Smith's "Oliver Horn," and John R. Spears's "Slave Trade."

The collection of paintings owned by H. S. Henry of Philadelphia will be sold at auction this month at the American Art Galleries in this city. There are seven Corots, among them Nymphs Playing with a Tiger and Ville d'Auray, from the Borie collection; three Rousseaus, two Jules Duprés, three Daubignys, among them Moonlight at Villerville Farm, and two Diazes. Tryon is represented by Le Retour à la Ferme, formerly owned by William Schaus; Going to Market, and The Farriers; Millet, by a pastel, The Shepherdess, and an oil, The Coming Storm; Decamps by The Horse Race in Rome, from the Secretan sale; Delacroix by The Springing Lion, Tiger and Serpent, Arab Mounting His Horse, and The Release of Princess Olga; Fromenti by The Falconer.

At Christie's auction rooms in London on December 15, the following drawings were sold: Birket Foster, Cologne at Sunset, £50; A Road Scene, with cottages and sheep, £173; T. S. Cooper, A Group of Cattle, £105. Among the paintings were the following: H. Fantin-Latour, Chysanthemums in a Vase, £162; T. S. Cooper, The Old Clachan of Aberfoil, £131.

Science.

The Nervous System of Vertebrates. By J. B. Johnston. 180 figures. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co. $3 net.

For ten years the author of this work, professor of zoölogy in West Virginia University, has been widely and favorably known through papers upon the histologic structure and functional relations of the brains of certain lower vertebrates. In the present volume, the first (excepting the translations of Edinger's "Vorlesungen") in this country purporting to deal comprehensively with the subject, "the attempt has been made to give an account of the nervous system as a whole, to trace its phylogenetic history, and to show the factors which have determined the course of evolution. . . . The functional point of view, which is the chief characteristic of the present book, brings the treatment of the nervous system into close relation with the work of recent years on the behavior of animals." Most of the text is somewhat technical for reproduction here; examples of the author at his best occur on pp. 69, 150-153, and 173. He hopes that the descriptions will be "intelligible to students who have had one year of work in zoölogy or medicine, including the anatomy and embryology of some vertebrate." The reviewer, however, is skeptical as to the adequacy of such preparation for comprehension of considerable portions of the work. Certainly the book will be of great use to all engaged in instruction or research.

At the end of each chapter are brief suggestions as to "Demonstrations or Laboratory Work," and a "Literature" of the subject of the chapter. This bibliography of perhaps two hundred titles by one hundred and twenty writers would have occupied less space and been more convenient if brought together at the close of the volume; in the case of papers, also, readers are entitled to the numbers of the volumes and pages referred to. The index unfortunately lacks at least forty entries.

Most teachers as well as pupils would welcome a larger number of illustrations of representative brain forms. Of the illustrations, more than one-half are original. To facilitate comprehension many are schematic, but there is no reason to doubt their accuracy, especially in view of the coöperation of the managing editor of the *Journal of Comparative Neurology*, C. Judson Herrick. For combined instructiveness and artistic excellence special praise is due figures 145, 147, 148, and 150, representing, respectively, the fibre-tracts in the lamprey, shark, bony fish, and salamander.

It would be easy to point out omissions in the text and topics which deserve more adequate treatment. Mention should have been made of the exceptional secondary fusion of the olfactory bulbs in all frogs and toads and certain reptiles and birds; contrary to the implication on p. 31, in Ceratodus, the olfactory tracts are distinct. In the account of the callosum, there is no intimation that the "fifth ventricle" in man, and perhaps some other primates, is formed otherwise than as in mammals generally. Not infrequently, there is inadequate demarcation between statements and views that are well established, highly probable, and purely hypothetic.

Unlike some who affect to regard all nomenclature as trivial, ignore etymology, and leave their readers to infer their preferences, our author invites comment by the discussions of the subject in the preface and in the second chapter. Very commendable is his uniform designation of parts and developmental stages of the central nervous system by neural rather than medullary; the nearly consistent employment of dorsal, ventral, lateral, caudal, and cephalic, with their adverbial forms, dorsad, cephalad, etc., applicable alike to man and other vertebrates; and the occasional use of mesad, and of callosum, strietum, etc., without the superfluous corpus. In enumerating (p. 14) the definitive segments of the brain our author follows His and others in replacing the familiar prosencephalon by telencephalon, and metencephalon by the clumsy and inconsistent myelencephalon; but it is gratifying to note that he completely ignores the "isthmus rhombencephali," the intrusion of which, by the anatomist above named, constituted a piece of neurologic *gaucherie*. Yet satisfaction with certain features of the author's terminology is alloyed by his indifference to the labors of his predecessors in that regard. So far as appears, the sole basis for the consideration of that subject is the Basle Anatomical Nomenclature [B N A], the set of terms adopted at Basle in 1895 by the Anatomische Gesellschaft. The author of the present volume is an English-speaking anatomist; yet apparently he is unaware that dorsal, dorsad, etc., were proposed in 1803 by John Barclay, the preceptor of Richard Owen, and that, in 1877, Pye-Smith urged the desirability of single-word terms and dropped from thalamus the "misleading and cumbersome qualifiers." He is an American, yet apparently he is also unaware that these and other simplifications were definitely submitted to the American Association for the Advancement of Science in 1880. He is a member of that Association and of the Association of American Anatomists, yet he is apparently unacquainted with the several reports of committees of those bodies (and of the American Neurological Association), some of them antedating the [B N A]. The paper and presswork are excellent and typographic errors few; of these the most deplorable is pontial for pontile as the adjective from pons.

Last week the American Chemical Society (in connection with the American Association for the Advancement of Science) held its thirty-fifth general meeting. The members were guests of Columbia University and of the College of the City of New York. About one hundred papers, mostly on highly technical topics, were presented to the various sections. In addition, time was found for several formal addresses, luncheons, a subscription dinner, excursions to nearby chemical works, and a smoker at the Chemists' Club. On this occasion the retiring president, Dr. W. F. Hillebrand, of the United States Geological Survey, made

his final official address. The meeting at the new buildings of the City College was semi-popular, and was attended by many who were not members of the society. There was a discussion of the conditions at Niagara and of the possibility of success of the movement for the preservation of the scenic effect of the falls and the prevention of the further use of the waters for electrochemical industries. He was followed by Dr. C. F. Chandler of Columbia, who gave a most interesting account of the wonderful advances in chemical manufacture made possible through the use of the almost unlimited electrical power generated at Niagara. The production of aluminium in commercial quantities, artificial graphite, electrolytic sodium and caustic soda, calcium carbide, carborundum, chromium, manganese, and many other substances was considered by Dr. Chandler and illustrated by a complete display of samples.

E. A. Mann reports to the Sydney (Australia) section of the Society of Chemical Industry a newly discovered source of alcohol. There thrives in Western Australia a plant, Xanthorhœa Presissii, commonly called the "grass tree." As it has been of no known use, it has been allowed either to grow at will, or, if the land was needed for other purposes, it has been indiscriminately destroyed. Lately, small quantities of it have been successfully used as a source of picric acid ($C_6H_3N_3O_7$); and as the tree is resinous, attempts have been made to use it as a source of gum for varnishes. This gum, however, is good only for a very low grade of work. Charles Harper has tried interesting experiments on the interior core of the grass tree in making a cattle fodder. He has produced a "meal" which is not only an excellent fodder, but which contains carbohydrates of the following composition:

Reducing sugars (calculated as dextrose), 10.25 per cent.
Non-reducing sugars (calculated as cane sugars), 15.86 per cent.
Other carbohydrates, 24.76 per cent.

Owing to the presence of interfering substances, it was impossible to isolate pure sugars from the meal, but when a water extract was made from the meal, the sugar in solution was readily fermentable by yeast, and produced alcohol equal to 18.3 per cent. of the weight of the sugar present. Every bushel of the meal from the grass tree yields 1.24 gallons of "proof spirit"—49 per cent. alcohol. A bushel of rye or oats yields 2.08 gallons and a bushel of potatoes 1.26 gallons. The grass tree, therefore, will be a valuable addition to the present supply of substances used in making alcohol.

The next total eclipse of the sun occurs January 13-14, but no American expeditions have set forth to capture the corona when it flashes forth over the wilds of Mongolia and the Gobi desert. Russian, German, and French parties have already established stations along the track of anticipated shadow; but the difficulty of reaching good positions at this season, with the probability of wintry cloud, have deterred our astronomers from attempting the trip. Some months ago, Prof. D. P. Todd of Amherst College published the local conditions and predictions of this eclipse in the *American Journal of Science*, from which it would appear that the region between Tashkent and Samarkand is most promising. Jisak lies nearly in the centre of the track of totality. In this paper the indicated data have been calculated for eleven stations, and one other, unnamed, between Yarkand and Cherchen. Seventeen months after the last eclipse, August 30, 1905, this coming one is expected to show an entirely different corona, its type and figure completely altered. From one point of view, it is especially to be regretted that no American expeditions are in the field, since this is the last eclipse available for observation in five years. Unlike this 1907 eclipse, whose track lies wholly upon land, the eclipses of 1908 and 1911 fall entirely across the Pacific Ocean, with possible stations only on two or three difficult islands. Those in 1909 and 1910 are visible too near the North and South Poles for good observation, so that with the present month active eclipse observation must lie dormant until 1912, when Brazil will become the scene of the dark pathway.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History will sail for Egypt on January 5 to look for remains of prehistoric ancestors of the elephant in the Sayoum Desert. He expects to make excavations about seventy miles southwest of Cairo, not far from the Sayoum Oasis. Accompanying Professor Osborn as assistants will be Walter Granger and George Olsen of the Museum's staff. In 1902 members of a British surveying party unearthed the bones of a small animal, which, they were sure, belonged to a prehistoric elephant. Morris K. Jesup, president of the American Museum, hearing of the discovery, has organized the expedition, which Professor Osborn is to lead.

The *Geographical Journal* for December opens with an attempt by J. L. Myres to interpret the distribution of the Alpine races in Central and Eastern Europe, both in modern times and in successive periods of antiquity, in the light of palæogeography. Major Sykes concludes his account of a recent journey in eastern Persia, in which he shows the terrible state of decay into which the country has fallen. There seems to be no hope of a change for the better so long as the present rivalry between Great Britain and Russia exists. If an agreement between these Powers could be reached it is probable that the Persians themselves would pull their State out of its rut and create a new order of things. The remaining contents are notes upon a bathymetrical survey of the lochs of the Lochy Basin, Scotland, and an illustrated account of a visit to the active volcano of Smeroe, in Java.

The principal contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten, are an account by R. Payer of his exploration of the little known Jauapiry region in central Brazil, and an ethnographical sketch of some Caucasian tribes by N. A. Busch. There is also a lengthy review by K. Sapper of Dr. Böse's important work on the geology of the Mexican States, Chiapas and Tabasco. A map of the Acre district shows the new boundary between Brazil and Bolivia, and also that still in dispute between Brazil and Peru.

Herbert J. Webber, who has been in charge of the plant-breeding experiments of the Agricultural Department at Washington, has resigned in order to conduct work in plant biology at Cornell University. He has produced new varieties of long staple upland cotton, and has developed a hardy orange.

The death is announced of two distinguished Continental men of science: J. A. C. Oudemans, born at Amsterdam in 1827, professor of astronomy at Utrecht; and Prof. Albrecht Thaer, of Giessen, an authority on matters agricultural.

Finance.

Ocean and Inland Water Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The entire lack of general treatises upon the subject of water transportation will incline teachers and students of the subject to extend a warm welcome to this latest addition to the Appletons' "Business Series." The book forms a companion volume to Professor Johnson's "American Railway Transportation," and rounds out a more complete survey of transportation problems than any other English or American writer has yet given us.

The most valuable portions of the volume are the chapters devoted to ocean transportation. Upon this subject the author has drawn freely from Dr. J. R. Smith's "Organization of Ocean Commerce," but he has also gathered at first hand a large amount of other material never before available. He considers the history and present types of ocean carriers; water highways and terminals; the freight, passenger, mail, and express services; competition and combination in the industry; fares and rates; marine insurance; and governmental aid and regulation. His task is chiefly that of simple description, and his work may be accepted as a reliable and useful, if not attractive, manual upon the subject with which it deals.

Canals and inland waterways are considered almost exclusively with reference to the conditions existing in the United States. Professor Johnson has seen no reason to modify the general conclusion expressed by him in 1893, in his monograph upon "Inland Waterways," that it is worth our while to develop these auxiliary highways of commerce; but displays, perhaps, a little less enthusiasm upon the topic. For the Great Lakes, of course, and for some of the larger rivers, the question never admitted of serious doubt; but the canal presents a more difficult problem, and in neither this book nor his earlier monograph does our author contribute much to the elucidation of the subject.

Particularly useful is the treatment of competition and combination, and of cooperation between ocean and rail carriers. The reasons that have led railroads to reach out for permanent connections with steamship lines, and the results of such unions, are clearly set forth. Our author sees therein nothing injurious to public interests, and predicts that the coördination of rail and ocean service will become increasingly close as time goes on.

Far less satisfactory is his discussion of shipping subsidies. It is something, indeed, that a book written in

Pennsylvania should not contend that the only way to restore the American merchant marine to its former proud estate is to grant subsidies for the construction or the navigation of ocean-going ships, or for both. But while Professor Johnson is not misled by the sophistries of the subsidy grabbers, he does not give sufficient importance to the inevitable vices of the subsidy system, does not attach enough weight to the tariff upon iron and steel as a factor in the decline of our shipping interests, and exaggerates the economic and military advantages of a large merchant marine. He informs us, to be sure, that "the blood of our forefathers courses in our veins"; and quotes some winged words of President Roosevelt's about "the duty of bearing one another's burdens, not only as among individuals, but also as among nations." Noble sentiment, truly; but not enough to incline some of us to the burdens the subsidy hunters would have us assume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Almanach de Gotha. 1907. Lemcke & Buechner.
Bédollière's Histoire de la Mère Michel. Edited by Freeman M. Josselyn, jr. American Book Co.
Bishop, Joseph B. John Hay: Scholar, Statesman. Providence, R. I.
Briggs, Charles A., and Friedrich von Hügel. The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch. Longmans. 75 cents net.
Brown, William Adams. Christian Theology in Outline. Scribners.
Davison, Alvin. Practical Zoölogy. American Book Co.
Early English and French Voyages. Edited by Henry S. Burrage. Scribners. $3 net.
Evans, Thomas Horace. Via Amoris. Philadelphia: Novo Edition Publishing Co.
Fox-Davies, Arthur Charles. Heraldic Badges. John Lane Co.
Hugo's Poems. Edited by Arthur G. Canfield. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Malone, Walter. Songs of East and West. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.
Milroy, M. E. W. Home Lace-Making. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1 net.
Mottelay, Paul F. The Bridge Blue Book. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Munro, H. A. J. Translations into Latin and Greek Verse. Longmans. $2.
Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Vol. I. Edited by Anna L. Guthrie. Minneapolis: H. W. Wilson Co.
Rhoades, Lewis Addison and Lydia Schneider. Erstes Sprach-und Lesebuch. Henry Holt & Co. 36 cents net.
Taft, William Howard. Four Aspects of Civic Duty. Scribners. $1 net.
Year Book of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. Vol. xvi. Edited by Tobias Schanfarber and Samuel Hirshberg.
Zartman, Lester W. The Investment of Life Insurance Companies. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25 net.

The Nation says: "It is the most thorough and comprehensive book that has yet appeared on the Panama Canal . . . especially interesting because it opens to view the long perspective of the great enterprise . . . fuller detail than in any other single work on the subject . . . a valuable reference book."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1907.

The Week.

The first thrust of the probe into E. H. Harriman's railroad operations certainly struck deep. What was laid bare at the sittings of the Interstate Commerce Commission in this city last Friday and Saturday was, in its way, as sensational as anything uncovered by the insurance investigation. We get a better idea than we ever had before of that "higher sphere" in which Mr. Harriman moves. These revelations, suitably followed up, will put us in the way of understanding many a financial transaction of recent years that has been shrouded in mystery. What will most startle the public, we imagine, is not the disclosure of the enormous and unchecked power reposed in Mr. Harriman by directors and executive committees, abdicating their functions, but the discovery that the Union Pacific has been used practically as a huge speculating machine. We now see it buying and selling stocks like any Wall Street plunger, some of the purchases having apparently no relation whatever to the Union Pacific's immediate needs or future plans—except as its controlling spirits needed to influence the stock market or take vengeance on anybody who, like Stuyvesant Fish, got in their way. Few are aware that the investigation is made under authority of a statute twenty years old. It was the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 which empowered the Commission to "inquire into the management of the business of all common carriers," and to "require the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of books, papers, tariffs, contracts, agreements, and documents." Thus are old instruments found adequate to new needs. And such reinvigoration of neglected laws is one of the most useful things that executive or prosecuting officers can set about. Much of the clamor for new statutes would be stilled if the old ones were put energetically into effect. When President Roosevelt's record comes to be made up by the historian, it may easily appear that greater praise will be given him for summoning forth the latent vigor of old laws, than for getting new ones written in the statute-book.

There had been intimations that Gov. Hughes's message to the Legislature would be "sensational." It is not, unless it be sensational to display a love of justice, with a desire to make the government of the State clean, vigorous, and efficient. In coming out unequivocally for a speedy recount of the ballots in the New York city Mayoralty election of 1905, Gov. Hughes shows the sagacious and just quality of his mind. As the Governor says, this is not a question of either parties or personalities; but when doubt clouds the title of a public official chosen at a time when popular passion runs high, it is of the utmost importance that the whole transaction be laid bare, every allegation met, every suspicion quieted. Only so can the Hearst charges be dissipated; while, if they prove to be well-founded, we cannot know the fact too soon, and act accordingly. The impartiality with which Gov. Hughes deals with elections may be seen in what he says of the need of checking corruption. His specific recommendation of a law "imposing a limitation upon the amount that may be expended by a candidate to procure his election" looks very hard at the scandal of an expenditure of $250,000 by Hearst. In urging the amendment of our ballot laws, with the abolition of the party column and the adoption of practically the Australian system, Gov. Hughes takes advanced but sensible positions. So, too, his recommendation that the direct primary may be given a trial, here and there, will please those who see value in this method of political reform. It is, however, the Governor's recommendations regarding the State Railroad Commission which will attract most attention. That refuge of incapable politicians Mr. Hughes proposes to abolish outright. This is an open challenge to the bosses of his own party, who have so long had that and other pickings as their own. The Governor would have a new Commission, to replace both the Railroad and the Gas Commissions, whose jurisdiction and powers should be accurately defined by law, the whole to be made a Public-Service Corporations Commission. In creating it, the idea is to make State supervision and regulation a reality. The details of his proposals we cannot discuss; but they evidently come from a man in earnest, who has thought long and deeply on the subject, on many aspects of which he speaks as an expert, and who is bent on marking his Administration by reforms that will not be spectacular, but which he hopes to make thoroughgoing and beneficial.

Commissioner-General F. P. Sargent, in his annual report, gives countenance to the two favorite propositions of those who would restrict immigration: First, that the bars ought to be put up to prevent our getting more aliens than we want or need; and, second, that the Government should deal sternly with the pernicious activities of individuals and corporations that have been secretly hiring labor abroad. That is the anomaly of the whole immigration agitation. It proceeds on the premise that we are getting too many laborers, and yet it cannot blink the fact that a most urgent demand for laborers exists in many sections of this country. If a million foreigners are coming here every year to take jobs away from the American workman, bread out of the mouths of his children, why is it necessary for large employers to plot and plan, send secret agents to Europe, and surreptitiously pay the passage of foreign workmen? Of course, unequal distribution of arrivals is at the root of our difficulties, and this is a side of the problem which organized agencies are only beginning to attack systematically. The statistics of this year's report show precisely the same tendencies as last year's, a gross increase in the mass of immigration, accompanied by a further falling off in the arrivals from Ireland, England, Germany, and Scandinavia. The Jewish, Hungarian, and Italian immigration evidently has not reached its limit; but the "peril" thus far is confined to the few centres where the arrivals are for the time congested.

If good institutions may be perverted to bad ends, so may foolish ones be reclaimed for wise purposes. The Bureau of American Republics is a case in point. Taken up as a kind of salvage from the wreck of the first Pan-American Congress, and kept in feeble life as a means chiefly of providing salaries, it is now about to be erected into a symbol of international peace. That is the intent, at any rate, of Andrew Carnegie's gift of $750,000 for a permanent building at Washington to house the Bureau; and we hope and believe such will be the effect. It is a fitting sequel to Secretary Root's tour through South America, with his far-sighted efforts to make real the idea of the family of nations. President Roosevelt happily characterizes the project as a complement to the Temple of Peace at The Hague.

One of the alternative proposals by the ship-subsidy people is what they call a "cargo" subsidy. This is actually to depend upon freight carried, not passengers or mails or speed. Were the plan strictly applied, with a bounty direct upon every ton of freight sent abroad in American bottoms, we should know exactly what we were spending our money for; and should be able to test the familiar plea that, once the business got started, the bounty might safely be cut off. But Canada's experience at present shows how hard it is to shake

off the bounty leeches when once they are allowed to fasten upon the Treasury. As is well known, the Canadian Government has been paying a bounty to manufacturers of iron and steel. The gift has been made outright, instead of, as with us, disguised as a tariff duty. In this way, nearly $10,000,000 has already been expended. Under the law, these bounties were to cease at the end of next June. By that time, the Canadian iron and steel business was to be able to go alone; but a bill is now before Parliament to extend the bounties for four years more. The Government is favorable to it, and the Opposition dares not attack it. Thus the Dominion is in for a further outlay of from $15,000,000 to $25,000,000 to help along a private industry. We in the United States would do well to observe that there are no tracks backward from the lair of the bounty lion.

"How we are governed," used to be a stock title for elementary works on civil government. "How we govern," is a title that, we fear, would never sell a book, for nobody cares very much how we regulate the affairs of our various dependencies. But the brief summary which the correspondent of the Indianapolis *News* at Washington has made of our colonial "system," if system it can be called, might find a market in the columns of a comic paper, were it not for the serious issues involved:

> The War Department governs the Philippines, the canal zone, and Cuba, and, with the assistance of the State Department, keeps an eye on Santo Domingo. The Interior Department governs Hawaii, Alaska, and the Territories within what is called the boundary of the United States. The islands of Guam and Tutuila are governed by the Navy Department. Porto Rico is practically without any protecting department at its back. The officers of the Porto Rican Government report to the Interior Department, but that department has no responsibility for the government of the island. Hawaii, Alaska, and Porto Rico each has a delegate in the House of Representatives, as have the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, but this delegate has no vote. He may introduce bills and he may speak, but he cannot make a motion. The Philippines, Guam, and Tutuila and the canal zone are not represented in the legislative body at all.

Alaska is really the lucky member of the family, having a brand-new delegate at Washington this winter. But one boon is apparently enough for a Congress to grant. Neither the Porto Ricans nor the Filipinos are likely to receive this winter any of the favors they ask.

Prof. Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard must, as we read the cable dispatches from Germany, have been grievously misreported. He is quoted, for instance, as declaring that the sending of James Bryce as Ambassador of Great Britain is likely to make Baron von Sternburg's task in Washington more difficult, "inasmuch as Mr. Bryce enjoys the sympathy of all Americans, and must shortly take a foremost place in diplomatic life in Washington." Such nonsense could surely not have fallen from the lips of the gifted author of "Die Amerikaner." He cannot be ignorant of the fact that, in all England, Germany has had no warmer friend than James Bryce. He has never failed to work for friendly relations, whether in the Government or out of it. Mr. Bryce it was who welcomed the German journalists to London last summer in an admirable address. His name was appended to the appeal for concord between the two nations, which was headed by Lord Avebury. Professor Münsterberg is further reported as saying that the improved relations between the United States and Germany are due, for one reason, to the "close familiarity of Baron von Sternburg with President Roosevelt"; Mr. Bryce will end this close familiarity by his mere appearance in Washington. Since when has modern diplomacy become a matter of individual friendship with the head of the state to which a man is accredited? Relations between great countries are not affected by the outcome of horseback rides or tennis games, save in novels of the type of "Mr. Barnes of New York." It is the spirit in which one nation treats another that counts, and the readiness to settle differences of opinion like sensible, well-mannered people. Any one who stops to think of the ties that bind this country to Germany will find them innumerable, and of the closest. They concern our business relations, the presence among us of a large German-American population, and our kinship in matters musical, artistic, and educational. Can those ties be loosened because Mr. Bryce, long denounced by jingo Englishmen as a pro-German as well as a pro-Boer, is to represent England in Washington? Professor Münsterberg must recall that in the days when Cleveland and Harrison were in the White House there was no Sternburg and no Bryce at Washington; yet no one talked of unfriendly relations between the United States and Germany, or even dreamed of them.

"Talk about commercialized politics," said a civil engineer the other night, "or the commercialized theatre, or press—why, none of them can hold a candle to commercialized engineering." In explanation, he averred that his profession is suffering from the evils of monopoly. A few great corporations not only control nearly all the work done, but dictate the technical methods to be followed. The result is the raising of almost insuperable barriers to new men and new ideas; the practice becomes routine and stodgy; the absence of real competition works the same harm to engineering that it does to any other pursuit. Certainly it is an important question which is raised by this complaint from within the engineering ranks. We know that this point of view is not isolated. Many engineers would agree in general with the impetuous critic whose language is cited above, even if they might regard his indictment as too sweeping. On the professional side, it is a matter for engineers themselves to discuss. What the relations of special talent should be to employing corporations, what the obligations of a man to the severe demands of science when they are in conflict with mere money-making—these topics can be most fruitfully debated by those set for the maintenance of a high standard of engineering ethics. But the public is deeply concerned in the practical effect of it all. If engineering has become so commercialized that we are not getting the best possible work, it is of the highest consequence that we should know the causes and find, if possible, the remedies. To get the backing of the big corporation, you must previously find favor with a certain firm of engineers, and also make arrangements to float your securities through a given bond and stock concern. Monopoly, we may be sure, will work its deadening effects in a profession as fatally as in trade or manufacture. If pressure from without does not compel the adoption of the most advanced methods, and the putting out of the finest possible product, professional pride will prove an inadequate motive.

Certain schoolboys say they will fight in the courts the movement—now widespread—to suppress secret fraternities in high schools and academies. At the "national conclave" of the Phi Delta Kappa, held this week at San José, the valorous president announced that funds were being raised to carry a test case to the courts if the school authorities of Portland and San Francisco adhere to their announced plan of driving out the organization. We fancy, however, that sensible parents may step in with a decision sustaining the teachers. The high school fraternity is becoming a public nuisance. The boys, of course, are aping their older brothers in college. They have their jewelled badges, their grips, their pass-words, their initiations, their meetings, and all the other pretentious flummery of the college fraternity. They spend their time, energy, and money on dances for their girl friends, and on "national conventions." The fraternity system has many grave drawbacks in college; in school it is intolerable. Debating and literary societies, unless under pretty strict supervi-

sion, are subject to serious abuse; but the fraternity is taken with such pathetic seriousness by the lad in his teens that in many towns the only way to deal with it is to abolish it, on the simple and sufficient ground that it interferes with legitimate school work.

The failure of Prince von Bülow's manifesto to achieve its purpose of solidifying the opposition to the Clericals should surprise no one. The radical Liberals are too devoted to their principles to be caught by such chaff. Those leaders of the Clericals who assert that the new Reichstag will differ but little from the old have reason for their belief. The most that could possibly be done would be to deprive them of thirty seats, four of which would go to the Poles, to whom Von Bülow is also opposed. No one really expects that any such defeat will overtake the Centre; if it loses ten seats many persons will be surprised. Among the Social-Democrats, twenty-seven seats may be endangered; but there are others which the party hopes to capture for the first time. There is a possibility that the Liberal Left can, with the Socialists, win sixty seats from all the reactionaries, of which thirty would go to the Liberals; but to accomplish this the Liberals will have to display an aggressiveness lacking of late years, and have the aid of what we should call a "tidal wave," of which there are now no indications. The country as a whole is eager for more liberal and progressive government, for social legislation of all kinds, for a Reichstag which shall really be a responsible parliament, with a responsible Ministry. It wishes an end of government by the selfish protected interests and the reactionary Clericals, and desires, for one thing, ballot laws by which the will of the people may properly be registered. Meanwhile, many a voter who is not a believer in Socialist doctrines supports the party of Bebel as the best way of expressing his desire for greater freedom.

Following the appearance of a Constitution for the Transvaal, comes one for the Orange River Colony. According to a statement of Winston Churchill in the House of Commons, the letters patent will probably be issued before the reassembling of Parliament after the holidays. The issues involved in the grant of self-government to the colony south of the Vaal are, of course, much slighter from the material point of view than those of its northern neighbor (the white population in 1904 was only about 143,000, and there are no mines); but there is interest in the fact that this is the first instance of responsible government being bestowed on a dependency with an overwhelming non-British population. Of the outcome, the Colonial Under-Secretary had no fear. He believed that the Boers had abandoned the old ambition to create in South Africa a united state independent of the Crown, and that they had accepted that other ideal which was represented by the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia. To refuse a constitution on the ground that the Dutch would command a certain majority, he thought would be "an insult, a fatal blunder, and a breach of the spirit of the terms of peace." The upper chamber is at first to be appointed. The lower house, of 38 members, is to be elected on a voter's basis and by manhood suffrage, one member for every 1,058 adult males.

An interesting phase of the contemplated substitution of Southampton for Liverpool as the English terminus of the White Star and Cunard Lines, with Cherbourg as a port of call, is the part such a step would play in strengthening the much-discussed Anglo-French *entente*. In establishing their Channel service, the two British lines are reported to aim at entering into competition with the German lines for the rich passenger traffic between this country and the southern part of the Continent, which goes largely by way of Cherbourg. That port is sure to profit by the new move on the part of British enterprise, and closer commercial relations, followed by a corresponding increase in political friendship, should follow. As it is, the question of facilitating trans-Channel communication is being actively discussed in both countries, and among other measures the Channel tunnel scheme has been revived. A bill for its construction has been recently introduced into the Commons, but has been received by part of the press with distrust, based on fear that it would involve sacrificing the impregnability of the kingdom. Thus the *Spectator* suggests, instead, a line of train-ferries, which would meet many of the needs the tunnel is intended to cope with, including the cementing of the *entente*. The diversion of American traffic to Cherbourg by means of British ships would tend towards the last desired result.

The death of Stefan Vassilievitch Anikin, founder of the Group of Toil in the first Russian Duma, and one of the ablest Radical members of that body, removes the second of a triumvirate of leaders who were chiefly concerned in directing the revolutionary movement among the peasants. These were Anikin, Onipko, and Zhilkin, of whom the second is now a life prisoner for complicity in the last Kronstadt uprising. To the popular eye it was Alyadin, of the powerful voice and English clothes, who stood out boldest among the peasants in the Duma; but it was the other three who carried on the unspectacular work of organization and agitation. Before their advent there had existed a definite cleft between the peasant masses and their intellectual but doctrinaire leaders. This, Anikin and his associates were largely successful in bridging. They brought agitation down from the lofty realm of theory and harmonized revolutionary principles with the peasants' immediate needs. On the future of the revolutionary movement Anikin's death, we believe, will exercise no appreciable effect. That movement has gone far beyond the possible control of any man such as Russia has so far produced. Onipko in prison, Anikin dead, Alyadin a fugitive, Milyukoff still under the ban, Muromtseff out of favor—the new Duma will still find voices sufficient to its grievances and demands.

Practically extinct in America, the "dime novel" is said to be ravaging Germany. According to Johannes Siebert, most German boys prefer an Indian story to any other book. Their hearts beat fast as they read the adventures of trappers and settlers, gaze with awe into wigwams, and hear the howls of the wolves. This interest began with the publication, in 1823, of "The Spy," by Cooper, followed soon by his other stories. Since these novels, however, did not seem quote suitable for boys, they were *bearbeitet* for the young folks. Later, the adapters began to construct their own plots and incidents, out-Coopering their model in his most adventurous moods. The results, says Siebert, are terrible to contemplate. There are in Germany about 500 "Grosso" firms, with 3,000 travellers, to sell such books. An edition of 700,000 is not an unusual thing. They are adorned with glaring illustrations, and one may buy such a volume of perhaps 250 pages for less than a dime.

Some of the ingenious tricks by means of which Italy, notwithstanding strict legal enactments against the sale of art treasures to foreigners, is being despoiled, are described in the *Nuova Antologia* by Professor Valentin. The valuable paintings of the Galleria Sciarra were smuggled out of the country by an operetta company, which took them along, rolled up as part of its "stage decorations." They, of course, received no special attention. A Botticelli was exported in the stuffing of a sofa; another old master was rolled round an umbrella and concealed by its cover, while the famous cope of Ascoli (which J. Pierpont Morgan subsequently restored) had been taken out within an alabaster column. The officials are lax in inspection even in Rome, where the "forestieri" frequently manage to acquire mementos under the very eyes of the custodians, especially in the Forum.

SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP.

Edgar Gardner Murphy, himself a Southerner of note, has contributed to the *Sewanee Review* a timely article on "The Task of the Leader" in the South. In this matter the whole country has a vital interest. What is to be the attitude of public men in the old slave States towards the race problem? Is it to be merely destructive, after the manner of Tillman and Vardaman, with the apparent object of reducing the negro to a condition of vassalage, or exterminating him? Or is it to be a desire to do justice? Is it to perceive that the presence of masses of uneducated and undisciplined people is a menace to be met, not with the revolver, but with statesmanlike and constructive measures? Upon the answer to these questions depends to a large degree the domestic health of the nation.

Within the last two decades the South has undergone an amazing industrial development. The diversification of its industries has proceeded swiftly, and has been followed by an increase in general prosperity such as this section never knew before. This economic revolution has been accompanied, as most Northerners are now aware, by a change in the character of Southern leaders. The poor white has come into his own; or, as Mr. Murphy puts it less bluntly,

> The older leaders and their older leadership are yielding place to new in a white population, which has not so largely the qualities of a gentle culture, which has never known the negro at his best, and which is tasting for the first time the intoxications of industrial and political ascendency.

Can this new leadership be trusted to grapple with the problem in a really scientific spirit? Will it apply itself with a single mind to the transforming of the colored masses into orderly, contented, educated, and industrially valuable citizens? And what means will it employ to attain these ends? Here is the crux. Every one knows that the South has men capable of constructive work of the highest kind. Is the solution of its specific problems to be intrusted to them, or to the politician who is as eager to keep alive the race troubles as the Northern demagogue is to set one class against another?

Mr. Murphy belongs to the group of Southerners who feel the call to aid in moulding public opinion along the lines of calmness and justice. In the paper before us he has spoken with ability and fearlessness. He is under no misapprehensions as to what is needed, or as to what is at the bottom of the recent increase in race hostility, and his words deserve the widest publication. He longs for the day when his section of the country may "be occupied with something else beside the negro," and he adds:

> We shudder at "negro domination." Yet the man who is really putting the negro over us, who is enshrining him like a hideous tyranny within the apprehensions and imaginations of our children, and who places him as a spectre of gloom by every fireside, is not the demagogue of the North, but the demagogue of the South; magnifying every incident of the long, unhappy quarrel of the sections, harping upon every symbol of the estrangement of our races, and forcing us into so morbid a preoccupation with our peculiar and provincial difficulties that the South, if his guidance became supreme, would become perforce not only the land of one party, but the land of one idea, of one interest, of one subject, because the land of one all-consuming passion.

Fortunately, Mr. Murphy sees a change coming, and this despite the recent humiliating spectacle offered by Hoke Smith—turning demagogue in order to win the Governorship of Georgia. He finds the industrial rise of the South is bringing gain as well as loss, is doing much to free the South from its isolation. Southern universities are speaking with more freedom and directness, are emancipating themselves from the domination of politicians, reactionary ecclesiastics, and unenlightened public sentiment. The reconstruction of the common school system also makes for a sounder public opinion. Mr. Murphy finds, too, that, in practically every State, younger men, representing lofty ideals, are beginning to take an active part in political life. They are not numerous enough for immediate success, and they must yet face many defeats before achieving a victory. Indeed, Mr. Murphy exemplifies in himself, as did the late Chancellor Hill of the University of Georgia, the new leadership, which, he contends, "confident and controlled, will yield no place to that feverish sense of insecurity which is so doubtful of its institutions that it mistakes madness for zeal and murder for justice. . . . Its preferred mood is not tragedy, but sanity."

As for the negro, Mr. Murphy makes a masterly and unequivocal appeal for justice. We can do no better than to quote him again, as proof that this is the kind of leadership the South needs:

> Here is this colored man, whom you and I know to be "a good negro"—industrious, sensible, self-respecting. He is making his way. He counts for something; we know him and we know we can trust him. He is right here with us on the soil of the same State. Do we want him? We do. Do we want him to stay? We do. How shall we deal with him? Treat him justly. Give protection to his life and property. Give his children a chance. Let *him* vote. It is his due, and it will help other negroes to be like him.

PROSPERITY AND MISGIVING.

In the comprehensive review of the financial situation from a dozen great money markets of the world, published by the *Evening Post* on the last day of the year, the noteworthy fact was the unanimity with which assertion that prosperity is to-day unprecedented was coupled with a note of warning or misgiving. Various reasons, most of them vague enough, were assigned for this feeling; in general, the dominant idea appeared to be that trade activity had reached such a pitch that neither capital nor transportation could keep pace with it. In these suggestions of doubt one might trace much the same sentiment that inspired Secretary Shaw to advise prayers against any greater prosperity, or James J. Hill to declare that the railway situation of to-day threatens commercial paralysis. Both of these intimations were based on conditions which nothing but extraordinary prosperity could have created.

The *Journal of Commerce* published last week the views of numerous economists and practical financiers on the question whether we are approaching a financial crisis. With prosperity admittedly at high notch, one might imagine such an inquiry to partake of the absurd; but the experts to whom it was put take it seriously enough, and do not agree in their answers. Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale asserts that in the economic outlook he "cannot see the slightest cause for apprehension." "In times of great prosperity," he proceeds, "speculation becomes over-confident and rash. I see no signs of any such error now." Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago is not so sure. His comment is:

> In conclusion, there seem to be no immediate evidences of a crisis in the very near future. But no reform of our currency, no combination of large financial interests, will prevent the inevitable overexpansion in due course of time, which must finally be followed by liquidation. Even now the materials for overconfidence may be gathering. The speculation in real estate, which is usually the latest phenomenon of a high range of prices, is already more or less apparent.

Prof. J. B. Clark of Columbia, remarking that if the familiar periodicity in panics is observed again, 1913 would be the year for the next one, concludes his review by predicting that "recklessness now—general infection with the virus of a speculative fever—will cause the crisis to arrive at its scheduled date and with all needed severity."

So much for students of economics; the practical men display similar variation of opinion, with, however, more unanimity in doubt. The most optimistic view is that signs "point toward continuance of the prosperous times at least for another year." Stuyvesant Fish, on the other hand, goes so far as to declare that "in point of time a great industrial crisis is due, and there are many indications of its being imminent." Among these are the dearness of money because of high prices, waste of

capital, and decreased efficiency of labor; absorption in Wall Street speculation of an undue proportion of the country's capital, and growing distrust by the people of methods prevalent in the investment markets. Taken as a whole, the statements plainly show that all classes of the community are pervaded with the idea that a change of some kind may not be far distant.

What is to be said of this? First, no doubt, that experienced men accept it as an axiom that profits and volume of business never expand indefinitely, and that a check is apt to come when, as today, the "boom" has outstripped existing facilities of production—labor, transportation, and capital. To that extent, the judgment of practically all trained observers in the business world would doubtless be in unison. It is when the nature and severity of the possible reaction are considered that agreement ceases. "Trade reaction" and "industrial crisis" are by no means synonymous terms. We passed through an unmistakable trade reaction during the second half of 1903; the surest sign being that in the period monthly iron production was cut down one-half, in spite of which reduction unsold supplies increased nearly half a million tons. Yet this was scarcely a financial or economic crisis; nor could that term be fairly applied to the similar contraction of business during 1900. In neither instance was the great forward movement, characteristic of the first half of the "cycle of prosperity," seriously interrupted. Such a crashing-down of the credit structure as occurred in 1893, for instance, is a different matter.

Reactions such as those of 1903 and 1900 will be frequent; not improbably something of the sort is not far ahead. To discern sure indications of a severe industrial crisis is not so easy. More people than Mr. Fish have been made uneasy by the abnormal state of the recent money market; and both home and foreign bankers have ventured the assertion that these phenomena, taken by themselves, closely resemble those which preceded the troubles of 1873 and 1890. On the other hand, actual impairment or abuse of credit, as distinguished from mere overstrain on capital, was really the fundamental danger sign of those two years. That overstrain appeared as fully in commercial as in purely financial affairs: an entire community had not only been indulging in extravagance, but was exceptionally involved in debt. In this respect it may be questioned whether the present situation provides a parallel. For the rest, Professor Clark is probably wise in holding to the "twenty-year interval" as a means of taking our present economic reckoning. If tradition be followed in this generation, we still have half-a-dozen years to wait before the first-class crisis.

THE TROUBLES OF PUBLISHERS.

In the *Contemporary Review*, John Murray takes the so-called "book war" now raging in England as an occasion to bring out a number of elementary truths connected with tho making and uttering of books. The article is a plea for the publisher, but only in a reasonable and dignified way. Its conclusions are rather familiar: that the publishing business is largely a speculative, laborious, and unthankful one; that profits are not what the man in the street or the man with the manuscript imagines they are; and that in the never-ceasing quarrel between publisher and author there is justice on both sides.

Mr. Murray really seems to prove his case that the average publisher is no mediæval baron; but certain figures and facts he quotes give rise to the doubt whether the publisher, like the mediæval baron, supposing we were to come across one now and then, is not an anomaly in the commercial world. The publisher does not take advantage of the successful author or of the unsuccessful author; but is he not the medium by which the unsuccessful author takes advantage of his more fortunate comrade in letters?

> How many novelists' books sell to the extent of over 10,000? Probably not more than a score or two, all told; and the larger number of new novels do not sell beyond 1,000 or 2,000. In such cases the result is very different. To produce 1,000 copies of an ordinary novel costs about £85; add, say, £50 for advertising, and we have a total of £135. If the whole edition be sold the gross yield is £148, leaving £13 for author and publisher; 2,000 in like manner would cost, with advertising, £160 or £170, and would yield just over £300.

Now, all novelists are divided, as Gilbert K. Chesterton might argue, into two classes, those whose books sell, and those whose books do not sell. Sell, in this instance, would mean 10,000 copies and over; failure to sell would mean 1,000 or 2,000. The first means profit; the second, absence of profit, or actual loss. How, then, does the publisher make his living? Publishers have been known to live in comfortable houses, to wear fine raiment, to join good clubs, to play a useful part in public movements calling for considerable material sacrifice, to go abroad for a part of every year. It seems hard to escape the conclusion that the lucky "score or two" of British authors whose books sell above 10,000 not only contribute to maintain their publishers in that station of life to which they may be called, but actually make up the losses connected with the publication of all the books of all the unsuccessful writers. Is the publisher, then, an institution for robbing Hall Caine to pay John Smith? And why should Winston Churchill (speaking quite impersonally) bear the cost of whole department-store counterfuls of novels about the Carpathian Mountains, and Western heroes with Gibson chins, and undergraduate Samsons slaughtering corporations with the jawbone of a boss? What would happen to the publishing business if Robert Chambers should decide to print and distribute his own novels, without any intermediary?

The answer would be that the author could not call to his aid the advantages the publisher at present possesses for marketing his wares. It needs experience to decide what the public taste demands, or else to create demand. That is, there is the deciding on the availability of a manuscript, and there is the advertising of the finished product. Yet, what does Mr. Murray say on these points?

> A book becomes popular (in the sense of large sales) when it comes to be talked about in society, at the clubs, and in general conversation everywhere. But how is this renown to be achieved? Not by advertising alone; not by the notice of any distinguished person alone. but by some subtle combination of all these forces which no man can control.

The writer quotes the example of Mr. Gladstone, who "took the greatest pains to promote the success of three books published by my firm . . . by means of reviews, of speeches, and of personal recommendation." The firm lost about £600 on one work, and made about £50 on the other two. And again:

> Mr. Gladstone's world-wide reputation made his pamphlet on the "Vatican Decrees" sell by tens of thousands; but even his personal popularity could not make his translations of the Odes of Horace sell by hundreds.

And when we come to the value of the publisher as an Author s Guide to Public Taste, we find this to be Mr. Murray's opinion:

> The man who could foretell with any approach to accuracy of detail the prospects of one new book in ten would be worth his weight in gold. He has not yet appeared above the horizon.

Yet there is little doubt that if authors were to take charge of advertising their own books they would make as good a showing as the publishers at present succeed in making. Why is it that most book advertisements are so infinitely below the breakfast-food advertisements? The man who writes about the food displays a richly modulated mood that changes with every theme. Age cannot wither nor custom stale his fifty-seven varieties. But when it comes to books, it is too often the "rich, red blood" of the mountain, or the "salt tang" of the sea, or the "winsome grace" of the girl who was born in Montclair and is heiress to the throne of Fakonia. Even a dignified subject will not save the book advertiser. We have in mind an elaborate work of reference that

really deserves the good reputation it has gained, which was ushered into being as a something made up of any number of "thousands of pages," and any number of "millions of words," embracing a record of the "History of the World from the Day of Creation to the Death of Paul Leicester Ford." Assuredly, an author, academic unworldling though he might be, would warm up to praise of his own work in loftier and more persuasive terms.

THE PROBLEM OF OLD LETTERS.

A French writer, Lucien Descaves, has been discussing the question what to do with the letters which one receives from prominent people. Shall we burn them or keep them? No third choice is commonly supposed to be left open; but M. Descaves shows the possibility of a *tertium quid*. This he indicates by telling of a novel plan of a friend of his, who had picked up a lot of interesting letters in a package of miscellaneous old manuscripts sold at the Hôtel Drouot. These letters had come from the pigeon-holes of the editor of an influential Paris newspaper. They had been written to him, in the course of forty years, by many whose names were famous in art or literature or politics. There they were, all carefully arranged in alphabetical order, docketed, annotated. Thiers, Louis Blanc, Jules Ferry, Rochefort, Heredia, Loti, Maupassant—these were but sample signatures. A veritable *trouvaille!*

What was the lucky purchaser to do? He was certainly under a terrible temptation. Some of the letters, he at once perceived, were of a sort to impair, if not destroy, the reputation of their writers. Others would, if put into print, cause distress to the persons who wrote them, or to their families. Still others were of a nature to offend no one, while having real significance for the literary and political history of the times, though the hour to publish them had clearly not arrived. Well, M. Descaves's friend elected a course as unusual as it was honorable. The letters that would surely injure reputations he sent back to their authors, or to the authors' legal representatives. Those that might merely annoy were likewise returned. The remainder he kept for—"ma foi, I do not well know. I will see about it. There is almost a politico-literary history in it."

Such delicacy is worth signalizing in an age which is given to scraping old letter-boxes bare. France has been no less a sinner in this respect than Germany or England or our own reticent country. An authentic letter, exposing some great man's weaknesses, blasting some one's fair repute, revealing base motives in some public man, tearing open old wounds, renewing ancient quarrels, and reviving forgotten scandals—this surely constitutes the great modern besetment of writer and publisher. "Break every seal," Tennyson might well assert to be the motto of biographer and editor to-day. No land, no press, is exempt. Sainte-Beuve deplored the "culte des vieux papiers" which had been set up in his day, with the result that "everything is printed." What would he have said of some of the monumental indiscretions that have been committed since? The sale and publication of the Gambetta love-letters were not prevented by the questionable example set by Browning's son. It would appear that any grandniece of a famous man is nowadays under a peculiar obligation to bring to light any screed of his reflecting upon him. We have just seen with what a relish Lord Lovelace has printed a letter calculated to damn the memory of his grandfather! He would not even make for Byron the excuse that Scott did, namely, that he "managed his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality."

Letter-writing is not so entirely a lost art that the problem of disposing of old letters does not still press upon us. Even prudent politicians continue to write imprudent letters, forgetting the advice of Martin Van Buren—who had doubtless learned in suffering what he taught in song—"Walk eleven miles rather than write a letter." Once he has written, the statesman who wishes, too late, that he had expressed it differently, has various recourses. He may adopt the Blaine tactics of appending, "Burn this letter." He may beg "Dear Maria" to return any letters of his which she may have kept, and which were written to show, as Mr. Dooley says, that "an Irishman doesn't lose annything by bein' a Raypublican." Or, he may imitate Lord Palmerston, who once made an editor a consul for possessing "inconvenient information."

It is, however, the literary use of old letters, not the political, which oftenest raises nice questions. If there is nothing more interesting than biography, in biography there is nothing more interesting than self-revealing letters, written without thought of publication. But precisely there the difficulty comes in. Is one at liberty to publish what the original writer plainly regarded as private? And if we may ignore his feelings, on the ground that he is dead, are we to give no heed to the feelings of others, which may be lacerated? It is all very well to say, Let the truth be known, but not all truth is fit to be made known. Usually, we imagine, the problem resolves itself into a question of less or more; of proportion and selection; of careful weighing the value of information about those who are gone from earth, as against the mischief of hurting those who are still on the earth. A wise general rule would be to apply to the publishing of old letters the recognized tests of good breeding. One of them is the shock which it gives to a well-bred man to find that he has caused pain to any one. Too much biography is written on the theory of Dr. Johnson that the aim of a certain writer was to "give pain to somebody"; and for giving pain there is nothing like dragging out an old letter, which perhaps should never have been written, and certainly should never have been printed.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE AGAIN.

Perhaps spelling reform is responsible for a revival of the notion that a linguistic secession is impending, and that presently the speech of America will cease to be called "English." At any rate, the press on both sides is having more to say than usual about differences of usage. As typical of this discussion, we may take an article by Enid Campbell Dauncey, which Littell's *Living Age* reprints from the *Monthly Review*. For a parallel to the present evolution, she goes back some thousands of years, recalling that, "when the Assyrian tongue emerged from its antecedents, it is known that the *literati* of ancient Babylon preserved the classic language of Akkad in its purity with fierce and narrow jealousy, looking upon the innovators as common barbarians, and contriving to keep the ancient Akkadian alive, or half-alive, in strict rituals long after the new language had become the medium of intercourse of the people." In the same way, she believes, the progress of the barbarous American language is being blindly resisted now.

Every orthodox text-book of rhetoric contains parallel lists of words in which American usage differs from English. That there are colloquial differences enough to embarrass and confuse and sometimes horrify newly arrived travellers, is the common experience. Yet is the list of words which all Englishmen use in one way and all Americans in another so portentous after all? This question is suggested by the examples cited by the writer just quoted. She finds one cause of divergence in a national "megalomania" which leads us to call things by names bigger than they deserve. Thus:

> "City" is universally used to define a town or village; "physician," doctor; "college," board-school; "store," shop; "stateroom," cabin; "saloon," public-house; "rock," stone or pebble; "gun," pistol, and so on *ad infinitum*.

All these, we presume, are fairly entitled to be called "Americanisms," like some thousands of others between the covers of Bartlett; but to say that any one of them is in "universal" use, betrays an acquaintance with Brother Jonathan of the comic papers rather than with live Americans. "City" is applied to a village, and "college" to a board-school in those States where lax

and foolish Legislatures bestowed the legal right to use those terms in inappropriate places. There are incorporated cities in the West of 200 population or less, but there are mere "towns" in New England as large as Durham, or Salisbury.

"Saloon," like "sample-room," represents an effort of the dram-seller to make his calling at least sound respectable. "Rock" belongs to the Southwest. At least ten times more Americans "throw stones" than "heave rocks." "Gun" for pistol belongs to the "gun-fighting" class. "Physician" is not synonymous with "doctor," because some doctors are surgeons; but we would challenge any British visitor to find an American so afflicted with megalomania as to call in agony for a "physician." "Cabin" and "stateroom" are not synonyms either, especially in a country where many people still live in cabins. That leaves only the use of "store" for "shop," to which, if we concede it to be a crime, a majority of Americans might have to plead guilty.

The Englishman who crosses the ocean cannot, as a matter of fact, make out a more plausible case for his distinction of language than the educated American could by travelling a thousand miles or less in almost any direction and studying the speech he finds there. "'Corfee' for coffee, 'dorg' for dog, 'gorn' for gone," add, says our writer, "a great air of novelty." But they also seem novel to the Westerner or Southerner who enters the native home of the Yankee. The lines of the Limerick,

> Once she drank up a quart,
> Which was more than she ought,

are perfect rhymes to some of us who put an "r" in neither "ought" nor "quart"; to others who put that letter in both; while to the majority the line is only a joke.

At a campaign meeting here a few years ago a spirited ballad was read in the refrain of which "purse" and "boys" were made to rhyme. They would not have rhymed in old England, or in New England, or in the South or West. But on Broadway "poise" and "boise" made a combination with which not even the most delicate ear could find fault.

One of the examples always cited in the English-American parallel columns to which we have referred is the name for the hired passenger vehicle. "Cab" is given as the English and "hack" as the American version. But the hired freight vehicle, which is a "truck" here and a "dray" in divers other parts of the United States, is entitled to just as much notice. Even when we borrow words from abroad we do not use them consistently. A Chicago man who recently moved to New York complained that here the words "café" and "buffet" were absolutely reversed in meaning. In Chicago, a "buffet" served food, a "café" merely potations; here the "café" became a restaurant and the "buffet" a bar.

It might be profitable to inquire whether the differences of speech between our transatlantic cousins and ourselves are becoming greater or less as intercourse between the two countries becomes closer. But by all means let the investigation embrace also the differences between the various members of this commonwealth. In the days of "bleeding Kansas" it is said that when the pro-slavery men controlled a river crossing they would tie a cow near the bank, and if any immigrant called it a "keow," drive him back at the point of the pistol. When the Abolitionists held a ford, they returned the compliment by keeping a tame bear; all those who called it a "bar" being assumed to be friends of slavery. Thus local pronunciations have played a part in our—perhaps apocryphal—history. If the international distinctions are enough now to define a separate language, how many may we not find in a land where the very swallows in their annual migration become successively "buhds," "boids," and "burds"?

PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT WASHINGTON.

The American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute of America met together at Washington this year, January 1 to 5, by invitation of the George Washington University. The attendance was unusually large, and though none of the papers read—fifty-three in all—were epoch-making, or road-breaking, their average of excellence and interest was reasonably high.

Both the Philological Association and the Archæological Institute have, despite themselves, a distinctly classical trend. The former society was founded on a generous platform that supported philology in the widest sense, and this platform has never been changed. But the era of specialization has dawned. There are still a number of Orientalists on the membership list of the Philological Association, but most of them prefer to present their papers before the Oriental Society. The Modern Language Association has also drawn off a number. But the society shows no lack of vitality, nor any signs of suffering from the alleged decadence of classical studies, or especially of Greek studies, in this country. A majority of the papers presented at this meeting were on Greek subjects. Of the others one only was concerned with the history of text, one only with ancient religions, two (by a single person) were on Sanskrit subjects, two on inscriptions, two on traces of Latin literature in English, and one on a pedagogical theme. Only a single paper was on a topic of ancient history. The Archæological Institute is also constituted as a general archæological society, and some of the early work in American archæology done under its auspices will not be forgotten. Moreover, it is making an endeavor to revive and increase its former glories in this field. The papers presented at the Washington meeting were of widely varied theme and content, surveying the early works of mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from western Asia to Mexico. The title of one of them, by Edgar L. Hewett, fellow of the Institute in American Archæology, might seem a proper subject for investigation by the Philological Association: "Itlatlalnamictiliz Tepoztecatl." But the Institute was the founder of the American Schools of Classical Studies at Athens and at Rome, and the active work of these schools cannot fail to give a sufficient classical twist to the programmes of its meetings.

The two societies met three times in joint session. At the first of these the celebration of the recent incorporation of the Institute by Act of Congress was held, with brief addresses by various representatives of the Institute in its different spheres of activity. At the second, on Wednesday evening, the president of the American Philological Association, Prof. Elmer Truesdell Merrill of Trinity College, Connecticut, delivered the annual address, "On Certain Roman Characteristics." He discussed the nature of "classical" traits and tendencies, and pointed out that the Romans were devoid of all of these, but would have made pretty good Americans. At the third joint session papers were read by representatives of each body, and the Philological Association demonstrated that it had not surrendered its hold on archæology.

The Institute retains its chief administrative officers, but appoints two additional associate secretaries, Prof. F. W. Shipley of Washington University at St. Louis for the Middle States, and Prof. H. R. Fairclough of Stanford University for the Pacific States, in addition to Prof. Mitchell Carroll of George Washington University for the Eastern States. It also puts into the field a Director of American Archæology, who is to have charge of all its investigations in this line. The Philological Association, which makes an annual change in its highest administrative officer, elected as president for the ensuing year Prof. F. W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan, and raised to the vice-presidency Prof. E. B. Clapp of the University of California, who will serve as colleague to Prof. E. D. Perry of Columbia University. A scheme for a revision of the constitution was proposed to the Association, and lies over for a year for report and consideration. By it the Association would be organized in three sections, Eastern, Central, and Western (it already has a Western Section in the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast). The Association would then hold biennial meetings instead of annual, and the sections would meet separately in the alternate years, and, if they saw fit, at other times also. The next joint meeting of the Philological Association and the Institute will be held at the University of Chicago December 27 to 31, 1907.

At the meeting of the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, the resignation of the Director, Richard Norton, on account of ill health, was accepted, and Prof. Jesse Benedict Carter of Princeton, who is now serving as professor in the school, was elected Director for three years.

A pleasant feature of the meeting was the reception given the members by President Roosevelt at the White House, on Friday afternoon. In a brief, but characteristic, address the President pointed out that there was no fear that this country would not have enough material prosperity, but every reason to be anxious that it should appreciate the less material things, and should do its share in productive scholarship.

The eighth annual meeting of the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast was held December 27 to 29 at the University of California, Berkeley. The programme included papers by W. A. Merrill, S. A. Chambers, J. H. Senger, E. B. Clapp, H. C. Nutting, A. W. Ryder, Barry H. Cerf, B. P. Kurtz, R. Dupouey, J. T. Allen, H. K. Schilling, H. W. Prescott, and A. L. Kroeber of the University of California; J. Elmore, B. O. Foster, J. E. Matzke, H. R. Fairclough, and A. T. Murray of Stanford; J. E. Church, University of Nevada; and W. F. Bade, Pacific Theological Seminary. The following officers were chosen for 1906-1907: President, H. R. Fairclough, Stanford; vice-presidents, H. K. Schilling, University of California; J. E. Matzke, Stanford; secretary and treasurer, Leon J. Richardson, University of California.

M. RIBOT, ACADEMICIAN — A PRIZE NOVEL.

PARIS, December 21.

Perhaps the French Academy, which is a conservative body, intended honoring the few remaining Conservative Republicans when it elected their chief representative, Alexandre Ribot. All parties were represented yesterday at his solemn reception among the Forty Immortals. In his inaugural discourse M. Ribot spoke deprecatingly of the scant literary baggage which he brings to his seat. It consists almost entirely of his Parliamentary discourses. In figure he is such a man as was seen oftener in America before the war than now. He has that look which makes a man called "distinguished," in spite of an almost professional simplicity. He is correct in his gestures as in his dress, tall, hawk-nosed, slightly stooped, decidedly old-fashioned and unaffected, but stately.

The answering discourse of reception was given by one much younger as a man, though several years older as an Academician, Paul Deschanel. M. Deschanel reminded M. Ribot that he was born in the misty North; that he began as a barrister under the Empire by a regulation lecture on the English Lord Erskine (it was published as a book); that from the very first adoption of the Republican Constitution, in 1875, he began his political career. When Panama shook the Republic to its foundations, M. Ribot as the safe man became head of the Government. Such are a few of his defeats and triumphs. In the late years he has been, though not a Catholic, fighting a losing battle against the attempt to organize religion by the arbitrary power of the State—against "the free Church in the sovereign State," according to the latest formula.

In his own longer and more complete discourse, M. Ribot went on to say that "in our day the new edict of Nantes" is turning like the old, crushing then Protestants, now Catholics "when least dangerous."

The annual Goncourt prize of the Académie des Dix has been awarded to a novel with a key—"Dingley, l'Illustre Écrivain," by the brothers Jérôme and Jean Tharaud. Of these hitherto unknown authors, one has for antecedents diplomatic service along the Danube and a position as secretary to Maurice Barrès of the "other" Academy. The Goncourt brothers intended that their prize should be awarded with a particular view to independence and singularity of thought and style. No one—English and Americans least of all—can complain this year. Dingley, celebrated writer, is very obviously none other than Rudyard Kipling.

Dingley "seemed born at the world's dawn, in times when the senses of men rivalled those of beasts." He knew fame at an age "when a man's strength is entire enough to love it"; but now, past forty and fearing his fame may have no morrow, he looks out for something likely to last in the minds of his countrymen. Like Disraeli, he goes empire-building—out to South Africa, where he imagines soldiers of the Queen are trained into heroes after recruitment from the slums by a sergeant's promises and gin.

In vain Mrs. Dingley, with the common sense inherited from her French ancestors, who were emigrants to America, seeks to inspire in her husband fear of such an apostleship of selfish, harsh Imperialism—"forget not the trees and the beasts." Dingley holds fast, and, with wife and infant son, sets out for South Africa, documenting himself by the way. But he assimilates only such human documents as nourish the Imperialist brain cells, which are now most vital in him. In vain O'Reilly, who has been there, explains to him that the most resonant cavalry charge is only "a flight forward," due to the instinct of self-preservation. In vain Dingley himself inspects the transport Vulture, with the homesick men and horses in its nauseating hold—do not the men begin singing his own war-songs?

There is, by the way, a rather French stimulant to Dingley's imagination in the person of a Hindu girl whom he sometime took away from a Calcutta opium den; she, reciting legends of man's early day in hieratic pose and ornament, keeps brightly burning within him that ideal light which quenches the shadows of reality. The encounter of a squadron of battleships, British flag a-flying, finishes the lasting intoxication of this herald of England's strength.

At Cape Town Dingley hurries to the front, while Mrs. Dingley and little Arthur remain behind with a family of Afrikanders, of whom the grandmother, a pioneer, silently hates the conquering English; the father is loyal to the Queen; and the son, who has studied at Oxford, is off fighting with the Boers. Child Dingley falls sick from miasms of the concentration camps; and Dingley, thanks to the Afrikander son, who holds him prisoner, gets back just in time. His agonizing wait at Bloemfontein is told in that nightmare style, absolutely clear and naked, which is so congenial to Goncourt art. Arthur dies, Dingley falls harder than ever under the sway of Imperialism, and Mrs. Dingley is left alone and disconsolate. The Afrikander son is captured, arms in hand; and not the entreaties of grandmother and father, not those of his wife, not the remembrance of kindness in his own cruel need, can move Dingley to intercede for the life of the prisoner—the Imperial Moloch must not be cheated of its prey. Back in London, before the cinematograph which reproduces the execution scene, deafening British applause assures Dingley that now he is indeed the romancer first in the hearts of his countrymen. S. D.

Correspondence.

AN ADMIRER OF THE PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad we have a President who has ideas of his own on public questions and is not afraid to express them. I am also glad he has men like Root and Taft in his Cabinet, who also stand for individual ideas. Whether the President and his advisers are always right is to me of far less importance than to have them possessed of convictions. I have been opposed to Republican doctrine for a long time on most questions of importance, and am so opposed to-day; but I more strongly object to the no-account policy of the Democrats since Cleveland's Administration. I am sick and tired of opposition that has no life, purpose, or sincerity except to oppose.

Theodore Roosevelt, while subject to the imperfections that must come from such an impetuous fund of life and energy directed in so many ways, has an average of great and good deeds to his credit. It is this average that tells. He has done lasting good to this country and the world by persistently stirring up investigation and recommending legislation against the great corporations. The development of these vast organizations for the control of capital and industry has been the worst danger that has ever threatened this country. The remedy no one has suggested or yet apparently dreamed of, not even the President himself. But he has forced the issue that the unjust conditions under which many of these great combinations have obtained such power should be exposed. But for his attitude there never would have been a public opinion behind Hughes in the insurance investigations. The rotten methods are being uncovered to-day as never before; and it is only by discovery of the nature of the disease that a remedy can be provided.

Persistent, constantly presenting some new phase of the subject; where he is faced by a gang of politicians who propose to question his policy, going off to some other attack; he has followed a new plan of warfare that I admire. Cleveland was my ideal, but his stubborn front gave us only the glorious spectacle of one strong man defying an army for a principle. But Roosevelt has achieved results. You may say he compromises with men of all sorts. It is the result that tells. "No compromise" is an ideal attitude, but we do not find it in the life of any man who accomplished anything. Ministers, professors, business men,

rulers—all must concede something to the variations of public conscience when it comes to constructive coöperation. Individuals may lead only by a proper consideration of those who are to be led; and this is destructive of high ideals except those that are hid deep down in the heart of things and inspire the best acts and purposes. So this is why I admire aud shall support Theodore Roosevelt.

BENJAMIN SPAULDING.

Boston, Mass., December 29.

EFFECT OF TARIFF ON WOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Conditions have so changed since the enactment of the McKinley tariff that if ever the imposition of a duty on raw materials, like wool and hides, was justifiable, it certainly is no longer so. The population of the country, which needs to be clothed, has nearly doubled in the interval, whereas there has been no such increase in the number of cattle and sheep. In the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* of December 27 tables of the wool production of the country from 1840 to 1906 are published. A comparison of 1886 and 1906 shows an increase of only ten million pounds of wool, viz., from 302 millions to 312. As this is evidently inadequate to provide for the number added to our population in these twenty years, the result is shown on another page of the same issue, treating the consumption of worsted and woollen yarns. The reviewer says:

The only point to be considered, in remarking on the small volume of business compared to former years, is the almost universal use of a percentage of cotton yarns in mixed effects for these weavers. Where the call was formerly almost entirely for the worsted yarn, only about two-thirds of the business is now done in the worsted and the balance in cotton or other cheap grades of yarn. The goods market has been the sole cause of this change, it being practically impossible for the commission houses to get a price from their customers which would warrant the weaver in using all worsted yarns.

One of the consequences of our legislation, therefore, greatly enhancing the cost of wool, has been the increased use of cotton by manufacturers of so-called woollen goods. Speaking for the knit-goods industry, I am forced to believe from experience and observation that there is more cotton than wool used nowadays. In the clothing industry I have been informed by manufacturers that the deterioration of wool cloths has been carried to such an extent that now there are cloths in the market of which but 10 per cent. is wool. If, on this statement of facts, it can still be thought that our tax on wool is beneficial and advisable, there is no argument conceivable to the mind of man which would convince persons holding such an opinion of the contrary.

MAX LOWENTHAL.

Rochester Knitting Works, Rochester, N. Y., January 3.

JOHN CABOT'S FIRST MAP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the course of some studies on the earliest explorations of the northeastern littoral of North America, I have to-day come across evidence, amounting in my opinion to absolute proof, that the island with the inscription "Litus incognitum" on Waldseemueller's World Map of 1507 is in form a first-hand copy of the long-lost chart made by Cabot in 1497. I identify the coast line of this map with that between Penguin I. and Catalina Hr., Newfoundland, on Popple's map of 1733. If my conclusions are accepted, Cabot's landfall on June the 24th, 1497, at Cape Bonavista, is placed beyond dispute, and the extent of his exploration—from Cape Freels, around Bonavista Bay, to Catalina Harbor in Trinity Bay—approximately determined. Waldseemueller's maps of 1507 are reproduced by Fischer and Wieser in a work published by H. Stevens, Son & Stiles in 1903.

G. R. F. PROWSE.

Brandon Hills, Manitoba, December 12.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THANKSGIVING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letter to the editor of the *Oxford Magazine*, which appeared in the issue for December 5, may be of interest to your readers. C. H. C. W.

Cambridge, Mass., December 30.

SIR: Can you allow me a few lines to express disapproval of the conduct of the Dean and Chapter in allowing a Thanksgiving Day service in the Cathedral? We may be as friendly as we will to the Americans in Oxford, as men, but surely it behooves us to remember that their national festivals are held to celebrate the defeat of our arms. On these occasions they are rebels and traitors, and to encourage them is to be guilty of treasonable practice. I am, sir, etc., LOYALIST.

AN INQUIRY FOR UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I inquire through these columns whether any of your readers possess, or have knowledge of, unpublished documents bearing upon (1) the early trade relations between Louisbourg and New England; (2) the methods of privateering employed during either siege, or any incidents connected therewith; (3) the disposition of French prisoners taken at the siege of 1745, and especially anything relating to the Marquis de Maisonfort, commander of the Vigilant; (4) the New England forces at the siege of 1758.

I should encroach too much upon your space if I attempted to set forth here the purpose of these inquiries; but I should expect to satisfy any one who would be willing to furnish information on these points, as to the use that will be made of it. MARY H. ROLLINS.

74½ Pinckney Street, Boston, December 29.

A DISCLAIMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pray permit me to state that my communication to the *Nation* of December 20, regarding the "Plan of the National Museum," was an expression of my private and individual opinions, and was not intended to reflect the views of any of the societies or other organizations of which I am a member. At the time the letter was written, it did not occur to me as a possibility that it could be regarded otherwise than as a personal expression, for which I alone am responsible.

W. T. HORNADAY.

New York, January 1.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. expects to publish in March the "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," edited by Rollo Ogden. The work will be in two volumes, and will be based largely upon material not before printed.

There is to be a new series of thin-paper books, the Large-Print Edition, issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. As the name indicates, the distinguishing feature of the volumes will be the large type used. The series is to begin with "Wuthering Heights," and all the Brontë novels are to follow.

John W. Luce & Co. issue Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," in a thin pocket-volume, offering a good opportunity to those who wish an easy introduction into the writer's so-called prophetic books.

The attempted resuscitation of Oscar Wilde is continued in two new publications. One, issued by John W. Luce & Co., contains "Recollections of Oscar Wilde" by Ernest La Jeunesse, André Gide, and Franz Blei; the translation is by Percival Pollard. A more instructive volume, published by Brentano's, contains his lecture on "Decorative Art in America," together with a series of letters, reviews, and interviews. Richard Butler Glaenzer edits the book, providing notes, and an introduction written from a sympathetic and æsthetic point of view.

The English "Who's Who, 1907" (The Macmillan Co.) reaches almost to two thousand pages, although the tables of information, which used to go with the book, are crowded out into a separate publication, the "Who's Who Year-Book." It might seem that all American names could be omitted, now that these are so accessible in the American volume. But we have no intention of quarrelling with the most useful reference book after the dictionary.

We take pleasure in recording the prompt appearance of Whitaker's "Almanack" and "Peerage" for 1907.

"The Record of the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Benjamin Franklin, under the Auspices of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia for Promoting Useful Knowledge"—the full title is sufficient description of a handsome memorial volume, which is to be followed by another of the same nature. It contains the speeches and letters brought out by Franklin's bi-centennial in Philadelphia last April.

In two well-intentioned volumes Fitzgerald Molloy has brought together a series of interconnected biographies which he calls "Sir Josbua and His Circle" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The material is old enough to any one at all familiar with eighteenth-century memoirs, and it cannot be said that Mr. Molloy's attempts to be vivacious are always highly successful, nor does it inspire confidence to describe scenes as if the writer were present and spoke from memory of "wistful eyes" and the like. Yet

the subject itself is attractive, and the book may be recommended to those who wish through a single work to get a moderate acquaintance with the most interesting group of men and women in English letters.

The fair and frail ladies of the Restoration are presented to our attention again in a handsome edition of the "Memoirs of Count Gramont," edited by Allan Fea and published in London by Bickers & Son (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The period has not been neglected—from Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." and Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn" down to the recent "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall," by W. R. H. Trowbridge, and Allan Fea's own "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century." Of the Gramont "Memoirs" there have been innumerable editions since Abel Boyer's translation early in the eighteenth century. Mr. Fea's text is that which Sir Walter Scott issued anonymously in 1811, corrected by the late Henry Vizetelly's version of 1889. The excuse for this new edition is, of course, the pictures, for which Mr. Fea has ransacked private galleries and public collections. The book contains a dozen photogravures and seventy-six half-tone plates, some of them containing two portraits. Mr. Fea's Introduction is practically nothing but a bare statement of the sources of these pictures. He has found a number of new portraits and discovered some mistaken attributions. In appendixes he gives Cunningham's Chronology of the "Memoirs," and a sketch of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, drawn mainly from Steinman's "Althorp Memoirs" and from the Letter-book of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, in the British Museum. Mr. Fea also supplies copious footnotes—almost too copious. It was hardly necessary, for example, to quote at length from Bishop Gilbert Burnet and Voltaire in support of Gramont's statement that on the return of Charles II. the people "exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings." Notes, however, are easily skipped. The book is beautifully printed in large, clear type. The half-tones are not always distinct, partly because many of the originals are dimmed with age. The photogravures are excellent.

H. Buxton Forman has again tried his hand at editing Keats, this time "The Poetical Works" in a single volume for the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde). This edition differs in aim from his exhaustive Library edition and the complete Variorum edition, which he prepared for Gowans & Gray of Glasgow. The object is "to supply in handy form an authoritative text of the whole body" of Keats's work in verse. The footnotes contain the more important variants, but by no means all. Mr. Forman has chosen from the great mass of cancelled passages and manuscript copies such readings as are "likely to be helpful to those who would form a conception, not only of the results which Keats arrived at, but also of the steps by which he attained them, so far as those steps may be said to have a true literary or psychological value." Thus "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Ode to a Nightingale," and "Hyperion," among Keats's more notable productions, are fully annotated, while such inferior poems as "Otho the Great" and "The Cap and Bells" receive less attention. The Introduction is extremely valuable as a succinct bibliography of Keats. Mr. Forman describes in detail the several *editiones principes*, and the manuscript sources, such as letters and transcripts of poems by Keats himself, by members of his family, and by friends There is also a nine-page list of books consulted in preparation of the edition. The whole forms a pretty complete guide to the student of Keats. It is interesting to note that in 1906, eighty-five years after Keats's death, Mr. Forman has succeeded in unearthing sixteen lines of "The Eve of St. Mark," which appear for the first time in this edition. They are shown in facsimile; but they add nothing to the poet's reputation. The typography of this substantial volume is all that could be desired.

W. Robertson Nicoll's "Key of the Blue Closet" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a book of miscellaneous essays dealing in a sane, genial way with the conduct of life. Mr. Nicoll has followed his own precept, that "to look aright on human beings we must wear the spectacles of an indulgent kindness." His method is to take some phrase in common use or some significant incident, and to give it a general and wider application, always seriously and practically, but with a great deal of humor and a singularly wide range of anecdote and quotation. There is a certain resemblance to A. C. Benson's writing in Mr. Nicoll's quiet observation and humanity, his constant use of anecdote, and his easy references to the latest book he has been reading. There is, too, always a personal quality, like that of letters and diaries. The style is direct and, on the whole, even, though it lacks the charm of Mr. Benson's, and in places is rather elliptical. It ought to be a compliment to say that this book is thoroughly sound, genial, and interesting, without being in the least clever, and without any of the little tricks of paradox and epigram that appeal to our decade.

"Thomas Hill Green, a memoir, by R. L. Nettleship, with a short preface specially written for this edition by Mrs. T. H. Green," is a separate reprint of the memoir which Nettleship included in his edition of the Oxford philosopher's works. So admirable an account of a great man well deserves the wider circulation which one hopes it may obtain in this independent form. Those already familiar with it will turn with some eagerness to the new preface by Professor Green's widow. Unfortunately, it is even shorter than the title-page might lead one to expect. It is merely explanatory of the republication, and adds nothing to our knowledge of the man.

A Life of Helen Keller has just been added to their Anna Library (books sold for two cents) by the Christian Literature Society of Madras. A Bombay paper congratulates its Indian readers on the publication. It is confident that the story of the heroic struggles and undaunted perseverance of this young blind and deaf student will prove an inspiration to many another who feels handicapped in the effort to gain an education.

Students of our early history will be interested in the third volume of the publications of the Bostonian Society, just issued. The first paper in this volume is an account of the preparations for the successful expedition to Nova Scotia in 1710, drawn mainly from Sewall's Diary and the official documents. It contains sketches of the prominent men in the colony, and many incidents which throw light on the customs of the time, as well as the method of conducting meetings of the council. A proclamation calling for volunteers says that they would be permitted to keep their firearms, which accounts for the old Queen Anne muskets found hanging over the kitchen fire-places in so many New England farm-houses at a later date. Lowell had these weapons in mind when he wrote one stanza in "The Courtin'":

> Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
> An' in amongst 'em rusted
> The ole queen's-arm thet Gran'ther Young
> Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The other papers are upon Faneuil Hall, some reminiscences of Boston in 1813, and condensed biographies of the subscribers to a fund raised in 1657 for building the first Town House, headed by Gov. John Endicott. A photogravure of the list, as well as several illustrations and a map of the harbor in 1711, adds to the value and attractiveness of the volume.

The mystery of Mohammedan civilization has seldom been read so clearly and described so picturesquely as by André Chevrillon, in his "Crépuscule d'Islam" (Paris: Hachette et Cie). His book, practically on Fez, is wholly admirable in its class—sketches of things seen and perceived in a comparatively short stay, by a traveller with eyes unclouded by over-familiarity. He is thus an impressionist, but his impressions and the ideas which went with them of the land and the people of Morocco, their present condition and their possible future, are stamped with truth. A longer stay might have dulled the sharpness of the outlines, but a still longer one and a thorough study of the Muslim faith and literature—he appears to have had no knowledge of Arabic to speak of—would only have brought him back to the same results. It is the rarest thing for one who is not an Orientalist to come so close to the secret of Islam as M. Chevrillon has here done. The country itself stands out before us in his descriptions, portrayed in delicate, suggestive French, exhausting the wide color vocabulary of a painter in words. The changeless helplessness of the people, demoralized by the universal ailment of sloth, their lack of any conception of the possibility of a new thing—of a world other than as Allah created it, their shrinking collapse under pressure or wild flare into fanaticism if the nerve of their religion be touched, the absolute sapping through sensuality of all vital energy—these, too, are made plain. And yet the calm of it all and the beauty! At first this land of dreams seems a refuge from the gradual uglification (*enlaidissement*) of the earth by our industrial civilization, but with knowledge of the reality behind and beneath, that artistic selfishness must depart. Says M. Chevrillon, "J'ai fini par comprendre que tout vaut mieux que la présente stagnation putride." It would be well if more travellers had eyes to see the same rotting stagnation behind the Oriental magic; the glory and the havoc of the East. But this is a very exceptional book.

An admirable study of savage life is given by W. H. R. Rivers in "The Todas" (The Macmillan Co.). The Todas are a non-Aryan people of the south of India, who have been little exposed to outside influences and have maintained their institutions substantially intact. Mr. Rivers (who has worked with Dr. Hadden in Torres Straits) goes into minute detail in the description of customs and beliefs, rightly holding that things apparently unimportant may prove to be significant. The most interesting of the Toda ceremonies are those connected with the cult of the buffalo; they are elaborate, and represent the real religion of the people. The volume contains also much valuable material concerning the social organization of the Todas, their sacred days and places, and their funeral and marriage ceremonies. Mr. Rivers confines himself to what he has himself seen or has heard from trustworthy persons. He has added a bibliography, a glossary, and an index.

We have a similar study from Mr. Dudley Kidd, who follows up his earlier Kaffir researches ("The Essential Kafir") with a second book, "Savage Childhood, a Study of Kafir Children" (The Macmillan Co.). He restricts himself to the period from birth to the dawn of puberty, and finds that a stout volume does not exhaust his material. Though his subject is the child, its training, amusements, and mental qualities, he of necessity introduces information on many related points, and his book may be relied on as accurate in its statements of fact. His conclusion is that Kaffir children are very much like their white cousins, so that a study of them is a study in general child psychology. It is to be hoped that he will supplement this work with a volume on the adolescent period of Kaffirs; it is a question of interest how far the intellectual quickness of the child is maintained or increased in the young man or the young woman.

The Bible, either the whole or a part, is now published in more than five hundred languages. During the last year eleven new versions were added, and translation or revision work is now in progress in over a hundred languages. The larger part of the editions for the Far East are printed in Japan. The annual circulation of the British and Foreign Bible Society alone is about six million copies. Scriptures for the blind in fifteen different languages are also published by this society.

Evidence of the wide influence of critical studies of the New Testament is had in Edward H. Hall's "Paul the Apostle, as Viewed by a Layman" (Little, Brown & Co.). The view here presented is that of the historical spirit, of just and sympathetic appreciation of a great, though very human, actor in an important crisis in the world's spiritual life. Critical scholarship since Baur has been laid under tribute, and the opinions of such students as Pfleiderer, Hausrath, Wernle, and Weizsäcker have been diligently compared and carefully estimated. Paul as a man of his time, weighted with the crudities of Jewish theological speculation and led frequently into inconsistencies by the strength of his religious fervor, is very well described in Mr. Hall's chapters on "The Mystic" and "The Theologian"; and the problems which faced Paul are made graphic in the section on his missionary activity. The author's limitation would appear to be lack of grasp of the importance of the service which Paul rendered to early Christianity. The greatness of Paul's work and influence does not find sufficient explanation. It needs a good deal of an enthusiast to portray the great apostle with any competency, though fair-minded criticism, such as Mr. Hall's, may render good service in scattering misapprehensions and awakening slumbering minds to existing problems and to the complexity of personalities which have been treated to easy and insufficient classification.

Biblical history and literature are such vast themes, and the literature dealing with the various phases of the subject is now so extensive, that a manual of introduction to the study should serve a useful end. This is the purpose of the "Outlines for the Study of Biblical History and Literature," by Frank Knight Sanders and Henry Thatcher Fowler (Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume, one of the Historical Series for Bible Students, contains chronological outlines for the entire period of Biblical history, brief sketches of the history, with references to the Scriptural sources, and concise descriptions of the literary character of the various books of the Bible. Endeavor is made to refer the student to the more important passages in the literature of recent Biblical criticism, and thus lead to discriminating use of the best authorities. These bibliographical references are the most valuable feature of the book, and, though they are by no means exhaustive, others than amateurs will find them useful. It is remarkable that even in a "Selected Bibliography" the translation of Gunkel's enlightening "Legends of Genesis" should not find mention. As is the case with most works in English covering both the Old and the New Testaments, the treatment of Old Testament subjects is much superior.

The first specimens of a Christian literature in the ancient Nubian language have recently come into the possession of the Royal Library in Berlin. Prof. Karl Schmidt, of the theological faculty of the University in Berlin, brought with him from his *studienreise* last summer in Egypt the first papyrus fragments of this literature, every specimen of which had been lost, and the existence of which was known only from translations and references in foreign writers. The language of these texts, the Nubian, has not been used for literary purposes for many centuries.

To those who possess the requisite learning there is a peculiar pleasure in the classical versions turned out by English university men. It is an artificial garden, if you will, but has its delights for a taste frankly artificial. One of the best of these volumes is H. A. J. Munro's "Translations into Latin and Greek Verse," edited, with a photogravure portrait of the great Lucretian and with a prefatory note, by J. D. Duff (Longmans, Green & Co.). One might find much to comment upon in these pages. Most striking, perhaps, is the contrast between the pliancy of Greek and of Latin in following the sinuosities of English sentiment, as shown, for instance, in the double rendering of Shakespeare's "To be or not to be." The tone of the original is reproduced with curious felicity in the Greek, whereas in the Latin we get something impressive and effective, but quite different from the English. This is felt in the first line:

Esse iuvet necne esse, hoc in discrimen agendumst.
Ἔστ' ὦμεν ἢ μή; τοῦτ' ἐπισκεψώμεθα

On the other hand, the Latin falls in admirably with the slow and solemn cadences of such poems as Gray's "Elegy," which is translated in full.

A translation of "The Works" of Heine in twelve volumes has just been issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. As a matter of fact the edition is not complete, for it does not include some of Heine's less important writings, and in the pieces which are translated certain passages which might offend English and American readers are omitted. The first eight volumes, the prose, are from the hand of the late Charles Godfrey Leland. Very early in his career he translated Heine's "Reisebilder" and in 1890, at the instance of William Heinemann, the London publisher, he undertook the completion of the task. Of the merits and demerits of Leland's translations of Heine it is hardly necessary to speak at this late date. The "Pictures of Travel" have been before the public for half a century. In extenuation of any shortcomings, it may be urged that Heine is peculiarly difficult to translate. The charm, the subtlety, the allusiveness, are certain to evaporate in the process. These difficulties Leland understood and accepted. Finding perfection beyond his reach, he took considerable liberties with his author, cutting out, as he says, "the passages which modesty would taboo." It would be easy also to point out inaccuracies and infelicities. Nevertheless this may be said: if it is not always Heine, it is at least Leland—full of life and interest. When Leland died and left the undertaking to others, Mr. Heinemann engaged the late T. Brooksbank to translate the poetry. Now Heine's poetry is even more formidable than his prose. The exquisite simplicity of some of his verses cannot be transferred to another language. One can admire the courage of Mr. Brooksbank, but not the result of his labors. By a curious oversight at least a third of his effort was devoted to poems which Leland had already translated in the first volume of "Pictures of Travel." There is thus a considerable duplication. The work of Mr. Brooksbank is, as a whole, not superior to Leland's, but his translation of the familiar "Lorelei" is more successful in conveying the spirit of the original. He died, however, before he had a single volume through the press, and Margaret Armour (Mrs. W. B. Macdougall) did the last three volumes. It is enough to note that her verse is no improvement on that of Mr. Brooksbank. Those who want Heine's verse in translation must get it in bits here and there, from Emma Lazarus and others. Yet granting all defects, this edition stands as the best presentation in English of the bulk of Heine's writings.

In "Petrarchismo e Petrarchisti in Inghilterra" (Palermo: G. P. Lauriel), Irene Zocco presents us with a monograph which, though far from exhausting the field, shows much first-hand reading, and is a creditable study, readable, intelligent, and occasionally novel in its views. The writ-

er is apparently at a disadvantage in not knowing the work done on the subject by Koeppel, Sidney Lee, and others, and, except for the help afforded by the essay of Segrè on Wyatt and Surrey, has plainly made most of her discoveries unaided. She traces the evolution of Petrarchism in England, from Wyatt and Surrey, through Watson, Sidney, and Spenser, to Shakespeare. Her most novel conclusions are that Euphuism is to be ascribed to the influence of Petrarch's sonnets, and that Shakespeare's dedications are Euphuistic. She points out that two of Sidney's sonnets, whose source has been hitherto unknown, are translations from Parabosco. The monograph is worthy of the attention of students of Elizabethan literature.

The H. W. Wilson Company of Minneapolis has begun the publication of quinquennial "Guides to Periodical Literature," the first issue including the years from 1900 to 1904. Some sixty-seven magazines are listed, the index running in a continuous alphabet for authors and titles and general topics. Some of the periodicals seem too trivial for such a record, whereas neither of the English quarterlies is represented. But on the whole the work bears all the marks of being well planned and carefully edited.

It is humiliating for American librarians, after all the pride they have taken in the "open-shelf" system, and just at the time when their arguments for it seem to be obtaining favor abroad, to be compelled to confess that it is proving a failure; but in our larger cities an increasing number of librarians are coming to this conclusion, and in one way or another are limiting and safeguarding access to the books. Of all the problems of library administration, the loss of books from the shelves is perhaps the most serious and vexatious. Its worst effect is not in the value of the books taken, or even in the loss of privileges suffered by the public in consequence, but in the change necessitated thereby in the attitude of the librarian towards the public. To compel the librarian to be a police officer on the lookout for thieves, is to take from library work itself its greatest charm. Apart from the mere safeguarding of the books, however, much may be said on the educational side in favor of the closed stack with only a limited number of books on open shelves. Access to a large collection, where the only classification is by subject, and the good, bad, and indifferent are thrown together without discrimination, means only added confusion to the unscholarly reader. Such a reader stands ten times the chance of making a wise selection when he is limited to a room in which there are only one-tenth as many books, and that tenth a selection of the best. This does not mean that the books in the closed stacks are to remain unused; through the catalogue, reading lists, and bulletins, they are all readily available to the reader who wants them. While serious doubts are thus cast on the wisdom of the open stack in this country, it is gaining ground in England and on the Continent. The plan has been introduced into several of the leading libraries of the kingdom, including some of the borough libraries of London; and those librarians who have introduced it are enthusiastic over its workings. Losses of books reported from the open shelves are almost too trivial to be noticed. One library, with a circulation of 450,000 volumes, reported a loss for the year of only two volumes.

RECENT VERSE.

For many readers, the publication of the "Lyrical Poems" of W. B. Yeats, complete in one volume (The Macmillan Co.), will be a literary event of considerable magnitude. Yet to one looking at the volume critically rather than Celtically, the doubt arises whether it will greatly help to solidify Mr. Yeats's standing, already respectable, as a poet of originality and distinction. The difficulty is that while the characteristic properties of Mr. Yeats's poetry—the voices and presences in nature, the Rosy Cross, the Celtic twilight, and all the "old unhappy far-off things" of Irish legend—powerfully impress the imagination in a slender book of verse, yet in a stout volume of collected poetical writings they become a little monotonous. That the poet should be "changed into a hound with one red ear" once imparts a pleasurable thrill of glamourie, but when this striking metamorphosis has occurred twice and thrice, it becomes a little ludicrous, and the poetic energy escapes in vapor. And so despite the continuity of the poetic sense that informs the book, and despite the consistent growth that it shows in workmanship, in felicity of tone and image, the pieces in it do not so much reinforce as neutralize one another. It seems doubtful whether in the mass Mr. Yeats's lyrical poetry can be appreciated save by a cult or will be remembered save by the curious. Yet there are fine things in the volume, none finer, perhaps than that vivid, mystical narrative, "The Wanderings of Oisin," written a score of years ago. Yet we imagine Mr. Yeats as a lyric poet is more likely to be remembered for the things in which he is least "Celtic," for such pieces, for example, as this, in which the magic of the wavering verse springs rather from a haunting, spiritualized simplicity than from a conscious "symbolism":

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Wistfulness and waywardness have sometimes seemed to be the characteristic moods of the most characteristic poets of the present day. Mr. Yeats has perhaps turned the lurking wistfulness of a self-satisfied age to better account than any one else; of the waywardness that wilfully turns its back on the age to seek strange satisfaction in art, Arthur Symons is a conspicuous exponent. His latest volume, "The Fool of the World and Other Poems" (John Lane Co.), presents some curious contrasts to Mr. Yeats's lovely and melodious pages. Oddly enough for a disciple of Pater, Mr. Symons in his poetry so far from "constantly aspiring to the condition of music," seems to renounce melody and to seek rather to do the painter's work, to build an expressive picture from a group of sharp details all but regardless of beauty. He is quite content with such a line as

Farmyards a-fluster with pigs,

provided it can be made to compose in his picture; and it must be said for him that, startling as some of his images are, they seldom "thump." His most characteristic work is the climax of the expressive. Take, for example, his unpleasant "Andante of Snakes," how serpentine the coiling movement, how venomous the phrase:

They weave a slow andante as in sleep,
Scaled yellow, swampy black, plague-spotted white;
With blue and lidless eyes at watch they keep
A treachery of silence; infinite

Ancestral angers brood in these dull eyes
Where the long-lineaged venom of the snake
Meditates evil; woven intricacies
Of Oriental arabesque awake,

Unfold, expand, contract, and raise and sway
Swoln heart-shaped heads, flattened as by a heel,
Erect to suck the sunlight from the day,
And stealthily and gradually reveal

Dim cabalistic signs of spots and rings
Among their folds of faded tapestry;
Then these fat, foul, unbreathing, moving things
Droop back to stagnant immobility.

Such a selection as this, however, illustrative as it is of his "characteristic excess," gives but an imperfect idea of Mr. Symons's range. He has an admirable poetic scholarship and an equally admirable intellectual integrity; his cup may be small, but he drinks from his cup. The quality of thought that underlies his verse will perhaps be better seen in this conclusion of a trilogy of short pieces entitled "The Sick Man to Health":

The will, that ruled a city all its own,
And now, without sedition, like a king
Thrust quietly aside, is overthrown;
The memory, that of any former thing
Could character the poise, the form, the size,
The impress of its shape upon the air,
And now, forgetting its blithe energies,
Lies drowsing in the sun, or, as it lies,
Repeats a fond arithmetic of sighs;
Identity, that wanders like the smoke,
Following a wind that stays not anywhere;
Conscience, that would not waken though God spoke;
Cry to thee with an unavailing cry.

Yet Mr. Symons's pride in his intellectual integrity is sometimes his undoing. His uneasy hatred of the commonplace and his constant endeavor to give it as wide a berth as possible involve such an expenditure of energy that in the long run he falls a prey to the very thing he would escape—as a man specially fearful of some disease is pretty sure to catch it in the end.

That a good way to master the commonplace is boldly to embrace it is strikingly shown in the late Prof. N. S. Shaler's posthumous volume of Civil War poems, "From Old Fields" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The pieces are written in an unmusical blank verse, and there is scant trace of the surprising mastery of poetic diction which Mr. Shaler showed in his pentalogy of Elizabethan plays, yet, read consecutively, the volume is not only impressive, but poetically impressive. In a way, Mr. Shaler was the Crabbe of the battlefield. He saw the sordid, tragic, commonplaces of war with an undeluded eye, and portrayed them with a firm and vivid pen. The choice of the poetic form rather

than prose was justified by the repressed emotion which underruns all of the poems and finally breaks out at the end into this reverberating finale in rhyme:

Eighteen hundred and sixty-one:
There in the echo of Sumter's gun
Marches the host of the Orphan Brigade,
Lit by their banners, in hopes best arrayed.
Five thousand strong, never legion hath borne
Might as this bears it forth in that morn:
Hastings and Cressy, Naseby, Dunbar,
Cowpens and Yorktown, Thousand Years' War,
Is writ on their hearts as onward afar
They shout to the roar of their drums. . . .

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three:
Barring Sherman's march to the sea—
Shorn to a thousand; face to the foe
Back, ever back, but stubborn and slow.
Nineteen hundred wounds they take
In that service of Hell, yet the hills they shake
With the roar of their charge as they onward go
To the roll of their throbbing drums. . . .

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five:
The Devil is dead and the Lord is alive,
In the earth that springs where the heroes sleep,
And in love new-born where the stricken weep.
That legion hath marched past the setting of sun:
Beaten? nay, victors: the realms they have won
Are the hearts of men who forever shall hear
The throb of their far-off drums.

The typicalness of Mr. Yeats's wistful escape from a world of deeds to a vagrom world of dream is shown by the number of volumes of contemporary verse that show the influence of his poetry or of his impulse. Of the volumes before us, "Songs to a Singer," by Rosa Newmarch (John Lane Co.) shows it most clearly. Miss Newmarch's exhortation,

> Keep your dead, inviolate past,
> Hold your pale ideal fast,
> Well I know, who crave the whole,
> Only dreams and memories last,

carries quite the message, if it has not quite the accent of the Celtic bards. Lance Fallaw's "Silverleaf and Oak" (The Macmillan Co.) likewise shows the spell, though Mr. Fallaw has read his Shelley to advantage, and learned how the poet's prism may break the pale light of mysticism in color. We like Mr. Fallaw best, however, in a group of poems in which he turns back from "the brink of the night and the morning" to sing of the sentiments of the imperialistic voyager, as in these stanzas from "The Southern Cross":

Ye nations born of Britain,
  Behold your royal sign!
Gold on black velvet written
  In skies below the Line,
Like taper-shrine of Mary,
  Like shield of seraph-host;
    For each in turn
    Those bright points burn
  By continent and coast.
One star for snow and prairie,
  One for the island-home;
    One for the belt
    Of hush and veld,
  One for the Barrier foam.
Like head of horned eland,
  Like shape of gilded kite;
And the little star for New Zealand
  Just under the Austral Light.

But never those starry daughters
  Are seen by the Mother's eyes,
Never o'er English waters
  The faery cressets rise.
Far must the hunter follow
  Who stalks such lordly prey;
    Far thro' the dark
    Must plunge the barque
  In phosphorescent spray.
Where the wet whale-fish wallow,
  And southern icebergs swim,
    Where sunset spills
    Along the hills
  New colors deep and dim;
Where the white floe-field dwindles
  At touch of tropic seas,
There the High Angel kindles
  The lamps that flame and freeze.

So still the lesson showeth
  The worth of time and place;
Little the homester knoweth
  The majesty of race.
But where round kingly Mitre
  The mountains bare their scalps,
    And winter spreads
    The glacier-beds
  Along the Southern Alps;
Where Sydney wave beats brighter
  Than sheen of peacocks' necks;
    Where the long train
    By night doth strain
  Through the wild hills of Hex;
By isles that hide with pine and moss
  Some dead volcano's pyre,—
There will you find the Fiery Cross
  And hearts that burn like fire.

The preface to "The Coast of Bohemia," by Thomas Nelson Page (Scribners), offers a fine confession of the faith of a minor poet:

There is for the minor poet also a music that the outer world does not catch—an inner day which the outer world does not see. It is this music, this light, which, for the most part, is for the lesser poet his only reward. That he has heard, however brokenly, and at however vast a distance, snatches of those strains which thrilled the souls of Marlowe and Milton and Keats and Shelley, even though he may never reproduce one of them, is moreover a sufficiently high reward.

The poetic sensibility foreshadowed in the above is very evident in Mr. Page's verse, and he has an admirable command of traditional poetic tone, as may be seen from these stanzas taken from the titular poem of the volume:

There not alone the great and lofty sing;
But silent poets too find there the song
They only sang in dreams when wandering
Amazed and lost amid the earthly throng;
Their hearts unfettered all from worldly fears,
Attuned to meet the spacious music of the spheres;

Gray, wrinkled men, with sea-salt in their hair,
Their eyes set deep with peering through the gloom,
Their voices low with speaking ever, where
The surges break beneath the mountains' loom;
But deep within their yearning, burning eyes
The light reflected ever from those radiant skies.

There fadeless youth, unknowing of annoy,
Walks aye with changeless Love; and Sorrow there
Is but a memory to hallow Joy,
With chastened Happiness so deep and rare,
Well-nigh the Heart aches with its rich content,
And Hope with full fruition evermore is blent.

From "The Days that Pass" (John Lane Co.), a volume of slight but graceful verse by Helen Huntington, we take another view of the poet's predicament:

Distraught, half-puzzled by the doors that close
  Abruptly in his face.
Bewildered where the crowd of traffic flows,
  Like one of other race,

Unmindful of the hours or of the day,
  Or those who mock afar,
He dreams forever of the rose in May.
  He sees the evening star.

"Sicut Patribus and Other Verse," by Oscar Fay Adams (published by the author), is a collection of correct, derivative pieces in many modes. Mr. Adams is most inspiriting when he indulges in frankly bookish sentiment, as in these stanzas from "Cambridge":

Here roamed "the scholar Gypsy" long ago;
Here gently ruled our "New World Philhellene";
Here came the wanderer from the Pays de Vaud;
And here New England's Sibyl passed between

The gates of birth. Here, where the lilacs hedge
The winding road, the Gentle Singer told
The Legend Golden; and the murmuring sedge
Of his loved Charles still with his name makes bold.

Here, where the Elmwood thickets lift their pyres
Of green, a later summons came, and he,
Our best and noblest, whose each word inspires,
Slipped from life's moorings on a shoreless sea.

The characterization of Mr. Adams's volume will do equally well for "Whisperings of the Sphinx" and "A Scrap Book of Pictures and Fancies," two books of verse by William Leighton (Chicago: Donnelly), though Mr. Leighton's writing is marked by a kind of fluent transcendentalism, explained by a group of sonnets in the second of the two books implying an early residence in the town of Concord, Mass.

Of the remaining volumes of recent verse now before us none seems of quite sufficient substance and distinction to justify extended comment. "The Worker and Other Poems," by Coningsby William Dawson (The Macmillan Co.) shows something of James Thomson's poignant view of the world, something also of a pre-Raphaelite savor of phrase, but it is only intermittently visited by any real spell of verbal magic and compelling mood. Oliver Huckel's version of "Tannhäuser" (Crowell) in blank verse narrative is a rather languid performance. One wonders why the narrative form was chosen for a theme so intensely dramatic in the largest sense. Wallace Irwin's "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers" (The Macmillan Co.) shows the range of his humor and metrical skill, and is always good reading. But it fails to show quite the poetic energy of the volume of "Chinatown Ballads," of which we lately had to speak.

STUDIES IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

Documenti per la storia dei rivolgimenti politici del Comune di Siena dal 1354 al 1369, pubblicati con introduzione ed indici da Giuliano Luchaire. Paris: Libraire A. Picard et fils.

When Professor Langton Douglas's "History of Siena" appeared in 1902, it was welcomed by one of the greatest living Italian scholars as an "opera veramente insigne . . . che viene a dare l'ultima mano alle ricerche regionali degli ultimi vent' anni"; and the praise thus generously bestowed was fully deserved, for the work referred to is unquestionably one of the best books ever written by an Englishman about Italy. Yet, none the less for that, even the most whole-hearted of Professor Douglas's admirers can hardly fail to admit a singular inequality in his treatment of various periods. After guiding us with nimble and sure feet among the obscure by-ways of the thirteenth century, he seems, as he approaches the far less complicated history of the fourteenth century, to grow less certain of the path he ought to follow. The landmarks, though never lost, become blurred and doubtful. Nor is the reason for this apparent anomaly far to seek. "The researches of the last twenty years" had been almost entirely dedicated to the earlier history of the Commune; and, while all the Imperial or Ghibelline period is brightly illuminated by the investigations of Italian *eruditi*, summed up and epitomized in Professor

Zdekauer's magnificent edition of the *Constitutum Comunis Senarum* of 1262, when Professor Douglas wrote, very little had been done to dispel the darkness which still brooded over the next 150 years. For the history of the magistracies of the *Nove*, the *Dodici* and the *Riformatori*, practically the only available authorities (if we except Paoli's "Monti o fazioni della Repubblica di Siena") were the "Cronaca Sanese" in Muratori and the "Historia" of Orlando Malavolti. In fact, Professor Douglas's shortcomings were not due to lack of ability or of industry, but simply to lack of available material.

Meanwhile, however, the *terra incognita* of the Trecento had begun to be explored, and, while "The History of Siena" was passing through the press, Julien Luchaire, professor of literature at the University of Grenoble, who had been working among the Sienese archives, published an interesting monograph, "Le Statut des Neuf Gouverneurs et Défenseurs de la Commune de Sienne." Of the additional material thus afforded immediate use was made by the author of the historical introduction to Miss Lucy Olcott's "Guide to Siena," which appeared in the spring of 1903 and was favorably noticed in these columns.

A few months later a key to the history of the whole of the first half of the fourteenth century was provided by the publication, in two large volumes, under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior, of the "Costituto del Comune di Siena volgarizzato nel MCCCIX-MCCCX," with an invaluable preface from the pen of Cav. Alessandro Lisini. It seems that Professor Luchaire had himself contemplated the publication of this statute; and, finding himself forestalled, he forthwith turned his attention to the succeeding epoch. The result of his researches is to be found in the work before us, which at last makes it possible to write a definite and final history of Siena up to the year 1370; while the "Provvedimenti economici della Repubblica di Siena nel 1382," which were published as long ago as 1895 by Alessandro Lisini, carry us very nearly to the end of the century. From the opening years of the Quattrocento, the difficulty is mainly one of selection, as the renewed excellence of Professor Douglas's subsequent chapters clearly demonstrates.

For M. Luchaire's book we have nothing but praise. The documents, which occupy more than three-quarters of the entire volume, are admirably selected from the "Statutes of the Commune" (Nos. 31-34), from the "Libro della Corona," and from the records of the *Concistorio* and of the *Consiglio Generale*. The index is copious and accurate and the introduction is a model of what such an introduction ought to be, not only forming a most useful commentary to the documents, but presenting us also with a masterly sketch of the earlier political history of the republic.

Nor is it the least of M. Luchaire's merits that he helps us to an entirely new point of view. In his "Songs Before Sunrise" Mr. Swinburne long ago hymned Siena as the "lady loveliest of my loves"; and, with the exception of Edmund G. Gardner, whose "Story of Siena and S. Gimignano," though pleasantly written, is far too superficial to have much permanent value, nearly all modern English writers who have treated of Siena have been Siena's lovers. They have hated where she hated and loved where she loved. As far as in them lies, they have looked upon the world through her eyes, and, in direct proportion to the devoutness of their worship, they have succeeded in interpreting her spirit to the public. In this respect no mediæval city has been better served; but such an attitude has its drawbacks, and it is well that even her lovers should learn whether the Sienese view of Siena is the true one. It is here that M. Luchaire has served us well, since, in dealing with his subject, he is as impersonal as an early chronicle, as impartial as a Supreme Court judge. Siena has won his affection, but her glamour has not blinded him, and in the present volume he regards the Sienese through their institutions. It is the democratic evolution which interests him, and he studies it, as it were, in a vacuum.

M. Luchaire informs us in his preface that he is preparing a larger and more ambitious work dealing with the whole history of the Commune of Siena in the Trecento. We can only say that, if he succeeds in living up to the high standard which he has set himself in the present volume, his name can hardly fail to find an honored place among the splendid list of learned men to whose labors Siena and those who love her owe so deep a debt of gratitude.

L'Opera Politica del Senatore I. Artom nel Risorgimento Italiano. Parte Iª. Collaborazione col Conte Camillo di Cavour. Per Ernesto Artom. Bologna; Zanichelli.

This is the most important contribution to our knowledge of the last years of Cavour's career that has appeared since Chiala completed his monumental collection of letters. Ernesto Artom has edited his uncle's papers with such scrupulous discretion that nobody now living can be injured by their publication. He has erred, if at all, on the side of reticence. We wish that he had furnished more notes and had been more careful to give dates and names, and that he had submitted his proofs to a competent reader. But when these deductions have been made, his book remains of permanent value as a historic source.

Isaac Artom, then in his thirtieth year, became Cavour's private secretary early in 1859, and served him to the end. Like Dinà, the ablest newspaper editor of modern Italy, whose talents Cavour discovered, Artom was a Jew. Between him and his chief perfect confidence prevailed. Artom was no mere stenographer, who writes out the letters that have been dictated. He had a remarkable gift for political analysis and diplomatic procedure, and he expressed himself forcibly but urbanely. So Cavour relied upon him to draft the most important dispatches, after discussing what their purport should be, and he often made no verbal change in them. Artom also sent budgets of inspired news to various correspondents in Paris and elsewhere, to be worked over into articles for the French, English, and German press, in order to create a European public opinion favorable to Piedmont. His post was no sinecure; for Cavour began his day at half-past four or five in the morning, and visitors in those early hours could hear Artom, writing behind a screen, in a corner of the statesman's bedroom.

The material in this volume which bears on specific historical events, begins with the outbreak of the war with Austria, in April, 1859. Here we find the original version of the reply to Austria's ultimatum; we find also that the address of the Venetian patriots, as well as the instructions to the Piedmontese plenipotentiary at the Zurich Conference, was really drawn up by Artom. Then follow over thirty pages of private telegrams, mostly inedited, which reveal the state of the peace negotiations from day to day. On Cavour's return to office we have several weighty papers touching the cession of Nice and Savoy—a sacrifice which Cavour wisely accepted as inevitable. But he was not to be bullied by Napoleon III. "If France employs force," he telegraphed on February 19, 1860, to his secret agent, Count Arese, "we shall protest energetically against the violation of the principle of non-intervention already admitted by her." And at the same time he bade Nigra, the Piedmontese minister at Paris, "declare to M. de Thouvenel that France may cause Nice and Savoy to be occupied and annexed by force, but that neither the King nor his Government will ever consent to sign a public treaty without stipulating the mode of voting, or will permit the votes to be taken under the menace of bayonets."

An important batch of documents refers to Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition, including the disingenuous dealings with the King of Naples, and the effort to secure the good will or at least the consent of Europe to the annexation of the Southern provinces. In general, this section contains much corroborative material, but none that calls for a revision of accepted views. Having made France his "accomplice," through ceding to her Nice and Savoy, Cavour turned to England for moral support in this most ticklish affair; and Palmerston and Lord John Russell met him half way and prevented Napoleon's disapproval from passing beyond verbal remonstrance. Gladstone, too, was a hearty supporter. In a letter of September 16, 1860, he expresses the hope that "Garibaldi, with or without the Sardinians, will become master of the Pope's territories outside of Rome." When serious British statesmen could write thus, no wonder that Continental diplomats took seriously Garibaldi's proposal to oust the Pope, and from the Campidoglio proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy.

By far the most significant contribution in the volume is that of the letters which passed to and from Cavour and his agents in regard to a settlement with the Pope. The revelations of Dr. Pantaleoni and of Passaglia, who conducted his secret negotiations at Rome, are here amply confirmed by testimony from other persons whom Cavour employed on that most delicate mission. There seems to be little doubt but that at the moment of Cavour's death an agreement might soon have been reached. Cardinal Antonelli had, indeed, broken out in one of his periodic excesses of rage, but the desirability of a settlement was acknowledged by most of the Pope's supporters in Rome, and, what was of more immediate significance, the French Emperor was ready to withdraw his garrison, if

he could do so without loss of prestige. The remarkable secret letter from Prince Jerome Napoleon to Cavour, of April 13, 1861, proves this; and the dispatch from Vimercati, received by Cavour only three days before he was stricken by his fatal illness, gave him good reason to hope for a speedy solution. Cavour's death did much more than interrupt the negotiations, for it removed not only the master mind, but the tradition of success. The diplomats at the Vatican and the Tuileries had reason to know him as a man who never gave up, and who in the long run conquered; his successors might inherit his policy, but they could not inherit his personality or his habit of winning, and they made but a sorry bungle of the Roman question when they tried to solve it.

Signor Ernesto Artom adds several pieces of biographical interest, including the elder Artom's admirable introduction to Cavour's "Discorsi Parlamentari," and an important article on the relations between Victor Emanuel and Cavour. There are also letters in which he describes Cavour's last illness and gives some touching personal details. A copy of the minutes of all the cabinet meetings held between January 6, 1859, and June 6, 1861, is an historical source of primary value. Two letters to the somewhat supercilious Professor Treitschke, in reply to his criticism of Cavour's achievement and of the Law of Papal Guarantees, may be commended as models of dignified rebuttal.

We cannot conclude without quoting these lines from a letter from honest Artom to Daniel Stern, dated June 9, 1861:

When he summoned me to his office, I had just lost my father; without wishing it, or being aware of it, I came to love him as another father. Whilst he lived I never dared to express my affection to him, but from the kindness he showed me I understood that he knew the whole extent of my devotion. . . . His heart was as great as his intelligence. In spite of moments of quickness and irritation, in spite of the passion with which he carried on political discussions, he hated nobody. In his confidential talks with me, he defended his enemies, saying good-naturedly that they were playing their proper rôle. His vast tolerance included all opinions: he made me, an Israelite, his private secretary, which did not hinder him from protecting the poor monks and from having friendly relations with Fra Giacomo. In a word, he was what all the world pretends to be, but is so little, a Liberal spirit and a generous heart.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James. By Le Roy Phillips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

This is a notable piece of bibliographical work, for more reasons than one. It is unusual to catalogue all the writings in books or periodicals of any author until his death. Mr. James is still alive, not yet seventy, and hale and sound. Thomas J. Wise's elaborate bibliography of Ruskin, 1893 (Ruskin died in 1900), is the most important instance we now recall. A few years ago, when Kipling was the favorite of collectors (alas, that day is past!), various essays towards a bibliography of his writings were put forth, but no one of them was so elaborate, accurate, or complete as this of Henry James. Mr. Phillips's work has been a labor of love, and his publishers can expect but scant returns for their expenditure on this well-made volume of almost two hundred pages. Collectors of Henry James are few; at the auction room there is almost no competition for first editions of his books. We recommend the gathering of a set of Henry James to the collector who wishes the joy of the chase, but whose purse does not permit the hunting of the costlier first editions of Hawthorne or Longfellow. With such a good bibliography, the interest in his books among collectors ought to increase, and prices should accordingly rise.

So far as we have been able to test it, Mr. Phillips's work is admirably done, and the amount of research must have been very considerable. The text is in three parts. Part I., "Original Works," is a chronological bibliography of books, giving the first edition, with lined-off title, collation, note as to binding, and full list of contents where made up of detached essays or stories, with the periodical and its date where each of the pieces first appeared. Following this account of the first edition is a record of later editions and of translations. As many of James's books were issued simultaneously in America and England, full transcripts and collations are given of the first English as well as the first American edition. In Part II. are described books by other authors to which James contributed. The titles are lined off and collations are given. Part III. is a very extended list of contributions of periodicals. His first appearance in print seems to have been an unsigned book review in the *North American Review* for October, 1864, when he was twenty-one. Upwards of two hundred contributions to the *Nation*, articles, reviews, and notes, are recorded from 1865 to 1879. The year 1875 was the most prolific, no less than fifty-five pieces being recorded as appearing in this weekly during that year. Most of these were unsigned, and the majority have never been collected or reprinted. This is true also to a considerable extent of contributions to other periodicals, the *North American Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Galaxy*, New York *Tribune*, etc.

An appendix contains an account of two plays by James which have been staged in London, but which have never been published, "The American," October, 1891, and "Guy Domville," January, 1895. At the end, in small type, is an exhaustive alphabetical list of titles, with references to the periodicals and books in which they are found.

The twelfth volume of "American Book Prices Current," compiled by Luther S. Livingston, has just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. This annual is so well known and has become so indispensable to dealers in rare books and to collectors that it demands no detailed notice. The 774 pages contain a record of prices of the books, manuscripts, and autographs sold at auction in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, from September 1, 1905, to September 1, 1906. The season covered in this twelfth volume surpassed every previous season in the number of lots sold and probably in the total sum obtained for them. The number of lots was 139,383, of which 14,600 are reported in this book. The highest price paid for a single volume was $1,500, at C. F. Libbie & Co.'s, Boston, for Poe's second book, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems," Baltimore, 1829. A presentation copy of this book with autograph corrections by Poe brought $1,825 in 1903, and uncut copies went for $1,100 in 1900 and $1,300 in 1901. The next highest price for a single volume was for a third quarto of "The Merchant of Venice," 1637, $1,300, at the Anderson Auction Company in this city. A set of the four Shakespeare folios sold for $8,950 at Libbie's, but the first and the third folio were defective. Mr. Livingston observes that the increase in the price of early editions of Shakespeare and of books that refer to him is one of the striking features of recent auctions. A set of Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds, the original folios with the accompanying text, went for $4,350 at Henkels's in Philadelphia. Comparatively few items of rare Americana were offered, but several items in this class ranged in price from $300 to $1,000. Some good collections of autographs were dispersed. There is no doubt, says Mr. Livingston, that the interest in autographs is increasing. More lots are being offered at auction and prices of specimens of the better class are rising.

The interest among collectors in the limited books issued by private or semi-private presses has fallen away greatly within the last two or three years. At the time when every book of the sort was eagerly snapped up, sometimes even commanding a premium before publication, a number of "presses" sprang into existence, some of them genuine printing establishments, others merely names. Many of these have closed down. For sane bookmaking, the Doves Press, formed by the binder, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and Emery Walker, was one of the best. The press has just issued Part I. of Goethe's "Faust," in German, from the 1887 Weimar edition. While the types are the same and the size of the book practically the same as in the Doves "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," the page is less attractive. The names of the speakers are in large capitals and red ink; the stage directions, though in lower case, are all in red, as is the marginal heading of each page. Where the speeches are short, as is often the case, the page is unpleasantly red. With this book, is sent gratis to subscribers an address on London by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, delivered before the Art-Workers Guild, March 6, 1891, and now printed by Richard Cobden-Sanderson. Both books are in limp vellum from the Doves Bindery.

The Essex House Press announces two new publications. "On the Need for the Establishment of Country Schools of Arts and Crafts" is a twenty-four-page pamphlet, in white buckram. "Dr. Johnson, an Essay," by Archibald Ramage, one of the compositors of the Press, contains thirty-two pages, and a portrait by Alec. Miller. Each appears in an edition limited to 200 copies, at five shillings each. The announcement of these two new books is accompanied by a list of the previous publications of the Press, fifty-nine in number. Most of the earlier issues are out of print.

On Monday afternoon and evening the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a collection of Americana from a Southern

library, including some autographs and book-plates. Among the books are Williamson's "North Carolina," 1812, 2 vols.; three copies (one slightly imperfect) of Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee," 1823; Williams's "History of Vermont," 1809; Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," 1791-1792, 3 vols.; the first edition of the "Book of Mormon," Palmyra, 1830; and numerous books on New York, Texas, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the Western Reserve. The autographs include letter books, account books, etc., of Robert C. Livingston, and a nearly complete series of autographs of the Presidents. On January 15 and 16 Anderson sells a private library and print collection. It contains a complete set of the historical monographs published by Goupil & Co., all on Japan paper.

On January 14 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers at auction a collection of autograph letters, among them specimens of Hawthorne, Cooper, Longfellow, Irving, Whittier, Holmes, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, and many of the Presidents; and documents signed by Catherine the Great, Charles I. of England, Pope Clement VIII., Frederick the Great, George II., George III., George IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVIII., and William IV. On January 15 the same company sells a bibliographical library including Harrisse's "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," with the Additions; Collier's "Rarest Books"; Hawkins's "Books from the Earliest Presses," Martin's "Privately Printed Books," Smith's "Catalogue of Friends' Books," Asher's "Dutch books on New Netherlands," Field's "Essay Towards an Indian Bibliography," and others, many being presentation copies.

On January 21 and 22, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, will sell a collection of autographs, letters, and manuscripts. The most interesting documents in the sale are twenty-five autograph letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson, chiefly written to Mrs. Piozzi, then Mrs. Thrale. These are to be offered first as one lot, but if the reserve price is not realized, they will be sold separately. The reserve price is not named in the catalogue. From the same source, probably, is a collection of poems, anecdotes, etc., upwards of five hundred and sixty pages bound in five volumes, all in the autograph of Mrs. Piozzi. Among the other more important letters are those of Sir John Burgoyne, John Wesley, Lord Nelson, Samuel Richardson (an interesting specimen, regretting that he had lost his former ease of writing), Edmund Kean, Benjamin Disraeli (eleven early letters), David Livingston (five long letters sold as a lot), Marie Antoinette, and Sir John Franklin. On January 24 the same firm will sell the library of Archibald Ballantine of Edinburgh. There are first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Ainsworth, and books from the Doves and Vale presses.

Stan. V. Henkels announces that he will sell at auction in Philadelphia in the course of the next few months part four of the library of Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, including items relating to State, town, and county history, the Stamp Act troubles, the War of the Revolution, War of 1812, Civil War, colonial history, and genealogy; part four of the collection of engraved portraits belonging to James T. Mitchell, chief justice of Pennsylvania, including portraits of Presidents and of American statesmen from the Colonial period to the present time; the autographs gathered by the late Joshua I. Cohen of Baltimore, including a fine set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, letters of George Washington, his mother, wife, father, and other relatives; autographs of members of the Constitutional Convention, and Stamp Act Congress, of Presidents and Cabinet members, generals in the Revolutionary and other wars, officers in the navy, statesmen, and authors; the library of the Rev. Horace E. Hayden, librarian of the Wilkes-Barre Historical Society, including works, letters, and manuscripts relating to the history of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Southern Confederacy; autographs of William H. Fry of Pittsburgh, including specimens of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress, generals in the Revolutionary and other wars, Presidents and cabinet officers, statesmen, authors, actors, musical composers, and crowned heads; and the autographs of the late Joseph Hedges of Philadelphia, including letters and documents of George Washington, Revolutionary officers and statesmen, Presidents and cabinet officers; also ivory miniatures and relics of Washington. In this collection are two autograph diaries of Washington.

The Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

Lady Betty Balfour, who edits these two volumes of her father's unofficial letters, grew up to be his most intimate and sympathetic friend in the latter part of his life. None saw more clearly into his real mind than his "dear alter ego," as he called her. She disclaims having written his biography, but her quotations are so well chosen, and the connective tissue, though slight, is woven of such tell-tale threads, that perhaps no further life will be required—by the general public at least. Considering her object—a picture of the man rather than of his times—Lady Betty Balfour must be congratulated on a model achievement.

She has inserted nothing that does not throw light on the central figure. Yet even those incurious about the author of "Lucile"—to give him his safest passport to popular recognition—may find the book brilliant and engaging. His style as a letter-writer would of itself make him worth reading. He never lacks the clearness and elegance of studied composition, and yet is always unmistakably and charmingly spontaneous. More than that, he lived in constant intimacy with celebrated people, and his sympathies were elastic. He gives vivid glimpses of scores of notabilities, from Lamartine and Daniel Webster to Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt; and on all the many subjects he discusses—from fashion to metaphysics, from politics to art—his utterances are those of a thinker who was also a poet, and who had gone through a rare training in "the world's debate."

Throughout his life Lord Lytton was an active diplomatist. With little outside help, he rose to one of the pinnacles of service under the British Crown, as Viceroy of India; while at Paris he was described by the late Lord Salisbury, who was not fertile in compliments, as "one of the best ambassadors of his time." Such feats are not easily achieved. Yet "Owen Meredith" merely "pursued his profession"—so his daughter says, and so all his friends knew—"from a sense of duty and as a means of livelihood. The work which called forth his best energies, his deepest enthusiasm, and his finest intellectual capacities, was from boyhood upwards that of poetical composition."

Here, indeed, lay the tragedy of his life; for, considering all the facts, it deserves no other name. He was throughout divided against himself, industriously pursuing one object, but passionately desirous of another. As a boy, on the threshold of the diplomatic career, he wrote about it:

> I feel that all these great prizes which allure others would, even were I to obtain them, greatly diminish rather than increase my happiness. Each step forward would be a step away from my own ideal, and would have to be trodden over some relinquished dream or strangled instinct.

It is not uncommon for a youth of artistic taste to speak thus at the dividing of the ways; but it is rare for such a youth to obtain the difficult prizes, which he does not desire, and when the race has been victoriously run to confirm the detached prophecy of his boyhood. Forty years after Robert Lytton had thus forecast his mental boroscope, the first Earl of Lytton, then Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Paris, wrote as follows:

> All the known and successful side of my life is a suppression, a sacrifice which has not even the grace of spontaneity, of the natural self. If now and then the cramped wings flutter under the coop, they are subdued at once by a perception of the unseemliness in such flutterings of a diseased personality. On this side of my life, whether I look forward or backward, an immense despair always comes over me. If I were younger—but it is all too late now; I know that as a poet I shall never do what I feel that I might have done and been.

And this was no accidentally morbid retrospect. A like regret dogged him throughout his career.

Now, if that "what I might have done and been" were merely an illusion of vanity, the melancholy of Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the French Republic would be, after all, a theme of farce rather than of tragedy. But if, on the other hand, here was one who might in truth have been among the first English poets of his age—perhaps the first—ending, after all, as a mere ambassador, known finally in literature, if at all, as the author of "Lucile," was there no cause for tears? Before dismissing these dying regrets, let us go back for a moment to his youth.

Never have more hopeful judgments been passed on any aspirant to the bays than on the young Robert Lytton; and that by those who were best qualified to speak. Robert Browning and his wife, who had no motive to praise him beyond their native sincerity, were insistent on the prerogatives of his genius. They reproached him sharply for not giving himself completely to art, and had no shadow of doubt about

the reward of devotion. "I want you to be really great," writes Browning, "because it is *in* you—clearly enough. By success, speaking of you, I want and expect the highest of its kind. If you don't make a poet, you will have murdered a real specimen of that same." This, in a regretful letter after the publication of "Lucile." John Forster was of a like opinion, and so was Landor. After the youth's first venture—"Clytemnestra and Other Pieces"—Leigh Hunt wrote:

> He is a truly musical, reflecting, impassioned, and imaginative poet, with a tendency to but one of the faults of his contemporaries, and that chiefly in his minor pieces.

The opinion may be added of his harshest judge, his father, the famous novelist, jealous, alas! of the boy's gifts and a profound disbeliever in his poetical theories. "I must own," says Bulwer Lytton, "I have read your 'Clytemnestra' with surprise. There is no mistake that you have the *vivida vis* and are a real poet." About "Lucile" the same critic remarked: "I cannot recall any work of greater *promise* since 'Werther.' "

Is it too much to say that these anticipations were confirmed, so far as that could be the case, by the hurried productions of Lord Lytton's maturity? At all events we must concede that, when he abandoned a full devotion to art for a material career, he had some ground for supposing that he was making no ordinary sacrifice. Said that believer in his possibilities, Robert Browning:

> Let each man strive to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will.

Lytton, however, made "the great refusal," in full consciousness of what he was doing. And why? Mrs. Browning, writing to him soon after the renunciation, tells him that he has too much "sympathy":

> You sympathize too much . . . from some cause or other—too much love, perhaps, or unconscious indolence. Dear Mr. Lytton, let us remember that Art requires the whole man, austerely and unreservedly given.

How far he was from indolence! But "too much love"—Mrs. Browning hit the mark there! This exile from poetry was one of the most affectionate souls that ever breathed. He idolized his father, as he afterwards idolized his children. He loved unreservedly, and, so far as art was concerned, love was his bane. Some have thought that he failed to carry out his poetical mission through lack of self-confidence; but he wrote and published with a freedom which hardly confirms that idea. What he certainly did lack was the emotional self-centredness of a Goethe, a Hugo, a Shelley, a Tennyson. His affections continually "gave him away." To his artistic conscience his father could be little more than a literary cheap-jack, who "understood his poetical opinions no better than Col. Newcomb did those of Clive and his friends"; who urged on the young poet, with all his aspirations, to aim first of all at "wide popularity"; to avoid being misled by "Keats and Shelley, who, though praised by the critics, are very little read"; and who could add such an ingenuous impertinence as this: "Now, take Charles Mackay's poems! They are no idols of the refining few, *but they sell immensely.*" Yet the son's heart so clung to the man, that in spite of his innermost convictions, he could hardly quarrel with the critic. "My father's theory of poetry," he writes, "differs widely from my own, but it would be presumptuous in me to say that his is not the better of the two." And when his father bluntly advised him to "stick to his profession," and not to "saunter into a relaxed, effeminate air of pleasure and egotism"—such was his name for the austerity of a poet—the son, strong-willed man as he afterwards proved himself, submitted without one answering reproach. And what was his consolation for the sacrifice forty years after? Affection is still the note. "Besides," he writes, near his death, "there is still this paramount consolation. I feel no doubt whatever that my official and public life has been in all ways more beneficial than the other, or any other, could have been for those I love, and to the welfare of whose lives my own can be conducive." Frustrated, as he was, in the written word, this poetry must be inscribed across his life—that he "loved greatly."

But the irony of his being best known by "Lucile"! Of his being identified with the trivial hero of that novel in verse! "I have written some weaker poems," he said at the time, "but none that I dislike more." The plot was borrowed from George Sand's "Lavinia." There was not a shred of autobiography in it. Yet in popular esteem he passes for a Lord Alfred, and so must continue.

The Far Horizon. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Sir Richard Calmady" was, we recall, a "book of the year," much read and perhaps more talked about. It was recognized as a "strong" story, with some startling situations and much frank speech. For the taste of certain readers the physical limitations of the hero may have been too insistently dwelt upon, and the indecencies of the adventuress displayed under too strong a light. Reader, be assured; nothing of the kind is to be found in "The Far Horizon." The leading lady, no doubt, is a social outcast, but she is in no sense indecent. The hero's abnormality (*quâ* hero) lies only in his fifty-five years, and his avowed status, at the outset, of superannuated bank clerk. He does not marry the lady, or desire to marry her, but he restores her to herself, and finds his own spiritual self by the way.

The style of Lucas Malet (Mary St. Leger Harrison) does not improve. It is diffuse, artificial, often pretentious: a style which would be considered distinctively literary by unliterary persons. It borders, at its worst, upon that of Miss Corelli. Nor can Lucas Malet's style in the larger sense be commended; her novels are flimsy of structure, and cumbered with superfluities. There are only two human beings in "The Far Horizon"; the rest are mere supernumeraries and property figures. With their omission, the novel, which is essentially a study of the relations of two persons, might be gainfully reduced to, say, one-fourth its present bulk. English precedent, we know, makes it difficult for the English novelist to be compact; but if some arrangement might be possible for the boiling down of fatty manuscript on its way across the Atlantic! The supposedly humorous middle-class group, introduced by way of relief to the sober, even sombre, figure of Dominic Iglesias, are merely facetious and dull. The villain of the piece is an unsuccessful author, too gross a caricature to be anything but an impertinence. Even in the delineation of the two principal persons there is a suggestion of strain. The dignity of the man is constantly imperilled by his habit of prosing; as the credibility of the woman is often in the way of succumbing to her fatal gift of sprightliness. Nevertheless, the story of the friendship of this odd pair is a really moving one. "The Far Horizon" is not that "book of the year" toward which, it is understood, the whole creation moves. It does not strike one as a book which had to be written, or will have to be read. But it possesses the treasure of a really original and affecting central motive.

Granada. Memories, Adventures, Studies, and Impressions. By Leonard Williams. With 24 illustrations; frontispiece in color by A. M. Foweraker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

Saunterings in Spain. By Frederick H. A. Seymour. With 24 illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

Mr. Williams is no stranger to lovers of Spain. His "Toledo and Madrid," "The Land of the Dons," "Ballads and Songs of Spain," and "A Child's History of Spain" are proof that he did not lose his interest in the Peninsula when he ceased to represent "The Thunderer" at Madrid. In the present volume he deals with the South, that strip of Africa sewn on to the skirt of the continent, as Gautier calls the southern province, strolling through Andalusia as the Parisian saunters down the boulevard, alive to everything about him because going nowhere in particular; observant, superior, critical, philosophical, sometimes flippant, a true *flaneur*, with all the charm of one who knows his Spain and all the egoism of one who knows he knows it. "Granada" is the record of personal experience and observation, but deals almost exclusively with what the ordinary visitor never sees, 55 pages being devoted to the Sacro-Monte, 60 to excursions in the Sierra Nevada, and 35 to jaunts to Guadix and the Albaycin, out of a total of 212.

Mr. Seymour, on the other hand, whose title-page reads "Saunterings in Spain," is not a saunterer at all, but the cicerone, with much of the dryness and ponderosity of the guild, but informing, and if not so suggestive as Mr. Williams, far more valuable as a guide. His itinerary includes the most visited of the Spanish cities—Barcelona, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Ronda and the Rock—the Spanish Highway, but omits almost as much as it includes—Burgos, Segovia, Saragossa, Salamanca, and all the byways where the truest impressions of Spain are formed. The book is essentially for the journey, and not the fireside. The chapter on the Muséo del Prado, for example, is almost a catalogue, besides being full of information, description, and generally interesting comment—although one hardly shares the author's regret that the genius of Velasquez was "so often exercised in delineating the ugly or unsympathetic features of

dwarfs, beggars, and fools," or agrees with his designation of the gravecloths of Charles, the Empress, and Philip in Titian's "Gloria" as "nightgowns"! The author's contempt for the Puerta del Sol is refreshing. Guidebooks and writers generally overrate this famous square, whose buildings have scant claim to beauty or interest, and whose throngs of idlers, peddlers, and beggars are destitute of the redeeming local color which they present elsewhere in Spain. It is at best but a vulgar spot.

The space allotted to Toledo is disappointingly brief, and the reader's confidence in the author's Spanish is rudely shaken by the translation of the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Charles in the quadrangle of the Alcazar: "Si en la pelea veis caer mi caballo y mi estandarte, levantad primero este que a mi," which, he says, may be rendered: "If in the shock of battle thou shouldst behold my horse go down, and then my standard, be the first to fly aloft, so may I be the first to leap to my feet." How so ambiguous and inflated a rendition can be tortured out of the simple "If in the battle you see my horse and standard fall, raise the latter before [raising] me," is difficult to imagine.

The volume opens with an historical sketch in which the author sounds the customary note of praise of the Moor:

> In architecture, religious and domestic, they originated another style which, in fascination at least, excels all other orders. No building in Europe surpasses the Cordova Mosque. The Alhambra—of which the name alone conjures up a vision of gorgeous yet harmonious ornamentation, combined with a mathematical precision of construction—has had no rival in the world.

Aside from the misuse of the word *order*, to say that the Mosque of Cordova is unsurpassed by any building in Europe and that the Alhambra has no rival in the world, is going far, indeed. As a matter of fact, the Saracen contributed little to architecture from a constructive point of view. Wherever he went, he adopted the organic forms he found, but added nothing to them. Saracenic architecture contains no new principle such as the Roman arch placed on the pier, the Byzantine dome on the square, the concentration of strains on single points of support as developed in Gothic practice, or the restoration of the column and entablature to their original Greek functions as constructive and supporting members by the Romanesque builders. With all these elements the fancy of the Arab played, depressing or elevating the dome into bulbous or tapering forms, prolonging the curve of the arch, and above all introducing an elaborate system of surface decoration peculiarly his own. But constructively he was destitute of originality in architecture, as in all else. "Upon what Department of Science and Art," says Mr. Seymour, "did that strange people not shed light?" Well, in mathematics they advanced hardly a step beyond their predecessors in India and the Alexandrian school of Diophantus; in astronomy they surpassed the Greek only in refinement of calculation; as they were averse to dissection, their surgery was at a standstill; in medicine they made little progress beyond Hippocrates; and Arabian philosophy has been somewhere wittily described as "the flight into Egypt." From the fact that science contains many Arabic words (as algebra), it must not be inferred that the Arab was a great contributor to scientific knowledge. His chief distinction is that in that dark period when the West slumbered he preserved the lamp of knowledge from extinction.

We are left in no doubt of the author's nationality by his concluding meditation on the Rock of Gibraltar, resembling "a lion couchant, regarding from his great sea-lair all that pass below him in the ocean beneath, and disregarding with majestic unconcern the jealous navies that seem to gnash their iron teeth with envy, as they glance, with impotent rage, upon the Rock whence Britannia rules the waves." O, le beau langage!

India and Her People. By Swami Abhedananda. Published by the Vedanta Society, New York.

One can but sympathize with the purpose actuating the author of this little volume. "To give an impartial account of the facts from the standpoint of an unbiassed historian, and to remove all misunderstandings which prevail among the Americans concerning India and her people" was, we learn from the preface, Mr. Abhedananda's main object in becoming a missionary and delivering before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences the course of lectures which constitute this book. The director of the Institute prefaces the author's preface with an Introduction, in which he assures us that these lectures "contain precisely what the American wants to know about India."

"Not what we want, but what we need" should, however, be the motto of those who really wish to know, and a careful perusal of Swami Abhedananda's book leaves us doubtful whether the reader who has reached the end of the volume will have absorbed more historical truth or fiction. This applies not so much to the first two chapters, on the philosophy and religion of to-day, as to those following, on the social and political institutions, education, and the reciprocal influence of Hindu and Western civilizations, together with a final chapter (not included in the lecture-course) on Woman's Place in Hindu Religion.

From the historical point of view, which is assumed by the Swami, it is to be regretted that the author has not made himself better acquainted with chronology. His vague assumption of priority for all Hindu ideas shows that he has the native inability to distinguish between ascertained fact and poetic fancy. Even in the opening chapter we are confronted with the astounding statement that the Aryan philosophers of India had discovered the evolution of man from the lower animals at a time when the Semites were still trying to explain the origin of the human race through mythology. The casual remark in the next chapter that "Krishna, the Hindu Christ, lived about 1400 B. C.," is in itself a revelation of the unhistorical method of the writer, since even the fact that this Krishna lived at all is doubtful, and no reference to him is older than the sixth century B. C.

More important are the errors in the succeeding chapters. Thus we are told with scorn that we in the West have orphanages, poorhouses, and charitable institutions, which "were not necessary" in ancient India, because the community was "like one family" and "took care of its own poor and its own orphans." In fact, Hindu literature is full of passages showing that the Hindu community never was able to take care of its poor and rarely did so. After this we find a very instructive chapter on political institutions in India. It develops into a tirade against England on the score of taxes and famines, and contains a large number of half-truths. This sort of thing has been done in this sort of way for many decades. The best example of it is Dadabhai's "Poverty of India." Taxes are hard, famines are frequent. If only the English defender would not deny everything and the native (or his English sympathizer, who is generally still more virulent against his kin) would not charge everything to England's account, the truth might at last be known. But little is gained when we come across, at the very outset of the discussion, such a statement as that on page 141 of Mr. Abhedananda's book: "Terrible famines began for the first time with the British rule in India." Terrible famines have been known in India since the Vedic age, which, according to our author, antedates the time of Moses.

On the subject of woman's place in Hindu religion, the author should read both ancient and modern books before lecturing or writing. Women, to Brahmin and Buddhist alike, were the "torches that light the way to hell"; and though this is a sacerdotal view, the contempt for women in India is more marked than anything else even in profane literature. They had no property (our author says erroneously that women "had the same right to possess property as men") till a late era; they were excluded from religious functions, except certain rites; they were regarded merely as a "source of sorrow." The Saramâ, whom the author cities as an historical character, an Amazon, was a mythological goddess! Women have been poetically idealized in India as elsewhere, but their place in religion and the state was next to that of the slave, and at this day no creature more pitiable than many a Hindu woman, disposed of according to native rule and precedent, can be found on earth.

We have given more space to this book than, to tell the truth, it deserves. But its faults are characteristic of so many of the self-satisfied utterances of the bland Hindus who come hither to tell us how much better they would be without Western ideas, that it seems worth while to point out how misleading are the half-truths presented. When a Hindu philosopher tells us about Vedanta religion and philosophy he usually tells us something worth bearing, because it is the only thing he knows well. When he talks about history, civilization, dates, and the status of women he usually makes himself ridiculous.

A Hundred Years Hence. By T. Baron Russell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Science has its prophets as well as its wonders. Mr. Russell's predictions are not baseless visions, nor is his picture of the future, though occasionally extravagant,

so utopian as that of Bellamy. He interprets what is about to be from what is. With a great deal of rather superficial information scientific, artistic, educational, journalistic, social, and religious, he attempts to say what the world will be like one hundred years hence. Not much can be said in praise of his literary style. It is without distinction, monotonous, and garrulous. Mr. Russell calls himself "an optimist," but should his expectations ever be realized the world will, we fear, be in many respects a cheerless place.

Improvement of the telephone and of the phonograph, of course, have a prominent place. The recording telephone will lessen the amount of speaking, and sights as well as sounds will be conveyed over long distances, without wires. The house of the future will be one hundred stories high. Streets will be laid, and houses built upon the surface of the sea; and vehicles will skim the waves without being even partly submerged. Flying machines will be as common as bicycles, and with them travellers will visit the Arctic regions or the tropics with as little concern as they would go for a drive in the park. Domestic servants will be generally replaced by mechanical arrangements. Instead of living actors on the stage, there will be phonographic and panoramic representations of plays which will be performed but once and then reported and photographed for further mechanical repetition.

In a book like this, which is little more than a *jeu d'esprit*, the author should be allowed license for his imagination; and the probability of what he predicts need not be questioned. It is less with his forecast of the future than with his estimate of the present that the critical reader may find fault. His objections to revealed religion, trial by jury, and prevailing methods of education have been made before; and the substitutes which he offers are not enticing. His conceptions of abnormal psychology are rather crude, and his faith in reports of "thought transference" is naïve. Occasionally when he gets below the surface of things he loses his footing, as when he observes that modern atomism does not "tend to materialism" because "with atoms resolved by the latest science into electrons . . . the objectivity of matter has assuredly not received any support."

Taken in small quantities, Mr. Russell's prophecy is diverting, but those who read it continuously may wish that parts of it had been written in the age predicted by the author, when "boredom" shall have been abolished.

Drama.

TWO PLAYS BY CLYDE FITCH.

In "The Straight Road," one of the two new plays which Clyde Fitch has produced this week, he has chosen what is for him a comparatively new subject. Unfortunately, he has not treated it with much orlginality or power, or with manifest sincerity of purpose, although he reveals once more his sense of theatrical situation and his dexterity and unscrupulousness in creating it. His primary object being to construct a character suitable to the positive but restricted abilities of Miss Blanche Walsh, he conceived a scheme in which a woman of the slums, brutalized by hardship, ignorance, and drink, but not unchaste, is redeemed by the kindness of a philanthropic heiress, and the influence of a crippled child working on her undeveloped instincts of motherhood. In course of time this reformed creature, who is beautiful, attracts the attention of a vicious young profligate, who is soon to marry her benefactress, and by him is placed in a cruelly false position. Finding herself utterly discredited in the eyes of her guardian angel, she resolves to expose her persecutor's character, even at the risk of her own, and so contrives that while visiting her, he shall be surprised by his betrothed. Her plan succeeds partly, for the heiress is effectually disenchanted; but unluckily her own lover is unexpectedly present at the exposure, and remorselessly casts her off. In her furious rebellion against the injustice which has made her best impulses the agents of her ruin, she relapses temporarily into her old savagery, but soon her better instincts reassert themselves. Presently, her innocence is established, and all ends well, even for the heiress, whose loss of her chosen husband is certainly no calamity. This is a good theme, of much dramatic potentiality, but Mr. Fitch has handled it, for the most part, in conventional fashion. There is vigor and truth, together with much that is merely commonplace, in his sketch of his heroine, Molly O'Hara, but the device which he employs to secure her disgrace is quite unworthy of his experience or invention. The female philanthropist and her profligate suitor are both purely theatrical figures, but the tenement house folk, if they betray little originality in drawing, or novelty in humorous fancy, do possess vitality. It is only in the third act, where the girl's plot works out to her own undoing, that the playwright shows much of his habitual skill in the composition of an effective theatrical scene, or a striking emotional climax. The conception of the girl, in her blank despair, wrecking the home she had made, is bold and true. It was a pity to spoil it by such a transparent trick as the tearing down of a window blind to let a ray of light fall on a picture of the Virgin. Such theatrical miracles generally fail of their intended effect. Miss Walsh gives a good straightforward performance of the heroine, showing earnestness and fair intelligence, but nothing like inspiration.

Mr. Fitch's second play, "The Truth," presented in the Criterion Theatre, wavers on the border between farce and eccentric comedy, and may be dismissed with brief notice. The central idea of it has been used frequently upon the stage, since the days of Foote's old comedy, "The Liar," and doubtless is still capable of good theatrical service, but Mr. Fitch spoils the effect by whimsical extravagance, constantly outstepping the modesty of nature, which is one of his besetting sins as a dramatist. His heroine is a young married woman, with a constitutional incapacity for speaking the truth. Theoretically, her misrepresentations are not malicious, but their cumulative effect alienates her friends, jeopardizes her good name, and causes her separation from a devoted husband, who refuses to believe her, when she protests, very truly, that she is entirely innocent in deed, although appearances are against her. With his usual ingenuity, Mr. Fitch has devised two or three effective domestic crises, but they fail to impress the spectator deeply, because of the unsympathetic nature of the personages concerned, and the extreme improbability of the preliminary conditions. The woman lies so persistently, so unnecessarily, and so foolishly that she excites impaticnce and contempt rather than amusement. Moreover, it is only too plain that her falsehoods are invented with a view to the desired complications. The subordinate characters are overdrawn, and the piece throughout is lacking in proportion, restraint, and sincerity. The moral that honesty is the best policy is, of course, unexceptionable. Mrs. Bloodgood, for whom the part of the heroine was written, is only moderately successful in it. She is better in the emotional, than in the humorous passages, in which her self-consciousness is destructive of illusion. William B. Mack, as a broken-down gambler and blackmailer, Mrs. Sam Sothern as a jealous woman, and Zelda Sears, as an elderly widow in search of a husband, are all entitled to a word of praise.

The first volume of "Shakespeare's Pronunciation," by Professor W. Viëtor of Marburg, contains a phonology, with "a rime-index to the poems as a pronouncing vocabulary." In the earlier part of the book, the author, after having explained the phonetic system to be employed, discusses the Shakespearian pronunciation of the vowel and consonant sounds in order, basing his conclusions on the rhymes of Shakespeare's poems interpreted in the light of the early dictionaries and treatises on pronunciation. Since the book is professedly aimed at a wider than the purely specialist audience, it is fair to remark that Professor Viëtor is by no means always careful to make his discussions self-explanatory, or to avoid terms and allusions which imply a considerable technical knowledge, not only of phonetics, but even of the special works bearing on the Elizabethan period. Moreover, at times he uses phonetic symbols, like [y:] in chapter v., which are not included in his key. Even his list of approximate equations with modern English sounds is not as free from ambiguity as might be desired. Thus the Shakespearian vowel-sound in *by* is equated with "exaggerated London English (and usual Cockney) *e* in *be*," and the Shakespearian *aw* in *saw* with "Northern English and Cockney *a* in *father*." Some method of indicating sounds which does not demand so minute a knowledge of English local usage might surely have been found. The second part of the volume is entitled to more hearty commendation. The exhaustive rhyme-index is so arranged as to be available whether one accepts Viëtor's own conclusions or no, and it affords an excellent starting point as well as much evidence for the study of Shakespeare's personal usage in pronunciation. The book as a whole is simpler and easier to use than Ellis's great work, being much less comprehensive in scope; and it is the most convenient work on the subject

in English. It is to be completed by a "Shakespeare Reader in the Old Spelling and with a Phonetic Transcription." (Marburg: Elwert; London: D. Nutt.)

The London *Spectator* of July 2, 1898, printed a letter from Rudyard Kipling on the sources of Shakespeare's "Tempest." Mr. Kipling advanced the theory that Shakespeare might have received the suggestion for the play from the "chatter of a half-tipsy sailor" who had visited "the still-vext Bermoothes." This view Mr. Kipling fortified by the statement that "those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II., Scene 2 of 'The Tempest' ":

A bare hearth, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ("my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid"). . . . It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognized in a flash that old first set of all.

This letter has been privately reprinted in an edition of fifty-two copies by Edwin Collins Frost and George Parker Winship of Providence. Mr. Frost, librarian of Marsden J. Perry's collection of Shakespeariana, contributes to the little book a preface which displays both learning and vivacity. He points out, among other things, that Mr. Kipling's suggestion has peculiar interest as coming from "one who has himself had wide experience in gathering and using material for literary purposes."

It is a comprehensive programme that Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will offer at the Lyric Theatre, when they begin their engagement there week after next. Among the plays in which they are to be seen are: "John the Baptist," by Hermann Suderman; "Jeanne d'Arc," by Percy Mackaye; "The Daughter of Jorio," by Gabriel d'Annunzio; "Guenever," by H. W. Boynton; "The Sunken Bell," by Gerhardt Hauptmann; "Francesca da Rimini," by Gabriel d'Annunzio, and "When Knighthood Was in Flower," by Charles Major. The Shakespearean plays will be "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It." If there were many more companies engaged in diversified work of this sort, it would be a good thing for the stage.

Music.

Symphony Writers Since Beethoven. By Felix Weingartner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Felix Weingartner is one of the most interesting and commanding figures in the contemporary musical world. As a composer—of operas, symphonies, and songs—he has not yet won the recognition he is doubtless convinced posterity will accord him; but as an orchestral conductor he is hailed as one of the chiefs in every capital of either continent that he deigns to visit. But just as Liszt, thirty-nine years before his end, gave up playing the piano, though all the world was devoured with eagerness to hear him, so Weingartner, who is still a young man, has disappointed his many admirers by a stubborn determination to lay down the bâton. Several years ago he gave up operatic conducting, and his concert work is now limited to Berlin. Even there he does it sulkily, and only under compulsion, because he is not allowed to cancel his contract.

The truth of the observation that brains are needed for success in modern music is well attested in the case of Weingartner. Without being one of those so-called prima-donna conductors whose main desire is to call attention to their new readings, he is nevertheless far removed from those old-fashioned time-beaters whom Wagner denounced with such withering scorn. To him a symphony is a subject for thought as well as a means of entertaining an audience; and his thoughts on the post-Beethoven symphonists, as embodied in the volume before us, are quite as interesting as his interpretations of these works with the bâton. The English translation by Arthur Bles (which is serviceable, without being a model) is based on the revised second German edition. Now, there is a still later German edition, in which Weingartner has considerably modified some of his opinions, especially in the pages devoted to Schumann and Brahms. These changes should have been noted, if only in an appendix. In truth, however, just as Schopenhauer hotly repudiated the second, revised edition of the "Critique of Pure Reason," as being less Kantian and consistent than the first version, so it is likely that readers of the future will prefer the first and second Weingartner editions to the third, as far the more valuable. In the third he goes so far as to attempt to prove that he was mistaken in attributing to Schumann and Brahms a lack of skill in orchestration; but he fails here with his pen just as he has failed to prove this point with his bâton.

Although he seems inclined to think that an attempt to write a symphony after Beethoven is "almost as absurd as the wish to climb higher than the summit of a mountain," Weingartner does not endorse Wagner's view that Beethoven's Ninth was the last possible word in this form. Wagner himself, in one of his later essays, admitted, under certain conditions, the possibility of saying something new in the symphonic form, and the present volume shows how far the successors of Beethoven succeeded. Schubert was a contemporary rather than a successor; of him our author speaks with eloquent admiration, though he fails to note that in melodic spontaneity as well as in novelty of modulation and an instinct for rich orchestral coloring he far surpasses Beethoven. He notes the evil influence of Mendelssohn on Schumann, whose symphonic works "produce more effect when well played as a piano duet than in the concert room." He descants (pp. 51-55) on the mannerisms of Brahms, shows how they result in ennui, and almost endorses the opinion of a French critic who wrote: "Il travaille extrêmement bien, avec des idées qu'il n'a pas." He shows how, unlike the really great men, Brahms is easy to parody. In Bruckner (not Brückner, as the text persists in making it) he admires "the wonderful abundance of new ideas, the individuality of his themes, and the astonishing long-windedness of his melodies." Dvorák and Saint-Saëns are dismissed all too briefly with a few lines of praise. But a long section is devoted to Berlioz and Liszt, and this is by far the most valuable part of this volume. Without being blind to the faults and failures of those two men, Weingartner points out with admirable clearness the importance of their contributions to the storehouse of orchestral music.

Nine years ago, when Bernard Shaw was still a musical critic, he perpetrated a *jeu d'esprit* entitled "The Perfect Wagnerite," in which he tried to prove in a semi-serious spirit of sarcasm that Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" is not merely an opera libretto, but a strong socialistic document, which could not have been written before the middle of the last century, because it deals with "shareholders, tall hats, white-lead factories, and industrial and political questions looked at from the socialistic and humanitarian point of view." It must be confessed that Wagner himself was wont to descant on the philosophic import of his dramas; why should not others follow his example, seriously or otherwise? Thoroughly serious is Mary E. Lewis in "The Ethics of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Since Wagner himself, when writing this drama, exclaimed in a letter that it would be "the greatest poem ever written," it seems worth while to examine it from all points of view. Yet one is startled to read in the preface that "this volume contains the history of the evolution, or advancement, of the thought of the world, as it is set forth" in that poem. It cannot be conceded that this ambitious programme has been carried out by the author; but she has written a 178-page prose version of the poem which will doubtless help some to disentangle its threads.

Faust has fascinated more composers than any other poetic subject. Riemann devotes four columns of his "Opern-Handbuch" to an enumeration of the operas based on it, and the concert list would take up almost as much space. At our opera houses opportunity has lately been given to hear Gounod's "Faust" and Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," in both of which Miss Geraldine Farrar gave further evidence of her excellent vocal art and rare originality as an actress. At the fourth Philharmonic concert Mr. Safonoff conducted Wagner's "Faust Overture" and Liszt's "Two Episodes from Lenau's 'Faust,' " the second being the familiar "Mephisto Waltz," in which the fiery Russian conductor was at his best; he is an ideal Liszt conductor, as might have been expected. He is a great Liszt enthusiast, and rather oddly he also believes in Brahms, whose third symphony he has chosen for the next Philharmonic programme, January 25 and 26, with the firm conviction that he can convert the unbelievers. We shall see. The soloist of the fourth Philharmonic was Ossip Gabrilowitch, who has, since his last appearance in America, undergone a sea change from a mere virtuoso into something rich and strange—a genuine musician.

Mme. Nordica is to sing at forty-five operatic performances in New Orleans this winter. That is a very pleasant thing for the denizens of that town to look forward to, but it means that New Yorkers

will not hear her at all this season in opera. By way of partial compensation there was a Nordica concert at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, which was one of the events of the year, both as regards musical value and the enthusiasm it aroused. Mr. Safonoff, as a matter of course, conducted, giving superb readings of Weber's "Oberon" overture and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo," and playing the orchestral parts to Mme. Nordica's principal numbers—Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido," and the "Götterdämmerung" finale—with unerring instinct for artistic and emotional results. Of the prima donna's singing it is enough to say that hers is the most beautiful voice now on the stage, but, it is not a "doll-face" voice; everything she sings, be it a tragic episode by Wagner, a difficult concert aria by Beethoven, a song by Brahms or Grieg, or a wild Hungarian air, is surcharged with feeling. Her art is as near perfection as anything human can be.

A memorial to the late Prof. John Knowles Paine of Harvard is proposed by his pupils and admirers. The plan is to raise $150,000 for a building which shall be the centre of the musical interests of the university. An appeal for the money has been issued by Arthur Foote, Walter Spalding, and Frederick S. Converse.

Art.

The Secret of the Old Masters. By Albert Abendschein. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Albert Abendschein is one of the latest of the long list of painters who have been fascinated by the "Venetian secret" and have spent years in experimenting with varnishes and media in the effort to master it. It is almost a pity to tell what Mr. Abendschein conceives the secret to be: it is like giving the reader, in advance, the solution of a detective story. There is something of the fascination of such a story in the author's method of recounting the order and the incidents of his search, the outcome of which is the almost disappointing but eminently sane conclusion that there never was any secret at all except care, leisureliness, and—sunshine! In other words, the author has proved, to his own and, we may say, to our satisfaction, that the great Venetians and Flemings used no mysterious varnishes whatever, their vehicle being plain linseed oil, and their reliance for permanence and brilliancy being upon plenty of time for drying between successive paintings and upon prolonged exposure to direct sunlight to burn out the excess of oil.

As a side issue there is some discussion of the already pretty well understood method of representing flesh by a cold underpainting, or dead coloring, and subsequent glazing. It is undoubtedly the only method by which the Venetian glow is attainable, and Mr. Abendschein is right in recommending it to those who would attain that quality, as we believe he is in his interpretation of Boschini's confusing account of Titian's manner of work. In the case of Veronese, however, we think that Mr. Abendschein is guilty of something like a wresting from its plain meaning of the same Boschini's statement. Veronese *may* have painted flesh according to Titian's method, though we think it improbable that he did so. Boschini's account is more likely to refer to his method with draperies and other objects, and means what it says:

> He painted everything first in middle tint, and on this he touched both lights and darks, leaving the middle tint visible everywhere between them, as it was first prepared. The middle tint was laid in opaque color.

We submit that "middle tint" does not mean dead color, that "touching *lights* and darks" does not mean glazing, and that "visible *between* them" does not mean through them. Veronese's manner was that of a decorator who worked habitually on vast surfaces, to whom expedition was of first importance, to whom a general clarity and breadth of light was more important than richness of individual tint or the glow of flesh painting. In spite of this blemish, Mr. Abendschein's little book will be read with interest by all painters, and they are too few, who care for beautiful craftsmanship.

He expresses a half regret that his researches have come to a close. Why should he not give us as careful an investigation of the wholly different and equally beautiful methods of the Dutch and Flemish artists and of Holbein? Rubens and Van Dyck, of course, painted in a modification of the Venetian method, and so, we believe, did Vermeer, at least at times. But the bulk of Northern painting seems to be based on the radically different principle of a warm *frottis* or transparent scrubbing with subsequent opaque painting, and much of this work is magnificent and thoroughly preserved. Rubens himself tended more and more to this method in later life and influenced all the eighteenth century to adopt it. A beautiful instance of it, quite surprising in its successful slightness, is the Goya portrait of a man, recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Abendschein has done well, but the investigation of the technical methods of the old masters is not so nearly completed as he imagines.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has issued a small volume (290 pages besides the Index), "Decorative Styles and Periods in the Home," by Helen Churchill Candee. The 177 illustrations are half-tones, and good ones on the whole. The frontispiece is a stately Venetian bedstead. Chests and cabinets of the sixteenth, chairs and armchairs of the seventeenth, cabinets and panellings of the eighteenth century, follow each other in historical order; and Figures 60 and 61 show two of those legendary Napoleonic pieces of furniture, which used to be kept in the Garde-Meuble, and are now presumably in the greatly enlarged collection of the Louvre. Among so many pictures there are, of course, many styles displayed, and one likes especially the simpler bits, the gate-legged Jacobean table in Figure 73, and the broad arm-chairs of Chippendale design in Figure 93. The text is oddly composed, with unusual turns of language, but it is intelligible, and the distinction between styles has evidently been clear to the writer. There is a little too free a treatment of the periods—thus, pages 75-6, the French Renaissance is all lumped together as if Francis I. and Louis XIII. were nearly contemporaneous, and as if a château built under Henri II. and the Luxembourg palace were to be considered in the same connection. It is difficult, however, to maintain chronological distinctions in a book that is meant to be readable, with dates not thickly interspersed. The book might have been more instructive if written in severer style, but in that case fewer persons would read it.

The seventh volume of "The Royal Academy of Arts: a Complete Dictionary of Contributors and Their Work from Its Foundation in 1769 to 1904," by Algernon Graves, has just been issued. This brings the alphabetical sequence from Sacco to Tofano. The eighth and last volume of this important work is already in type.

Pictures by J. Alden Weir, including twenty-three landscapes and portraits in oil, and about fifty etchings, are on exhibition at Montross's gallery in this city until January 15. Four of the paintings, a figure piece, "Memories," and three landscapes have just been completed. The others cover the artist's career from the very beginning up to the present time, and the whole collection, with the few water colors shown in this gallery recently, gives a fair idea of the range of Mr. Weir's achievement. Mr. Weir has certainly made an advance in his three recent landscapes. They are the loveliest paintings of green grass and green leaves that one is likely to see in a very great while. He combines here as perhaps no one before him has done the actual quiver of sunlight with a singularly fresh and quiet atmospheric effect. One may note throughout the collection how constant an experimenter in methods Mr. Weir has been. "The Gray Gown" is the best portrait in the exhibition. It is intensely alive, and straightforwardly painted, with that simplicity of eye and hand that deals only with the essential. The etchings show considerable technical sureness and delicacy, but even within their own field they cannot have the interest that the oils have in theirs. The treatment seems too often either heavy, or, if an attempt has been made for delicacy, weak. "Coon Alley" and "Bas Meudon" may be taken as fair examples of his most successful treatment.

An exhibition of paintings by the late John H. Twachtman is now being held at the Lotos Club, No. 556 Fifth Avenue. Comprising forty-five oils and pastels, lent by various owners, it offers an unusual opportunity to see a comprehensive collection of the work of the most sensitive artistic spirit among American followers of the French impressionist school. Twachtman, in common with his school, sought to reproduce on his canvases the actual pitch and vibration of light in the open air. But more than either Childe Hassam or J. Alden Weir, who make with him the three greatest exponents of the school in America, he was interested in the vague and evanescent colors in a scene. At his best he conveys this delicacy of color with the impression of perfect truth. But his work is uneven in quality, as in the Melting Snow, which shows some crudity of color. It would be hard, however, to find any painting more shimmeringly soft than the

Misty May Morning, The End of Winter, and the River in Winter.

The exhibition of Italian art at Ehrich's gallery in this city includes a few masterpieces, and nearly every piece illustrates some interesting phase of Italian art. The St. John the Evangelist, by Liberale da Verona, for instance, is one of the finest that Liberale ever painted. The influence of Mantegna is apparent in the bold foreshortening of the face and the hand, in the type of the face, and in the sculptural dignity of the drawing. Another picture of importance is the Madonna and Child by Francia, in the artist's maturer manner. Lorenzo Lotto is well represented by the Lady with a Book. The collection contains a group of portraits of men, among which the most striking is the Portrait of an Old Man, by Bassano, rich and dark in tone, and powerful in characterization. An excellent example by Pordenone is the Portrait of a Young Scholar. The dignified Astronomer, by Pontormo, shows the German influence under which this artist fell in his later years. Of the Venetian scenes by Bellotto, Marieschi, and Guardi, the most important is the large Marriage of the Adriatic, by Guardi. Salvatore Rosa is represented by a large Italian Landscape, which shows more of the classic treatment of landscape than most of his work.

The Theobald collection of etchings by Whistler, comprising 241 numbers, is on view at Knoedler's gallery in this city. Numerous examples in excellent impressions are shown of Whistler's work from his earliest to his latest period.

An exhibition of recent paintings by William Sartain will be held at Macbeth's gallery in this city from January 11 to 25. The exhibition will include work by Mr. Sartain during his visit to Spain last summer.

Among the recent acquisitions at the Metropolitan Museum, which were put on exhibition Saturday, is a group of a hundred objects belonging to various classes of the smaller Greek and Roman antiquities. They include fifteen vases, seventeen bronzes, twenty miscellaneous objects, mostly of gold and silver, and seventy-two terra-cottas. Most of the terra-cottas are statuettes from Tanagra, and are of great beauty. Among the recently acquired paintings, the most important is the portrait of the Rev. W. Pennicott, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This work is a striking example of the artist's early and best style. The other pictures include three paintings of the Dutch school: Calm Sea, by S. de Vlieger; a large landscape by S. Van Ruysdael, and a portrait of Nell Gwyn by Sir Peter Lely.

The valuable collection of Japanese prints at the Library of Congress has recently been increased by the purchase of several hundred examples selected in Japan by Miss Helen Hyde.

In a room of the palace at Avignon, once the bedchamber of the Popes, an interesting series of frescoes has been discovered, admirably preserved, and apparently dating from the fourteenth century.

An unsigned family tree of Rubens has been discovered at Antwerp, which proves that the painter was born at Cologne, and lived there until his eleventh year.

Gustav Kruell, the wood-engraver, died at San Luis Obispo, Cal., January 2, in his sixty-fourth year. He was born at Düsseldorf. After serving an apprenticeship in Germany and establishing some reputation as an engraver, Kruell, in 1873, came to America, where his skill at once found employment with some of the leading illustrated periodicals. At that time cheap reproductive processes were but little used; and Kruell and his friend Frederick Juengling impressed their methods upon the art of the period. In 1881 they together organized the Society of American Wood-Engravers, of which Kruell became president in 1895. With the development of the half-tone process, Kruell's field in the magazines was limited, and he devoted himself more completely to independent efforts. In 1890, he exhibited the first of that remarkable series of historic portraits which is undoubtedly the most enduring expression of his art. This exhibition included two portraits of Darwin, a portrait of William Lloyd Garrison, and one of Wendell Phillips. In 1891 appeared the portrait of Lincoln, which is thought by many to be the finest of all the likenesses of the great Emancipator. The Lincoln portrait was followed by successful presentations of Lowell, Francis James Child, Hawthorne, Holmes, Whitman, Godkin, Franklin, Webster, Grant, Sherman, and other prominent men of this country and England. Some of the American heads were published not long ago under the title, "A Portfolio of National Portraits." Kruell always avoided so-called new methods and novel effects in technique for the sake of temporary and eccentric notoriety. Feeling his subject with a rare power of concentration, he believed a sympathetic rendering of his original to be the result to strive for; and his hand, thoroughly trained, responded instinctively to the governing ideas behind it. The *Nation* has more than once called attention to the sincerity and breadth of his art. The pathetic side of Kruell's work is that it was undertaken to make head against the undermining of the art of wood engraving by the rise of "process" relief engraving to which reference has already been made. Gold-medallist though he was at Chicago, Berlin, and St. Louis, Kruell experienced some difficulty in his later years in maintaining the independent livelihood which was his due.

Prof. Otto Benndorf, the archæologist, died, January 2, at Vienna, in his sixty-ninth year. He was best known for his investigations at Ephesus and Samothrace. He successively occupied the chairs of archæology at Göttingen, Zurich, Munich, Prague, and Vienna. Since 1898 he had been director of the Austrian Archæological Institute.

Science.

RECENT ADVANCES IN ZOÖLOGICAL SCIENCE.

The significance and value of the recent meeting in this city of the American Association for the Advancement of Science may be summed up in one sentence, from the address of the vice-president of the zoölogical section, Prof. Henry B. Ward of the University of Nebraska: "The highest and best work in science is due to co-operation." When one takes a mental review of the various sessions of section F, that devoted to zoölogy, one is instantly impressed with the similarity in trend of the research work of scientists from all parts of the country. In a word, this all-pervading spirit of modern scientific work is to take plants or animals into the laboratory, and by hybridizing or breeding, to discover how they conform to Mendel's laws of heredity, or to tabulate their reactions to stimuli of every conceivable description, rays of white or colored light, heat, moisture, and chemicals. This method of working upon living plants and animals is in sharp contrast with the favorite mode of research of a few years ago—which was that of dissection and anatomical investigation. This work is yielding hundreds of facts, which, little by little, are being marshalled into orderly array, for some future master mind to mould into a perfect conception of evolution and life—the basic truth of the history of the earth.

Among the more interesting matters brought forward for discussion is the recent discovery that we owe pearls to the irritation in the mantle of the pearl oyster, not, as was formerly supposed, of a grain of sand, but of the inorganic remains or cyst of a cestode larva, a form of parasitic worm. Dr. A. G. Mayer of the Tortugas Carnegie Laboratory in Florida considered the cause of the rhythmical pulsations in such unrelated marine animals as jelly-fish (*medusæ*), barnacles (*lepas*), and the heart of sea-turtles. He asserts that the movement is due to the chemical action of certain elements in the sea-water. Sodium, potassium, and calcium chlorides are stimulators of nerve tissue, and, acting on the ring of the jelly-fish or the appendages of a barnacle, these three elements cause contraction. Almost instantly, however, their effect ceases and a reaction occurs, by means of the magnesium which is present and which functions as an inhibitor of the action. Hence the contraction, or throb, ceases for a moment, when the sodium and other elements again become effective and another throb ensues. Thus a condition of unstable equilibrium is constant, resulting in the successive throbs of jelly ring or barnacle legs or turtle heart.

In a symposium upon heredity and experimental evolution, a significant instance of constant reversion was presented by Prof. C. B. Davenport. Red and black are the two principal colors of the wild jungle fowl, from which all our domestic breeds of poultry are descended. If we closely examine a black cochin-china cock, we shall see that the areas which are red in the jungle fowl, are glossy black in the domestic breed. If this cock is mated with a pure white hen, the chicks will show the ancient jungle fowl coloration, red and black; the lack of pigment in the hen compensating for or using up the excess of black in the cock and revealing the latent red color hidden in the glossy areas.

Fighting the Polar Ice. By Anthony Fiala. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.

At a time when Peary has made "farthest

north" as the record of one of the most brilliant pieces of exploration ever accomplished, the narrative of a dreary failure in Arctic waters comes with little favor; and not even the embellishments of art can secure for it a place in the bright page of discovery. Three expeditions, all practically without result in advancing scientific or geographic knowledge, mark the effort of money to buy the Pole, or, to use the words of the preface, to satisfy "the crowning desire" of a merchant "to link his name with some scientific achievement which would be considered great when compared with others of the twentieth century." It was perhaps no fault of the late William Ziegler that the expeditions which he supported were not more successful, for we are informed in the same preface that probably "no explorer had ever sailed under more favorable or promising conditions" than the commander of the first of the three expeditions. Many of the readers of Fiala's pages will probably still have fresh in memory the words attributed to his sailing and ice-master when leaving these shores: that the grit of the party, backed by an all-American crew, could not fail to win the prize; and these readers will perhaps hardly be prepared for that type of Arctic valor which abandoned the "first attempt north" (p. 80) after a march of less than two days. The second retreat (p. 88) was accomplished still more expeditiously.

The third and final effort to capture the Pole was barely more successful. The record of the commander's log-book, under date of March 5, 1905, affirms that there was little hope left of reaching the Pole, but the expedition still looked "forward as an achievement to breaking the noble Captain Cagni's record" (p. 162). Toward the consummation of this project the expedition put in seven days of laborious effort, abandoning the final search on the 82d parallel of latitude, under conditions which the leader thus describes (p. 173):

> We felt ourselves equal in strength, purpose, and endurance to any that had ever been in the field; our equipment was better and our dogs better trained.

The effort to break Cagni's record (86° 14′) thus fell short by 290 statute miles. The narrative should furnish a lesson to those asnirants for Arctic fame who are still searching for automobile routes to the Pole, or who believe no special study or form of training necessary to cope successfully with conditions in the far North. The story also sets out in extraordinary relief the accomplishments of men of the type of Peary, Nansen, and the Duke of the Abruzzi.

Those familiar with the intricacies and dangers of navigation in Arctic ice can hardly fail to be surprised that, in direct opposition to the counsel of his ice-master, who declined to assume responsibility for the safety of the vessel "if she was allowed to remain in Teplitz Bay," the civilian commander gave orders "to winter the ship in that neighborhood" (p. 43). As a result, the vessel was crushed in an early nip. Additional light is thrown on the outcome of this expedition by the statement (p. 49) that the America, the vessel that was shortly afterwards crushed in the ice, "had broken loose during the first night of the storm and had been drifting and steaming ever since without any one on board having any knowledge of her whereabouts."

Mr. Fiala's book, while not contributing materially to the fund of Arctic knowledge, and while not supplying much in the way of adventure, may yet be found enjoyable by those who find in Arctic literature perennial charm. It has the advantage of high embellishment by means of the brush and camera, and it presents some types of Northern color in a way that has perhaps not before been attempted. The proof revision is not perfect, for we find a frequent repetition of the erroneous spelling of Tromso (Tromsö), the occurrence of Weiner (Wiener) Neustadt on pp. 144 and 145, the citation of the Polaris as the vessel of the Duke of the Abruzzi expedition instead of the Stella Polare (p. 33), etc. The single comprehensive map that accompanies the volume, that of the Franz-Josef Archipelago, curiously enough omits to give the route of the expedition.

A striking development, which was discussed at the recent meeting, in this city, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is photo-microscopy by means of ultra-violet rays. With the aid of these rays, double the magnification of even the highest powers of the microscope can be obtained; but, as glass is opaque to these rays, the lenses must be made of rock crystal, and the quicksilver placed on the upper side of the mirror. These rays affect the nuclei of cells and other objects in the same way as a stain, and thus the minutest structure of *living* organisms can be studied—an achievement never before possible. This work in photo-microscopy by ultra-violet light has been carried to a high state of perfection in this country by Prof. E. G. Conklin and H. G. Kribs of the University of Pennsylvania. The inventor of the apparatus was Dr. Köhler, a physicist in the employ of Carl Zeiss.

A new collection of Liebig letters is promised for the near future, according to the announcement of the *Mitteilungen zur Geschichte der Medizin und Naturwissenschaften* (vi., 1), to be edited by Dr. Walther N. Clemm of Darmstadt. These letters were written between the years 1843 and 1845, and addressed to a favorite pupil and collaborateur, Dr. Karl Clemm, who had charge of the chemical factory in Mannheim and had worked in Liebig's laboratory in Giessen. These letters deal with chemical experiments, principally in the manufacture of fertilizers and of silver mirrors.

The New York Botanical Garden has acquired the remarkable collection of mosses made by William Mitten, who died in England last July. The collection contains specimens from all over the world, but the rarest and most valuable are from the Andes, where they were secured by Richard Spruce, the English botanist, during a residence of ten years in South America. In all, the specimens number at least 50,000. The Botanical Garden now has one of the three or four largest collections of mosses in the world.

The death of Augustin Normand deprives French naval architecture of one of its most eminent leaders. He came of a shipbuilding stock long settled at Le Havre; and he united high scientific attainment with great mechanical skill, as he proved in various publications relating to the theory of shipbuilding. His name in recent years had been much before the public in connection with the design and construction of vessels of the torpedo flotilla.

Finance.

PROBING INTO UNION PACIFIC.

In the spring of 1901, when the Stock Exchange became a focus of excitement, people seemed to lose their heads. The common view was that our wealthiest capitalists had concluded that prices, on their merits, were destined to go indefinitely higher, and that these capitalists were making haste to invest on the rise. The public followed what appeared to be the example of the great financiers; and it was not until the bubble had been pricked, with heavy losses to all outside participants, that the facts were understood. Those facts, as every intelligent man is now aware, were, first, that stock of one or more companies was bought up by "syndicates" with access to trust company funds and life insurance surpluses, solely with the idea of reselling to another company; second, that these other companies used credit and issued bonds to raise the purchase-money; third, that they calculated on indefinite willingness of the public to buy the new securities. The "Wall Street boom" of that day, which was to establish new precedents in every direction, is now seen to have been based on the old and familiar process of incurring debt by wholesale, and dipping recklessly into trust funds.

Discovery of these homely and somewhat sordid facts, supplemented as it was by the disclosures of the insurance investigation, for a long time put a quietus on this sort of performance. During the past eighteen months, however, Wall Street has been favored with exhibitions similar to those of 1901. The saying has been that certain stocks were "cornered," and, in fact, shares of companies with capital ranging from $70,000,000 to $150,000,000 actually seemed to be so held that the price could be arbitrarily fixed without forcing actual sales. Still other stocks would be advanced, by leaps and bounds, in the face of acute money stringency, deficits in bank reserves, or actual bad news. The general public, however, kept its head and refused to be swept into the game on the scale of April, 1901. Nevertheless, people were puzzled as to what it all meant. Since the new insurance law of last April, access of wealthy speculators and manipulators to the funds of life companies was no longer possible. Where did the money come from, then, for these extravagant feats in the financial market?

Well, the answer is not difficult, since last week's investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Union Pacific Railway, as a company, has bought since the close of last June no less than $103,000,000 worth of stock of other companies. Part of the purchase money was derived from the proceeds of a profitable operation in Northern Pacific stock; part, and appar-

ently the larger part, from money borrowed by the company on its notes. Last July the company reported a surplus unparalleled in railway history: actual cash on hand, $21,258,000, in addition to $34,710,000 loaned out in Wall Street. One might imagine that the directors would carefully limit the use of this surplus—a formidable trust to commit to any man. But they were troubled by no petty scruples. A few days after this remarkable showing, they adopted the following resolution:

That E. H. Harriman, chairman of the executive committee, be, and is hereby, authorized to borrow such sums of money as may be needed for the uses of this company, to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed, and to pledge the securities of this company as collateral to such notes.

That is to say, with $55,000,000 ready cash in the treasury, the board of directors authorized one man not only, by inference, to use it up, but to throw the company into debt for as much more as he pleased, without the formality of consulting the directors. In the light of these disclosures, no intelligent and right-minded business man can deny that the Union Pacific Railway board, not long ago pointed out as an example of conservatism, has set a pattern of recklessness.

With such a fountain of credit constantly at the disposal of one man and his Wall Street associates, manipulation of the stock market, on a daring and extravagant scale, has been the almost inevitable sequel. We do not assert that Mr. Harriman, or any one else on the Union Pacific board, has utilized its funds for anything but the company's own purposes; indeed, the testimony showed Mr. Harriman, two years ago, as a free-handed lender to the company. But what is now clear is that the same dual relations out of which grew the life insurance troubles—the seller of property deciding that the company shall purchase from him; the speculator, in stocks or in a "syndicate underwriting," backing his personal venture with a similar operation based on his company's trust funds—become in this case the easiest of possibilities. It is not, in fact, too much to say that points of resemblance to the insurance scandal come to light with every fresh turn of the investigation. The trick in the finances of the New York Life for which George W. Perkins and C. S. Fairchild are under indictment, is almost exactly duplicated in the transaction of 1903 between Harriman and his fellow-director, William Rockefeller. Fearing success of the "Keene suit," to enjoin Union Pacific's agents from voting the half interest held by the company in Southern Pacific stock, William Rockefeller was induced, in consideration of 6 per cent. interest and $187,000 cash, to buy from the company 300,000 Southern Pacific shares and sell them back again five months later—the purpose obviously being to deceive the public and the courts.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A. L. A. Portrait Index. Washington.
American Book-Prices Current, 1906. Compiled by Luther S. Livingston. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Aria, Mrs. Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Arnold-Forster, H. O. The Army in 1906. Dutton. $4 net.
Ballard, Addison. Through the Sieve. Robert Grier Cooke.
Barrington, Mrs. Russell. The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton. 2 vols. Macmillan Co.
Bennett, Arnold. Hugo. F. M. Buckels & Co. $1.50.
Bernhardi, Frederick von. Cavalry in Future Wars. Translated by Charles S. Goldman. Dutton. $3 net.
Bradby, G. F. The Great Days of Versailles. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Brookfield, Frances M. The Cambridge "Apostles." Scribners.
Christie, William Wallace. Boiler-Waters. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3 net.
Clemens, Will M. The House of the Hundred Doors. The Hawthorne Press.
Clerici, Graziano Paolo. A Queen of Indiscretions. Translated by Frederic Chapman. John Lane Co. $7 net.
Cross, Alfred W. S. Public Baths and Wash-Houses. Imported by Scribners. $7.50 net.
Cundall, H. M. Birkett Foster. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Day, Luella. The Tragedy of the Klondike.
El Diez De Febrero. F. J. Dassori.
Etchings of William Strang Ara. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Fairbanks, Harold Wellman. Practical Physiography. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.60.
Farming Almanac. Compiled by Claude H. Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co. 25 cents.
Foord, J. Decorative Plant and Flower Studies. Imported by Scribners. $15 net.
Franklin Bicentennial Celebration. Vol. I. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society.
Fraser, Edward. The Enemy at Trafalgar. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Fyvie, John. Comedy of Queens. Dutton. $4 net.
Goff, A., and J. H. Levy. Politics and Disease. London: P. S. King & Son.
Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi. Translated by Paschal Robinson. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.
Great Swamp Fight Monument: The Ceremony and Oration. Boston: The Merrymount Press.
Haydon, A. L. The Book of V. C. Dutton. $1.50.
Hegemonius Acta Archelai. Edited by Charles H. Beeson. Leipzig.
Heine's Works. Translated by Charles G. Leland and others. 12 vols. Dutton. $25 per set.
Hoare, J. Douglas. Arctic Exploration. Dutton. $3 net.
Hostos, Eugenio M. de. Moral Social. Madrid.
Howard, Newman. Footsteps of Proserpine.—Constantine the Great.—Klartan the Icelander.—Savonarola. Dutton. $1.25 net each.
Irving, Washington. The Keeping of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall. Dutton. $2.
Jarrott, Charles. Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing. Dutton. $4 net.
Jastrow, Morris, Jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 10 Lieferung. Giessen.
Jerrold, Maud F. Vittoria Colonna. Dutton. $4 net.
Johnson, Edith Henry. The Argument of Aristotle's Metaphysics. Lemcke & Buechner.
Journal of Social Science. No. 44. 1906.
Ker, William Paton. Sturla the Historian. Henry Frowde.
Lane's Arabian Nights. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Lloyd, Albert B. Uganda to Khartoum. Dutton. $3 net.
McNeal-Sweeney, Mildred I. When Yesterday was Young. Robert Grier Cooke.
Martin, Percy F. Mexico's Treasure House. The Cheltenham Press. $3.
Maryland Geological Survey, with maps. 4 vols. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by John Jackson. Henry Frowde. $1.
Message of the President of the United States. Washington.
Methodist Year Book, 1907. 25 cents. Eaton & Mains.
Moore, W. Harrison. Act of State in English Law. Dutton. $3 net.
Oppenheim, Phillips. The Malefactor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VI.: Mesne-Mishirth. Henry Frowde.
Plato's Menexenus. Edited by J. A. Shawyer. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Porter, Delia Lyman. A Year of Good Cheer. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Quayle, William A. Lowell. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Raymond, Robert R. Melody in Speech. Edgar S. Werner. $1.50.
Reid, John. Jesus and Nicodemus. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Robbins, Edward Rutledge. Plane Geometry. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Russell, Charles E. B., and L. M. Rigby. The Making of the Criminal. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Scherer, James A. B. What is Japanese Morality? Philadelphia: Sunday School Times Co. 75 cents net.
Scott, Ernest F. The Fourth Gospel. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Scripture, E. W. Researches in Experimental Phonetics. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Seaver, Richard W. To Christ through Criticism. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Selected Epigrams of Martial. Books VII.-XII. Edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.
Selections from Charles Swain. London: A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.
Selleck, Willard Chamberlain. The New Appreciation of the Bible. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.
Stafford, A. O. Animal Fables from the Dark Continent. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Stanmore, Lord. Sidney Herbert: A Memoir. Dutton. 2 vols. $7.50 net.
Tribune Almanac, 1907.
Watson, H. B. Marriott. The Privateers. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Wells, H. G. Socialism and the Family. London: A. C. Fifield.
Werner's Readings and Recitations. Edgar S. Werner & Co.
Whitaker's Almanack, 1907.—Whitaker's Peerage, 1907. London.
White, E. V. The First Iron-Clad Naval Engagement in the World.
White, Stewart Edward, and Samuel Hopkins Adams. The Mystery. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Whitehouse, H. Remsen. A Revolutionary Princess. Dutton. $3 net.
Who's Who, 1907. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Williams, H. Noel. Queen Margot. Imported by Scribners. $7.50 net.
Wilshire, Gaylord. Editorials. Wilshire Book Co. $1.
Worsfold, W. Basil. Lord Milner's Work in South Africa. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Wright, G. Frederick. Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $2 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907.

The Week.

That Secretary Root is anxious to remove every outstanding difference with Canada has long been known. He himself made public declaration of that hope a year ago. Consequently, his visit to the Governor-General at Ottawa, arranged for the end of this week, arouses great expectations. It would be comparatively easy to negotiate a treaty covering all the points at issue, but the pinch would come in securing its ratification by the Senate. But Mr. Root is so excellent a man of business, with so unusual a talent for dealing practically with Congress, that his trip to Canada may signify that he has made his plans with the Senate. That body has earned the name of the graveyard of treaties. Possibly, Mr. Root may enter it in the guise of a resurrectionist.

It is a somewhat misleading use of the term "contract," to apply it to the system of building the Panama Canal, for which bids were opened on Saturday. The "contractors," under the method adopted, are nothing but agents of the Government. They do not undertake to complete the work in a given time or at a given price. All that they bind themselves to do is to put the actual work through with a profit to themselves of a fixed per cent.—6.75 was the rate of the lowest bidder—of the actual cost. The only spur to the contractor's speed and economy is a share of the amount saved under the estimates of the engineers. Manifestly, this is something very different from the original idea of the Government turning over the whole affair to private contractors. The ultimate responsibility and financial liability remain wholly with the Government. So long as the engineering features continue uncertain, it is, of course, doubtful if any other form of bid could have been had at all.

If there is such a thing as Roosevelt hysteria, the possibility of an anti-Roosevelt hysteria must also be recognized. Certain Congressmen appear to be falling into it. They are reported to be preparing a joint resolution requiring the President to file with Congress a copy of every Executive order, with a citation of the law warranting it. They also would "create a commission of distinguished lawyers to report on the President's acts and orders." If this is not merely a joke, or political malice, it must be set down as sheer panic and folly. If Executive usurpation is bad, Senatorial usurpation is worse. Not by any such niggling interference of one branch of government with another can the free play of each, within its sphere, be maintained. The President is responsible—first to his own conscience, then to his oath of office, afterwards to the Congress that may impeach him, and always to the people. But the idea that he can be made to act as if under a watchman's detector, or compelled to send in word of his movements hourly like a patrolman, is too absurd for discussion. Let the opponents of the President beware lest, in revolt against Roosevelt idolatry, they fall into anti-Roosevelt idiocy.

President Roosevelt has receded from his illegal ruling that the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry should be forever ineligible to civil employment by the Government. His mistake he admits frankly, in his message of Monday; but he insists that the men shall be barred from the army unless they can prove to his satisfaction that they are guilty neither of committing the crime nor of shielding the criminals. The President transmits with his message additional evidence in support of the contention that some of the soldiers took part in the riot. As evidence collected by the Constitutional League points to a different conclusion, the court-martial of the two officers of the Twenty-fifth now under charges, and the proposed investigation by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, are plainly more than ever needed, in order to establish the facts so clearly that nobody can hereafter question them. The Assistant Attorney-General, who collected the new evidence at Brownsville, held his hearings in secret. What is now needed is a public investigation, with opportunities for cross-examining the witnesses.

The choice of William Alden Smith as Senator from Michigan, adds another to the group of vigorous and able men who are gradually dividing attention with the old ruling coterie in the Senate. Mr. Smith's promotion is of peculiar interest, because he has been a typical member of the House. For all his disposition to insurgency, he has had the faculty of voicing the sentiment of the mass of his colleagues at critical moments more effectively than almost any other member. His speech at the time of the postal scandals, maintaining the honor of the House and incidentally nominating Speaker Cannon for the Presidency, is still remembered, and ranked with Cannon's own defiance of the Senate in the closing hours of the session before his Speakership. It might be said by the uncharitable that Michigan could not very well avoid strengthening her representation in filling the present vacancy. In this case, however, she has chosen a man of real strength and ability as well as more than the average measure of independence. Of course, he is a stiff protectionist and a valiant champion of the Michigan beet, but if we must have that kind, Smith in the seat of Alger means at least a marked personal gain.

Passage by the Senate last Friday, practically without debate and with no opposition, of a service-pension bill, does not mean that the measure will be accepted by the House. Probably there is no intention that the bill be made law at present. The Senate's action is partly for buncombe, partly to give a certain prestige to the bill in preparation for passing it in the next Congress. That this sort of legislative game is unhappy, can hardly be denied; but what we would particularly point out is the way in which this ominous reappearance of the service-pension bill gives the lie to the advocates of the half-way measures that were designed as a permanent settlement. In fact, the chief argument used in behalf of the dependent-pension and the disability-pension, as also in defence of President Roosevelt's famous executive order, was that only by such concessions could you stave off the service-pension. That would be a terribly vicious law, it was admitted, and in order to avoid it we were justified in accepting measures only trivially vicious. Well, we got those, and now we are in a fair way to get the other. It is a fine illustration of the real working of the political doctrine, now so much in vogue, that to give the tiger a taste of blood is the sure way to make him a vegetarian.

By passing the Crumpacker "fraud-order bill," the House has put itself on record in favor of giving legal redress to any person or corporation unjustly deprived of the right to use the United States mails. That bill provides that mail addressed to the person or firm against which the fraud order is issued, instead of being stamped "fraudulent" and returned at once to the senders, shall be held in the post office for fifteen days before being sent back. In that period the person concerned may begin proceedings in the Circuit Court, furnishing a bond to pay the entire costs of the action in case the fraud order is finally held to be valid. While there is little probability of new postal legisla-

tion by the present Congress, this action by the House is likely to be only the first step in a campaign for the abrogation of the arbitrary power which changed conditions without changed laws have lodged in the Post Office Department. Under the existing law and practice, the use of the mails, like the enjoyment of second-class rates by a periodical, is not a right, but a privilege, and it is a privilege revocable practically at the will of certain administrative officials. There are "hearings" of a sort, to be sure. But the Assistant Attorney-General, who listens to the arguments, is the same official who has previously examined the evidence collected by the post office inspectors and pronounced it sufficient to warrant the fraud order. No appeal is allowed; for the courts lack jurisdiction. We are far from sharing the views of those extremists who see in every ruling against a "mail-order journal" a perilous infringement of the freedom of the press, or in every fraud order against some grandiloquent promoter an interference with legitimate business. For all his inconsistent and capricious rulings, the execrated Mr. Madden has done good work in purging the second-class lists of a large number of publications which never had a shadow of right to be there, and which all the court reviews in the world would not have helped. The fraud order meets exactly the need for a method of dealing with the almost innumerable concerns, large and small, which are just on the verge of criminality. But it ought not to be said with even the semblance of truth that this Government maintains methods for destroying any citizen's business without due process of law.

Gov. Hughes's first appointments are further evidence that his policy is to be bold and independent. For the old machine and its place-hunters he cares nothing. In his most important choice, that of Frederick C. Stevens, former Senator from Wyoming County, for Superintendent of Public Works, he takes a man whom Gov. Higgins and the Wadsworths—Congressman and Speaker—had made extraordinary efforts to eliminate from politics. Charles Hallam Keep of Buffalo, the new Superintendent of Banks, is recommended by his competency, not by his activity as a politician. Benjamin E. Hall, who is to be a State Tax Commissioner in place of that machine hack, William Halpin, has the endorsement of such men as Seth Low. Of William Leary, State Superintendent of Elections for the Metropolitan District, we know less that is favorable; but, at any rate, he is not the man, Louis M. Swasey, whom Woodruff picked out and whom Gov. Higgins appointed in the latter part of December. The significance of the appointments is not wholly in the character of the men, nor in the fact that Mr. Stevens, for example, has made an enviable record for intelligence and courage. The main point is that Mr. Hughes has served notice that he is a Governor acting in the interests of the people. His purpose is to strengthen his party, not by feeding "the boys" at the public trough, but by administering his office so as to command popular confidence.

Col. H. O. S. Heistand, who lectured in this city last week on the Chinese as he saw them during the Peking troubles, punctured an old fallacy when he said that cheap Chinese labor would not remain cheap very long after entering this country. Cheap Irish labor was a political bugbear during the days of the great exodus from Ireland. During the Civil War there was great fear, even among Abolitionists, lest the newly freed slaves move North in a body and ruin the laboring man by accepting low wages. In both cases these sinister expectations were found to be groundless. The hordes of Italians and Slavic immigrants that pour through our gates today live on a few cents a day at home, but have no difficulty in adjusting themselves to our higher wage-scale. Take Westchester County. It is full of Italian laborers, who have crowded out the Irishmen that used to do the unskilled work of the county. There is considerable feeling against them in the community because they are foreigners, but no charges that they lower wages. And from people who employ Japanese and Chinese servants in this city we hear frequently that they are admirable servitors, but "far too expensive" for the ordinary family. To the $60-a-month Chinese butler, the $20-a-month Irish servant girl is a cheap laborer of an obnoxious kind.

Certain statements in the latest Papal encyclical are puzzling, in that they call into question what seems to be recognized as established fact. The document says:

> To obviate worse evils the Church might have tolerated making declarations, but laying down that the clergy shall be only occupants without any legal status, . . . placed them in such a vague and humiliating position that the making of declarations could not be accepted.

Yet Article 2 of the supplementary Briand law gives this legal status by declaring:

> The free use [of public religious edifices] may be granted either to associations formed under the law of July 1, 1901, or to ministers of religion named in the declarations prescribed by Article 25 of the law of September 9, 1905. The grant of such free use shall be by administrative act.

Again the encyclical goes on to say:

> There is uncertainty whether the churches, which are always liable to disaffection, shall or shall not in the *meanwhile* be at the disposal of the clergy and the faithful.

But the same Article 2 of the Briand law stipulates:

> The edifices and their furniture shall continue to be left, until their regular disaffection, at the disposition of the faithful and of the ministers of religion for the practice of their faith.

We recognize, of course, that every law has its spirit as well as its form, and that in its interpretation of the spirit of the present legislation the Vatican may be justified in assuming a certain measure of hostility on the part of the Government. But the question is not one of reciprocal feeling or *amour propre*, but of policy. The Government has made certain offers; can Rome accept them? We believe that in the Papal wording, "The Church might have tolerated making declarations," there is indication of a possible yielding and *rapprochement*.

In its contest with the Papacy, the French Government profits to some extent by the anti-clerical agitation in other countries, notably in Italy and Spain. It is not only that each country is prevented by cares of its own from taking sides in the French quarrel, but that the prevalence of a general anti-Church movement, in which even Germany and Great Britain may be included, tends to free the French Government from the odium of being the unique persecutor of religion in Europe. Nevertheless, it is well to differentiate between anti-clericalism in France and the other Latin countries. In France the movement is carried on by a Government which represents undoubtedly a majority of the nation, and which views the question as one of fundamental state policy. In Spain and Italy anti-clericalism is as yet in the minority, and is largely a form of political tactics. In both countries it tends to go hand in hand with anti-monarchist views. Bilbao, the latest scene of anti-clerical riots, has long been a hotbed of Spanish republicanism. In the same way, it appears that the recent great demonstration in Rome in favor of the French Government was signalized by as many cries of "Down with Giolitti!" as of "Long live anti-clerical France!" It has been pointed out how dangerous it would be for the French Government to express formal sympathy with the Italian anti-Church parties, who at the same time are working against the dynasty which, to many, stands as the guarantee of Italian unity.

The assassination of "Hangman" Pavloff at St. Petersburg affords new evidence of the fact that absolutism in Russia is now confronted with terrorism systematized. This was not the case till recently. The vengeance of the rev-

olutionaries might be frequently visited on high officials throughout the empire, but such attacks were, on the whole, sporadic, unconnected, and the outcome of personal initiative. There were not the precision, the rapidity, the dread effectiveness that mark the new terrorist campaign. The object aimed at, and certainly attained in part, would seem to be not so much the removal of this or that enemy of progress as the creation of a state of nervous debility throughout the ranks of reaction. Ignatieff, Von Launitz, Pavloff—the three blows have fallen almost in rhythmic succession, like the measured drops of water on Poe's prisoner of the Inquisition, and have undoubtedly served to arouse that horror by anticipation which is so much worse than reality. Who next? is the question in the nation's mind; for anybody and everybody is seen now to be defenceless against terrorist resourcefulness and devotion. What ultimate aim inspires this campaign? It appears to be not mere vengefulness, or the purpose of driving the Government to abandon its repressive course in the present electoral campaign, or even the hope of gaining greater liberties for the Duma to come. The great object is to create a state of panic that will drive the Government to measures of—suicide. Probably the revolutionaries would regard the election of a conservative Duma with more satisfaction than a radical Duma. It would make the issues clear by demonstrating the absolute incompatibility of monarchy, at least a Romanoff monarchy, and the real wants and needs of the people. And in the same way, the revolutionaries might welcome the abrogation of such liberties as have been conceded, and the establishment of a dictatorship. It would draw the line sharply between the autocracy and its opponents; parties would merge into one great revolutionary party. To such an end the terrorists seem to be working. They would destroy the autocracy by making it mad.

In Persia a new reign and a new régime have begun almost simultaneously. Mohammed Ali Mirza succeeds his father as Shah and King of Kings, under extremely favorable auspices. Persia is the second nation within a few years to shatter rudely our established notions regarding the Orient and Oriental capacity for political progress. The constitutional machinery that has been put in motion seems to be working well. The very fact that the first step taken by the new Legislative Assembly was to quarrel with the Crown over the establishment of an upper house with revisionary powers, is a good sign. That is the way young parliaments always begin In the new monarch's reported conservative tendencies we believe there is little cause for alarm. Indeed, it is a testimonial to his straightforward character that he should have entered during his father's lifetime into a contest with the Assembly, for the purpose of permanently defining the character of the new Parliament, when by waiting a few weeks he was sure to occupy a stronger vantage point as occupant of the throne. The reported agreement of some weeks ago between Great Britain and Russia over their relations in Persia should greatly facilitate the development of the country under its liberalized government. Japan and Persia modernized in government, China preparing to follow their examples—will it be Turkey soon?

Perhaps no better testimony could be given to the sincerity of the Chinese Government in its anti-opium crusade than the reported action of British merchants, who are planning to exact from the Government compensation for the losses they are bound to suffer under the new opium regulations. Were the opium reform, like so many other reports that come up "like thunder outer China," destined to turn out a mere passing cloud, the opium-importing interests would not thus bestir themselves. Positive evidence to the same effect is supplied by telegrams from Peking that in the province of Chi-li, and especially in the city of Tien-tsin, the opium dens are being closed "ruthlessly." The complete suppression of the traffic, which it is planned to bring about in ten years, will mean a yearly revenue loss of $3,-000,000 to the central Government and twice that amount to the provinces. The annual duties on Indian opium amount to over $4,000,000. Importation is also to disappear in ten years, and proposals looking towards that end have been laid by the Chinese Government before the British Foreign Secretary. The two leading demands are for the doubling of the present import duty on Indian opium, as determined by an agreement between the Governments concluded in 1885, and the dispatch of a Chinese official to Calcutta to investigate and supervise the traffic. British opinion regards the first proposal, which would make the tax about 35 per cent., as very reasonable. The other point, it thinks, cannot be conceded.

"His literary output was very small for a man of his mental calibre." This sentence occurs in an obituary notice of the late Principal Robert Rainy of Edinburgh. It is a delicious because unconscious testimony to the prevalence of the idea in the world to-day that the chief end of man is to write books. Great mental powers, but only a few volumes left behind! An absolute contradiction in terms! Man is a writing animal. That is the really up-to-date definition. Not to live up to it is the great reproach. You have passed your days in working and thinking and strengthening your character and doing good, but not one book to your credit with the recording angel! The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you have not a single historical novel, not even a short story, to show for it all! Sinful readers should meditate on these things.

No nation, we suppose, is so solicitous for art and letters as France; so that every experiment she makes in their cherishing and cultivation deserves respectful attention. The latest is the proposal of a "Maison des Artistes et des Littérateurs." Some of the best names of France are furthering the plan —Rodin and Bonnat, Coppée and Rostand, to cite only specimens. They apparently got their idea from a sort of phalanstery of art established at Créteil, near Paris. There a former abbey has been taken over by a group of young men, who have set up a printing press as their means of support. Six hours a day is work enough to make sure of bread and butter; and the rest of the time these modern successors to the old monks give each to his painting, his statue, his book, his sonnet. A more ambitious affair is now projected. If the institution comes up to expectations, it will be a combined asylum, hospital, art gallery, library, and forcing-house of genius—all for the greater glory of French art and literature. One is loath to question so engaging a proposal made by men so eminent, but haggard doubts will thrust themselves in. There is, for example, the old difficulty of knowing your genius when you see him. The dæmonic youth you have especially selected as a candidate for the phalanstery, may prove to be possessed only by the devil of vanity. Furthermore, leaving the *jeunes* out of it, what are we to think of the theory that active and successful workers, in art and literature, would be happy in constant association with each other? We cannot, at the moment, recall any book on "The Loves of Authors." Artists have the reputation of being an *irritabile genus.* Instead, therefore, of the French phalanstery being a scene of harmony and deep peace, conducive to the free play of the creative faculties, might it not easily become a place of endless and acrimonious dispute, emulating that "gnashing of teeth" which was said to characterize Rogers's literary breakfasts? It is to be feared that many a French Scott would be glad to slip away from the society of his Wordsworth in the phalanstery, to take his ease in his inn. Brook Farm was not unalloyed bliss. There was backbiting at Mrs. Botta's suppers. Irving repelled the bore by falling asleep. For the rest, *vide* the "Fable for Critics."

LEADERSHIP IN A DEMOCRACY.

Representative Charles E. Littlefield of Maine has a born faculty of stirring things up, and he is again the object of much muttered and some outspoken wrath on the part of colleagues in Washington. His latest offence is that, in a recent speech before the American Founders' Association, he uncovered the attitude of these Representatives towards pending labor legislation. The Gilbert anti-injunction bill is before the Judiciary Committee. Nearly all of its members are, Mr. Littlefield asserted, strongly against the measure, which they believe to be both unconstitutional and pernicious. Speaker Cannon is stoutly opposed to the bill, holding vigorous language about it which "would require asbestos for its proper preservation." He asked Mr. Littlefield to see if an adverse report could not be had from the committee, so that the bill might be debated and the people be made to "understand what this legislation is that Gompers and his friends demand." Thereupon, the Maine Congressman made a canvass of the committee, but found only one man, R. W. Parker of New Jersey, willing to stand up openly and state his convictions. In private, a clear majority of the House is against this vicious class legislation, but Mr. Littlefield believes that if the bill were pressed to passage, it would go through by an overwhelming vote, simply because there is not courage enough to antagonize the Federation of Labor, even in a matter of vital principle.

For the precise accuracy of all this, we cannot vouch. That the situation is, however, substantially as stated, we have no doubt. The bill will probably be smothered in committee; or, if passed by the House for political effect, will perish in the Senate. A full public debate on its merits, we are not likely to see. There is the same sort of implied terrorism and coercion in the case of this anti-injunction bill as we have just seen in England in the instance of the Trades Disputes Bill. That law was disliked or dreaded by some of the clearest heads in the Commons; it was absolutely loathed by the House of Lords; yet it was enacted practically without opposition. It is again not the particular measure which we are concerned with, so much as the abdication of leadership by the representatives of the people. For that is what it comes to. A led democracy is the ideal and the hope of our government; but if the leaders will not lead, what protection have we against the passions of the hour and mob rule? If those who are in their hearts persuaded that a proposed law is full of injustice and peril, cringe and hide when they should boldly expose and denounce, we might as well send phonographs to Congress as such men.

The obligation of a man chosen as a political leader consists, first, in a fitting sense of duty to himself. He has his own intellect to satisfy, his own conscience to obey. No theory of the "mandate," or of making one's self merely an echo of the wishes of constituents, can excuse a representative from following his own inner light. He is not in Congress as the slavish mouthpiece of his district, or of any set of men in it; he is there as an umpire of right and wrong as affecting the whole country; he is delegated to exercise his best judgment and cling to his deepest moral convictions, in every new question that comes up. In a word, if he is a true leader, he is not forever waiting to get instructions, but he is anxious to give instruction. This was the spirit in which Burke resented the attempt of his Bristol electors to tell him how he should vote in Parliament. The same note of proud responsibility was in Webster's voice when he declined to take orders from the Massachusetts Legislature. And Garfield, when he was elected Senator, rose to the full stature of a democratic leader in saying to the Legislature that he should hope to serve and please the people of Ohio, but that they must understand that his first and most imperious duty would be to make his public acts square with the private convictions of one James A. Garfield.

Furthermore, how can the people be expected to think clearly if those who do think clearly run away from their own opinions, and will do nothing to shape public opinion? How can voters be made discerning and courageous, if representatives show themselves cowardly? This duty of a leader to show a good example and sound ideas to those who put him forward, is of the essence of representative government. We put in office a man who has exhibited notable qualities—powers of debate, of analysis, a gift for enlightenment of the public—and then the growing fashion is to suppose that he will thereafter have no more mind of his own than a manikin. And this is said to magnify the sovereignty of the people! It is really to degrade it. A people that cannot bear to have the truth told to it, that prefers dummies to men, will not long have a sovereignty worth anything. Representatives who fail to fling themselves against popular delusion and prejudice are doing what they can to cheapen the verdicts of the people. They give fresh point to Canning's old gibe: "You talk about depending upon the sense of the nation; give me the *nonsense* of the nation, and I will beat you hollow."

But how about winning a reëlection? Well, man shall not live by office alone. It is not absolutely necessary that a Representative, or even a Cabinet officer, put up with affronts and sacrifice his personal dignity, in order to keep on being *called* Honorable. We believe that, as a matter of fact, the people still like a man who is not "afeared," and that they will not punish him for telling them unpleasant truths; yet if they do, the leader's duty is no less clear. He must speak his own mind, he must utter the word which he feels to be necessary; and whether reward comes or penalty befalls, he will at least have been true to his obligations as a leader.

HARRIMAN AND LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

The revelation that Edward H. Harriman has used the Union Pacific as a huge engine for speculating in Wall Street has provoked the advocates of government ownership of railways into fresh outcries: "We told you so. There's nothing for it but our plan. All other ways madness lies." This kind of agitation, based on undisputed facts as to gross mismanagement of railways, is beginning to get on the nerves of our soberest and most conservative men. They sigh wearily, and admit that from Harriman and the Rockefellers and the rebates the radicals have drawn politically effective arguments against private ownership. Ergo, we are on the verge of large extension of government power over corporations; we have abandoned the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science no less an authority than Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale seemed to assume that the doctrine was dead and ready for burial; all he wanted to know was who killed it, and why.

In the face of this general agreement among friends and enemies of *laissez-faire* that this former darling of orthodox economists has come to a timely end, we are doubtless rash in suggesting that life is not yet extinct, and that the funeral may as well be postponed for a few days. We hasten to grant that in recent years in America functions of government have been much developed, notably in the line of control over corporations. Laws still more drastic and far-reaching are likely in the not distant future. This movement seems at first glance to be away from the doctrine of *laissez-faire*; but the superficial appearance may deceive us.

More than fifteen years ago, in "The American Commonwealth," James Bryce noted the tendency which is now so apparent to all of us. "The doctrine of *laissez-faire*, or non-interference by government with the citizen," said he, "has two foundations, which may be called the sentimental and the rational." The sentimental ground, as he explained, is the desire of men to be let alone, to do as they please; the rational, the principle that interference more often does harm than good—that is, men left to themselves, to their natural collision and cooperation, are likely to work out a happier result than would be attained by the "conscious endeavor of the state."

In fine, both the sentimental and the rational ground set up the ideal of free play for the individual. Whatever interferes with this runs counter to the theory of *laissez-faire*.

When the term was first used in France the individual was—broadly speaking—hampered by three things: the privileges of the aristocracy, monopolies authorized by government, and the meddling of government itself. Under this system the abuses and oppressions had become so frightful that *laissez-faire* became the watchword of champions of liberty, both in Europe and America. The phrase became almost sacred; and any law which seemed in the remotest degree to restrict the individual was a target for the fiercest attacks from men whose experience had inspired them with a wholesome dread of arbitrary authority.

That there has been a swing away from this passionate adherence to the dogma, no one can deny. So long ago as 1884 Herbert Spencer, in "The Man versus the State," observed: "Nowadays, however, the worst punishment to be looked for by one who questions its [government's] omnipotence, is that he will be reviled as a reactionary who talks *laissez-faire*." Yet this ebbing faith in *laissez-faire* should not be confused with sincere attempts to apply the theory to modern conditions. We have abolished the privileges of aristocracy and royal monopoly; but we have developed a new *imperium in imperio* against which the individual must still contend—the corporation. For example, the railway has in its territory a practical monopoly, and thus an enormous power over the fortunes, the happiness, and even the lives of individuals. The railway manager of the old school thought of the line as his private property—"the public be damned." But it is a strict application of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, not a destruction of it, to check this railway magnate with his discriminations and his petty extortions, so that the individuals whom he serves as common carrier may have a free competition in which the best may win. It is no more legitimate for a railway than for an aristocracy to lay intolerable burdens on the individual. So with other corporations. There must be some limit to their powers of action, or the individual would be helpless. Harriman in Wall Street, with his fifty-odd millions from the Union Pacific treasury, and the unlimited credit of the Union Pacific at his back, is the feudal lord of our *ancien régime*, crushing the individual by an irresistible weight. And the régime which thus tramples on our doctrine of *laissez-faire* must go.

If in saying this we are classed by Professor Fisher among those who have abandoned the old faith, we shall not quarrel about definitions. All we want is to have every man, white, yellow, and black, get his chance. The attempt to clip the wings of corporations, to limit their activities by strict law, will almost inevitably be carried to excess; and against such haste and zeal we must constantly guard. Even corporations have their rights. Our preference is for testing present statutes to the utmost, and then advancing slowly and cautiously where the need for amendment is plain. We hold—and the whole history of legislation supports the view—that between careful regulation and actual government ownership, there is a wide gulf which we are yet a long way from crossing. We have still many other experiments to try; many resources not yet drawn upon.

But that, through a mistaken devotion to the word rather than the spirit of *laissez-faire*, we should let Mr. Harriman or any of his kind run amuck through this community, is unthinkable. Discussion and debate will clarify our minds. Many plain people, instructed by our various investigations, already understand that railways, telephone and telegraph lines, banks and insurance companies are not, like ordinary shops, private affairs; but that they must in many ways be treated as public institutions. Their books and accounts are properly open to the scrutiny of public officials; their business must keep within set channels; their funds must be employed for specified purposes; their officers must move in a circumscribed sphere. To the full realization of these facts some of our unscrupulous captains of industry, in Wall Street and out, have not yet arrived. They plead the protection of *laissez-faire*. So did the buccaneers.

THE REPORT ON CITIZENSHIP.

In dealing with naturalization and citizenship, the well-defined and intelligent policy of the State Department, initiated by Secretary Hay, has been pursued by Secretary Root. Early in 1905, Mr. Hay's report on naturalization was sent to Congress. It set forth the deplorable conditions which had arisen from our loosely constructed naturalization laws, and the careless and corrupt manner in which they had been administered. In the recess of Congress, the naturalization commission was created, and it prepared an exhaustive report. A new and comprehensive bill, earnestly advocated by Secretary Root, was passed at the last session of Congress, and the question of naturalization may therefore be said to be settled for the present; but the questions of citizenship by birth, descent, or marriage, of expatriation or the protection of Americans who live abroad, were not touched.

Congress was asked to provide for a commission to report on them. It was Mr. Hay's design to call into consultation jurists and publicists outside of the government service. The measure hung fire in Congress for a year, but at the last session was passed by the Senate. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs, however, reported it adversely, offering in its place a suggestion that the desired report be made by the State Department itself. Secretary Root promptly created a citizenship board of his own, composed of James B. Scott, the solicitor for the State Department; David Jayne Hill, formerly Assistant Secretary of State and now Minister at The Hague, and Gaillard Hunt, chief of the Passport Bureau. All had actual experience of the subject. If they did not constitute so august a body as the British Commission of 1868, including Lord Clarendon, Vernon Harcourt, and Robert Phillimore, which fathered the present English naturalization and citizenship law, their report is, at any rate, as comprehensive as the British, and has the advantage of being unanimous, which the other was not.

Some of the recommendations can hardly arouse opposition from any source. No one will dispute that Congress should pass a law to define how one may lose American citizenship. In 1868, Congress proclaimed to the world that expatriation was a natural right of man, and that no foreign country could contest our right to admit foreigners to citizenship; but it failed to say how Americans could become foreigners. The board recommends that an American may be assumed to have expatriated himself when he becomes naturalized in a foreign country, or when he lives permanently outside of the United States without intent to return. The justice of the first proposition is palpable, but how to determine a man's intentions is obviously a difficult task. Even if the recommendation were adopted, the State Department would probably be imposed upon in the future, as in the past, by so-called Americans who have entirely severed their connection with this country, and nevertheless continue to claim our protection.

On the subject of married women, the board makes a recommendation that appears to be logical, in view of the existing statute which provides that a foreign woman marrying an American thereby becomes an American. Congress is asked to declare that an American woman marrying a foreigner shall thereby become a foreigner. Some of the State statutes might not be in agreement with such a law; but State citizenship and Federal citizenship are not always the same thing, and the rule proposed is, we believe, the same as that which now obtains in international practice. The recommendation looks to the woman's status only during marriage. Upon its termination, by death or absolute divorce, she may elect to revert to her original citizenship, or to re-

tain that which her marriage conferred upon her.

So far as children are concerned, the report proposes adherence to the existing law. Those born here, except in foreign legations, are our citizens, under the terms of the Constitution. So the Supreme Court said in the famous Chinese case of Wong Kim Ark, and we must rest content with that; but a sensible recommendation is made that the naturalization of the father shall confer citizenship upon his minor children only if they come to the United States actually to reside. The present law has been construed to confer citizenship upon minor children the instant they come to the United States, and they may go abroad immediately as American citizens. This is too manifestly improper to require comment.

An interesting phase of the protection of Americans abroad is presented in the case of those unfortunates who have made the declaration of intention to become American citizens, but have not yet been admitted into the fold. The law requires all aliens to make this declaration at least two years before they can be naturalized; yet it is forbidden to issue to them passports, and they receive no protection from this government if they go abroad on a visit. They are, as it were, prisoners at large in the United States, and they leave our borders on even the briefest and most necessary errand at their peril. The parent country feels no inclination to protect them, since they have formally declared they intend to forswear their allegiance to it; and the United States will not protect them because they are not yet citizens. Practically, they are in the distressing situation of being citizens of nowhere. The citizenship board recommends that, since our laws compel them to put their citizenship in this inchoate state, we should accept the responsibility and accord them protection if they go abroad for a stay so brief that it will not interrupt the real continuity of their residence in the United States.

Mr. Root has thus laid before Congress an important report dealing with a subject of profound interest. It ought to receive the most careful consideration. The same Congress which passed the naturalization bill should naturally pass a citizenship bill; but the shortness of the session makes it probable that the subject will have to wait to be dealt with by the next Congress.

SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR INDIA.

"In the main, we believe that British government in India is 'good government.' But it is none the less imperfect government. . . ." Thus writes the London *Tribune* in commenting on the Indian National Congress which has just ended. And it quotes with approval the restatement of a familiar Lincoln doctrine: "Good government can never be a substitute for government by the people themselves." We wish we could say that this enlightened sentiment had come from the lips of an American statesman, a Roosevelt, a Taft, or a Root: but it is to the English Prime Minister that the credit for it is due. Its application to India and the friendly expressions in the more liberal English press in regard to the Indian Congress are quite as noteworthy as that gathering itself. Even the *Spectator* speaks of England's duty "*while* we remain the overlords of India," and insists that if self-government comes, it must be a *de facto* self-government and wholly independent of Great Britain.

For this change in public feeling the Liberal Ministry deserves great credit, in particular John Morley, for whose sympathetic attitude the Indian Congress was especially grateful. Even if he has been unable as yet to bring about startling reforms, the mere fact that he is a well-wisher of the Indian nation, that he desires to see it progress, has had a quickening effect. To express confidence in a people is one of the best ways of strengthening them. Mr. Taft was able to do this for the Filipinos to only a limited extent, but Mr. Morley is in no doubt as to his course towards the Hindus. His mere presence as Secretary for India is a guarantee that the reactionary policy of the Balfour Government is at an end. What harm can come to Great Britain if the natives of India develop the power to care for themselves? Even the most sordid trader in England knows that a progressive state is a far better customer than one whose people are but half-civilized. But aside from the financial consideration, the highest renown that England could possibly win would come from building up a great self-governing nation in India.

With Persia, Russia, and China awakening, Turkey stirring, and Japan already achieving, it is no wonder that in India there should be dawning a national self-consciousness. The people have not been blind to changes abroad. Dadabhai Naoroji cited them in his opening address as president of the Congress, with its full thousand attendants, as one of the reasons why India should begin an active propaganda for the same privileges for which the Boers battled and the Irish have so long contended. He urged a petition to King Edward; and asked for a large fund to carry on the campaign, and to send speakers to England and throughout India itself. His speech was "the most resonant and the most determined demand for self-government which an Indian occupying a responsible position has ever uttered." To some crusted Tories it may, indeed, seem like sedition and rebellion. But the sober common sense of the bulk of the press, we believe, will recognize in this demand for self-government the highest compliment yet paid to the English guardianship of India. He is a poor tutor whose pupil is ever in leading-strings and never learns to walk by himself. What would be said of the United States, if, after our staying forty or fifty years in the Philippines, travellers were to find its people but little advanced towards self-government? Much of the blame would undoubtedly be placed upon the Malay character, but some would certainly attach to the teacher.

In one way, it is worth while to note, the recent reactionary policy in India has stimulated this sudden revival of nationalism. The liberal movement was not one of opposition when Lord Ripon was Viceroy; but it soon became one of protest, and, in places, of agitation. Indeed, in Bengal, after the partition, there was organized resistance, which manifested itself in a peaceful boycott of Englisn goods. The restriction of municipal government and the hostility towards certain universities were, as the London *Tribune* points out, signs that the Indian civil service had begun to regard the best sections of the Indian people with the "same aggressive hostility which the Russian bureaucracy feels for the 'intellectuals' of Russia." Yet, far from checking any pro-Indian movements, these reactionary measures strengthened them, injecting however, a spirit of bitterness and race hostility which should not be permitted to spread or intensify, if India's progress is to be along the lines of peaceful agitation.

The good temper with which the English press and public have received the reports of the Indian Congress, the keen interest in its conclusions, and the space given to discussing them, are all in striking contrast to our own apathy in regard to our oversea ventures. We cannot get the simple and just tariff legislation for the Philippines demanded by both President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft. The President's appeal for citizenship for the Porto Ricans evokes only the most languid interest. Hawaii's concerns are practically ignored outside of San Francisco. Guam and Tutuila? Americans have forgotten that they exist. The newspaper that prints a leader on the Philippines is the exception. Not one has its special correspondent there. Far from reforming our own institutions by way of the colonies, as President McKinley and the other optimistic statesmen of 1898 predicted, we have been wholly absorbed in our own debates about railroads and Trusts and insurance companies. Must we hold our colonies as long as England has India before our interests and consciences are sufficiently aroused to accord them fair treatment?

A COLLEGE FETICH IN FRANCE.

The French Minister of Education has proposed a far-reaching reform—nothing less than the abolition of the *baccalauréat*, or bachelor's degree. His argument is that the degree sets a premium on parrot-learning, while discouraging reflection and real cultivation of habits of thought. If the charge be well grounded, the change, we must all agree, can come none too soon.

The *baccalauréat*, as most of our readers are aware, does not correspond exactly to our own bachelor's degree; it is bestowed upon the French boy who has finished his studies at the *lycée* and is ready for the university. In the Paris *Temps* of December 26, Hippolyte Parigot has a long article in which he traces the origin of the degree and discusses its effect upon education and its value as a social passport. The degree was established in 1808 by a decree that had behind it the Napoleonic ideal of centralization. If the *baccalauréat* did not make every French boy study the multiplication table at the same hour, it at least provided a uniform test which every boy who had higher intellectual ambitions must pass. We may compare it to the Regents' certificates granted in this State to those who pass examinations in elementary as well as high-school subjects. These examinations are given simultaneously in public and private schools from Montauk to Buffalo. They show roughly the work which each school is doing; and they set a goal for which teachers and pupils strive. Twenty or thirty years ago, in the rural districts, the boy or girl who had won a Regents' certificate was pointed out as a pattern of intelligence and industry. The honor was and is decidedly worth having.

But the administration of a huge system of uniform examinations almost inevitably falls into routine. In this State the Regents' examinations have done incalculable service in improving the instruction, especially in the weaker schools; they have helped to develop sound methods of organization and discipline; for institution and individual they have held up definite standards of achievement. But they have not escaped the inherent defects of a vast and elaborate machine. Of this danger the officials have been well aware, and they have striven to avoid it; but in spite of their best efforts the examinations have tended to a routine. They have from time to time run into a stereotyped form; and, of course, to meet its requirements, at whatever sacrifice of worthy methods, has been the one thing for which the less intelligent teachers and students have struggled.

In France, too, from all accounts, events have followed a similar course. With this difference: in New York State we feel that our Regents' examinations, despite their drawbacks, have not become so rigidly mechanical that they have lost their usefulness; whereas in France the complaint is that the system is the nearest approach known in Europe to the mandarin methods of China. From this opinion many would dissent; but there must be some basis for the charge that the main result achieved is the mere drilling of memory, and "the absorption of interminable lists of ready-made facts, formulas, verdicts, and points of view regarded as scientifically essential and civically useful to a future French citizen." The deadening effect of it all is described by M. Parigot, who asserts that a father who has caught the spirit of the times does not say to his son, "Go to the *lycée*, and there cultivate your mind, your heart, and your will power." On the contrary, his advice is: "My son, you are going to the *lycée*. Conduct yourself as you please, so long as you aim at the *baccalauréat*. You'll never get anywhere without that." M. Parigot notes that people are inquiring the reasons for the decadence of the classes which are called cultivated. To his mind, the causes are most evident. The "feverish preparations" for the examinations are nothing more or less than a "useless assault upon the reasoning faculty."

It is hardly to be expected that M. Briand's proposed reform will be accepted—if, indeed, it is ever accepted—without determined resistance. Educators are, next to ecclesiastics, the most stubborn class in opposing innovation. Every university is, as Matthew Arnold described Oxford, a home of lost causes, forsaken beliefs, and impossible loyalties. We would not have it otherwise. In a world whose great foible is visible progress it is well that some one should still conserve ancient traditions and listen to the last enchantments of the Middle Ages. The conservatives who advocate the present system in France and the radicals who are for uprooting it can certainly unite in urging that a new type of examination is a mere temporary makeshift. For any type of examination imposed on a large number of candidates, year after year, cannot but degenerate into a routine. The only alternative that will afford a chance for freedom and flexibility is to let each school bestow its own diploma, the value of which will depend upon the reputation which the graduates of the institution are able to maintain for it.

The agitation in France carries, we may note, a warning to our own educators. In order to escape from the confusion and waste incident upon each college setting up independent requirements for admission and holding separate examinations, we are organizing one board which is gradually extending its activities and its uniform examinations throughout the country. The drift of such a body is obviously away from that very essence of a sound system of education—variety and flexibility.

GEORGE GISSING.

When Gissing died at St. Jean de Luz, in 1903, broken down at the age of forty-six by years of toil and privation, he had begun to acquire in the world at large something of the reputation he had long possessed among a select circle. But it is to be feared that the irony of his later works, such as the posthumous volume of tales recently published,* may create a wrong impression of his genius among these newly-won friends. For Gissing, more than most writers, underwent a change with the progress of time. His work, in fact, may be divided into three fairly distinct periods. Passing over the immature "Workers in the Dawn" (1880), we may mark off the first group of novels as beginning with "The Unclassed" (1884) and ending with "Born in Exile" (1892); between these two are "Isabel Clarendon," "Demos," "Thyrza," "A Life's Morning," "The Nether World," "The Emancipated," and "New Grub Street." The second group, starting with "Denzil Quarrier" (1892), may be limited by "The Crown of Life" (1899), although the transition here to his final manner is more gradual than the earlier change. This second division embraces what are perhaps the best known of Gissing's novels—the "Year of Jubilee" and "The Whirlpool"—and here again there is danger of misunderstanding. These are books of undeniable power, comparable in some ways to Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure," but pointed in the wrong direction, and not truly characteristic. One feels a troubling and uncertain note in all this intermediate work, done while the author, having passed beyond his first intense preoccupation with the savage warfare for existence, was still far from the fair serenity of his close. The greater Gissing is not to be found here, but in those tales which embody his own experiences in the cruel and primeval nether world of London—tales which together make what might be called the Epic of Poverty.

I.

Poverty, the gaunt greedy struggle for bread, the naked keen reality of hunger that goads the world onward—how this grim power reigns in all Gissing's early novels, crushing the uninured dreamers and soiling the strong. It is the guiding power of "The Unclassed." It casts its spume of misery and filth on the path of "Thyrza," that fragile Madonna of the slums, yet finds even here its pathetic voice of song:

> A street organ began to play in front of a public house close by. Grail drew near; there were children forming a dance, and he stood to watch them.
>
> Do you know that music of the obscure ways, to which children dance? Not if you have only heard it ground to your ears' affliction beneath your windows in the square. To hear it aright, you must stand

*"The House of Cobwebs and Other Stories." By George Gissing. To which is prefixed "The Work of George Gissing," an introductory study, by Thomas Seccombe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1906. Several of the most important of Gissing's earlier novels are not to be found in New York either in bookshop or library; and, indeed, he cannot be said ever to have been properly published at all. By getting together a complete and decently printed edition of his works some enterprising publisher might benefit himself and the community.

in the darkness of such a by-street as this, and for the moment he at one with those who dwell around, in the blear-eyed houses, in the dim burrows of poverty, in the unmapped haunts of the semi-human. Then you will know the significance of that vulgar clanging of melody; a pathos of which you did not dream will touch you, and therein the secret of hidden London will be half revealed. The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unshaped desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labor and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigor, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood and revolts against the plot which would tame it; all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes speaks to you as you listen.

A superb piece of imaginative prose, indeed, as Mr. Secombe calls it, and significant of the music which Gissing himself wrested from the misery of the London streets. The note rises in "Life's Morning" to tragic shrillness, making of it one of the most passionate stories in English of love striving against the degradation of destiny. Again, in "New Grub Street," it sinks to the forlorn plea of genius baffled by unremunerative toil, and starved into despair. Those who care to know the full measure of agony through which the writer himself struggled, may find it portrayed here in the lives of the two unrecognized novelists. Only Gissing could tell how much of his own experience is portrayed in those "dwellers in the valley of the shadow of books"; how much of his fierce aspiration to paint the world as it really exists was expressed by the garret-haunting, hunger-driven Biffen; how often his breast, like Reardon's, swelled with envy of the prosperous commercialized man of letters. "He knew what poverty means. The chilling of brain and heart, the unnerving of the hands, the slow gathering about one of fear and shame and impotent wrath; the dread feeling of helplessness, of the world's base indifference. Poverty! Poverty!" I am not sure that it is good to know these things even by hearsay, but for those who are strong in pity and fortified by resolve they have been written out once for all, ruthlessly, without mitigation.

More general, gathering up all the suffering and foulness and crime of want, embracing too the clear-eyed, uncompromising charity of strength that asks for no reward, is that terrible story of "The Nether World." Here, most of all, Gissing is conscious of his grave theme; and as a chorus through all the sounds of defeat and consternation he raises the clamorous cry of his "Mad Jack," like the prophesying of some Jeremiah of the slums:

"Don't laugh! Don't any of you laugh; for as sure as I live it was an angel stood in the room and spoke to me. There was a light such as none of you ever saw, and the angel stood in the midst of it. And he said to me: 'Listen, while I reveal to you the truth, that you may know where you are and what you are; and this is done for a great purpose.' And I fell down on my knees, but never a word could I have spoken. Then the angel said: 'You are passing through a state of punishment. You, and all the poor among whom you live; all those who are in suffering of body and darkness of mind were once rich people, with every blessing the world can bestow, with every opportunity of happiness in yourselves and of making others happy. Because you made an ill use of your wealth, because you were selfish and hard-hearted and oppressive, and sinful in every kind of indulgence, therefore after death you received the reward of wickedness. This life you are now leading is that of the damned; this place to which you are confined is hell! There is no escape for you. From poor you shall become poorer; the older you grow the lower shall you sink in want and misery; at the end there is waiting for you, one and all, a death in abandonment and despair. This is hell—hell—hell!' " . . .

Above the noise of the crowd rose a shrill, wild voice, chanting:

"All ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever!"

It has seemed worth while to quote thus at length, because Gissing is one of the few English novelists whose trained and supple language makes itself felt in such extracts, and because they lead at once to the theory on which he worked. "Art, nowadays," Gissing declares boldly, "must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life." It is not entirely easy to reconcile such a theory with the judgment of Gissing's own riper years; for art, he came in the end to think, is "an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life." Certainly, it is this contrast between the misery and the zest of life, derived from the same materials, that makes a comparison between Dickens and Gissing so inevitable. Gissing felt it, and his "Critical Study" of Dickens is one of the most ambiguous pieces of writing in the language. His intention is manifestly to praise, but he can never quite overcome his surprise and annoyance at the radical difference of Dickens's attitude toward poverty. And the same feeling crops out again and again in the earlier novels. Inextinguishable laughter were fittest, he says, musing on his own terrible nether world and thinking of the elder writer's gayety, but the heart grows heavy. In an essay last month, I tried to show how Dickens tended to portray his characters from the outside, without identifying himself with their real emotions. Here, on the contrary, we have a man whose ambition it was to strip off to the last rag those veils of melodrama and humor which prevented Dickens from becoming a realist, and which, it may be added, he himself by native right possessed in large measure. He would not be waylaid and turned from his purpose by the picturesque grimaces of poverty, but would lay bare the sullen ugliness at its core; he would, in a word, write from the inside. Only by taking account of the sordid realities of Gissing's life can we understand the mingled attraction and repulsion exercised on him by the large joyousness and exulting pathos of Dickens in dealing with the nether world. "The man who laughs," he said, reproachfully, "takes the side of a cruel omnipotence." The words are suggestive. Not "cruel," but *unimplicated*, let us say, and accept the phrase as a mark of the greater art. It is because Dickens stands with the powers above and is not finally implicated in his theme, that he could turn it into an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life. And it is, on the other hand, just because Gissing cannot entirely rise above the "misery" he describes, that all his marvellous understanding of the human heart and his chastened style do not save his art in the end.

And yet, if his theory and practice must from the highest standard be condemned, it would be unfair to overlook the reservations that should go with even so strict a judgment. For though the zest of life be lacking in these novels, there is something in them that strangely resembles it. "How," he exclaims in one of his latest works—"how, in the name of sense and mercy, is mankind content to live on in such a world as this?" The question obtrudes itself upon the reader again and again, and slowly he becomes aware of the vast, dumb, tumultuous *will to live* that is struggling into consciousness through all these horrors and madnesses. The very magnitude of the obstacles, the unreason of endurance, is witness to the unconquerable energy of this blind will. What, after all, has been the substance of great literature, from the days when Sarpedon heartened Glaucus on the plains of Troy to the most modern singer of some soul divided against itself, but warfare, and again renewed war? And as one reads on in these novels of Gissing's, their plot begins to unfold itself as another and darker picture of the same battle. It is almost as if we were listening to the confused lamentation of a city besieged and captured by night, wherein the enemy is no invading army of Greece, but the more treacherous powers of hunger, and vice, and poverty:

Diverso interea miscentur mœnia luctu.

And there is another element which helps to relieve the depressing nature of Gissing's theme. Literature of the slums is not lacking in these latter days. In each of our large cities you will find a college settlement where a band of prurient souls sit at type-writing machines glutting a morbid ambition on the sorrows of the poor. Now, Gissing did not learn the meaning of poverty in any such fashion; there is, at all events, nothing of the dilettante in his work. He wrote, not from callow sympathy or patronizing observation, but from his own deep experience; and, writing thus, he put into his account of the nether world the one thing commonly wanting to these pictures—the profound sense of morality. Through all these graphic, sometimes appalling, scenes one knows that the writer is still concerned primarily with the inner effects of poverty, and his problem is the ancient, insoluble antinomy of the one and the many, the individual and the mass. Taken as a whole, the society he describes is the victim of circumstances. His philosophy is summed up in a gloomy determinism: "indigence is the death of the soul," and "misery is vice." Yet even here, as in that chorus of "Mad Jack" already quoted, the contradictory and less comprehensible law of morality makes itself heard at times; and when he touches the individual, the sure insight of the artist asserts itself and he orders his people not as automatons, but as characters moved by their own volition, and, though it may be in unaccountable ways, reaping as they have sown. The knot of fate and free-will is not always disentangled, there is no conventional apportioning of rewards and penalties such as Dickens indulged in at the end of his novels; but always, through all the workings of heredity and environment, he leaves the reader conscious of that last inviolable mystery of man's nature, the sense of personal responsibility. Had not he,

George Gissing, been caught in the cruel network of circumstances, and had he not yet preserved intact the feeling that he was personally accountable? It is thus he attains by another road to something of the liberal enlargement of Dickens; the greatest art, it need scarcely be said, would combine both the free outlook of the older writer and the moral insight of the younger.

II.

Those are the principles—the instinctive will to live and the law of moral responsibility—that saved the writer's tragic stage from insupportable dreariness; they furnished, also, the clue that in the end led the writer himself out of the labyrinth of doubtful questionings. But for a while it seemed as if they were to be lost, for it is not so much any lowering of literary skill as a change in these essential points that marks the transition from his first to his second period. The new spirit may be defined by a comparison of such novels as "The Nether World" from his first period and "The Whirlpool" from his second (the very names are significant), or as "Life's Morning" and "The Crown of Life." In place of human nature battling with grim necessity, we now have a society of people contending against endless insinuations of tedium and vanity; in place of the will to live we meet a sex-consciousness, always strong in Gissing, but now grown to morbid intensity. And with this change comes a certain relaxing of moral fibre. The theme is no longer self-responsibility, or character in the strict meaning of the term, but a thousand vexatious questions of the day—anti-vivisection, anti-racing, anti-gambling, anti-hunting, anti-war, imperialism, the education of children, the emancipation of women, and, above all and more persistent than all, the thrice-dreary theories of marriage. It would be wrong to infer that the moral of his books is ever at bottom any other than sound. In the full swing of his middle period he could close a novel with the ejaculation of his hero: "Now I understand the necessity for social law!" But one is aware, nevertheless, that conventions have grown irksome to him, and that for a while his real interest is in the thronging, ambiguous problems of emancipation.

III.

If the influence of modern Continental literature, especially of French and Russian, may be suspected of unsettling his inherited canons, his home-coming in the end was surely due in large measure to his devoted study of the classics. Strange as it may seem when one considers the topics he treated, there is scarcely a writer of the last century more thoroughly versed in Greek and Latin than Gissing, and throughout his struggle with poverty he commonly kept free of the pawnshop a few chosen books, Homer, Tibullus, Horace, Gibbon, Shakespeare. Writing the memoirs of his life, at ease, and with a library at his command, he recalls his difficulties:

I see that alley hidden on the west side of Tottenham Court Road, where, after living in a back bedroom on the top floor, I had to exchange for the front cellar; there was a difference, if I remember rightly, of sixpence a week, and sixpence, in those days, was a very great consideration—why, it meant a couple of meals. (I once *found* sixpence in the street, and had an exultation which is vivid in me at this moment.) The front cellar was stone-floored; its furniture was a table, a chair, a washstand, and a bed; the window, which, of course, had never been cleaned since it was put in, received light through a flat grating in the alley above. Here I lived; here I *wrote*. Yes, "literary work" was done at that filthy deal table, on which, by the bye, lay my Homer, my Shakespeare, and the few other books I then possessed.

What a picture of the new Grub Street. One thinks of the deal table in Thoreau's hut at Walden on which a Homer lay, and one thinks, too, of Dickens in his comfortable study with his shelves of sham books. For most of his reading Gissing had to depend on public convenience:

How many days have I spent at the British Museum, reading as disinterestedly as if I had been without a care! It astounds me to remember that, having breakfasted on dry bread, and carrying in my pocket another piece of bread to serve for dinner, I settled myself at a desk in the great Reading Room with books before me which by no possibility could be a source of immediate profit. At such a time I worked through German tomes on Ancient Philosophy. At such a time, I read Appuleius and Lucian, Petronius and the Greek Anthology, Diogenes Laertius and—Heaven knows what! My hunger was forgotten; the garret to which I must return to pass the night never perturbed my thoughts.

And Homer and Ancient Philosophy won the day. There was little occasion in the earlier novels to display this learning, yet here and there the author's longing for Rome and Italy breaks through, as in the passion of the apothecary's apprentice in "The Unclassed." Then came the intellectual whirlpool. The release from that dizziness of brain shows itself first in a growing lightness of touch and aloofness from passion of all sorts. The novels and tales of the third period are chiefly distinguished by a tone of gentle and amused irony, in place of the satire of the middle group, and it is significant that the theme of "Will Warburton," his last novel, is the same as that chosen by Biffen in the "New Grub Street" for his pronunciamento of rebellious realism—the life of a retail grocer. Only, in the actual novel there is no realism at all as Biffen would have understood it, but the witty and mock heroic story of a man of good birth who begins by selling groceries over the counter under an assumed name and ends by accepting his lot in all *gaieté de cœur*—so far had Gissing travelled from being at loggerheads with destiny. "Warburton" was written in Southern France when a moderate success had freed him from the hardest slavery of the pen, and when ill health had driven him from England. Here, too, he absolved himself from an ancient vow by composing with all the artistry he possessed, a story of classical life—his "Veranilda"—and here he wrote that restrained and every way beautiful piece of self-revelation, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft."

There is nothing in the language quite like this volume of half-veiled autobiography. In the imagined quiet of a home in Devon, the part of England Gissing so passionately loved, he writes out his memories of toil and the reflections that come to him as the sum of his experiences. Here is no bitterness, no complaining; all the lesser problems that harassed him have solved themselves by simply vanishing; he returns to his early convictions, with the added ripeness of long meditation. He had used the life of the poor for his greatest creative work, and the question of the growing democracy is the only one that still abides with him in his repose. Everywhere he sees the decay of that natural instinct on which the morality of the world at large must always depend, and in its place an ever-widening spirit of interrogation which only unsettles and sets adrift. "I am no friend of the people," he exclaims, and the words come with strange insistence from such a man. "As a force, by which the tenor of the time is conditioned, they inspire me with distrust, with fear. . . . Every instinct of my being is anti-democratic, and I dread to think of what our England may become when Demos rules irresistibly. . . . Nothing is more rooted in my mind than the vast distinction between the individual and the class." This doubt alone remained to annoy him, but with it he connected the other great movement of the day: "I hate and fear 'science' because of my conviction that, for long to come, if not for ever, it will be the remorseless enemy of mankind." To science he attributed the spread of that half-education which increases the powers of action while lessening the inhibitions of self-knowledge. It was from his close reading of the classics, I think, though he himself does not say so, came his notion of some salvation through the aristocratic idea—the essential idea of Greek literature:

The task before us is no light one. Can we, whilst losing the class, retain the idea it embodied? Can we English, ever so subject to the material, liberate ourselves from that old association, yet guard its meaning in the sphere of spiritual life? Can we, with eyes which have ceased to look reverently on worn-out symbols, learn to select from among the gray-coated multitude, and place in reverence even higher him who "holds his patent of nobility straight from Almighty God"? Upon that depends the future of England.

The business of the novelist is with the realities of life, and not with hypotheses; yet one cannot leave Gissing without wishing that he had found strength and occasion to express these fundamental ideas of his maturity in fiction. P. E. M.

Correspondence.

THE ANTICS OF THE PRESS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: At the recent graduating exercises of the Junior College in the University of Chicago I was giving an address in which the members of this body, both men and women, were urged to seek a sense of form—in dress, manners, speech, and intellectual habits. In antithesis, it was pointed out that we had too long lived in a kingdom of slouch—in dress, manners, speech, and intellectual habits. In a humbler way, but extending the application, the effort was made to emphasize what Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells had said in regard to American speech. Further, after putting the emphasis upon the desirability of intellectual good form, the lesson was enforced by Lowell's poem of "Hebe," quoted by Tom Hughes on his visit to Harvard. The occasion was supposedly formal and dignified; and only in the two words above was dress even mentioned.

Perhaps to illustrate the truth of my indictment by showing the lack of good form of some American journals, the Chicago penny-a-liner attached to my name and sold it as desirable copy in New York papers such vulgar stuff as the following:

The wiggling, swaying movements of American women on the streets and the stage have made them the ridicule of Europe. They have a glide and a wiggle that make them both undignified and ungraceful.

American women live too much in a state of slouchiness in dress, manner, intellect, and language. What we need is a sense of form. It is something that is very scarce among American women. It is, indeed, the rarest sense there is in the country.

Of course, I never said any such thing, but papers in all parts of the country could not know that the report was stupid fiction, and that the quotation marks were absolutely false. Yet in this form the above vulgar paragraphs have gone the length and breadth of the country as my utterances.

May I ask the friends of decency and truth not to believe any of the similarly disgusting writing about our university, which is first suggested in Chicago papers and then sent abroad? Without any sense of honor—to say nothing of a sense of form—some Chicago newspapers, hitherto respectable, have no hesitation in defaming, without any justification whatever, an institution in their own city which is working for good—providing a story, no matter how false, can be twisted into sensational copy. J. Laurence Laughlin.

University of Chicago, January 10.

SECRETARY TAFT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Wherever Secretary Taft is personally known your remarks concerning him as a Presidential possibility will meet with general approval. In this State he became known through the performance of his duties as a Federal judge; and among all who thus came to know him it would be hard to find any who would not enthusiastically support him for the Presidency. They found in him the rare combination which you mention of great ability and great geniality. Since he left the bench, they have learned that to these qualities he adds also constructive statesmanship of a high order, coupled with courageous and uncompromising patriotism. These qualities render him an almost ideal candidate for the Presidency, especially under existing conditions. At the present time the one thing which the people most demand in their chief executive is the ability and the willingness to protect them against the aggressions of predatory wealth and corporate monopoly. So strong and widespread is this sentiment as to leave little doubt that in the next Presidential campaign the candidate who best represents it will be almost certain of election regardless of party affiliations in respect to other issues. Indeed, this sentiment may yet force the renomination of President Roosevelt, notwithstanding the third term objection and despite his own protests and wishes, because the people feel assured that in him they have a safe champion of their interests.

That this subject is to be for a time the dominant issue in politics seems inevitable. The people are coming to realize that under commercial and industrial conditions recently developed, the institution of private property which has done so much for the advancement of mankind, may in the hands of crafty, greedy, and unscrupulous men become subversive of the very ends which it is intended to subserve and a menace to the government itself, and that it must be shorn of its evil possibilities in order to save it from destruction at the hands of the socialist.

The problem which confronts us to-day is to find a safe middle course between the Scylla of commercial and industrial slavery resulting from the almost irresistible power of aggregated capital on the one hand, and the Charybdis of socialism as the natural alternative on the other. With the exception of President Roosevelt, is there any other man now in public life who is apparently so well qualified as Secretary Taft to represent the whole people in dealing with this and the many other difficult problems that will confront our chief executive in the next few years?

Herbert L. Baker.

Detroit, January 8.

SINCERE PRAISE FOR MR. ALDRICH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. E. V. Lucas, in his new anthology, "The Friendly Town," prints under the title, "Another Invitation," Mr Aldrich's lines beginning:

> I beg you come to-night and dine.
> A welcome waits you, and sound wine—
> The Roederer chilly to a charm,
> As Juno's breath the claret warm,
> The sherry of an ancient brand.

But they are credited to "Anon."

The poet's own title is "The Menu," and the poem is in the volume called "The Sisters' Tragedy," under the general division, "Bagatelle." C. T. Copeland.

Cambridge, Mass., January 4.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the following books as now ready or soon to be ready for publication: "On the Great American Plateau," by T. M. Prudden; "The Censorship of the Church and Its Influence upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature," by G. H. Putnam; "Hunting Big Game with Gun and with Kodak," by W. S. Thomas; "The Development of Religion in Japan," by G. W. Knox; "A Journey in the Back Country," by F. L. Olmsted; "Writings of James Madison," vol. vi.; "The Life of Walter Pater," by Thomas Wright; "The Life of Goethe," vol. ii., by Albert Bielschowsky; "Studies of a Biographer," 4 vols., by Leslie Stephen; "Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony: Canada and the American Revolution," by J. H. Smith; Mrs. Gaskell's Works, Knutsford edition, vols. iv. to viii.; "The History of Painting," by Richard Muther; "Old English Clocks," by F. J. Britten, and "A History of Tapestry," by W. G. Thomson.

Lucy Forney Bittinger's "German Religious Life in Colonial Times" is announced for early publication by the J. B. Lippincott Co. In February the firm will issue "François Rabelais," by Arthur Tilley, the third volume of the French Men of Letters Series, of which Brunetière's "Balzac" was the second.

"The Standard Bible Dictionary" will be brought out by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. early in the spring.

Henry Holt & Co. have ready for publication two new volumes in J. A. Doyle's "English Colonies in America," dealing respectively with the Middle Colonies and the Colonies under the House of Hanover. The same firm announces L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution," in two volumes.

Doubleday, Page & Co are printing a fifteenth edition of "Bob, Son of Battle." They give some interesting details of the history of the book: "Although published nearly ten years ago, it has enjoyed a steady sale. Yet when it first appeared it was almost regarded as a failure. It took nearly a year for American readers to discover the real quality of the book."

It appears that the so-called Catechism of Sir Oliver Lodge, about which there has been so much talk, got into the press without his authority, from a privately printed copy. He will soon publish it, with considerable expansions and explanations.

The English *Independent Review*, beginning with the January issue, will be published by John Lane instead of Fisher Unwin. It will maintain its old policy of "cultured Liberalism."

The *Pennsylvania-German*, a monthly magazine, established in 1900, and published at East Greenville, contains in its January issue four articles on German migrations in the United States and Canada.

With the second ten volumes Houghton, Mifflin & Co. complete their really superb Walden edition of Thoreau. On the appearance of the first ten we took occasion to say how admirably these books were made. In format, type, and paper, they seem to us about the ideal of such a publication, presenting a thoroughly comfortable book to hold in the hand and a delightful page to read, without any of the cumbrous appurtenances of the ordinary *édition de luxe*. Thoreau stands before us complete, and conscientiously edited. A word of commendation should be added for the photogravure illustrations from photographs taken by Herbert W. Gleason, who has gone over the Thoreau country with loving care, and caught many of the fleeting phenomena of the seasons in the very spots where Thoreau observed them. The last ten volumes continue and conclude the "Journal," which had already taken four of the earlier instalment, an extraordinary record of daily life with nature, which Bradford Torrey has edited with meticulous care. If we should quarrel with it for anything it would be for its too great abundance. Much is trivial, yet much also is of extraordinary interest, as readers of the books made out of it by Ellery Channing already know.

The promise held out in the earlier volumes of "Nelson's Encyclopædia" that the completed work would be one of the most useful brief reference encyclopædias in the English language appears to be fulfilled in Volumes V. to X., which we have received.

Vol. X. carries us through Sax, and there are two more volumes to come. The blurred and badly printed illustrations, the poor maps, and the comparatively large proportion of space given up to subjects of "current interest" are still the points that most seriously detract from the permanent value of the books. But as the last-named characteristic is one on which the editors particularly pride themselves, it may be taken as fulfilling what they conceive to be the mission of the work. In this connection, however, some glaring omissions may be noted, such as the exclusion of biographies of Roland Molineux and Nan Patterson, while that of Albert T. Patrick is included. As far as accuracy is concerned, the later volumes show considerable improvement, and the "Americanization" has been more thoroughly and successfully carried out. The longer biographical, historical, and descriptive articles continue to be among the most valuable portions. Considering their limited space, the English literary biographies are, many of them, unusually fine characterizations of the subject's life and work. Some, however, strike one as peculiarly inadequate, as those, for instance, of Cardinal Manning and Walter Pater. The lack of proportion in some American subjects may be noted in the relative space allotted to Edwin Markham and Lafcadio Hearn. The long American articles are valuable in showing the results of the most recent historical research. The scientific, economic, and industrial articles as a rule are of high quality, the recent discoveries and investigations being treated with particular fulness. Of special interest and value is the article on "Irrigation" and the detailed discussion of rate regulation under "Railroads." All in all, the treatment of the subject matter in the work is an admirable example of compression, and fulfils to an unusual degree the purpose of the editors to furnish an encyclopædia for busy people.

An "historically illustrated" edition of George Eliot's "Romola," with an introduction and notes by Dr. Guido Biagi, has been issued in two volumes by A. C. McClurg & Co. Dr. Biagi, who is librarian of the Laurentian Library, Florence, is one of the small vanguard of Italian critics who find in English literature something they cannot find in French. He is, however, not merely an appreciative essayist; for a long experience in palæography inclines him toward scientific research. A few years ago he published some fresh documents bearing on the last days of Shelley; now he makes known the main written sources of "Romola." In telling about his discovery, Dr. Biagi not only reveals a method worth knowing, but gives a vivid and accurate description of a great Florentine library as it was about the year 1861, when George Eliot and Lewes were in Florence. In those days, writes the Commendatore, "an ancient priest, in greasy skull-cap and snuffy cassock, . . . presided over the books, keeping beside him as a guide the 'Index Librorum Prohibitorum.'" The receipts for books given out are still preserved. "From George Eliot herself," says Dr. Biagi, "I found not a single receipt, but there were a number signed by G. H. Lewes, to whom she left all the trouble and care of those learned investigations to which she was not accustomed." Of these receipts twelve are reproduced in facsimile, and Dr. Biagi states what books they designate, indicating briefly what each yielded to George Eliot's swift but skilful search. Furthermore, in his comments on the historical novel, our editor says something worth reading. The illustrations, 160 in all, are well reproduced. Furthermore, they are for the most part adequately described, and in every case are, for their own sakes, worth possessing; but many of them are wholly irrelevant, or are made so by being recklessly misplaced. What, for instance, can be the relevancy of a picture of the pouches for the *squittini* (Vol. I., p. 46)? or of an "Enamelled Cup and Plate" (I., p. 56)? or of the "Bussolotti and Mazze" (I., p. 60)? Others still are quite to the point, but strewn at random through both volumes. Thus—to take but one example—facing p. 42, Vol. I., we come upon a cut showing a *lucco*, though the author describes this garment forty pages earlier.

Few subjects have been more assiduously written up than the literary associations of London, and as no volume so far can be called exhaustive and as the associations accumulate daily, the supply of books will no doubt be maintained. The latest addition is "Literary London," by Elsie M. Lang, with an Introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton (Charles Scribner's Sons). This work is arranged like a dictionary, with the famous localities and streets in alphabetical order, so that one jumps from Downing Street to Drury Lane; and unless one is very familiar with the topography, one groans at the absence of a map. As a book of reference, it has merits, though they do not include completeness. The author has secured only the more obvious of the memories that cling to nearly every old London street, and does not betray a wide acquaintance with memoirs from which she might have added to her collection. Even without such aids, she might have treated Downing Street more handsomely. This resort of so many literary statesmen appears here only as connected with the lives of Smollett and Horace Walpole. From Suffolk Street, where he lived at Garland's Hotel, is omitted the name of Whistler; and Paradise Row, Chelsea, to which Mr. Blunt lately devoted a whole volume, is not mentioned. Yet it is haunted by memories of many interesting and pathetic personages, and by the humorous figure of Pepys, who used to go to the house of Mistress Becke to eat her "admirable cakes." On Lothbury, Miss Lang has no quotation from Wordsworth; on Holland House, no mention of Lady Holland, the queen of that famous salon. Grub Street does not appear in the index, and must be looked for under its new name, Milton Street. The numerous illustrations from photographs are rather commonplace. In fact, the chief attractions of the volume are its light weight and excellent get-up. Mr. Chesterton's Introduction is in his favorite style, a mere series of flat contradictions of popular convictions and points of view about cities, thrown into the form of paradoxes, and not to be mistaken for epigrams.

"The Book of Elizabethan Verse," chosen and edited with notes by William Stanley Braithwaite, with an Introduction by Thomas Wentworth Higginson (Boston, Herbert B. Turner & Co.), is, in externals, a close reproduction of the excellent "Oxford Book of English Verse," even to the very book mark, and the tooling on the cover. As to the ethics of such book making, it can at least be said that it is quite typical of the publishing methods in vogue during the reign of Elizabeth. We find included among the poets of this volume such writers as Wyatt and Surrey, Carew, Herbert, and Herrick, to say nothing of Cartwright, Crashaw, Davenant, Habington, Lovelace, Montrose, Randolph, Suckling, and Waller, who were not born until after the death of Elizabeth. Apparently any Jacobean or Caroline poet who hits Mr. Braithwaite's fancy may be considered an Elizabethan writer, with the exception of Milton, because *his* "muse is not Elizabethan." Apart from this inconsistent method of selection, the poems are on the whole well chosen, for Mr. Braithwaite adds nothing that is new, and, following the work of other editors and anthologists, could hardly go wrong. We miss some old favorites. Though there are forty selections from Herrick, his exquisite "You are a tulip seen to-day" is not among them. Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, and Herrick furnish one-quarter of the poems. One-third of Mr. Braithwaite's selections are also found in the "Oxford Book of English Verse," and where Mr. Quiller-Couch prints an excerpt from Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar," or but part of a poem of Crashaw or Waller, the "Book of Elizabethan Verse" follows him line for line. Again and again Mr. Braithwaite fails to give us correct names and text. To cite a few typical examples, on page 772, we find Richard Greene for Robert Greene; on page 692, Dumain of "Love's Labour's Lost," appears as Dumare; on page 720, Clément Marot is called Clément Mark. The Latin quotations on pages 689, 699, and 750 are badly mangled. Typical among the misprints is the following:

> Till that ripe birth
> Of studied Fate *step forth*,
> And teach her fair steps to our earth.
> —(Page 110.)

Crashaw wrote "stand forth." Mr. Braithwaite professes the liveliest admiration for Carew's "Elegy upon the Death of Doctor Donne," yet in its opening lines he prints "crust" for "trust," the accepted reading. The editor shows no intimate knowledge of Elizabethan verse. The eighty-two pages of notes are valuable only for their very liberal citations from Grosart, Saintsbury, Bullen, Schelling, Erskine, and other editors and critics, and we have not discovered that Mr. Braithwaite has made the smallest contribution to our knowledge of the period.

In "Ronsard and La Pléiade" (Macmillans) the Rt. Hon. George Wyndham offers another example of the versatility of English statesmen who combine political with literary distinction. Beginning with an essay of sixty pages on the literary aspirations and achievements of the famous group, the volume adds a judicious anthology and several translations, in the original metres. From the point of view of scholarship, the most interesting feature in the discussion is Mr. Wyndham's contention that the much-talked-of "Italian influence" on English Renaissance came, in this instance, through the filtration of French literature. Not only Spenser and Sidney, but "the majority of Elizabethan sonneteers concentrated their attention on contemporary France, and de-

rived their knowledge of Italian work from adaptations by Ronsard and Desportes" (p. 49). As this dissertation concludes with an eloquent paragraph urging a similar *entente cordiale* to-day, we can but congratulate the author on the consistency and continuity of his plan. His translations are faithful, and not without the attractiveness of hybrids and exotics in general; still, one may doubt the quality of an English sonnet in Alexandrines, though

Quand vous serez bien vieille, le soir, à la chandelle

is indisputably genuine French. In the rendering of "Mignonne, allons voir si la rose," the ear is jarred by such rhymes as "lament," "raiment"; "mother," "by her." A graceful dedication, in verse, after the fashion of Swinburne, completes this study.

Several large collections of coins in Great Britain, the most famous of which is in the British Museum, afford English scholars a unique opportunity for the study of numismatics. That they have taken full advantage of their favored position is proved by such works as B. V. Head's "Historia Numorum," now entering on a new edition, Percy Gardner's "Types of Greek Coins," George Macdonald's "Coin Types," G. F. Hill's "Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins," as well as the last-named author's more recent volume, "Historical Greek Coins" (The Macmillan Co.). The plan of this new book is to present as nearly as possible in chronological order a series of coins interpreted with less regard to economics and art than to the light they directly throw upon history. In his preface the author explains that he has chosen for discussion pieces which, "by the mere fact that they were issued, or else by information conveyed through their fabric, types, inscriptions, or standard, actually add their quantum to our knowledge of the period to which they belong. Sometimes, as in the case of the coins struck after the battle of Cnidus, the amount added is considerable. Sometimes, however, as with the early didrachm of the Achæan League, the coins cannot be said to do more than throw a pleasantly illustrative light on the period." They are especially valuable for illustrating the foreign connections of a state, the extent and direction of its commerce, and the growth and decline of its economic and even of its political importance. The work begins with the invention of coins, probably by the Lydians, and traces the expansion and development of Greek coinage to near the opening of the Christian era. As an elementary treatise it presents the subject in a clear, straightforward style, unhampered by details, yet with some attention to the historical problems involved. The glossary of technical terms will be found useful to the reader. Abundant illustrations are provided in the thirteen plates in addition to several cuts in the text. In some cases the reader may be unwilling to accept the author's view. The treatment of Solon's coinage (p. 12 ff.) is not altogether convincing, and some may feel that the author is unjust toward Themistocles (p. 48); but these are subjects on which opinions may differ. The high reputation of the author is a sufficient guarantee for the scholarship of the work. If it meets with the encouragement which it deserves, "it may be followed by a companion dealing with Historical Roman Coins."

Few events of the French Revolution have aroused more rancorous passions in the breasts of writers, both royalist and republican, than the episode which forms the chief part of G. Lenôtre's vivid and captivating narrative, "The Flight of Marie Antoinette" (Translated by Mrs. Rudolf Stawell; J. B. Lippincott Co.). M. Lenôtre confines himself largely to the relation of the drama itself, leaving aside its causes and consequences. Indeed, the author creates in the reader's mind the illusion of his personal presence at every scene. Although the work is fully documented, the author can scarcely be said to add much to our knowledge of the subject. This is not surprising, the hunters have been so many and so keen. It is by the precision and arrangement of details and by their picturesque setting that he has succeeded in creating a fresh interest. To achieve this result he has had recourse to all sources of information: national archives, private archives, and memoirs past counting. The skilful use he makes of this material, balancing probabilities against probabilities, checking one document by another, and always picking out with unerring finger the convincing, essential fact, is as striking as the intensity of life which he manages to give to his revival of the past. No historian of the period has shown so forcibly by what a fatal chain of secondary causes —trivial causes, too, that could all have been easily counteracted—the well-arranged plans of Fersen were rendered unavailing. M. Lenôtre writes sympathetically of Louis XVI.; but his picture of the loutish sovereign, always doggedly obstinate at the wrong time, is calculated to excite more irritation than pity. M. Lenôtre is by no means a thoroughgoing partisan of Marie Antoinette, and therefore the light he sheds on the innocence of her relations with Fersen is the more convincing. Fersen was her lover, but in the high and noble sense of the term. Subtle as is M. Lenôtre in rendering individual impressions, he is still more successful in analyzing great popular emotions. The chapter which describes the agitation of the peasants of Champagne, the mustering of the civic guards, and their mad rush to Varennes, is extremely interesting. The book has been exceptionally illustrated. Most of the portraits have never been published before, and are reproduced directly from miniatures. Then there is a large number of little pictures, drawn from photographs or from nature, which enable us to trace the lumbering berline and its occupants through all the scenes, and to all the halting places on the route: the streets, roads, hotels, post-houses, yards, are all vividly represented.

A "History of the Town of Middleboro, Massachusetts," by Thomas Weston of the Suffolk Bar, has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is the opinion of the author of this valuable addition to New England local history that it should have been written fifty years ago, when there were yet living men by whom the earlier traditions were still well remembered. In this statement some allowance must be made for Mr. Weston's modesty, for, appointed by a responsible committee as town historiographer, he has made no mention of himself in the text or index. He might advisedly have said that there were some compensations in delay, for the present work has profited by some excellent recent models. The early annals of the older New England towns have necessarily a measure of similarity. If, therefore, Mr. Weston's story is in part familiar, it is because Middleboro has as good a claim to such phases and incidents as many another town. But it had also a distinct character and history of its own. The event of greatest immediate significance in Middleboro's long career was King Philip's War, when all the dwelling houses and out-buildings, as well as the town records and documents, were burned, though there were happily wanting those scenes of carnage so terribly visited on other settlements. Since no one has ever been willing to take New England's mineral history seriously, it is difficult to present to believing ears the claims of Middleboro as a mining and early manufacturing centre; yet here was dredged, for many years, from the bottom of Assawampsett and its little family of ponds, a quality of iron ore more satisfactory than hog iron; and here were developed thriving industries, employing many men in the forges, slitting mills, nail, ordnance, and other factories. Chief among the owners of these enterprises was Peter Oliver, the most prominent person who ever lived in Middleboro, who, after he rose to be chief justice, used to ride to Boston in full state, with scarlet-clad outriders. No trace is left of stately Oliver Hall, and it would have been well if Mr. Weston had defined more sharply the present condition of the site of this memorable abode of colonial magnificence and hospitality. Racy of a soil rich with tradition is the chapter on early purchases from the Indians, and the necessary map which goes with it. The 26 Men's Purchase, the 5 Men's Purchase, the Little Men's Purchase, the Sixteen Shilling Purchase—these, with their expressive titles, speak visibly of shrewd, but not dishonorable bargainings.

"The Dog Book," by James Watson (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is from the pen of a man eminently fitted for his task. He has been owner, breeder, and judge of the animal for many years; and while he is something of a specialist in certain breeds, he is thoroughly familiar with all, and his statements will generally pass unquestioned. Regarding the genesis and early history of the dog, Mr. Watson has written entertainingly, and, while some of the matter is old, much will be new to his readers. Doubtless his positive statement that while the dog and the fox and the dog and the wolf will mate, the interbreeding of their progeny is impossible, will be disputed—and, for that matter, it has been—but Mr. Watson seems to have the better of the argument. Valuable information is offered in the chapter on the dog in the house, and the arguments in favor of the short-haired breeds are sound; but his statement that "for a city dog give preference to something of moderate size, even the smaller toy dogs, although setters and pointers do very well," is open to debate. Mr. Watson might have gone further and declared that the city is no place for a dog, and his dictum would have been sup-

ported by hundreds of thousands of dog lovers. Though he is not a veterinarian, his judgment on the ills of the dog and their treatment is worth regarding. Feeding in particular is discussed in great detail, but the many indulgent women who own dogs and constantly overfeed them are not likely to see the book. Managers of kennels would have a more profitable business were they to study carefully the chapter on proper handling of the animal in large numbers. Mr. Watson also tells how to turn a dog into a prize winner. Time and time again has a pet dog been sent to a bench show, and has come away without even a H. C., while its owner has seen its brother carry off the blue ribbon. The reasons for this are many and are fully described. Mr. Watson explains how the experienced fancier takes up his dogs at least two months before showing, and works over them every day until they are in the best condition. The author considers each breed, gives its life history, the points necessary in a perfect specimen, and illustrates each chapter with well-printed photographs. Unfortunately there is no index.

Motorists and other superficial travellers may find stimulation in "Winged Wheels in France," by M. M. Shoemaker (Putnams). The book records a rapid rush through France with inevitably hasty observation and numerous omissions of not unimportant objects of interest. Aigues-Mortes and the Pont-du-Gard find no mention in the southern part of the tour; "Toulouse . . . is not a place of interest for the tourist" (p. 39); the French are a queer people; and so on. Guide-books and manuals of history supply the information, original comment dwelling often on hotel accommodations, and the chances of motor-travel. The illustrative photographs, which are well-selected, might, of course, be procured independently of the volume.

The German author Dr. Ludwig Fulda has just published, under the title "Amerikanische Eindrücke (Cotta: Stuttgart), the impressions made by a recent visit to the United States. Although not entirely free from the tendency to bold generalizations, in which Europeans are likely to indulge when recording their views concerning the institutions and people of America, Fulda aims to be just, and shows, on the whole, discernment in the formation of his judgments. Yet our author, notwithstanding his caution, does not always distinguish the essential and permanent from the casual and transient. He thinks the great historical process which once transferred the seat of intellectual culture and the centre of world-sovereignty from Asia to Europe, will be repeated by a similar transfer from Europe to this side of the Atlantic. The only means of preventing or delaying this impending movement, is, in Dr. Fulda's opinion, the formation of "The United States of Europe," a union of all the nations of the Old World, not under one government, but in one great confederation of political communities, so constituted as to work together as a single body for the promotion of material prosperity, political power, and intellectual productivity. Such a coalition would lead first of all to the abolition of standing armies, which are a fatal source of weakness in the competitive struggle of continents. However ardently our author desires to see such a union called into existence, and however strongly convinced of its efficacy, he is forced to deem it Utopian, under the present conditions of international jealousy and hostility.

In a pamphlet entitled "Der alte Orient und die Bibel," Prof. Hugo Winckler, the Assyriologist of Berlin, strikes out in a new direction in the interpretation particularly of the genesis and development, not only of the Old Testament religion, but of religion in general. While making no attempt to undermine the literary analysis of the sources as currently accepted, he declares that the facts of Babylonian culture and civilization that have come to light show that the Old Testament religion cannot be explained as a mere development from an elementary faith of Arabian nomads. His argument is an attack upon the natural development hypothesis so fundamental in the Wellhausen school.

Whatever one may think of the methods of rescue missions there can be no question of the genuineness of such a man as "S. H. Hadley of Water Street," whose story is told by the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Hadley came of best New England stock, was a rather wild youth in a primitive section of Ohio in the years succeeding the Civil War, became a common drunkard, thief, and gambler, but was thoroughly transformed and lived a life of devoted usefulness for over twenty years. His religious experience was of the usual evangelical type, but was notable for its positiveness and thoroughness. Dr. Chapman has yielded somewhat disproportionate space to the eulogies pronounced over Mr. Hadley at the time of his death.

A handy pocket edition of Nietzsche's "Werke," with an explanatory preface and biographical introduction by his sister, Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche, has just been published by Naumann in Leipzig. The arrangement of the condensed contents is strictly chronological, and gives a clear and concise survey of the intellectual development of the author.

Francis Charmes, who has been chosen editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in succession to Ferdinand Brunetière, has been long connected with that periodical as writer of its political *chroniques*. Born in 1848, he began his career as a political journalist in 1872, when he went on the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, which had just gone over to the cause of republicanism. He enjoyed the protection of Thiers, rose to an important position in the ministry of foreign affairs, entered the Chamber of Deputies, and is at present Senator from the Department of Cantal. Concerning his election to be head of the great French review it is stated that he was the unanimous choice of the Supervisory Council of Five, in whom the naming of the chief editor is vested, subject to ratification by the general meeting of stockholders. The Council, consisting of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, Gaston Boissier of the French Academy, the Vicomte d'Avenel, Charles Richet, and Mme. Edouard Pailleron, had to consider the names of several eminent candidates, including the Vicomte Melchior de Vogüé, René Bazin, and René Doumic. The Council decided in favor of M. Charmes because of his freedom from narrow party and literary affiliation.

The new Royal Library at Copenhagen, recently opened, is a model of the complete and modern library building. The architect was Prof. Hans Holms. The book rooms have floors of iron grating; an extensive system of telephones connects all parts of the building; the cleaning is done by the vacuum process; special rooms have been arranged for photographing manuscripts. The magazine department offers access to more than five hundred periodicals. The Royal Library contains more than six hundred and fifty thousand volumes. It owns the manuscript of the Eddas, as also the famous Icelandic manuscript known as the "Flatoe book," with its account of the discovery of "Vinland."

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

The Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, with a History of the Events of his Time. By William W. Ireland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

"Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old," is best known to the world as the subject of the sonnet of Milton—a great title to distinction if there were nothing else. Readers of history know him as the man who perhaps, next to Cromwell, was the most important figure of the English Commonwealth; the man who, as Baxter said, was that within Parliament which Cromwell was without, and who at the coming back of the Stuarts underwent for his service a noble martyrdom. In America a still higher significance has been recognized in Vane. His first American biographer, C. W. Upham, asserts that his name is the most appropriate link to bind together England and America—a claim not without basis when it is remembered that he has the almost unique distinction of an eminent political career in America and also in England; that largely owing to him the methods of the Independents in erecting the English Commonwealth were called the "New England way"; and that his best years were spent in an effort, premature but most able and energetic, to set up in England, in place of a monarchy, government of, by, and for the people. The effort for popular government appeared to fail, but as John Richard Green has remarked, during the centuries since that time England has done little else than adopt, slowly and tentatively, but surely, the programme laid down by the party of which Vane was the chief.

A statesman of this sort ought not to be forgotten by republicans, nor is he likely to be. Vane has been, up to the present, the subject of four biographies—the earliest by George Sikes, his contemporary and disciple; a later one by the well-known John Forster; and two lives by Americans, C. W. Upham, and after an interval of nearly fifty years, J. K. Hosmer. To the four Mr. Ireland now adds a fifth, a thing not superfluous if his predecessors have failed in judgment or research, or if new sources of information have been opened. Mr. Ireland is an Englishman of mature years and wide experience, practised in writing books, and so far conversant with matters both civil and military as to be able to take up

intelligently the history of a disturbed period. His sympathy with Vane and with the ideas of the English Commonwealth is strong, his industry marked. The outcome of his labors is a well-studied and interesting book.

In his narrative of Vane's American years Mr. Ireland falls into some errors. The hunting-grounds of the Pequots certainly did not lie "between Plymouth and Massachusetts" (page 75). Since the careful essay of George Sheldon, the Connecticut valley antiquary, no writer ought to give as sober fact the story of the regicide Goffe, "The Grey Champion," in the Indian attack on Hadley (page 432). A tradition ardently cherished by Harvard men is that Vane presided at the council at which the college was founded, an honor which we understand Mr. Ireland to assign to Winthrop (page 96). Mr. Ireland professes to base his account of Vane's English career and the politics of the Commonwealth period on the sources, and he has used diligently both printed documents and manuscripts of the seventeenth century. But there are important authorities which he seems not to have read, or read without being impressed. We do not, for example, notice any reference to the labors of Charles Harding Firth, author of "Cromwell's Army," and other works upon the Ironsides, and editor of the Clarke Papers, the records of an official with the army abounding in the most instructive details. If Mr. Ireland has studied these authorities, his portrayal of the work of the army, the rank and file of the Ironsides, is strangely inadequate. While Cromwell, Vane, and even Ireton, still clung to the old order, trying to treat with Charles Stuart, who forever paltered with them in a double sense, the humble soldiers, under their steel caps, were measuring the King more accurately and devising plans for the betterment of their country on which republicans should ponder with admiration. The "agitators" were at work, and the "Agreement of the People," almost as American in its ideas as a document of Abraham Lincoln, was taking shape and receiving signatures. Mr. Ireland does not pass over quite unnoticed these lowly and sturdy heroes of Anglo-Saxon freedom, but we think they have much less prominence than they deserve in a report of that time of manly striving.

Of the higher and nobler significance of Vane, spoken of at the outset, as a link between the severed branches of the English-speaking race, and as the prophet and forerunner of a fraternal coming together of kindred peoples long separated, Mr. Ireland has nothing to say. Perhaps he is not aware that such a conception of his hero has obtained in America or elsewhere. He professes to deal only with sources. "Later histories I have not read, or only looked at after my pages were composed" (page vii). The book, we grant, is a scholarly and interesting presentment of a noted man and a glorious period. We believe it would have been better had the author considered, if only to confute them as unsound and extravagant, the conclusions of his colaborers.

The Ohio River, a Course of Empire. By Archer Butler Hulbert. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Throughout history river valleys have been an important factor in human development, and not even the age of the railroad has destroyed that importance. There was a real place, therefore, for the "Historic River" series, and in that series the Ohio has a valid claim to a prominent place. Down its waters have passed hundreds of families of pioneers to southwestern Virginia and Kentucky, even before the way was open to legal settlement on the opposite side; and numerous rude flatboats dotted its forest-hemmed surface as soon as the rich lands of the Northwest Territory were available. The romance of this earlier history the author has portrayed very well, on the whole, though he has possibly gone a little beyond the mark in minimizing the actual danger to early settlers from wild animals, and in exaggerating the effect of snags, drift-piles, and swampy bottoms, upon the assumed beauty of the valley.

The succession of various kinds of craft which have dominated the navigation of the river makes an interesting story. Some features of it, however, have escaped the author's notice; for instance, the enormous lumber-rafts which, until the Allegheny pine forests were exhausted, were so common in spring freshets. As late as 1875, one could stand on some hill by "Long Reach" (the longest straight place in the whole river) and count nearly a score of these rafts on the fifteen miles of water within view. We miss, too, any account of the floating coal traffic which attained large proportions previous to the era of the steam "tow-boat"; and the date set for the practical close of the brilliant period of the Ohio River passenger steamer is too early. Such steamers as the St. Charles, the Arlington, and the Major Anderson, which were competitors in speed, interior decorations, and dining tables some years after the close of the Civil War, would have stood well among the best of twenty years earlier. The local traffic over the hundred miles between Parkersburg and Wheeling was large and comfortably cared for even much later; for it is only within less than twenty-five years that this portion of the valley has been traversed by a railroad.

The author is an ardent advocate of the present movement to secure slack-water navigation throughout the whole course of the river, and, with the completion of the nine-foot channel which is now the standard demanded by the promoters of the plan, he foresees an era of manufacturing activity all along the valley which will make it "the workshop of the world." It is, of course, true that the maintenance of water freight lines throughout the year would immensely facilitate the distribution of fuel, raw materials, and manufactured products; but, without the free competition which the perverted business ingenuity of dominant and not wholly philanthropic interests has found so many means of stifling, it is not so sure that the results would be as beneficial to all concerned as Professor Hulbert seems to imagine.

The author takes a lively interest in some of the sociological features of his subject, such as the meeting and intermarrying of Yankee and Virginian, with other minor race elements, and the "Reign of the Outlaw and Rowdy" which characterized the days before law and order had overtaken the swifter march of the restless adventurer and the whiskey barrel. As to the race mingling, it may well be questioned whether that or anything else has given to the population of Ohio as a whole quite such a lead over all competitors in energy and ability as is assumed. The appeal to the group of Ohio men in high position, at Washington, on the occasion of Garfield's inauguration is not convincing. Neither Hayes nor Garfield would have had any chance of nomination except for peculiar conditions developed in the Republican conventions of 1876 and 1880, in the process of repeated balloting; and while all the men named were above the average in their respective lines of effort, not one of them can hope for a permanent place in history as a really great constructive statesmen.

There is no chapter in this book which is not of historical interest and value. But without depreciating its genuine worth, it must be said that the treatment should have been more systematic and complete. We have already indicated some deficiencies. A careful outline of geological and geographical conditions, in relation to the material resources of the valley, is another desideratum. Considering the number and importance of these lacunæ, one must begrudge the ample space devoted to the romance of Blennerhasset, which is interesting enough in itself, but of no fundamental importance in the social, political, or material development of the region. The photographic illustrations are individually good, but here too the opportunity for a systematic and thorough representation of the valley has not been adequately used.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Patriot (Piccolo Mondo Antico). By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated from the Italian by M. Prichard-Agnetti. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Piccolo Mondo Antico" was published ten years ago, the first member of a trilogy. The third member, "Il Santo," has already been rendered in English, and the second, "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" (to be called "The Sinner"), is in press. These books have been popular in Italy, and should find many readers in America. They present an Italy remote from that of D'Annunzio and distinct from that of Mr. Crawford, an Italy less foreign to the western sense, a land in which people appear to love and laugh and suffer in much our own way. The laughter is especially a relief, or perhaps one should say the quiet humor with which the novelist invests his narrative. The humor of the Latins is for the most part a crackling of thorns in the ear of the Shakesperean legatee, who is slow to realize that Rabelais and Cervantes and Boccaccio did not precisely die intestate. We are not suggesting that Signor Fogazzaro is to be compared to any of the masters, but only that his humor suggests that smiling catholicity of vision which makes the whole world kin.

The title of the present English version,

with its suggestion of the political-historical, is a little misleading. The action takes place, to be sure, at that tense moment which preceded the downfall of the Austrian power in Italy. But the hero, though his sympathies are with the national movement, and his steps are turned toward Piedmont, is more Romanist than patriot; and the momentous struggle takes place between his religious nature and the rationalistic nature of his wife. Yet the book is not a tract, or even a "Robert Elsmere." Fogazzaro has, the translator rightly says, "spared us the long and tedious tirades of personages who are, after all, simply mouthpieces, and has given us instead two warm and palpitating human beings, who live and act in accordance with their opinions, and whose innermost souls are laid bare to us by their own deeds, their own actions." The translation is admirably vigorous and idiomatic, a true conveyance, one surmises, of a forthright and undecorated original.

The Mystery. By Stewart Edward White and Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

As a deliberate feat in the pirate-and-treasure line, this is not bad. All the familiar elements are here—the mysterious voyage, the desert island, the fabulous prize, even the pirate with the hook instead of a hand. The only novelty lies in the nature of the sought-for and fought-for treasure. It is to be doubted whether novelty in this particular can give any permanent advantage to a story of the sort. Nothing can be really better than the old bags of gold, unless it were the old chests of jewels. Give us something that chinks, something heavy to the back and easily negotiable along the water-front, and we are content. A chemical formula is, on the whole, a dismal thing to bring away from a lonely island in tropic seas. However, we are not bothered with chemical detail, a fact to be grateful for in this age of scientific journalism; and we are able to behold the effect at least of the product of our formula. The narrative sags badly amidships, but the faith of the romancer serves to keep us afloat till we reach port.

The Malefactor. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

An amusing yarn, and not without a moral. The title is a studied misnomer, since the supposed malefactor is really a most well-disposed and well-doing person. This fact the reader should be good-natured enough not to discover till the author is ready for him; for by means of this concession, which nobody with the soul of a novel-reader can grudge, he will put himself in accord with an ingenious and well-told bit of fiction. If the malefactor is a sham, the lady of his choice is not; and there are other credible and engaging persons and circumstances involved in the story.

Hugo: A Fatasia on Modern Themes. By Arnold Bennett. New York: F. M. Buckles & Co.

This fantasia, as the author rightly names it, might almost deserve a place among the "New Arabian Nights"; it is as fantastic, as adventurous, as disconcerting as any of Stevenson's inventions. It might be as effective if it were less casual and less diffuse. The author evidently wrote it offhand and let it go as an improvisation. The result shows an ingenious but not sure fancy. Hugo is proprietor of an immense shop in London. He falls in love with a milliner in one of his innumerable "departments." She weds another, is pursued by a third, officially dies, is bereft timely of her spouse, and returns in due season to life and Hugo. It is all very absurd and pleasant; all the more so that the writer appears to be regarding his own fable with merely good-humored toleration. What most warms us to him is the occasional apparition of demurely droll passages, which would make us forgive much in the way of prolixity and of commonplace.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Perhaps no single work by Robert Browning contains so many poems that are still high favorites as the two volumes issued in 1855 under the title of "Men and Women." A proof copy of the work which we have recently examined shows a number of interesting variations from the first published edition. This copy is very different in appearance from ordinary proof. It is printed on both sides of the sheet on good paper. The first two sheets are marked in pencil "Only proof," and on two or three pages are printers' queries in ink, but otherwise, except for a few corrections in Browning's own autograph, to be described later, the pages are clean as in a finished book. The two volumes are bound in one, in "binder's cloth," the edges trimmed. Before the issue of the first edition about six hundred words were altered, and in about eleven hundred cases the punctuation was changed. Many equally important passages might be selected, but the following will suffice to show Browning's method:

Vol. I., p. 77, stanza 42 of "By the Fireside," in the proof reads:

> For a chance to make your little much,
> To gain a lover and lose a friend
> Tug though you venture a myriad such;
> Nothing you mar but the year can mend:
> But a last leaf—fear to touch!

In the first published edition this stanza is printed:

> For a chance to make your little much,
> To gain a lover and lose a friend,
> Venture the tree and a myriad such,
> When nothing you mar but the year can mend!
> But a last leaf—fear to touch.

The colon after "mend," and the exclamation after "touch" are restored in the final revision of 1888, and perhaps earlier.

Volume I., page 85, stanza 10, of "Any Wife to Any Husband," in proof, is:

> So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,
> A foot-sore traveller of his sun bereft
> Look from his path when, mimicking the same,
> The fire-fly glimpses past me, come and gone?
> Where was it till the sunset? Where anon
> It will be at the sunrise: what's to blame?

In the first edition:

> So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,
> I, a tired traveller, of my sun bereft,
> Look from my path when, mimicking the same,
> The fire-fly glimpses past me, come and gone.
> Where was it till the sunset? where anon
> It will be at the sunrise! what's to blame?

One of the most important changes is in "Andrea del Sarto" (Vol. II., p. 9). The familiar lines in which the painter describes the way he worked while at the court of Francis I. originally read:

> One arm about your shoulder, round your neck,
> The jingle of his gold chain in your ear,
> You painting proudly with his breath on you.

In revising these lines Browning changed this to the first person, but the first word of the third line be overlooked. In the first edition these three lines read:

> One arm about my shoulder, round my neck,
> The jingle of his gold chain in my ear,
> You painting proudly with his breath on me.

In later editions this last line is corrected to read:

> I painting proudly with his breath on me.

Many variations occur in "Old Pictures in Florence," which, has, in the proof, the title "Opus Magistri Jocti." But this poem, even in the worked over and revised text of the first edition was not satisfactory to its author. Shortly after the publication of "Men and Women," Browning sent a copy of the book to Dante Gabriel Rossetti with a letter in part as follows:

I perceive some blunders in my poems, which I shall not, I think, draw attention to, but quietly correct hereafter. But it happens unluckily that the worst of them occur just in a thing I would have you like if it might be—so please alter the following in your copy, before you begin it, won't you?

The "thing" which he hoped would please Rossetti was "Old Pictures in Florence," and the list of errata, sixteen in number, are, with two exceptions, corrected by Browning in his autograph in the proof. Although these fourteen alterations are made in manuscript, in nearly ninety other cases the first edition differs from the proof either in words or punctuation.

The "Bibliography of Thomas Wentworth Higginson," issued by the Cambridge Public Library, has the advantage of being based on a note-book of Col. Higginson's. It has been elaborated by Mrs. Winifred Mather and Miss Eva G. Moore. The little pamphlet shows a long life of literary activity, beginning with a poem in the *Christian Examiner*, in 1843, when the author was nineteen, and including contributions to the magazines of the year just past. We may note that from 1877 to 1904 Col. Higginson regularly wrote the criticism of verse for the *Nation*.

On Monday and Tuesday, January 21 and 22, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers at auction a collection of Americana and a collection of Lincolniana, including some rare memoirs and eulogies. Some of the items are Mercy Warren's "History of the American Revolution," 1805, 3 vols.; the first edition of Jeremy Belknap's "The Foresters," 1792; first edition of Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," 1785, and "Greenfield Hill," 1794; Harmon's "Voyages and Travels in the Interior of North America," 1820, and Flint's "Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi," 1826.

On the same days the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a selection of books from the libraries of Gen. Francis Fessenden and William Pitt Fessenden. Isaiah Thomas's folio Bible of 1791, the first folio edition printed in America; the first edition of Dryden's "Cleomenes," 1692; Lamb's "Elia," with the "Essays, Second

Series," Philadelphia, 1828, both uncut, are among the books offered.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of William J. Mackay of Springfield, Mass., with some books from other sources. A number of Massachusetts and Connecticut town histories and local books, and a number of books on Indians, and the languages of several Indian tribes are included. Some letters and manuscripts from the papers of Samuel Williams, historian of Vermont, are also of considerable interest. Among these is a portion, 228 pages quarto, of his own manuscript of the history, accompanied by several letters relating to the publication of the second edition. There are also letters to Williams from Ira Allen, Isaiah Thomas, and the Rev. John Sergeant.

The Makers of English Poetry.—The Makers of English Prose. By W. J. Dawson. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net each.

The reissue of these two volumes in a revised edition, together with the publication, a few months ago, of "Makers of English Fiction," by the same author, completes definitively a body of criticism at which Dr. Dawson, as he tells us, has been working for fifteen years, and which he entitles collectively "The Makers of Modern English." Here, then, is at last something rare in the language—a comprehensive survey of English literature with an eye to the development of its several *genres*, comparable for scope and general design with Brandes's "Main Currents," say, or any other of the more consecutive efforts of European criticism. It will not be amiss, therefore, to draw the comparison which Dr. Dawson seems himself to invite. What strikes the reader most forcibly, perhaps, in Émile Faguet's "Siècles"—which are probably the nearest thing in French to Dr. Dawson's "Makers of Modern English"—is the fact that the writer's criticism is controlled by a perfectly clear and consistent idea of the nature of literature and the function of criticism. And what is true of M. Faguet, is true of the French critic in general. His ideas may be right or wrong; but at all events his criticism is the expression of them, and upon them his rank as a critic largely depends. To review Dr. Dawson's judgments in detail would be impossible; but for the application of such a test as this, he has afforded every facility in the general confession with which he opens the first volume of his series.

At the outset he formulates the one principle capable of presiding satisfactorily over such a work as he is undertaking—the essential unity of literature, a principle but dimly perceived as yet in English criticism. English literature, he says, "may be compared with a tree which has passed through various stages of growth," or better, perhaps, "with a river which has broadened and deepened in its course." In short, literature is, to use Brunetière's favorite term, an evolution. The critic who attempts to follow it ought to account for its development and gradual accretion; he ought also to be prepared, if necessary, to recognize its degeneration and decline. In particular, he should trace its chief branches and the various tributaries which have from time to time augmented the main waters and confirmed and modified their general course. What we require is to know each poet's contribution to the conception of English poetry. But this is just what Dr. Dawson does not tell us. Had he done so, he would not have dismissed Byron in ten pages, as against Tennyson's ninety-seven and Browning's forty-four.

In spite of his initial declaration, Dr. Dawson has no pretension or desire to write a history of ideas; indeed, he hardly sees literature as a matter of ideas at all. His conception is strictly industrial and in thorough harmony with the spirit of modern institutions. He looks upon the "critic" as a kind of "middleman" or peddler of literary notions to "the vast mass of readers who have no time to devote to intricate literary problems and the ever multiplying details of literary history"—the new generation of readers who have no time for reading. In other words, he is a mere popularizer of received opinion, with occasional discretionary powers in the case of vexed or unsettled questions, though where that opinion which should form his stock in trade is to come from, when criticism itself is finally contained within such narrow limits, we are not informed.

With this view of his function it is not astonishing that Dr. Dawson's performance should be rather tame and insignificant—a register, for the most part, of critical commonplace, chequered to some extent with the colors of the medium through which it has passed. To be sure, such personal coloring, due to the critic's temperament, is common to all criticism. But in Dr. Dawson's case this special tinge is not so much a temperamental infusion as the result of an arbitrary and inconsistent refraction. Occasionally he writes as though literature were quite independent of morality, and yet at the same time he seems to hold the poet responsible for life and culpable for its evil as far as he has consented to recognize it. So in one place he appears to condemn Byron and all his works irrevocably: "They leave an evil taste upon the palate. The taint of morbid despair is on all he has written, and on much that he has written there is the worse taint of moral depravity." To the ordinary mind that would seem to settle Byron's pretensions to greatness. But a page or two later he declares, "To say that Byron is a great poet is not enough: he is among the greatest." Such unprincipled criticism cannot but be vicious. It tends to separate things that belong together. It would set life upon the one side and poetry upon the other, making the former to consist solely in conduct and the latter solely in versification. And this curious dualism pervades all Dr. Dawson's criticism. He is bound to approve of Browning for the excellence of his teaching—at least the greater part of the criticism is devoted to that purpose; though in Byron's case influence would seem to have nothing to do with poetic greatness.

In prose, however, Dr. Dawson gets along rather better, if anything; for in prose there is less temptation to confound the vehicle with the cargo. Prose is instinctively recognized as the instrument of ideas; and it is seldom that a mere command of the prose machine is supposed to confer literary greatness. And yet even here he does not altogether avoid confusion. In accounting for his particular selection of prose writers, he asserts that "it is the form that is the chief thing to be considered, and the degree of fresh and original force which creates a new form"; subsequently he modifies the statement so as to take account of "the scope and weight" of a writer's "contribution." Yet he excludes Mill from his "Makers of English Prose" with the apology that his "value" consists in his "contribution to thought" rather than in "anything which constitutes great literary excellence." This is evidently Dr. Dawson's dilemma: as often as he puts thought out at the door, it insists upon coming in through the window. For it is obvious enough, when he comes to estimate his individual authors, that thought does count with him in some manner. May it not be that the kind of thought makes a difference? But at all events, it would seem as though a critic, before undertaking to pass in review the main body of English prose and poetry, should have formed some fairly consistent idea of what constitutes literature and literary greatness.

Memoirs of My Dead Life. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

This book is chiefly of interest as the confession of faith of a writer who has attained a not altogether bad eminence as an English novelist—or novelist in English: Mr. Moore is far less "Anglo-Saxon" than most of the Murphys and Hennessys to whom Mr. Dooley points with pardonable pride as solid pillars of our Anglo-Saxon supremacy. Though Mr. Moore is of Irish birth, it is his vaunt that "Paris has made him what he is." He has a low opinion of religion and the Bible. Gautier is his prophet, and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" his "sacred book, . . . a great purifying influence, a lustral water dashed by a sacred hand." It follows that he has also a low opinion of marriage and of any pretence at an ordered relation between the sexes. Like Gautier, he is at pains to announce himself a pagan, by which is apparently meant an anti-Puritan. It has never, we suppose, occurred to a true pagan to boast of not being a Christian, or of not being bound by a moral code. Yet the affirmation which solidly underlies these negations, the affirmation responsible for whatever is good in Gautier, or Mr. Moore, or Arthur Symons, or D'Annunzio—that life is an art, and that the purifying influence (the Aristotelian κάθαρσις) of art is æsthetic rather than moral—is essentially pagan.

Of Mr. Moore, as of D'Annunzio, art and sex are the only preoccupations, or perhaps one may say, the single preoccupation, since they are plainly inseparable. The doubtful and ever-recurring question is whether this modern sex-art, with its extreme self-consciousness and its polite realism, actually effects any sort of κάθαρσις upon healthy natures. Few normal readers born west of Calais (the fact may be absurd) are capable of perceiving the lustral office of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," or of "Il Trionfo del Morte," or of these "Memoirs." In "Esther Waters" love did,

though painfully, exist. In the "Memoirs" one finds merely the word. "It is only with scent and silk and artifices that we raise love from an instinct into a passion"; *i. e.*, that we raise lust from a banality to an elegant accomplishment, to *l'amour*, in short. Mr. Moore has wished to record the achievemeuts of a master of the craft of love, one who with subtle and fastidious art has drawn from life its purest essence and swectest music—the essence and music, that is, of the sexual experience. Arthur Symons has done this; Mr. Moore does not do it. Pan singing of his loves is a world away from the boulevardier recounting past triumphs. We wish much that the present memorialist had been able to tell his tales without the damning wink and leer: "I was what you, with your absurd prejudices, would doubtless call a sad dog; listen, and you shall hear all about it." Something like this, unfortunately, is the effect, though not the sound, of his summons to the reader.

Tbis effect is not diminished by the character of the "Apologia pro Scriptis Meis," with which the book is prefaced. It seems that the American publishers found some of the accepted material unprintable, and Bowdlerized the text. Mr. Moore was properly indignant that this should have been done; but it is a pity that the incident should have called forth such a defence. The "Apologia" is not an impressive utterance. Man must, it says, "seek in vain for a moral standard, whether he seeks it in the book of Nature, or the book of God. . . . With the degradation of the courtesan the moral standard has fallen, for as we degrade her we disgrace the act of love." "*Moi, je trouve la terre aussi belle que le ciel, et je pense que la correction de la forme est la vertu* has become the heresy more intolerable than any other to the modern cleric, and to me and to all the ardent and intellectual spirits of my generation a complete and perfect expression of doctrine." And so on.

In regard to the charges that his book has an immoral tendency, Mr. Moore finds two convincing grounds of defence: First, that the newspapers are really much more immoral; and, second, that so is the spring. In other words, "I sell no worse poison than the newspaper saloon on the opposite corner, and as for Nature, if my work is dirty, it is not half so dirty as a mud-puddle, that generally accepted work of Nature." The book itself might more naturally have been written by a Frenchman than an Irishman; but the "Apologia," with its poses, its paradoxes, its supreme complacency, could hardly hail from any other clime than that which produced Mr. Moore's great compatriot and fellow-prophet, Bernard Shaw.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Edited by a Committee of the Instructors in Classics. Vol. XVII. Cambridge, Mass.

The Harvard Studies in Classical Philology for 1906 offer an especially interesting series of papers in literature as well as in technical scholarship. Prof. W. W. Goodwin's study of the Battle of Salamis, which appeared in 1875, has already received the approval of scholars like A. Milchöfer, Percy Gardiner, Evelyn Abbott, and others. He reviscs the essay, and in tbe light of a recent treatise by Lieut. Rhediades of the Royal Greek navy, modifies some details. He also answers convincingly, to our mind, certain objections of President B. I. Wheeler of the University of California, including his peculiar rendering of the "Persae," 382-385. The result is a satisfactory scheme, consistent with all the chief ancient authorities and with the strategic probabilities, the main feature of which is that the Persians blockaded both outlets of the bay of Salamis, but did not enter tLe straits till just before the battle began. Incidentally Professor Goodwin accepts, in opposition to Busolt, the tradition of "the divine full-moon" on the previous night.

Prof. J. H. Wright, in his paper on the origin of Plato's Cave, offers a genuine discovery which must add a footnote to future editions of "The Republic." He shows that this remarkable piece of presumably imaginative construction is not altogether drawn from the imagination. Its curious details were almost certainly a reminiscence of a cult of Pan and the Nymphs and Apollo, maintained in a cave on Mt. Hymettus, near tLe village of Vari, recently explored and described by Weller. The plan of the grotto coincides surprisingly with that of Plato's imaginary cave, and elucidates most happily its peculiar imagery.

Prof. J. W. White's illuminating paper, "An Unrecognized Actor in Greek Comedy," makes clear in detail the brisk and important rôle which Aristophanes often assigned to the second leader of a semichorus. This paper, together with the recent masterly discussion of the manuscripts of Aristophanes, reminds us that it is Ligh time for an edition of Aristophanes to which these are prolegomena. An editor so ripe owes a duty to his public.

Prof. E. K. Rand successfully dispels a will-o'-the-wisp raised by Lucian Müller—the fancy that the Augustan poets entertained a coldness towards Catullus as a Roman representative of the Alexandrian school. He shows in detail, with much charm of style, that Virgil pays Catullus the compliment of frequent reminiscence, and of borrowing, generally with interest repaid. The silence of Horace he regards as no disparagement. As to the episode of Dido, hc makes no allusion to the influence of Apollonius Rhodius. With regard to certain other parallels, we commend to Professor Rand what Tennyson says of his own supposed imitations. The range of ideas and of diction, in any given subject, has its own natural limitations.

Prof. C. P. Parker, in a refined and subtle piece of rescarch, discusses the manifold shades of meaning of *spiritus* as used by Seneca, and of πνεῦμα by St. Paul and Marcus Aurelius. Prof. A. A. Howard seems to show conclusively, by a thorough analysis of the extant fragments, that Livy did not draw from Valerius Antias, but on the contrary, in the main, criticised and rejected his authority. We can only allude to tbe fresh and informing "Notes on Vitruvius" by Prof. M. H. Morgan, to the report of Prof. Minton Warren on five new manuscripts of Donatus on Terence, to the discussion of origin of the Tauroboliuu by Prof. C. H. Moore, and to the descriptions of an Amphora with a new καλός-name by Dr. J. H. Chase, regretting tbat their contents do not admit of convenient summary.

Dr. Herbert Weir Smythe's address, "Aspects of Greek Conservatism," contains so much thought, sustained and buttressed by so much learning, expressed in a manner so finished and effective, that it is a shame to mew it up in the pasteboard covers of the "Classical Studies," or to risk its loss among the chips of a technical workshop. Would it be bad form if the Classical Department more frequently condescended to mere literature, and once in three or five years printed a volume of such essays? It would not be among the "best sellers," like "Ben Hur" and "David Harum," but it would be read and pondered with delight by a judicious remnant, such as sat through the rain last June to watch the beautiful and humanizing vision of "The Agamemnon." The prowess of our American scholars in philology and research is now recognized the world over. Their reputation being made and settled in pure science, let the Harvard classicists now descend to popularizing after the manner of Jebb and Butcher and Sellars and the Croiscts. The germs of such literature may be discerned in the essays of Professors Parker and Rand. Meantime, the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

Through Five Republics (of South America). A critical description of Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Uruguay, and Venezuela, in 1905. By Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S. With 128 illustrations and 3 maps. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $5 net.

Mr. Martin deprecates the tendency of Britishers resident in Argentina to be supercilious and unsympathetic in their attitude towards the natives. But he is himself guilty of what he condemns in another. Almost all the time, on his journey through the five republics, he gives the impression of holding his nose, while freely damning other people's eyes. It would, indeed, be hard to name a book of South American travels in which the author's suspicion, dislike, and contempt are so openly and continuously bestowed upon the luckless inhabitants. Mr. Martin, having taken small pains to *comprendre*, is at no pains at all to *pardonner*.

It should be added that this Fellow of the Royal Geograpbical Society has very little to say about nature in South America. He has no discoveries to report, no exploration to detail. He was, in fact, scarce off the beaten track. His great preoccupations were financial and industrial. Distinctly the most valuable parts of bis book are the heaps of statistical iuformation which he gives respecting the agriculture and commerce and banking and public works, above all, the railways, of the countries which he visited. All this is imparted with a minuteness better fitting a consular report, or a technical paper submitted to the Council of Foreign Bondholders, than a book for general reading. But the industry with which Mr. Martin has collected his figures and endless minutiæ is commendable in spite of the rather deadening effect when they are all massed and offered you in lieu of entertainment.

All in all, the volume is heavy and dull. The persistent searcher after amusement, even in unlikely places, might find a certain joy in the consistently petulant and superior air with which Mr. Martin lec-

tures his republics and sets all the world right. This last he does with most gravity when most wrong himself—as when he makes Jean Jaurès President of the French Chamber (p. 58). On the Monroe Doctrine Mr. Martin comes out strong. He speaks of it as "dug up from an honorable retirement and flaunted in the face of the whole world, supported by the cheap hombast of President Roosevelt." "It has always," observes Mr. Martin, "been a matter of surprise to me that the European Powers . . . should have bowed the knee with so much humility to the preposterous Monroe Doctrine." But, then, he is in a state of perpetual surprise and irritation at all sorts of things. The illustrations in the book he lets tell their own tale; which is the reason they are its best feature.

Andreas and the Fates of the Apostles: Two Anglo-Saxon Narrative Poems, edited, with introduction, notes, and glossary, by George Philip Krapp. Boston: Ginn & Co.

As is stated by Dr. Krapp in his preface, there has been no attempt at a comprehensive edition of the "Andreas" since Jacob Grimm published his "Andreas und Elene" in 1840; and "The Fates of the Apostles," which stands in such a singular relation to it, has never before been edited with explanatory comment, or, indeed, in its entirety—that is, so as to include the runic passage discovered by Professor Napier in 1888. A good edition of these poems, therefore—and we know of no better edition of any Anglo-Saxon poem than the present—fills a long recognized want. Every part of the work gives evidence of the editor's characteristic qualities, thoroughness and sound judgment. The glossary is practically exhaustive of the forms of the text, and the introduction and notes, though detailed, are executed in a workmanlike manner, and are free from the pedantry with which some recent editions of Anglo-Saxon poems have been charged. There was, of course, little to improve in the readings of a text which has been so often edited as the "Andreas," but Dr. Krapp had already given proof of the care which he has bestowed on this part of his task in his "Notes on the Andreas" in "Modern Philology" (1905). With respect to the source of the poem, he adopts the commonly accepted and obviously correct view, viz., that this was a lost Latin version of the "Acts of St. Andrew." The whole evidence bearing on the question is set forth in the Introduction.

As regards the two great questions of controversy (in part identical), which relate to the "Andreas," namely, its Cynewulfian authorship, and its connection with "The Fates of the Apostles," Dr. Krapp's conclusions will commend themselves to the majority of Anglo-Saxon scholars. The first place should, of course, be given to the objective tests of language and metre, and it is on these grounds that Dr. Krapp justly, as we believe, denies the "Andreas" to Cynewulf. It may be remarked in addition, that the superiority of the "Andreas" in a literary sense to the poems which bear Cynewulf's signature, points in the same direction. This superiority is doubtless due in part to the greater interest of the original legend, but there is certainly nothing in the Saints' Lives treated by Cynewulf to equal in execution the voyage in the "Andreas." On the other hand, notwithstanding the puzzling double ending to "The Fates of the Apostles," we agree with Dr. Krapp that this poem is a genuine production of Cynewulf's, and is not to be connected with the "Andreas."

As a matter of detail, it seems to us a mistake to speak of the occasional parallels to the "Beowulf" in the "Andreas" as imitations of the older poem. This Dr. Krapp, following the usual custom, does in several places. The parallels in question, however, are practically all formulas such as in all probability must have occurred in almost any Anglo-Saxon epical poem. It is merely the accident that the "Beowulf" alone of the Anglo-Saxon sagas in verse has been preserved in a single manuscript that creates the illusion. The point is one of some importance, inasmuch as such citations tend to put the "Beowulf" in the wrong perspective. As a matter of fact, all the evidence of the names of places and persons goes to prove that the Beowulf-saga was of inferior importance among the Anglo-Saxon tribes to those of Finn, Wade. and others.

Primitive Christian Education. By Geraldine Hodgson. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

The author of "Primitive Christian Education" was moved to make the book by the unfavorable—and, as she believes, unjust—judgments pronounced by many historians upon the influence of Christianity on education in the ancient world. To refute these adverse criticisms she went through the principal writings of the Greek and Latin fathers down to the fifth century, and collected what evidence she found of a more intelligent and sympathetic attitude toward classic literature and philosophy, together with considerable information about Christian schools and teaching.

The spread of Christianity was not the sole—nor even the chief—cause of the decay of the ancient culture; but it is hardly a convincing reply to the strictures of Compayré or Symonds to show that not all Christians were obscurantists, that some of the fathers were even proud of their profane accomplishments, or that the Church developed methods of religious education, which the author, who is "Mistress of Method" as well as "Lecturer on the History of Education," deems pedagogically admirable. The materials which the author's diligence has accumulated are, in themselves, interesting, but scrappy and ill-digested. Everywhere the absence of the large furniture of knowledge, which an investigation of such a subject demands, makes itself felt. Even matters on which correct information might have been got from the handiest encyclopædia are often wofully muddled. For example, take this about the Alexandrian Library (p. 51): "Demetrius of Phaleron, who acted as adviser to both father and son [Ptolemy Soter and Ptolemy Philadelphus], stated, about 385 B. C., that the two libraries together contained not less than 200,000 MSS." Charity would regard the 385 as a misprint for 285 were it not that two pages farther on we read that Pergamon was "founded (!) about 383 B. C. by Philetaerus, an absconding treasurer of the King of Thrace," where, beside the errors of fact, the date is a mistake for 283. The rest of the story rests on no better authority than the Epistle of Aristeas, a Jewish fabrication, whose fraudulent character was first demonstrated by evidence that Demetrius of Phaleron was banished from Alexandria by Philadelphus immediately upon his accession, and shortly after died in arrest. But it is not the Alexandrian history alone that shows such slips. Mistakes in proper names and in details of more familiar epochs also occur quite too commonly.

Early Chinese Writing. By Frank H. Chalfant. Reprinted from the Memoirs of the Carnegie Museum, Vol. IV., No. 1.

This is a highly useful publication inasmuch as it acquaints scholars not familiar with Chinese literature with the early development of Chinese hieroglyphic art, the beginnings of which take us back well into the second millennium B. C. There is no lack of authorities on Egyptian and Western Asiatic hieroglyphics who have not even seen specimens of the corresponding script in China, because the literature on the subject has hitherto been buried in Chinese books known merely to sinologues.

That very important problem, whether the Chinese, in the dawn of their history, had any cultural connection with the Assyrians, Babylonians, or Egyptians, as might be shown in the construction of their hieroglyphics, has thus had but little chance for thorough discussion. The present publication will afford the best possible material for comparison and speculation. Some readers may feel tempted to compare Chinese hieroglyphics with the several pre-Columbian scripts of America; but the result, we venture to prophesy, will be negative. The most ancient Chinese have, like other makers of word symbols, tried to draw the pictures of natural objects, such as sun, moon, house, gate, man; and when comparing notes we need not be astonished to find similarities. The system of developing from these crude pictures further meanings by combination and the formation of synonyms may be common to the most distant nations, and can be explained by the uniform organization of the human brain. But the more we go into the detail of hieroglyphic art the more we shall be convinced that no connection between the culture of ancient China and the nations of Western Asia or Egypt can be assumed on the ground of similarities in their hieroglyphics. In comparing ideograms on both sides we may imagine that we detect similarities in shape, but on close examination we shall find that, with the exception of such easy pictures as those of sun, moon, etc., the meanings are widely different; and if we compare the meanings, we shall find that corresponding ideograms show no traces of affinity. This view is, of course, based on the little we know about non-Chinese hieroglyphics, and we must admit the possibility of fresh discoveries somewhere in the world, if not in Western Asia, causing us to change it.

The Rev. Frank H. Chalfant, during his missionary career extending over nineteen years in the province of Shan-tung, gave much time to the study of Chinese litera-

ture on hieroglyphic art. His material has been to a certain extent prepared by the Chinese themselves, who are excellent philologists, and in their criticisms generally exhibit common sense and caution. The Chinese cannot, unfortunately, boast of any such monuments as the royal tombs and the pyramids of the ancient Egyptians; but they have sacrificial urns, bells, and other objects, some of which probably date as far back as the fifteenth or sixteenth century B. C. The inscriptions found on these objects have received careful treatment at the hands of native scholars, who have recorded the ancient hieroglyphics in the shape of rubbings and facsimile prints. One of the most recent, and probably the most comprehensive, native work on the subject is the "Corpus Inscriptionum," published in 1803, by Yüan Yüan of Yang-chóu-fu. Mr. Chalfant was also able to study a large number of hieroglyphics on a collection of tortoise shells and bones, used in ancient China for the purposes of divination, discovered near the present city of Wei-hui-fu in Ho-nan; also the legends of ancient coins, bronze and stone seals, and the trade-marks on old pottery. The Dictionary of the Han dynasty, known as "Shuowön," and published in A. D. 100 (not 120, as Mr. Chalfant says), represents a refined, conventionalized shape of the more ancient hieroglyphics. These and a few other Chinese works have furnished the stock of ideograms from which Mr. Chalfant has made a selection of some four hundred characters. He arranges them in a table under the following heads: (1) Meaning and Sound; (2) Modern Form; (3) Radical; (4) Seal Form, A. D. 100; (5) Older Forms (by far the most interesting portion, since they represent ideograms actually found in old inscriptions); (6) Probable Original (this latter shape being, of course, based on conjecture).

We may find fault with the author in a few matters of detail, as in his definition of that frequent and characteristic ideogram for *ting* (No. 364), which he describes as an "incense-tripod." This involves two slight errors; the most ancient sacrificial vessels were not used for burning incense—a misuse of later centuries—but to hold viands offered as sacrifice; and, further, the vessel called *ting* was not necessarily a tripod, since some *ting* had four feet, like the celebrated urn ascribed to Wön-wang of the twelfth century B. C. But all this does not diminish our gratitude for his having brought this interesting subject before the general public in such an intelligent manner. No public library should be without this book.

Mes Origines: Mémoires et Récits de Frédéric Mistral. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

There is little or nothing really new in this volume of memories—except the arrangement of its contents. Mistral's disciples and admirers have long been familiar with his "origins," as he calls the circumstances which have combined to make him a poet and the restorer of a language. The character of his ancestors; the habits and dispositions of his parents and relatives; the scenery, the local fêtes, the patriarchal usages, the folklore, and the chansons of his native village and district; the amusing adventures of his childhood; the merits and demerits of his different boarding-schools and of their masters; his truancies and other school-boy escapades; his school intimacies; his youthful affairs of the heart; the manner in which he took his bachelor's degree at Nimes and pursued his law studies at Aix; his roistering larks with Alphonse Daudet; his friendship with Roumanille, Aubanel, Mathieu, Brunet, Giéra, Tavan, and the founding by them of the Society of the Félibrige; the motives which led him to devote seven years to writing "Mireille" and twenty years to compiling a dictionary of the *langue d'Oc;* and his conquest of Sainte-Beuve and Lamartine—these are all known to the well-read inhabitants of Provence and to the foreign students of the Provençal language and literature.

For over half a century Mistral has been printing his memoirs. He contributed entertaining reminiscences nearly every year from 1855 to 1895, to the popular Provençal annual, *Armana Prouvençau*, published at Avignon; and, since 1885, he has made similar contributions to *La Revue Félibrienne*, the organ of the Félibrige. But these productions (barring a few which have been translated) have been so secure under the locks and bolts of the Provençal tongue as to be practically inaccessible to the great majority of the reading public—even in France. For deigning to translate them into French, citizens of the reading world at large owe Mistral a triple debt of gratitude. First, because they are thereby privileged to view one of the most faithful and beautiful pictures of the sun-bathed land of the cigale and the olive that has ever been painted; second, because they are thereby enabled to associate (through some 350 pages) on terms of close and delightful intimacy with a most refreshing and magnetic personality; and, finally, because they may thereby make the acquaintance of a new master of French prose.

The Swedish Academy, in the letter announcing to Mistral its award to him of a Nobel prize, called special attention to the "fresh and artistic originality" of his poetry. M. Mistral's prose also is characterized by "fresh and artistic originality." It is absolutely free from the taint of the boulevard, and is not marred by preciosity. Never affected or overstrained, it is yet highly colored, replete with imagery, musical, and at times impassioned. But its crowning glory is verve—a quality sadly lacking in even the best of modern work, which is likely to be anæmic or cynical if highly finished, and morose or brutal if rough-hewn. M. Mistral's splendid vitality informs every page of this book. He writes, as the typical Provençal talks, vividly, picturesquely, and lyrically, without the slightest effort—because the red blood of the troubadours runs riot in his veins.

"Mistral's life," says Professor Downer in the concluding paragraph of his biography of Mistral, "is a successful life. He has revived a language, created a literature, inspired a people." Granted. He has done the work he set out as a youth to do, and he has done it well. And yet the qualities of Mistral's prose, as revealed by this book, are so surpassingly fine that it is impossible not to feel a half-regret that he did not devote his life to French prose instead of to Provençal poetry. Had he done so, he would not have achieved more, perhaps—"Mireille" by itself is an achievement of which any writer might be proud—but he would have given exquisite pleasure to a much larger number of people.

Drama.

MADAME NAZIMOVA IN "A DOLL'S HOUSE."

By her performance of Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" in the Princess Theatre on Monday afternoon, Madame Alla Nazimova has clearly established her right to be placed in the first class of living actresses, if not in the highest division of it. She exhibited remarkable versatility—one of the rarest gifts in these later days—a notable capacity of sustained impersonation, control of both humor and pathos, much emotional eloquence and boldness and delicacy in technical execution. Her Hedda Gabler was a woman of distinctly Oriental type—haughty, indolent, serpentine, and voluptuous—with the smouldering fires of passion glowing darkly beneath a veil of languorous cynicism; her Nora, in the earlier scenes, is a veritable child-wife, recalling the Dora of Dickens—a fragile, laughing, kittenish, irresponsible little thing, with the vaguest notion of right and wrong, ignorant as a baby and as heedless. She has become wife and mother without outgrowing the tricks and guile of the nursery. The one serious element in her character is her adoration of her husband, and that, too, has its origin in ignorance. In the graver scenes, when fear of exposure and punishment has gripped her, the effervescence of youthful spirits gradually vanishes, but the essential childishness of the mind remains; and the fine instinct, or intelligence, of the actress is never more apparent than in the distinction which she marks between the distressful perplexity caused by unforeseen consequences and the apprehensions of conscious guilt. She actually succeeds, and in this respect excels all predecessors in the part, in making the innocent intent of Nora in her forgery, fairly plausible. Her treatment of the final scene with Helmer is admirable in its utter simplicity and its quiet misery of heart-breaking disillusion. There is one noble emotional outbreak in it, charged with true pathos, where she cries out that she feels as if she had been living with a strange man.

But neither she, nor any one else, can make the character consistent as a whole. It is impossible to reconcile the Nora of the first two acts—the frivolous, impulsive, empty-headed doll—and the strong, resolute, clear-headed creature of the last. And, after all, her conduct is as irrational as her metamorphosis is incredible. She abandons her children because she is not fit to take charge of them, yet surrenders them to the care of a man whom she has divorced because he is incapable of loving anybody but himself. But the subject of discussion now is not "A Doll's House," but the acting of Madame Nazimova, which, without reference to its correctness as a bit of interpretation—as a matter of fact

her Hedda is French, Viennese, or Italian, rather than Norwegian—is an achievement of high artistic merit. If she can only master the English language she will be one of the brightest ornaments of the American stage.

A collection of Ibsen's posthumous papers has just been published by S. Fischer in Berlin. Although the contents of this "Nachlass" are somewhat fragmentary, they give the reader an accurate conception of the literary methods of Ibsen, showing how thoroughly he studied the characters of his plays. This creative process, or inner evolution, went on generally for about two years, and after its completion the drama was written in a very short time. Especially idiosyncratic are the psychological reflections of the author during the mental elaboration of the character of Nora in "A Doll's House," and his suggestive remarks concerning the intellectual and emotional dissimilarity between men and women, and consequently their different points of view in regard to their mutual relations and social obligations. A comparison of the first draft of this piece with the finished work reveals the fact that the action is more tragical and has a more fatal issue in the former than in the latter. The same is true of "The Lady of the Sea." The same publisher has recently issued also a small volume by the Norwegian, John Paulsen, entitled "Im Verkehr mit Ibsen," which contains many anecdotes and utterances of the dramatist as well as intimate observations of his daily life.

Miss Ellen Terry and her English company of thirty-five persons left England last Saturday for this country. She will make her first appearance in Bernard Shaw's "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" on January 28, in the Empire Theatre in this city. This piece will be followed by "The Good Hope" and "Nance Oldfield."

Madame Réjane has opened her new theatre in Paris with "La Savelli," taken from the romance of that name by Gilbert Augustin-Thierry, son and nephew of the famous historians. The plot concerns a conspiracy of Italian carbonari towards the end of 1858, evidently with Orsini as a model. The historical part is well done, as in all the author's romances; it is a pity these "serious" and powerfully written works have never made their way into English, if only for the benefit of historical knowledge.

A new piece at the Comédie Française, "Poliche," is not likely to be represented in countries not yet obsessed by sexuality. The author, Henry Bataille, is a guarantee of writing of the very highest literary quality, but this does not authorize us in wasting tragic pity on the sentimental amours of the half-world, there still being enough love of ordinary decent mortals left unwept.

Music.

PROGRESS IN MUSICAL EDUCATION.

Haydn brushed the clothes and blacked the boots of Porpora. Schubert, when teaching music at Zelesz, took his meals with the servants of his employer. In Weber's day musicians in a London drawing-room were separated from the guests by a cord. Thanks to the strong personalities of Liszt and Wagner, and the improvement in the general culture of musicians, prominent composers or performers are now welcomed and honored in the salons of royalty, aristocracy, and plutocracy. Not all, however, is as yet smooth sailing. Ralph L. Baldwin, supervisor of the public schools at Hartford, Conn., asserts that the large majority of our educational authorities still "have to be convinced of the educational value of music study, for many consider it as a mere accomplishment, to be reckoned with dancing." Thomas Whitney Surette declares that there are still those who look on music indiscriminately as mere folderol, and who class all musicians with organ-grinders. He tells of a little girl who, after he had played a piece of Schumann's at her home, turned to her mother, and whispered: "Mamma, give the man a penny."

Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Surette are contributors to the papers and proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association at its twenty-eighth annual meeting, published by the Association as "Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics" (Ralph L. Baldwin, Hartford; $1.60). The object of this Association is to do for music what the various annual congresses do for medicine, geography, natural history, and other branches of knowledge. The last convention was devoted primarily to the discussion of musical education in American conservatories, colleges, and universities; and the dozen lectures by well-known experts thus brought between two covers, make this the most valuable known storehouse of information on this important subject.

That it is important is being increasingly acknowledged from year to year. Some of our States have school laws making music compulsory, while others have special laws favoring it. How general is the demand for a musical education is evident from the fact that in the High School at Hartford it was found last year that 700 pupils out of an enrolment of 1,100 had taken lessons in vocal or instrumental music, under outside private teachers. "Why," asks Mr. Baldwin, "should the State compel the parent to educate a talented child in music at his own expense, when there is offered a business education,, training in manual arts, cooking, sewing, languages, science, painting, etc.?" Considering the omnipresence of music, in church, at weddings, at funerals, at all social occasions, not to speak of refreshing entertainments, is not the knowledge and appreciation of this art at least as important as learning how to run the lathe, dissect a frog, or solve a problem in algebra? Prof. A. A. Stanley of the University of Michigan has solid ground for his sarcasm when he wonders whether the creator of a new symphony which contributes to the happiness of the race is not quite as worthy of the highest academic degree as the student who brings to light some novel use of *ab* in Latin or adds a new prong to a Greek root.

Prof. W. R. Spalding of Harvard believes the day is not distant when a knowledge of musical history and of the works of the great composers will be considered as important an element in a man's culture as a knowledge of the history and literature of any nation. "Are not the names of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, Verdi, Brahms, and Wagner quite comparable with Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning?" As a means of training the senses, the mind, the muscles, music is preëminent:

> Any one studying music in a serious, methodical way is training his ear in keen and accurate hearing, his eye in quick, comprehensive seeing, his brain in clear thinking, his imagination in constructive design, his hands and (in organ-playing) his feet in physical dexterity of a high order.

A quarter of a century ago there were few American universities whose curriculum included French and German; today the leading universities require both these languages for admission. Music has apparently started on a similar course. Harvard now counts harmony and counterpoint on equal terms with the other subjects for admission, and other institutions are following its example. The experts are not agreed as to all details, but the opinion prevails that colleges should teach music theoretically only, but universities also practically, as they do law, medicine, dentistry, etc. Prof. H. C. MacDougall of Wellesley voices the opinion that when once the higher schools of learning do their full duty toward this art, music study will probably pass from irresponsible individual teachers to the responsible, authoritative university. This would certainly go far toward solving the problem of charlatanry in music-teaching, which does such incalculable harm to ambitious students.

One of the most noteworthy aspects of this collection of papers by eminent educators is their liberal attitude toward the semi-automatic instruments which are being made and sold at present in such enormous numbers. Far from denouncing them as a damage to musical art, they hail them as a blessing. Edward Dickinson, professor of musical history at Oberlin College, declares that the "piano player" is so useful that one might almost imagine that it was "invented for the sake of teachers of music history. It is to the music student what photographs are to the student of art. In my own work, I am sure, I should be seriously crippled if I were forced to do without it."

The third symphony concert for young people will be given in Carnegie Hall next Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Frank Damrosch. Old English and French dances of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries will be played. The programme shows clearly how often and with what countless variations the dance form is used by the old masters. Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Wagner, and many others have woven their fancies about these old measures.

The Mozart No. 2, in G minor, is the symphony chosen by Walter Damrosch for performance at the sixth concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall, next Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon. The soloist will be Leo Schultz, violoncello, who will play Lindner's concerto. César Thomson, the Belgian violinist, who was to have been sololst at these concerts, is prevented by illness from coming to America. Other numbers on the programme are Debussy's pretty prelude,

"L'Après-midi d'un Faun"; his nocturne, "Fêtes," and the overture "Benvenuto Cellini" of Berlioz.

The Bruckner movement is growing apace in Germany. One can hardly take up a newspaper without seeing accounts of the performance of the symphonies of this unfortunate master, who was so long suppressed by the powerful Brahms faction.

Art.

Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books. Translated by Edward McCurdy. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50 net.

It was distinctly worth while to publish, as Edward McCurdy has done, a selection, done into English and purchasable at a moderate price, from Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books. The more one studies these notes the more one is astonished at Leonardo's range of study and accuracy of observation. Of course, his method of accounting for things often seems, from our modern point of view, naïve and even ludicrous, and one needs to reflect on the state of science in his day to realize how far he was in advance of it. In observation he is scarcely ever wrong, and he saw and noted many things that we are accustomed to consider the discoveries of yesterday. In spite of his scientific turn of mind he evidently did not choose to paint all he saw, as is shown in the passage where, after describing with great minuteness the effect of transmitted light through leaves, he goes on: "Never represent leaves as though transparent in the sun, because they are always indistinct . . . and the imitation of it is to be avoided." Here his training in a kind of art dependent on clearness and beautiful precision comes into conflict with his observation of the confusion and mystery of nature, and we find him as resolutely sacrificing his knowledge of nature to his conception of art as might a decorator of to-day, who refrains from many things in his mural paintings which he perfectly knows to exist and which he would freely represent in a portrait or a *genre* picture. Bearing this in mind, we shall be the less surprised to find that the blue shadow, which was the great discovery of Impressionism, was known and thoroughly understood by Leonardo, though it had to wait four hundred years to find itself adopted by painting.

We have observed only two errors in Mr. McCurdy's contributions to the volume. In his description of Plate 4 he says:

> The lines on the drawing are to show, *inter alia*, that the point about which the skull rotates is one-third the vertical distance from the level of the chin to the level of the crown of the head.

The drawing really shows the distance, as it is in nature, about one-fourth of the total height of the skull. On p. 28, after giving the statement of Antonio de Beatis, who saw Leonardo at Amboise in 1517, that "paralysis had attacked his right hand, and that, therefore, he could no longer paint with such sweetness as formerly, but still occupied himself in making drawings and giving instruction to others," Mr. McCurdy parenthetically inquires: "May the inference be that he then drew with the left hand? If so, he presumably used it in the manuscripts, which are written backwards." Surely Mr. McCurdy should know that the internal evidence of the drawings themselves, as well as that of the manuscripts, has conclusively proved that Leonardo always worked with the left hand at every epoch of his life. This is so certain that the mere fact that a Leonardesque drawing is made in the ordinary way, with the right hand, is sufficient to exclude it from the catalogue of the authentic works of Leonardo; just as, conversely, the fact that they are drawn with a left-handed stroke (*i. e.*, from left to right) has enabled Mr. Berenson to separate the drawings of Raffaelle da Montelupo from those of Michelangelo and of Michelangelo's other imitators. The story of Leonardo's paralysis is, of course, possibly true, but it is most likely a mistaken inference from the left-handedness of the aged artist.

The first volume of the Humanists' Library, edited by Lewis Einstein and printed by D. B. Updike at the Merrymount Press, is so beautiful a piece of bookmaking that we may be pardoned for speaking of the form before the substance. Mr. Updike is using for this series a new font of "Montallegro" type, which was specially designed for him by Herbert P. Horne of London, and which the *Burlington Magazine* has praised as "perhaps the most perfect now in existence." There is, we may add, nothing fanciful in the shape of the letters, nothing to distract the mind from the sense of the words; the face is rather more open than the usual so-called artistic fonts. Mr. Horne also furnishes the title page and a series of initials. The paper and manufacture of the book are worthy of the letterpress. As the opening volume of a library for humanists the choice fell happily on "Leonardo da Vinci's Thoughts on Art and Life," which Maurice Baring has translated, and rearranged, from the selections edited by Dr. Edmondo Solmi (Leonardo da Vinci: "Frammenti Letterari e Filosofici," Florence, 1900). To these Mr. Einstein, the general editor, has prefixed an introductory essay, dwelling particularly on the union of the rational and the mystical, which, running through all the Italian Renaissance, finds its most perfect expression in the art of Leonardo. We shall follow the future volumes of this series with particular interest.

It is well that the author of a monograph on a painter should be a hearty admirer of that painter's work, but there is such a thing as admiring too heartily and too indiscriminately to be effective; and this is the case with the author of the latest issue of the Walter Scott-Scribner series of The Makers of British Art—Edgcumbe Staley's "Lord Leighton." Leighton was a unique figure in England and a notable figure in the art of the nineteenth century, the only Englishman who ever had a complete academic education and one of the best of the academic painters anywhere in his time. He could draw superbly, and some of his works are rarely beautiful; but he was not without his faults. His color was lacking in fulness and resonance, and his composition in amplitude and spaciousness, while he was deeply bitten with the English rage for prettiness and sentiment; and he disfigured some of the grandest of his Greek figures with doll-like English heads. Therefore, to have him held up constantly as the greatest of modern artists, the equal of Titian, while any derogatory criticism of him is treated as the result of spite and envy, is something monotonous. One must have enough clearness of perception to recognize an artist's shortcomings, if one is to have enough judgment to praise him intelligently. Thus it happens that Mr. Staley's praise is not only tiresome, but generally meaningless, and without any clear perception of the real quality of the work praised.

The Knackfuss monographs are valuable, even to those who do not care for or cannot read the text, as giving in convenient form a large number of illustrations of the works of a given artist. It is therefore a good thing that they may be had, in this city, of Lemcke & Buechner, though it would be a better if they were more frequently to be had in translation. The wide inclusiveness of the series is shown in the diverse subjects of two of the latest issues, the most attractive of primitives, Fra Angelico, and the most pompous and intolerable of German classicists, Kaulbach.

The publication of the first part of Prince d'Essling's work, "Les Livres à Figures Vénitiens de la Fin du XVe Siècle au Commencement du XVIe," is announced for March next. The work will be completed in four volumes folio, with numerous illustrations, including many in colors. The edition is limited to 300 copies at 500 francs the set.

While the spade of the archæologist in Egypt has for decades been devoted to the discovery of pre-Christian remains, in recent months a successful investigation of Christian antiquities has been begun by Karl Maria Kaufmann, a merchant and savant of Frankfort-on-the-Main. He has found in the so-called Mareotis desert, south of Alexandria, an extensive field of Christian ruins, including the remnants of the memorial church of the Alexandrian martyr Menas, two other Basilicas, and the site of a great Egyptian clay and pottery industry. A preliminary report has been published in a good-sized pamphlet, embellished with some fifty illustrations and sketches; and this is to be followed by a more exhaustive publication. A second archæological expedition is to be sent out soon to this new field, the money being furnished by the city authorities of Frankfort. The modern name of these ruins is Boumna Karm Abu'm; and the flourishing city that once occupied this place was still seen and described by an Arabian geographer of the tenth century. The excavations all took place during the year just closed. The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which reports fully on this new field of archæological treasures (Supplement No. 255), declares that doubtless richer finds will yet be made, and that what has been unearthed is of special importance as showing the close connection between the ecclesiastical architecture of the Western Roman Empire and that of the Oriental peoples.

There is an Institut de Carthage, which is doing its best to safeguard what remains of the famous city. We should say cities, since the Romans utterly ruined the town

of Dido and Hannibal before building up their own. This was second only to Rome in the empire. Then came Vandals and Byzantines, Moors and Moslems. In spite of all, an Arab historian of the twelfth century says the ruins were still a marble quarry for the whole world. By the seventeenth century nothing was left above ground but three cisterns, a broken aqueduct, a few fragments of walls, and scattered stones. Since 1837 various societies and individuals have carted away cases of columns, mosaics, statues by the dozen; and one man loaded a ship with 2,500 stelæ and such like—the ship sank under the weight. All this profited not even museums. More recent collections have gone to England and France; and since the French protectorate in Tunis, two local museums receive the finds of Père Delattre. Meanwhile, Tunis of nowadays is growing, and houses are covering the most promising fields of research. A systematic effort is to be made to bring to light and rescue what still remains in so interesting a site. A law of Parliament is asked in the interests of history and archæology. The old Roman amphitheatre has already been dug out and used for an open-air classical play—Corneille's "Polyeucte."

A new Velasquez, thought to be the portrait of Calabacas, has recently been discovered in France by Sir George Donaldson. The portrait, which has been lost sight of for nearly half a century, represents a youth about eighteen years of age standing erect with a miniature in the right hand. It is considered a fine example of the early middle period of the master.

F. Hopkinson Smith is holding an exhibition of his recent water-colors at Noé's gallery in this city, till January 26. The artist is a traveller, and his pictures are the records of days in Venice, England, Normandy, and Sweden. The good commonplace quality of most of this work is much the same as the artist has made familiar in previous exhibitions. A few of the pictures, such as Santa Barnabas and A Summer Morning, are, however, within the limits imposed by the manner of dealing with the medium, exceptionally good. A Summer Morning is charming in its blue and gray tone, the values of the distant Venice across the water are sure, and the handling throughout has considerable distinction. Santa Barnabas is also much better in tone than most of the work. There is a bold touch that makes the artist's impression emerge with admirable distinctness. The wonder remains that the artist does not bring more of his work up to the quality of his best.

An exhibition of etchings and dry-points by Whistler is open at Keppel's gallery in this city till February 6. Joseph Pennell has written an interesting introduction to the catalogue.

The Art Institute of Chicago has opened a new gallery, which is to be devoted solely to etchings and engravings. The nucleus of a permanent collection has been formed by the Nickerson collection, which was presented some time ago to the institute.

The seventy-fifth exhibition of the Boston Art Club is now in progress. There are 206 paintings and fourteen sculptures.

A retrospective exhibition of English water-colors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is now open in Paris, at the Shirley galleries. The collection contains nearly one hundred works. There are five examples of Turner, ten or more of Rowlandson, several of De Wint, ten of John Crome, and specimens of such painters as Bonington, Constable, Cotman, Cox, the two Cozenses, Gainsborough, Girtin, Morland, Muller, Prout, Romney, Varley, Wright, and others. The catalogue contains an admirable historical survey of British water-color work by Percy Moore Turner.

Hubert von Herkomer has been appointed professor of painting at the Royal Academy as successor to George Clausen. The vacant professorship of sculpture has been filled by the election of R. Colton, A.R.A.

Science.

Radioactive Transformations. By E. Rutherford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50 net.

Had electricity been originally a scientific discovery, instead of our acquaintance with it growing up, as it did, out of matters of common knowledge—such as the attraction of rubbed amber for bits of straw—it would have ranked, in every way, as the very greatest of the gifts of science to man. But electricity being so ruled out, the most important and astounding of all strictly scientific discoveries, thus far, has been that made in 1898, by Madame Curie, of the metal radium, notwithstanding the trifling radioactivity of some uranium compounds having been detected by Henri Becquerel two years earlier. For what would any physicist or chemist have said, on the previous Christmas Day, to a suggestion that perhaps the most tremendous force active in nature all about us might have escaped our notice? At the time, of course, no action was known to liberate more energy, weight for weight, than the combination of hydrogen and oxygen. Had his interlocutor then informed him that there was a spontaneous decomposition (meaning that of the actinium atom, for example) that gives out more heat per pound of the substance than any combustion, he might dubiously have inquired, "How much more?" to which the true answer would have been, "Millions of times more." For a single pound of radium emanation would liberate in all sixty thousand times the energy of a horsepower working for twenty-four hours, and half of this would be given off in the first four days after its preparation. Something like this, and tenfold more, has been told of the radioactive bodies a thousand times and one; and the theme is not yet worn out. Indeed, the facts are so exorbitant that some reiteration is needed before any ordinary mind can fully realize that they are no more than simple truth.

The exquisite experimental researches which have brought the known facts to light are agreeably and most lucidly described by Prof. E. Rutherford of Montreal, the author of most of them, in his latest volume, "Radioactive Transformations," being the third of the series of "Mrs. Hepsa Ely Silliman Memorial Lectures." His conclusions are in brief that radium is a metal, closely similar to barium, except that it is still heavier and is continually shooting forth certain invisible rays, called alpha-rays, which seem to consist of atoms of the new gas, helium. The residue of the radium, after the emission of these atoms of helium, is a heavy gas, called the "radium emanation," which is apparently another chemical element. The transmutation takes place at such a rate that it is an even chance whether any one atom of radium, no matter how long it has existed, will or will not still exist as radium at the end of thirteen centuries; and this rate is maintained whether the radium be in a hot oven or be plunged into liquid air, or be in chemical combination. About a dozen elements are known to give off alpha-rays, and to be transmuted in consequence, but each at its own characteristic rate.

The immediate result of the transmutation, or, as we had better phrase it, the immediate residue after the first shooting forth of helium-atoms, from a substance, like radium, that emits nothing else, may itself emit helium and nothing else. In fact, this happens more often than not; and when this does happen, the new helium-emitting substance is transformed more rapidly than was the substance from whose disintegration it resulted. If, however, the residuum no longer emits rays, its further disintegration takes place a little slower. But it still takes place, and results in a new element, and not in an allotropic form of the same element; whence one infers that it did emit helium, though only helium of too low velocity to be electrically detected. For the rays are best detected by their rendering the air a conductor of electricity. The residue after the disintegration of such apparently rayless atoms is, in four out of five cases, an element that emits, whether along with alpha-rays (as it does in the exceptional case and three others) or without these, a kind of rays called beta-rays, composed of separate corpuscles, such as are contained by the thousand in every hydrogen atom. They are no doubt electrons. Elements emitting beta-rays quickly disintegrate, especially if they also give off alpha-rays. These facts are shown by a diagram on page 169 of this volume. The beta-rays once given off, freeing the substance from loose corpuscles that are necessarily a factor of disturbance to the system of the atom, we always find the residue to have gained greatly in stability and endurance.

Since radium is half destroyed in thirteen centuries, it would have been long ago completely used up were it not produced anew. It very likely comes from uranium, or perhaps from thorium. But still the same difficulty recurs. It would seem that whatever radioactive element was first formed must by this time have disappeared. Atoms may have been at first as large as cannon-balls or as planets, but have become reduced by the same process that is to-day destroying the individual radium atoms. Dr. Boltwood thinks that all these metals finally become lead; and it is possible that even that is radioactive, though we cannot observe it.

The tenth volume of "Œuvres de Christiaan Huygens," published by the Holland

Scientific Society, has recently been delivered to subscribers in this country. It is the final volume of the correspondence, giving the letters to and from Huygens and his friends from 1691 to the time of his death in 1695. His most important correspondent during that time is undoubtedly Leibniz, whose last letter, written a few days before the death of Huygens, the latter probably never saw. Like the preceding volumes, this concluding one is a stately quarto (816 pages), beautifully printed, and copiously annotated. The indexes deserve especial mention. They extend over sixty-seven pages and contain: (1) A chronological list of letters; (2) an alphabetical list of correspondents; (3) a list of persons mentioned in the correspondence (Newton 123 times, Leibniz 233 times); (4) a list of works cited or mentioned; (5) an admirably complete analytical table of contents. While the correspondence is mainly on mathematical and scientific themes, there is hardly an interest of the times that is not reflected in the letters.

In his recent volume, "Documents Scientifiques de la Mission Saharienne," M. F. Focreau, describes his desert explorations, the land of the Tuaregs, the circuit around Lake Chad, and a descent of the Sbria and Ubangi Rivers. He also gives valuable details of astronomical and meteorological observations made during the trip. Indeed, the fascicules now published (parts i., ii., and iii.) relate to the scientific results of the expedition, a popular account of which was published soon after his return. He gives an excellent description of the water systems, the topography of the district, and the geological action of local winds. For thirty years M. Foureau has traversed the Sahara in all directions, but his ambition to penetrate to the Sudan had always been foiled by the Tuaregs, fierce and fanatical towards all foreigners, especially Europeans. A larger fund than ordinary becoming available a few years since, he was enabled to gather a small army, of about 300, with 1,000 camels. Thus equipped, he could be independent of warlike tribes. His astronomical observations are perhaps more nearly geodetic in character, and naturally limited to the determination of station positions. For longitudes, reliance was mainly placed upon methods used at sea, supplemented by a few occultations and phenomena of Jupiter's satellites. Of greater general interest are the meteorological and climatic observations, spread as they were over a large area. Many important points relating to Lake Chad are noted, and this "lake of mystery" is studied as to its currents, and the saline quality of its many lagoons.

Gaston Bonnier has submitted to the Académie des Sciences the results of his experiments in the distribution of labor among bees. He marked the bees with different colored talc powders on back, head, and abdomen, sufficiently to identify them. One bee starts out prospecting and finds a new patch of honey-bearing flowers. It goes back to the hive and returns with a certain number of honey-gatherers, organizing a regular service back and forth. The number of gatherers is proportioned to that of the flowers; that is, while the bees may not be able to count, they certainly can estimate the amount of work before them. When the flowers are far from the hive each bee carries a correspondingly smaller load. On mountain heights bees flying at a higher altitude are more heavily laden than those at a lower. Bees applied to one definite branch of work never turn aside to another; the water-providers never stop to gather at a sugar syrup. On the other hand, those gathering honey from flowers will not touch water offered them, even when it is needed in the hive for the rearing of the larvæ. M. Bonnier argues from all this that there must be some general understanding among the bees for seeking and transporting provisions so as to realize the best distribution of labor on the flowers in the minimum of time.

A synopsis of the Report of the Naval Observatory superintendent has been sent out, containing an account of achievement up to July 1, 1906. Until his retirement on February 28 last, Rear Admiral Colby M. Chester, U. S. Navy, was superintendent, when the duties were assumed by Rear-Admiral Asa Walker, U. S. Navy. The work of the Department of Chronometers and Time Service, and the Compass Office, are reported; and in the Nautical Almanac Office, the work is said to be well up to date. The ephemeris of Phœbe, the ninth satellite of Saturn, is now given for the first time in the American Ephemeris.

"The Importance of the Early Discovery and Treatment of Defectives in Special Public School Classes," an address delivered last November before the Public Education Association of Philadelphia, by Dr. Walter E. Fernald, superintendent of the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-Minded, has been issued as a pamphlet by the association.

Cambridge (England) needs a new museum of anthropology and is preparing to erect a building at a cost of £25,000, apart from maintenance and the purchase of hooks and specimens. The university, unable to bear the whole expense of the undertaking, has made an appeal for subscriptions.

Prof. H. C. Parker of Columbia University, working with W. G. Clark, has invented an incandescent lamp which he hopes will revolutionize electric lighting. He says that it has forty-five times the efficiency of the ordinary lamp with a carbon filament. The new filament which Professor Parker calls hellon, because its spectrum is similar to that of helium, is composed largely of silicon. The other ingredients are not divulged. A current that will give only a dull red color to the carbon filament makes the new lamp burn with a bright white light.

Finance.

THE RAILROADS AND THE MONEY MARKET.

Nothing is more characteristic of Wall Street than the contrast between its state of mind now and a little more than a month ago. At that time, financial circles knew perfectly well that certain large railways must soon borrow money on an enormous scale. Any doubt on this point would have been dispelled by the events of November, when news from the West made it plain that the transportation lines were not able to do the business that crowded on them. One day the country would hear the complaint of wheat growers, whose grain was rotting on the ground because there were not storehouses enough and because the railways would not provide cars. The next day one heard of towns in the Dakotas shutting down schools and churches because the railways would not or could not bring coal. Another day, the cotton merchants would be accusing the railways of holding back the crop from the Eastern markets. All this time huge freight trains clogged every siding of the railways, and at intervals sent forward on the main track without due precautions collided with fast passenger trains and brought the succession of disasters which culminated on the Southern Railway, in the tragic death of President Spencer himself.

The truth was, that the railways were doing the best they could; but that with all their enlarged facilities, they could not keep pace with the amazing expansion of internal trade. Some experts laid the blame on inadequate car equipment or motive power; some, like President A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western, on the unreasonable demand of shippers to have their goods all transported at once; others, like President James J. Hill of the Great Northern, on the failure of the railways to provide track enough for a "boom time." Mr. Hill's idea became generally accepted; yet even here, opinion differed radically as to cause. Mr. Hill himself complains to the governor of Minnesota that legislative hostility to railways has scared away capitalists and prevented the companies from raising the necessary funds. Others have flatly challenged this theory, and asserted that the recent slowness of railway-building compared with twenty years ago—a fact which even Mr. Hill admits—is the inevitable consequence of the policy of railway financiers in discouraging the building of competitive lines and in devoting available resources to buying up rival lines and strengthening existing tracks. By no means all of the railway experts concurred with Mr. Hill's declaration of November that "115,000 to 120,000 miles of track must be built at once"—three times as much as was laid down in all of the ten years prior to 1906—or, as he added, that "1,000,000,000 a year for five years will scarcely suffice"—which is twice as large an outlay per annum as has been made since 1900. But all have agreed that the railways must apply themselves at once to providing these absolutely necessary facilities.

Consequently, no one had reason to be surprised at the successive announcements of a $65,000,000 stock issue by the Great Northern, $95,000,0000 by the Northern Pacific, $100,000,000 by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and finally, within a few days, $200,000,000—of which, however, one-half may be stock reserved to take up the other half, originally issued in the form of bonds—by the Pennsylvania.

When these stock issues were first rumored, Wall Street was in a fever of speculative excitement. It declared that, since the new stock was to be sold to shareholders at par, when the existing stock was quoted on the market between 150 and 300, the offer of such profitable

"rights" or "subscription privileges" would make the old stock still more valuable, and therefore push Stock Exchange prices higher still. And in anticipation of this output of three or four hundred-million dollars in the new securities prices actually were advanced. Before long, however, the other side of the question presented itself, and the market began to ask: If the supply of stocks is to be so enormously increased, and demand does not increase proportionately, how can prices hold up? Every one knows what happens when an extensive new supply of wheat or cotton or iron comes suddenly on a market which has pretty much provided for its needs already. The result of this altered point of view was the rapid fall in Stock Exchange prices in December, and the total absence, thus far this month, of the traditional "January boom."

The Pennsylvania Railroad's $200,000,000 announcement, a week ago, seemed for a time to be the *coup-de-grâce*. People remembered how, at exactly this time in 1903, that company announced that it would issue $150,000,000 new securities; how it offered half of this to its shareholders at 120, when the old stock had just sold above 150; how the market price fell below 120 before the subscription day; how the operation narrowly escaped failure, and how the whole market straightway fell into the "rich men's panic" of 1903. There are many reasons why the precedent of that period cannot be accepted offhand; the situation in general is in many ways different and in many ways stronger. The point of analogy which undoubtedly holds, however, is that demand for new capital has plainly outrun supply; and that while requirements of active industry and speculative inflation on the Stock Exchange had been absorbing like a sponge the decreasing stock of capital, railways had been making expensive contracts for new construction which they could no longer postpone, and for which they soon had to file their applications in the money market.

This has been as true of the present season as of four years ago. The result, in 1903, was that the railways had to borrow on their notes, at exorbitant interest, until the liquidation on Wall Street, and in general trade, had released enough capital to make their problem easy again. We have already begun to hear of borrowing on notes this year; probably we shall hear more of it. The larger question is, what will be the limit of the railway borrowings which have started out so formidably? To this question no one has yet been able to give a confident answer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Frances. Birds and Flowers about Concord, New Hampshire. Concord, N. H.: Rumford Printing Co.
Baker, James H. American Problems. Longmans. $1.20 net.
Bland, Clara Ophelia. Songs from the Capital. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Bréal, Michel. Pour Mieux Connaître Homère. Paris: Hachette & Co.
Building of a Book. Edited by Frederick H. Hitchcock. The Grafton Press. $2 net.
Buffalo Historical Society Proceedings. Edited by F. H. Severance. Vol. IX. Buffalo, N. Y.
Carus, Paul. Our Children. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of Italian Villas. Putnams. $3 net.
Cohhett, William. English Grammar.—Advice to Young Men. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net each.
Cunynghame, Henry H. European Enamels. Putnams. $6.75 net.
Dickins, Clara Swain. Glimmerings. London: A. C. Fifield. 3s. net.
Dos Passos, John R. The American Lawyer. The Bankers Law Publishing Co.
Euripides's Medea, Trojan Women and Electra. Translated by Gilbert Murray. Oxford University Press.
Fisher, H. A. L. The History of England. Vol. V. Longmans. $2.60 net.
Foster, William. The English Factories in India, 1618-1621. Henry Frowde. $4.15.
Girardin, Madame de. Choix de Lettres Parisiennes. Edited by F. de Baudiss. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.
Harvard Lectures, 1905-1906. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Henschel, George. Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Hensley, Almon. The Heart of a Woman. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Herodotus. Books I. to III. Translated by G. Woodrouffe Harris. Macmillan Co.
Hugo, Victor. Hernani. Edited by C. Kemshead. Henry Frowde. 2s. net.
Jones, Jr., Thomas S. The Rose-Jar. Clinton, N. Y.: George W. Browning.
Jusserand, J. J. A Literary History of the English People. Vol. II., Part I. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Knight, G. T. The Praise of Hypocrisy. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Larkin, John A. American Public Men. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Lusk, Graham. The Science of Nutrition. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $2.50 net.
Myers, Philip Van Ness. A Short History of Ancient Times.—A Short History of Mediæval and Modern Times. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Phillips, David Graham. The Second Generation. Appleton. $1.50.
Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute. Annapolis.
Prudden, T. Mitchell. On the Great American Plateau. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Putnam, George Haven. The Censorship of the Church of Rome. Vol. I. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Reich, Emil. An Alphabetical Encyclopædia. Macmillan Co.
Rogers, Gertrude. Cobwebs. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Rust, Charles Herbert. Practical Ideals in Evangelism. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society. 75 cents.
Shaku, Soyen. Sermons of a Buddhist Abbot. Translated by Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Thomas, Calvin. An Anthology of German Literature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.25.
Thomas, W. G. A History of Tapestry. Putnams. $12 net.
Thomas, William S. Hunting Big Game. Putnams. $2 net.
Tucker, T. G. Life in Ancient Athens. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Walden Edition of Thoreau. Vols. XI. to XX. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Woodburn, James Albert, and Thomas Francis Moran. American History and Government. Longmans. $1.

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The Week.

That the Governor of Jamaica has, in a great crisis, acted like a glorified beadle, seems to be the almost unanimous opinion in England as well as in this country. The letter which he wrote to Admiral Davis should alone be enough to terminate his career. Such a mixture of clumsy insult and vulgar smartness would have been out of place at any time, but to be addressed by the Governor of a smitten Colony to those who came as friends and rescuers, was simply amazing folly. Even if the Americans there were ignoring the nice technicalities, they were kind-hearted and were doing useful work, and ought not to have been kicked off the premises as trespassers. The most charitable supposition is that Gov. Swettenham had simply lost his head through anxiety or overwork. England need not be troubled about good relations with this country being disturbed by the incident.

Clown. I have an answer will serve all men.

Countess. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

—[All's Well that Ends Well.

The bountiful answer of President Roosevelt, to every objector to any policy of his, seems rapidly getting to be that all opposition to him is inspired by the Trusts. All the Washington dispatches agree that this is now the White House attitude towards the critics of the President's action in discharging the colored troops. It is merely resentment at his successful attacks upon "corporate interests." Senator Foraker is the protagonist in the debate on the Brownsville affair; he was also the chief opponent of Mr. Roosevelt's railway-rate law; so what could be plainer? The infuriated corporations are using Foraker and Knox and Aldrich to strike back at the President who has drawn their fangs. Mr. Roosevelt has descried this hidden and wicked motive many times before. Any challenge of his Panama plans, for example, could have sprung, we were given to understand, only from enmity prompted by the smarting railroads. The long refusal of the Senate to approve his policy in Santo Domingo had a similar abhorrent origin. On the public side, the effect of the attitude of the President is very unhappy. Here is a large question, about which opinion is much divided, and about the legal and Constitutional aspects of which able and honest men seriously differ; but Mr. Roosevelt would have it settled purely on the basis of personal loyalty to him. Now, there is no doubt that President Roosevelt has evoked a marked personal devotion; but for him to throw that into the scale when there is pending a great question of right or wrong under the law, of justice or injustice, is to confuse the issue and to obstruct the working of our machinery of government. To keep each question clear and distinct, and to settle each on its merits, is the great desideratum of public discussion. Mixing up disparate subjects and dragging in personal motives can but muddle debate, cloud the popular mind, and lead to lame conclusions. If the corporations do hate the President and would embarrass and mortify him in every way possible, that is a question by itself, to be dealt with on fit occasion. But just at present we have other work in hand.

Senator Spooner's speech last week on the President's discharge of the colored troops was largely a lawyer's abstract discussion. One of the Wisconsin Senator's general principles was:

> Even if a President abuses the power which he possesses, or exercises it with bad motive, I should greatly deplore an attempt by the Senate to investigate it or pass judgment upon it.

Mr. Spooner's reason is that the Senate is the body which has the sole right, under the Constitution, to try impeachments; and "it would be a horrid thing if, when articles of impeachment reach this chamber, they should be laid before a court which in another capacity, having investigated and considered the same matter, had prejudged it." This being so, we might imagine that Senator Spooner must have "greatly deplored" the attempt of the Senate in 1886 to "investigate and pass judgment upon" an alleged violation of the law by President Cleveland. There was at that time a determined attack for weeks upon that Executive, led by Senator Edmunds, on account of his refusal to send to the Senate certain papers bearing upon removals from office. The act was declared to be lawless and in defiance of the Constitution. But turn to the *Congressional Record* of March 18 and 19, 1886, and you will find a two days' speech by Senator Spooner, arraigning the President in the strongest way for having failed to comply with the law, and set at nought a provision of the Constitution. He asked if Mr. Cleveland was "too great to be subject to the law." What he now deplores, he then did with the utmost gusto. And as if with prophetic joy at the thought of eviscerating his own argument of twenty years later, he exclaimed, when told that he ought to leave impeachable offences to the House:

> Exercise the power of impeachment and give the President the power at his will to destroy all evidence upon which alone that power could be exercised! It is idle; it cannot be maintained for a moment!

The fact is, of course, that the Senate has always felt free to debate the legality of the acts of the President, and we hope it always will. Webster and Clay had it solemnly entered upon the journal of the Senate that Andrew Jackson had exceeded his lawful powers. In 1894 a committee of Republican Senators brought in a report formally reciting that President Cleveland had been guilty of "an unconstitutional act" in appointing Mr. Blount commissioner to Hawaii. We cannot reduce the Senate to the vacant-mindedness of a jury which has neither read, formed, nor expressed an opinion. Senators who may hold, and may have uttered, strong convictions, may yet be judicial, and decide the case according to law and evidence, when the time comes.

The passage by the Senate of the bill increasing the artillery by over 6,000 officers and men, and its favorable report in the House, is another example of the way our military forces are gradually being increased. Prior to the war with Spain, our artillery consisted of five regiments, comprising about 3,500 men; now we have 663 officers and 18,166 soldiers. With the additional strength about to be authorized, the artillery alone will be as large as our entire army on January 1, 1898. The War Department has found that any large increase would not be voted; it has therefore hit upon this way, as Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio has pointed out, of getting its whole loaf by slices. Last year it was the Ordnance Corps that was increased; this year it is the Artillery, and next year it will be the Medical Corps or some other branch of the service. So far as the artillery is concerned, we are told we need it because we have so many coast defences; a few years ago Congress was asked for guns because we had none for our artillery, and so the game goes on. The public has quite forgotten that when the Endicott Board's vast system of coast defence was created it was with the assurance that with these forts we should never need a large navy. Now we squander millions upon battleships and land defences alike.

The House of Representatives has made a new record by passing 628 private pension bills in one hour and thir-

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ty-five minutes. Three or four thousand similar bills become law every year, and no President since Cleveland has been willing to take the trouble of looking into their merits one by one. But the service-pension advocates, having put Senator McCumber's bill through the Senate, are making much of an argument derived from this special legislation. Most of the beneficiaries of the private bills would receive pensions under the general act, as the proposed change would make it. Instead of the $24 or $30 a month which the average private bill now carries, they would get $12 to $20. "Probably," said the father of the bill, "if these men who are seventy-five years of age should receive $20, they would not apply for the other $10 per month by special bill." Trust in pensionable human nature still persists in cynical Washington. Mr. McCumber is sure that veterans who might have had $30 a month, will be perfectly satisfied with $20. Yet out of the first 100 bills passed on this record day to which we refer, no less than ninety-two increased pensions already granted, while only eight authorized new pensions. What earthly warrant is there for the supposition that there will be any fewer applications for "increases" under the new law than under the old? Special pension legislation is excused on the ground that it tempers the omissions and inequalities of the rigid general law. That Congress can satisfy everybody merely by granting a pensionable status to new classes of applicants is as beautiful a dream as that it can satisfy all the shipping interests with one modest little subsidy bill.

The choice of two United States Senators Tuesday in Oregon was the result of the nearest approximation to popular election that ingenuity has been able to devise without amending the Constitution. In fact, the process by which they were selected was considerably more democratic than what was usually meant by popular election a few years ago. E. J. Burkett of Nebraska was elected by popular vote in that sense. He was nominated for Senator by the same convention which named another Republican for Governor, and his name was placed on the official ballot on election day, the Legislature merely confirming the choice so made. A. J. Hopkins of Illinois was nominated in State convention, but not voted upon by the people. A dozen or more of Southern Senators were chosen as the candidates of an invincible party in popular primaries. But these Oregonians, F. W. Mulkey and Jonathan Bourne, were put through a double process. They were chosen as the Republican Senatorial candidates in a direct primary, and then voted upon like other party candidates in the regular election. They had, first, to commend themselves to a plurality of the members of their own party, and then to a plurality of the voters of the State. They will have a serious responsibility at Washington as the first products of a system which the Western States are hurrying to copy.

South Carolina having shown the way in which a State may legally bring immigrants from abroad to settle within its borders, Virginia has promptly profited by the example. The Commissioner of Immigration and Agriculture from that State, G. W. Koiner, expects a party of domestic and farm workers from Europe to arrive at Baltimore before the end of the present month. By the United States Immigration Commissioner at Baltimore he has been informed that "they will, in all probability, if not physically disqualified, be permitted to land, but . . . until the foreigners arrive at the port and apply for admission it will be impossible for this office to decide upon their eligibility to land." Commissioner Koiner says he can find work in Virginia for not less than 50,000 white farm-hands and domestic servants. In other Southern States the newspapers have spoken of Secretary Straus's recent ruling in the South Carolina case as if it solved the problem of diverting a proportional part of the stream of immigration to the South. The problem, however, is different in several respects from that of the States of the Northwest when they first sought European settlers. Apart from the negro question, the fact that these States have no public lands to offer "homesteaders" brings the South's appeal, from the immigrant's point of view, down to a simple question of wages. How far the organized efforts of the Southern States may be able to offset higher bids elsewhere is still an open question.

In Indiana on Sunday a passenger train was blown to pieces by the explosion of a car of powder which was part of a freight train going in the opposite direction; eighteen passengers were killed. In New Jersey a locomotive exploded; three enginemen were killed. In Ohio a passenger train ran into a telegraph pole which had been blown across the track; twenty persons were injured. Just over the line from West Virginia one of the two engines pulling a passenger train jumped the track; one passenger and one trainman were injured. In New York a locomotive ran off the track, in the Grand Central yards, tipped over on its side, and blocked traffic for several hours. In Minnesota ten express cars, running off the track, were smashed to kindling. On Saturday, besides two other wrecks in Indiana and one in Minnesota, there were accidents of a serious nature in Massachusetts, Kansas, Illinois, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Eleven States thus contributed to two days' news of railroad accidents. As made up from the dispatches, there was a death-roll for these two days of twenty-seven and an injured list of fifty-eight. Exceptional conditions of various kinds must have taxed the resources of operating officials. There were two wrecks in the list caused by obstructions which had blown or fallen on the tracks since the previous trains had passed safely. The explosion at Terre Haute of a car of powder which, for anything that appears to the contrary, was being transported in the customary way might be set down in the category of unavoidable accidents. But what of the two locomotives that exploded? What of the three head-on collisions, one rear-end collision, one collision of character not stated, and two unclassified "wrecks"? What of the four derailments and the "narrow" escape of a fast train in New Jersey which passed over a broken rail? Protests against the kind of management and equipment under which such catastrophes are possible have been raised so often that they are almost in danger of losing their force. Yet the accidents go on, not on one road, nor in one section, nor under one set of difficult conditions, but on all roads, in all parts of the country, and under all sorts of conditions. If legislative bodies are turning to remedies which railroad men say are wrong and ineffectual, the reason is not far to seek.

The mass meeting held at Carnegie Lyceum Monday night to demand a Congressional investigation of the status of women workers; Saturday's appeal of two associations for equal pay for women and men teachers, in this city; the formation of women's trade unions, and the growing demand for the ballot among working women, both here and abroad, are indications of widespread unrest among the rapidly increasing number of women who are bread-winners. Yet it is easy to understand how the discrimination in women's wages has arisen. The first women who became industrial producers lived and worked at home; so do many to-day. Moreover, the average man-worker must generally earn enough to support not only himself, but a wife and family as well. These are the historic arguments with which economists have explained and still explain the disparity in wages. In Germany this problem of the pay of the woman worker is recognized by careful students as one of the most serious of our modern industrial conditions, with most direct bearing upon race deterioration and prostitution. Hence an elaborate study of the inequality of wages between the sexes by Dr.

Alice Salomon has been warmly welcomed. To the classic explanations of the discrimination against women which we have cited, she adds that they are physically unfit for certain occupations, such as the making of iron and steel, which fact tends to confine them to the poorer paid because more crowded industries. She also lays stress upon the absence of a keen desire to rise to the more highly paid grades of labor, and the fact that young girls are loath to enter skilled occupations requiring a long apprenticeship; hence they are restricted to employments easy to learn and readily recruited afresh whenever there is a strike. In order to lessen differences in wages, Dr. Salomon relies more upon the proper training of women workers than upon unions. She cites, of course, the case of the Lancashire weavers as proof that unions accomplish something. But the success of these women in raising wages to the same level as those of the men is also due to the fact that they have been over a century in this employment, with much resulting solidarity and pride in their work. They are serious in it, expect to give their lives to it, and after generations of experience—and this is most important of all—have learned to insist upon a most rigid training of the young girls who enter the trade.

The death on Thursday of the Rev. James Woodrow reminds us how far the hand has moved across the dial in two decades. He was a teacher in both the University of South Carolina and the Columbia Theological Seminary, a Presbyterian institution. In 1884 he ventured to declare his belief in evolution; he thought it "probably true" that the body of man descended from some animal, and that "at a certain point his Maker met it and breathed into it spirit." In 1886 he was tried for heresy by the Augusta (Ga.) Presbytery, and acquitted; then the Synod of Georgia reversed the action of the Presbytery. Finally, in 1888, the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church sustained the Synod by an overwhelming vote, and forced Dr. Woodrow from his position in the Theological Seminary. His opponents denounced the doctrine of evolution, even in the mild form in which he held it, as contrary to Scripture and subversive of the interests of Christianity and of the Church. Where to-day is the ecclesiastical organization that would stand on that platform? The incident has its lesson for heresy-hunters, though as a class they are our Bourbons, who learn nothing and forget nothing. It is useless to remind them of Gamaliel's advice as to dealing with heretics—advice which is confirmed by all ecclesiastical history:

> Refrain from these men and let them alone. For if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.

The unhappy state of Macedonia forms the subject of a powerful letter addressed to the London *Times* by Arthur John Evans, an eminent authority on the archæology and history of the Nearer East. His acquaintance with Turkey and the Balkans goes back for more than thirty years. The occasion for his appeal is the rumored intention of Russia and Austria, the two Powers charged with the execution of reforms in Macedonia, to follow up their scheme of financial renovation, according to the Mürzsteg programme of 1903, with a series of judicial reforms. The burden of the letter is the absolute vanity of expecting any real reform under their auspices. What is the present condition of Macedonia, after more than three years of the Mürzsteg régime? The inspector-general in charge of the reform programme is Hilmi Pasha, "the Sultan's *âme damnée* and nominee." The Austrian and Russian assessors have merely advisory powers without any real control. The international gendarmerie has shown little efficiency, because the European officers have been provided with an inadequate staff, and must take their orders from "Abdul Hamid's agent." The Turkish Government is acting in concert with the Greek bands against their common enemies, the Bulgars of Macedonia. Incendiarism and massacre run riot, and the traditional futility of the European Concert receives one more demonstration. Great Britain alone, concludes Mr. Evans, could force a termination of the régime of terror. But can England enter upon such a course? At this moment in India, Great Britain is trying to rally Mohammedan opinion to its support against the Hindu national movement, and must naturally be anxious to avoid all conflict with a Mussulman Power.

Georges Clemenceau is not popular at this moment in labor-union circles in France. For the second time since his accession to power, about nine months ago, he has made use of the military and the police to maintain order against the adherents of organized labor. Yet its representatives in Parliament stand in more or less intimate relations with the Cabinet, especially on the religious question. From one point of view, of course, the Premier's action in suppressing the projected labor demonstration in Paris Sunday required less courage than was called for by the situation in the northern departments last May. Then it was a case of checking the strikers driven into violence by the horrors of the Courrières mine explosion. Sunday no such danger from aroused public opinion threatened the Ministry. But, on the other hand, it was a bold step for M. Clemenceau to risk antagonizing a large faction in the Chamber whose support he can scarcely dispense with in his present contest with the Papacy. At the same time, the events of Sunday may possibly move the Catholic opposition to a more conciliatory policy. We read that "one pro-Church paper said that these Socialists who wanted to take possession of the streets are the very people who wished the Government to stop Catholic processions." To which M. Clemenceau might reply: "True; and it is between my policy and the policy that threatens you from these Socialists, that you must choose."

Premature advertising of medical theories which have not gone beyond the stage of experiment has many dangers. The X-ray was hailed on all sides as the long-sought panacea. Within a year after its discovery it had been tried on all sorts of maladies, and the papers were reporting results nothing short of miracles. Conservative medical men asked in vain for time to observe results. But what now is the attitude of the profession toward X-ray therapeutics? It has replaced none of the older methods, certainly no surgical operations, and with cancer it is used only when every surgical measure has failed, and then only to decrease the rapidity of the tumor's growth. The alleged trypsin cure for cancer has been similarly trumpeted more loudly than the scientific tests yet warrant. The results of the experiments on mice by Dr. John Beard of Edinburgh he regards as very encouraging, but in cases of human cancer it is yet years too soon to make any positive claim whatsoever. Of cancer there are many types: some grow quickly and without removal are rapidly fatal; some, again, are so slow in their growth that years may pass before their presence is even recognized. It is not easy to decide, even when the result appears most conclusive, whether a cure of cancer has been effected. Formerly, surgeons believed that if a cancer did not recur in its first site within one year, the patient was free of danger. That time ("observation time," as surgeons call it) has been increased first to three, then to five years, and at present one of the most experienced surgeons in this country believes that cancer may recur even after ten years. Thus it is evident that the factors which enter into any adequate determination of the value of trypsin as a remedy for cancer are not simple, nor do they quickly become manifest even to the conscientious and scientific physician.

PREPARING SUBSIDY SCANDALS.

The subsidy hunters have apparently captured President Roosevelt. They attacked him on his weak side—his love of national grandeur. In his speech last Wednesday at the dinner of the Foreign Commerce Convention, he said that he had never given any particular attention to the question of steamship communication, but that he had been startled when told by Secretary Root that our flag is seldom seen in South American waters except upon a warship. This sudden discovery filled him with patriotic mortification and a desire to do something immediately. He wants to "see the flag fly," just as Thiers wanted to "see the tall chimneys smoke"; and is seemingly as ready to resort to bad legislative and economic means to bring about the good result.

Mr. Roosevelt probably does not remember the Pacific Mail scandals of the early 70s. It might do him good to read the exposure of the corruption, in connection with that subsidizing legislation, which so badly smirched the Republican party of that day. And, next, it would be well for this enemy of corruptionists to take a sharp look at the suspicious men and suspicious methods made use of to engineer this latest raid on the Treasury for a grant of $3,750,000 a year. Congressman Grosvenor is at their head, and what sort of reputation does he bring to the task? He is serving his last term. To such a depth of discredit had he sunk even in his own district that he was denied renomination, and one of the chief arguments used against him in Ohio was his dubious financial relations with the interests that have been clamoring for subsidy. The New York *Evening Post* published several years ago a facsimile of J. Pierpont Morgan's check for $1,000 payable to Grosvenor, nominally for a copy of Grosvenor's "Book of the Presidents." The fact was used against him among his constituents with deadly effect. Grosvenor's right-hand man in this subsidy business is Littauer—a Representative also in the last weeks of his public service, also under a cloud. Secretary Root's report, which the President can scarcely have forgotten, intimated that the statute of limitations alone saved Littauer from prosecution for dabbling in Goverument contracts. With this precious pair is employed Alexander R. Smith, whose business it is to "work up public sentiment" for the subsidy bill. He was openly charged by Samuel Gompers with having tried to bribe labor leaders into withdrawing their opposition to subsidies, and the matter has been under investigation by District Attorney Jerome. Smith himself admits that he was in a position to "secure funds" for the subsidy propaganda.

Indeed, the evidence is strong that what we have in the subsidy bill is, not a measure which any large number of people are asking for, but a scheme got up in the interest of a few ship-builders and ship-owners, who are not too scrupulous in the instruments and methods they employ. The legislation now sought they regard as something which they have bought and paid for by means of contributions to the Republican campaign funds, and to secure which finally they are ready to put up more money. There is no real and general demand for ship subsidies. Even under great pressure, three Republican members of the Committee on Merchant Marine voted against reporting the bill. That was one-third of the Republican membership; and probably represents about the proportion of Republicans in the House who are against the subsidy raid. But the President is counted upon to persuade them. Theodore Roosevelt, the clean, the hater of corruption, is to be used to overcome the objections of honest Republicans to a scheme which they believe to be both bad in itself and pushed by corrupt methods!

Special legislation of this sort has always been the besetting sin of the Republican party. No sooner does it get firmly in power than it begins to dole out favors to particular classes. Put in office in 1896 to establish the gold standard, it moved most reluctantly in that direction, but ran in eagerness to allow manufacturers to write their own duties in the tariff. If now it rounds off its record by voting public money into private pockets by means of ship subsidies, it will go far to confirm the charge that it is hopelessly joined to its idols of class legislation. In the proposed bill there is an amusing attempt to disguise the gift of money to J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman. The bill gravely says:

> From a port on the Pacific Coast north of Cape Mendocino to Japan, China, and the Philippines, $350,000 for a monthly service, $700,000 for a fortnightly.
>
> From a port on the Pacific Coast south of Cape Mendocino to Hawaii, Japan, China, and the Philippines, $350,000 for a monthly service, $700,000 for a fortnightly.

But what has Cape Mendocino to do with it all? Nothing, except that the existing Hill line of steamships from Seattle is north of it, and the existing Harriman line from San Francisco (the Pacific Mail) to the south. The committee simply did not like to say outright that it was intended to hand a present of $700,000 to Hill, and the same amount to Harriman.

We hope to see the bill fought and defeated. Subsidy is a hateful word, and it ought to be erased from our legislative dictionary. It has reeked with scandal in the past. So it infallibly will again, if allowed to creep into our laws. There are ways of restoring our merchant marine, as every American hopes it will be restored, without the touch of corruption upon them; but they consist in abolishing old bounties and statutes for a favored few, not in enacting new ones, with their endless possibilities of favoritism, fraud, and political demoralization.

THE HISTORIC SENSE.

Readers of the English reviews may have seen very favorable notices of a book, "The Great Days of Versailles," by G. F. Bradby. It is, indeed, an entertaining work. Here you may follow the daily life of Louis XIV. and his court to the minutest details—what they ate and wore, how they talked and quarrelled and loved—a strangely vivid picture. Only one aspect of that existence is omitted: there is scarcely a word to indicate why those days should be called "great." The monotony of court life is set forth in full, but nothing is added to explain how this monotony was only the last rigid stage of the ideal of uniformity, or rather conformity, which had produced the literature of the *grand siècle*. Something is said about the production of Racine's "Esther" at Saint-Cyr, but chiefly to show the vexations the play brought upon Madame de Maintenon. Nor does religion fare better. Here you shall read of the trick by which the sham devotion of the great ladies was exposed to Louis; Madame Guyon also is mentioned, and Fénelon's connection with the Quietists, but for petty reasons only. Louis's own submission to the Church is related, but there is nothing to indicate the deep religious current that ran through the age side by side with its worldliness, sparing in its course not even Versailles.

However, we have no quarrel with Mr. Bradby's book, which is excellent in its kind. It concerns us here only as rather an extreme example of what is growing more and more evident in recent literature—the absence of the historic sense. It used to be the boast of the nineteenth century that it was the creator of science and of the historic sense; and in a way the boast was justified. Certainly, no previous century had undertaken to worm itself into the secrets of the past as did the century of Renan and Taine and Sainte-Beuve. From the great doctrine of relativity and of development inculcated by Germany from Kant to Hegel, came the notion that an era of the past is something distinct in spirit, something to be comprehended by getting outside of present associations. To this end the study of details was to be carried to indefinite lengths, for gradually, through the accumulation of minute point after point, the picture of a past environment was to be produced, and from this knowledge of surroundings we were to infer the nature of the soul of the period. The historic sense, as then understood, was

thus an offshoot of skepticism and science, of *skepsis* in the double meaning of that ancient word. As scholars lost faith in the immutable and universal principles of human nature, they became more interested in tracing the path of what is changeable and locally determined. As the past lost in authority it seemed to grow more valuable to us as a field upon which we could exercise our unconcerned love of abstract truth. Those who have read Buckle will remember how the methods of science were adapted to this pursuit. Or, better yet, there is Taine's attempt to analyze the products of English literature as if they were so many chemical compounds.

It is a question whether there was not a certain admixture of self-deception in all this brilliant resuscitation of the past, whether the historic spirit of the nineteenth century ever escaped quite so entirely from the clinging fallacy of the present as it supposed. It is at least significant that those who were loudest in proclaiming the new scientific and skeptical method are just those who are most rapidly losing credit to-day. Buckle, despite his erudition and eloquence, is no longer taken quite seriously; Taine is notoriously an unsure guide, and the "History of English Literature," written confessedly as an exemplification of his theory, is a continued distortion of the reality. One may doubt whether their vividness in reconstructing what they called the past was not really due to the completeness of their implication in the spirit of the present: the picture at least was intensely alive. It would be odd if in the long run the earlier writers who were concerned with what they regarded as the unchanging elements of human nature should prove to have been truer in their grasp of the past than these disciples of scientific relativity.

On the whole, it is safer to admit a moment in the nineteenth century, when the older notion of continuity and authority combined with the newer theory of development and relativity to create a genuine historic sense. A perfect example of this may be seen in the "Port-Royal" of Sainte-Beuve, where a writer essentially skeptical reproduces a society dominated by religion; in English we have the greater historical novels culminating in "Henry Esmond." What cannot be ignored is the fact that for many years the historic sense, that is, the power of calling forth any true illusion of the past, has been surely waning. The abuse of the documentary method of study may have something to do with this, by habituating the mind to dulness, but the real cause lies deeper. The means has destroyed the end, and those who try to be most entertaining are likely to be least historical. The effort to accumulate picturesque details has blinded us to the purpose for which these details were first desired. Of this Mr. Bradby's book affords a striking example. At first the attention of the reader is deeply engaged; he expects to be led into the very spirit of the age. Presently he is chagrined to discover that the picturesque anecdotes and descriptions lead nowhere. Because the inspiration of that age was different from ours, it is simply non-existent to the author; he has no standard by which to measure the relation between the uniformity and restraint of manners on the one hand, and on the other the discipline of mind that showed itself in so many works of genius. And missing this interest in the higher things of humanity which make of that age a lesson and authority, he falls into the most vicious fallacy of the present. Because we with our habits and conveniences should be bored and shocked by the physical conditions of that life, he represents the great days of Versailles as a time of almost unmitigated boredom.

THE WORSHIP OF LOCAL COLOR.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has fluttered London journalists by a letter to the *Times* in which, in her "second-best Californiaese," she bade the august editor "go to the devil." Far more significant, however, is an earlier letter to the same newspaper, setting forth her theory of "local color," for here she is spokesman of a whole school of modern novelists. She would have a writer accept nothing at second-hand. For the sake of a single chapter in her last novel, "Rezanóv," she spent thirteen days on a trip from San Francisco to Sitka. She found the effort "quite worth while," for her mental picture of the place was very different from the reality. She adds:

> It may be argued that a few paragraphs of description do not matter one way or another, and that the average reader will never know the difference—likely as not will skip them; but it matters to the author, who is not worth his salt unless he writes first of all to please himself; and places his work before every other consideration. Moreover, there are subtle suggestions in a new atmosphere related to his work, that he would never get otherwise.

This, we submit, is to follow the spirit of the age to the bitter end, by subjecting works of creative imagination to the limitations of the exact sciences. The inference from Mrs. Atherton's statement is that the novel must, like a modern doctoral thesis in history or biology, be thoroughly documented and fortified by abundant experiment. This, indeed, is the contention of Zola and his disciples among the uncompromising realists.

We all know to our sorrow what local color is. The novel of to-day reeks with it—dialect so carefully spelled as to be unintelligible, passages of precise description of persons and places, meticulous attention to costumes, forms, and customs. It is realism run mad. Now, we raise no objection to sufficient local color to lend background to a story; but we wish aspiring novelists would bear in mind that the background is made for the story, not the story for the background. Such excursions as Mrs. Atherton's to Sitka are the very things that distract the novelist from his main theme of character and action. When you write of a place which you have known long and intimately, you can preserve your sense of proportion; for you are not carried away by the novelty of the view. But after you have completed a long journey expressly to see what a country is like, the temptation to overload the tale with a description of it is almost irresistible. You cannot throw away or dismiss in a word or two the precious picture which you have taken so much trouble to get.

Then, too, it is so easy to write description — now that Stevenson has shown us all the trick. We may not match him in characterization and conduct of events, but at any rate we can come out strong on description. Indeed, any fairly trained hack can offer a sketch of the Kamchatkan coast or of Popocatepetl that might easily be ascribed to the master himself. We need not turn for examples to the *dii minores*, whose faults we have always with us. So competent a novelist as Joseph Conrad has fallen a victim to his own powers as a writer of description. His "Nostromo," admirable as it is in many respects, oppresses us with too much about the mere physical aspect of Sulaco.

Obviously, a thorough familiarity with a place is for most authors the secret of success in handling the minutiæ of local color. The works of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens all testify that you can write most vividly of the scenes in which you have lived. But where such long familiarity is impossible, we think a little—a very little—second-hand information better than a flying trip to Sitka or exhaustive study of books. We all know what happened when George Eliot went to Florence and skimmed a thousand books for the local color of "Romola." If any book is killed by local color it is "Romola"—always excepting, of course, Becker's "Gallus" and "Charicles." Shakespeare made no such painstaking study of Verona for his "Romeo and Juliet," but critics assure us that it is Verona in very truth that he draws for us. Two weeks ago we printed Kipling's striking statement that in the "Tempest" Shakespeare certainly showed us the Bermudas: "Those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II., Scene 2." Kip-

ling's theory is that Shakespeare talked with some sailor. At any rate, we know that for "Captains Courageous" Kipling did not go to the Grand Banks with any Capt. Disko Troop, but chatted comfortably on shore with the fishermen. Defoe had never been on a desert island or through the heart of Africa, yet neither "Robinson Crusoe" nor "Captain Singleton" lacks local color so far as it is needed for a capital story.

So far as local color is needed. And the fact is, that of the kind of local color you will get during a few days in Sitka, much less is needed than is commonly supposed. The great novels, we make bold to say, contain very little in the way of dialect or description. The authors of "Tom Jones," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Vanity Fair" had more vital topics to deal with than scenery. They were busy with human character; and all else was incidental. "Henry Esmond" is often called the best historical novel ever written. It gives an incomparable picture of England in the age of Anne. Yet how little it contains that is purely pictorial! One scene, very brief, will stand out as typical in the memory of most readers—a few lines that afford a glance at Castlewood as the ill-omened Mohun took his leave:

> The sky bright overhead; the buttresses of the building and the sun-dial casting shadow over the gilt *memento mori* inscribed underneath; the two dogs, a black greyhound and a spaniel nearly white, the one with his face up to the sun, and the other snuffing amongst the grass and stones, and my lord leaning over the fountain, which was bubbling audibly.

That is all, and that is enough. The novelist of this year of grace has fallen into the same delusion as the stage-manager, that elaborate and historically accurate setting is an essential. But if the characterization be vital, and the tale compelling in its interest, the rest is leather and prunella. Shakespeare's auditors needed nothing more than a signboard to start their imaginations. In our own day, Ben Greet has cut his scenery down to scarcely more than that irreducible minimum; and yet his performances do not suffer. The play's the thing. Our novelists may, without going to extremes, take a lesson from Mr. Greet and from the older masters of the story-teller's craft, and learn to distinguish between the essence and the accidents.

THE INTERPRETER OF GRAFT.

When, six or seven years ago, a volume called "The World of Graft," describing the life of the "underworld," first attracted notice, the ordinary respectable readers had to find out what the last word of the title meant. They learned that it was a sort of thieves' Latin for the ill-gotten gains of the powers that prey. It applied to the petty thief's takings, the swindler's gains, the gambler's winnings, the corrupt policeman's hush-money. But there was some fascination about the word. It began to appear in respectable company. Gradually it lost its quotation marks. It lost its original meaning at the same time. The term "grafter" came to be reserved for the unfaithful employee or public servant, the purchasing agent who accepted secret commissions, the legislator who sold his vote, the official who held an interest in public contracts. With that meaning, the word passed the stage of slang within an almost incredibly short period, and as yet shows no signs of disappearing from our speech. That word is the real monument of Josiah Flynt Willard, "Josiah Flynt," as he signed himself, who died Monday at Chicago. The term with which he enriched the language seems destined to live much longer than the studies of criminal and semi-criminal life which first contained it.

It was no new thing for a man of good family and education to become a vagabond by choice. Not to mention Sir Richard Burton in the Orient, the gypsy studies of Borrow and Charles Godfrey Leland have a permanent place in literature. To every one who possesses either intellectual curiosity or love of adventure there is an appeal in this kind of exploration that does not record its achievement on the map—in the discovery of new worlds almost at one's doorstep. Balboa had no finer moment than Leland when he found in the tinker's jargon a language, which was unknown and yet which was spoken along the roads he had trodden all his life.

Josiah Flynt had nothing in common with the dilettante sociologists who every now and then hold their noses, plunge into the human cesspool, and, climbing out, presently spray themselves and hurry off to write their experiences. Richard Harding Davis once lived, as we know, disguised "among the thieves of Philadelphia." Certainly, he has never gone back to them from choice. Richard Whiteing and Arthur Morrison have interpreted their London of mean streets, with only such concession to the ways of the people who became their characters as Dickens and a hundred other writers have made. Flynt, however, could be called quite as truly a tramp with a gift for expression as a literary man who became an amateur tramp.

He thus belongs at the opposite pole from the sociological investigators who play the part of the honest workingman. Prof. Walter A. Wyckoff spent eighteen months doing odd jobs throughout the country. His accounts of that period were highly interesting, but they hardly pretended to interpret the workingman's psychology. The idea that his trials and privations are of his own making, and that they could be terminated in twenty minutes by a telegram, is ever with his readers. They find him in difficulties which would not be such for the ordinary "worker" he pretended to be. A man who does chores about a summer hotel and refuses to accept the tips which are a regular and expected feature of that kind of employment, an unemployed laborer who refuses the refreshment offered by the free-lunch counter, are not typical of anything or anybody. Similarly, Mrs. Van Vorst could mark an emotional crisis by putting in parallel columns the cost of the clothes she took off and of those she put on when she went to look for work in factories. It was a crisis for her, no doubt, but it would not have been to "the woman who toils" for a living or to any of Josiah Flynt's people, outcasts, criminals, and semi-criminals, abnormalities generally.

In dealing with this class he lacked the genius really to ennoble his narratives, however vivid and searching they might be. Pity and terror were not the emotions they aroused; rather, plain curiosity. Such influence as they may have had was in their disclosure of corrupt alliances between the criminal and the officers of the law. Like any ordinary "exposer," he encountered for a time the wrath of those whom he had criticised. For example, after his account of crime in New York was published, our whole police force was hunting him unsuccessfully. But even in this public service Flynt was doing only what Dr. Parkhurst did a few years previous by a brief personal investigation of the evil of the city.

Voluntary vagabondage will exist so long as "the call of the open road" is heard. There will be scholar gypsies and "wander-lovers." Flynt by nature must have belonged to the restless tribe, yet the journeys on which he took his readers were, after all, little more than protracted slumming tours.

OUR CHAMBER MUSIC.

The attention of the whole world of music has been drawn to this city because of the opening of a second grand opera house. Yet Oscar Hammerstein's venture is no better index of New York's extraordinary musical growth than is the development of our chamber music. It is fourteen years since the Kneisel Quartet gave its first series of concerts here, in an almost virgin field. True, there had been quartets before theirs, and irregular chamber music concerts for forty years. Yet the permanent development of this form of music must date from the arrival of these great artists. The generosity of Major Henry L. Higginson of Boston made possible their venture, for which musical America owes him a debt that can never be liqui-

dated. And when these performers found it desirable to sever their connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Major Higginson again proved his breadth of view by freely granting their wish, even though it meant a great loss to the orchestra for which he has made such sacrifices.

Now, besides the Kneisels, we have the Olive Mead, the Dannreuther, the Kaltenborn, the Flonzaley, and the Marum quartets, all giving concerts in this and other cities, and all worthy of respect, as is the new Boston Symphony Quartet, of which Prof. Willy Hess is leader. None of them ranks, of course, with the Kneisels, and none is nearer to their standard than the Olive Mead Quartet. This is not only an organization of women, but has the distinction of being the most thoroughly American quartet of them all. Miss Mead herself never even studied abroad, but learned her art entirely from Kneisel himself. The fact may indicate that hereafter we shall not be compelled to draw upon Europe for our best chamber-music players. The concerts of this club are not only well attended here, but are in demand in many places—a result of the pioneer work of the Kneisels. They early ventured into cities where chamber music was unheard of, and the term "orchestral concerts" generally meant at its best a Sousa or a Duss. The other quartets are also popular in the good sense of the word. At schools and colleges and private entertainments their services are sought by really musical people.

If the Kneisel concerts in this city have begun to be in a sense "fashionable," they draw none the less the pick of our music lovers, and in such numbers that it even looks as if Mendelssohn Hall would soon be too small. Since chamber music does not appeal to the musical masses, this appreciation of our quartets is in itself evidence of the improvement of American taste. Great dynamic or dramatic effects are not to be obtained or desired in a small hall. It is the finish of the players, their high artistic skill, which counts. Only by endless rehearsing and constant practice can the high-water mark of ensemble-playing be reached, and then only in case the artists have especial gifts to start with. Tonal and color effects are to be obtained only by the most careful correlation of the instruments; by unceasing study of intonations. Correctness of phrasing and of notes is merely the first requisite in the successful chamber-music player.

Nor must it be thought that chamber music appeals only to those whose money has given them unusual opportunities for perfecting a taste. The Auxiliary Club of the People's Symphony Society has recognized the extent of the interest in music, and is engaged in an excellent undertaking—supplying chamber music to people of small means. These concerts, generally given in Cooper Union, may be attended by two persons for 25 cents, the club making up the deficit in the cost. It has availed itself of the existing organizations with marked success, and, like the People's Symphony Society, deserves greater support from the public than it has yet received.

While the quartets now furnish the most popular chamber concerts, the success of the Margulies and Severn Trio clubs must not be overlooked. In this field we may expect still further progress. As for other forms of chamber music—the Petchnikoff concert last week, at which husband and wife, both violinists, played, proves that there is still room for novelties. Last winter eight wood-wind players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave concerts in this city, with fair success; but their work showed clearly that performers of high rank in orchestral work have still much to learn when they turn to chamber music.

All in all, New Yorkers and Americans generally may be proud of the support given to chamber music. It means much to the musician, and will eventually mean much for the American composer.

CANADIAN LITERATURE IN 1906.

OTTAWA, January 15.

Surveying Canada's literary output during the year just closed, one is struck not so much with the high level reached by any one writer or any one book, as by the wide range of this young country's intellectual activities, and the average merit of the whole both in matter and manner. Despite her preoccupation with material affairs, in the development of her vast natural resources, Canada has taken a creditable place in the year's production of books. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of recent Canadian literature is that spirit of optimism which is such a marked feature of Canadian national life.

In poetry the field is confined to names that were already familiar. During the past twelvemonth books of verse have been published by William Wilfred Campbell, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Isabella Valency Crawford, Vernon Nott, Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, and Frederick George Scott. One notable omission is the name of that versatile Canadian, Charles G. D. Roberts, who has, temporarily at least, abandoned poetry for fiction. We miss, too, the genial interpreter of the French-Canadian *habitant*, Dr. William Henry Drummond. In his "Collected Poems" (Revell), Dr. Campbell has brought together all that he cares to preserve of his earlier verse, with a good deal of new matter published here for the first time. These new poems represent a mature mind, as the others were the product of youth. They reveal a broader outlook upon life, a more definite message, with perhaps less of the lyrical charm of the earlier poems. Bliss Carman has been an exile from his native land for many years, but he has never forgotten the Canadian provinces by the sea where he spent his boyhood. Through all that he has written there runs the memory of familiar scenes in that romantic country about the head of the Bay of Fundy. In his "Pipes of Pan" (L. C. Page & Co.), a reprint of several recent volumes, he expresses again and again the two articles of his faith which he has elsewhere described as the Kinship of Nature and the Poetry of Life. The swing of the sea, the indescribable charm of the northern woods, the witchery of the beautiful Acadian valleys—these and the joy of living are with him always. In his "New World Lyrics" (Morang), and in "Via Borealis" (Tyrrell), Duncan Campbell Scott has made his own a field that had never before been touched in verse, except perhaps in those inimitable folk-songs that are part of the life of French Canada. This is the virgin land of the Far North, the land where the moose and the bear roam free, where Ojibway and fur-trader meet on the banks of the Mattagami. Nearly a quarter of a century ago a little book of verse was published at Toronto, which attracted no notice at the time, and has long since been forgotten. The "Collected Poems" of Isabella Valency Crawford (Briggs) contains all that was included in the earlier book, with a number of other poems gathered from Canadian periodicals. Neither has this later volume gained attention; yet here are verses that have never been equalled by any other Canadian poet. Frederick George Scott, in his "Hymn of Empire" (Briggs), strikes effectively the chords of Canadian patriotism, but in a little lyric toward the end of his book he reaches something deeper even than patriotism, that yearning for "the touch of a vanished hand" that belongs to all races and all times. A few years ago a little book of verse appeared, of some intrinsic value, but chiefly interesting as the product of a family of poets. The verses were by William Carman Roberts, Theodore Roberts, and Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, and they were accompanied by a prologue by Charles Roberts and an epilogue by his cousin, Bliss Carman. In "Dream Verses" (Page) Mrs. Macdonald has boldly adventured alone. While these verses do not mark any very decided advance on those credited to her in the earlier volume, they attract one by their gracious simplicity. Vernon Nott of Montreal is credited with four books of verse, the last of which, "Summer Days" (Greening) appeared a month or two ago. None of these poems rises much above mediocrity. Their value rests mainly upon their sincerity.

One of the evidences of Canada's rise toward nationhood is the increasing interest taken in the early history of the country. The romantic side of early Canadian history has appealed to more than one of her novelists. Its more serious side is taking an increasing hold upon the minds of the people. In her "Pathfinders of the West" and "Vikings of the Pacific" Miss Agnes Laut has revealed the richness of this field. Not every one possesses her picturesque touch, but, in more prosaic fashion, other Canadians are helping to dig the ore that has remained for so many years hidden and forgotten. The value of the work now

being done in the Dominion Archives has already been explained in the *Nation*. Of almost equal importance is that of the Archives of the Province of Ontario, the third report of which was published late in December. The 1906 transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, of the Ontario Historical Society, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, and other similar organizations, added important material to Canadian historical literature. Of peculiar interest are Benjamin Sulte's "Origin of the French-Canadians," and Dr. S. E. Dawson's "Brest on the Quebec Labrador"—read before the Royal Society. The Champlain Society is doing excellent work in the editing of historical manuscripts and the publication of annotated reprints of early Canadian books. Several valuable historical articles by Canadians have been prepared for the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," notably the general article on Canadian history, by Prof. C. W. Colby of McGill University, and Prof. G. M. Wrong of Toronto University. Dr. Arthur Doughty and L. J. Burpee have covered French- and English-Canadian literature respectively. W. L. Grant, who has done important editorial work on the new "Britannica," is also editing Champlain's Voyages for the series planned by the American Historical Association. Another book of somewhat similar character, by L. J. Burpee, is "The Search for the Western Sea," covering the exploration of Northwestern America.

In Canadian biography three important volumes appeared during the year in Morang's Makers of Canada Series: Dr. W. D. Le Sueur's "Frontenac," John Lewis's "George Brown," and Le Blond de Brumath's "Laval." Dr. Hannay's "Wilmot and Tilley" and Bradley's "Lord Dorchester" are ready for publication. The Rev. Charles W. Gordon (better known as Ralph Connor) has prepared a life of Dr. Robertson, the eminent Canadian divine; and the Hon. J. W. Longley is editing the Letters of Joseph Howe, one of the fathers of Confederation.

In fiction the Rev. C. W. Gordon has brought out a new novel, "The Doctor," already criticised in the *Nation*. Dr. Wilfred Campbell, after winning a name for himself as a poet, has now followed his fellow-Canadian, Charles Roberts, into fiction. His "Ian of the Orcades," is a romance of old Scotland, covering the same period as the "Fair Maid of Perth." Mr. Roberts himself has written two books of fiction during the year, one a very readable novel, "The Heart that Knows," the other a good boys' story, "The Cruise of the Dido." Another first-rate book for boys is Norman Duncan's "Billy Topsail." Mrs. Everard Cotes returns to the field that she has made so peculiarly her own in "Set in Authority"; Harvey J. O'Higgins in "Don-a-Dreams," Marion Keith in "The Silver Maple," R. L. Richardson in "The Camerons of Bruce," Dr. Price Brown in "In the Van," and Mr. Knowles in "St. Cuthbert's," have taken characteristic Canadian scenes as the setting for their stories. The quiet humor that is characteristic of Sydney Preston's work is a marked feature of his "On Common Ground." W. A. Fraser brings together a further collection of his very readable short stories in "Thirteen Men." A Canadian edition of Jean McIlwraith's "Roderick Campbell" has been issued. This brief survey leaves out of account a number of Canadian books of a scientific or technical character.

The most important contribution to French-Canadian literature in 1906 was l'Abbé G. Dugas's "Histoire de l'Ouest Canadien de 1822 à 1869" (Beauchemin). This is a continuation of his valuable work, published ten years ago, "L'Ouest Canadien, sa découverte par le sieur de la Vérendrye, son exploitation par les compagnies de traiteurs jusqu'à l'année 1822." The significance of La Vérendrye's Western explorations is being recognized more and more by students of Canadian history, as witness Judge Prud'homme's scholarly memoir in the Transactions of the Royal Society, "Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, Sieur de La Vérendrye, Découvreur du Nord-Ouest, 1685-1749." In the same transactions Dr. A. D. DeCelles, librarian of Parliament, pays a tribute of appreciation to the memory of that scholarly Canadian churchman, l'Abbé Bourassa; Camille Roy contributes an elaborate critical paper, "Étude sur l'histoire de la Littérature canadienne, 1800-1820," and in an appendix is found an exhaustive bibliography, covering 161 pages, compiled by Dr. N. E. Dionne, librarian of the legislative library, Quebec, "Inventaire chronologique des ouvrages publiés à l'étranger dans diverses langues sur la Nouvelle-France et sur la province de Québec, depuis la découverte du Canada jusqu'à nos jours, 1534-1906." During 1906, Pierre Georges Roy of Quebec added another to his genealogical studies of French-Canadian families, this volume being devoted to the Panet family, which has given many eminent men to Canadian public life. During the year Beauchemin of Montreal brought out a book of verse by the late Alfred Garneau. In December last the *Revue Canadienne* completed its forty-second year, a remarkable record for a colonial periodical with only a very limited field to appeal to. In the character of its historical, critical, and descriptive articles it is far ahead of any other review published at any time in Canada. L. J. B.

Correspondence.

THE VALUE OF THE DOCTOR'S DEGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. H. A. Todd of Columbia chose a timely topic for his recent address before the Modern Language Association at New Haven. In nearly all that he said on the "Function of the Doctor's Degree" he expressed what may be termed the orthodox German view. The ordinary candidate for the degree should not, according to Professor Todd, spend more than a year on the actual writing of his dissertation, and all successful dissertations should be printed. To be sure, the American thesis should aim to combine the solidity of German scholarship with the French finish of form. It is to be feared, however, that satisfactory doctors' theses are not to be compounded by any such easy recipe. Most German theses, on literary subjects at least, are as flimsy in substance as they are crude in form, and finish of form in the French thesis has value only in so far as it is the outer sign of maturity of substance. One can scarcely contemplate the German theses as they pour by hundreds into a large library without a sort of intellectual nausea. To adopt Professor Todd's suggestion as to printing would, under present conditions, simply mean adding an American tributary to the stream.

It is not so much, however, what Professor Todd actually said that is open to objection as what he took for granted. Hope for literary study in this country would seem to lie in questioning the very things that to our philologists of German training seem self-evident. Thus Professor Todd assumed not only that the chief aim of our graduate schools should be to train investigators, but that our graduate students have as a rule a preparation sufficiently broad to justify them in embarking at once on their investigations. He assumed—and this is perhaps the underlying assumption of the whole German school—that there are two kinds of scholars: the receptive scholar, who takes things on authority and is still in his intellectual nonage; and the originative scholar, who proves that he is intellectually of age by independent research. But this is to overlook the all-important, intermediary stage when the mind is neither passively receptive nor again originative, but is assimilative in the active and masculine sense. It is this oversight which leads to the exaggerated estimate of the man who brings forward new material as compared with the man who has really assimilated the old. In a recent paper on "Aspects of Greek Conservatism," Prof. H. W. Smyth of Harvard points out how perfect a balance was maintained in Greek literature between the forces of tradition and the claims of originality, so that Greek literature at its best is a kind of creative imitation. It is precisely the lack of this creative imitation that is the special weakness of our contemporary literature, just as the lack of creative assimilation is the special weakness of our contemporary scholarship. A pseudo-originality is equally the bane of both.

The trouble with most of our imitation of German scholarship is that it has not been creative, but servile. Our practice in regard to the doctor's degree might at least have been tempered by hints from England and France, both of them countries with older literary traditions than Germany. For instance, a First Class at Oxford has little in common with our undergraduate honors, but offers a training comparable in difficulty to that of the doctorate. This training, however, is of an entirely different kind; it is at once a test of humane assimilation, and a discipline in thoroughness and accuracy. The Frenchman, again, who has gained in the *lycée* the educational equivalent of the *gymnasium*, cannot, like the German, proceed at once to specialize; he must in all cases receive the *licence* and in nearly all cases actually does receive the *agrégation*—involving years of assimilative work—before he arrives at his special investigation. Even with these restrictions, Sainte-Beuve, himself one of the greatest and most accurate of investigators, complained of the harm done to humane letters in France by an undue emphasis on "originality" and research. In our own time, the same complaint has been repeated with less amenity by Brunetière. As Sainte-Beuve says, "L'ère des scholiastes

et commentateurs se rouvre et recommence." One cannot help being reminded of Sainte-Beuve's prophecies of a new Alexandrianism by the poverty of real intellectual achievement on the part of our modern language teachers, as compared with their eager interest in such subjects as the making of concordances, dialect-study, and spelling reform.

It is a pity that more time cannot be spared from these topics to consider not only the best training for the modern language student, but the field that this training should cover; above all, the question as to the relative importance of the mediæval and the classical backgrounds. In theory, several of our institutions—especially Harvard—recognize the value of the classical background. But practically when a student is once started on his bit of mediæval research, he not only has to forego his classics, but in preparing for his doctor's examination often has to cram from manuals a hasty knowledge of the very parts of the modern field that he is afterward to teach. Ordinarily, a student will be forced to make a choice between the Middle Ages and the classics; in only the rarest cases can he really master both. Now a man may be properly qualified to teach seventeenth century French though he has nothing more than a general notion of the Middle Ages; but he cannot be so qualified if he does not know at first hand his Latin classics at least. The break with the mediæval past was far less abrupt in England than in France, yet even for the student of English literature a knowledge of the Middle Ages before Chaucer is vastly less important than a thorough grounding in the classics.

This being so, one can only deplore the complacency with which modern language teachers as a body seem to regard the rapid decline of Greek studies during the past ten years, as well as the prospect of a demand in the near future for an A.B. degree without Latin. To talk in this connection, as some of them are doing, of inevitable tendencies and "manifest destiny," is simply to surrender to what is cheapest in the spirit of the present age. The current utilitarianism which appears to exalt the study of the modern at the expense of the ancient languages will, if yielded to, deprive this very study of a large part of its seriousness and dignity. President Hadley may, as he said in his New Haven address, prefer "Wilhelm Meister," to Plato; but no one, it should be remembered, would be more offended by the doctrine implied in this utterance than Goethe himself.

The modern languages, then, if they are to deserve to rank as humanities, should be taught so as to insure broad assimilative reading; and they should be taught with reference to the classical background. In a previous paper in the *Nation* (September 20, 1906) I expressed the opinion that these ends could be best attained by a comprehensive plan for graduate and undergraduate honors, undergraduate honors being so used as to give seriousness to the A.B. degree, and graduate honors to the A.M. The problem, however, is not so much to devise some new form of academic machinery as to change the spirit that is responsible for the present superstition of the doctor's degree. This will be a necessary preliminary to the liberalizing of our study of either the ancient or modern languages.

IRVING BABBITT.

Harvard University, January 14.

BACON ON SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Miss Grace Norton's letter in your issue of January 3 she quoted a very interesting passage from Howell's Letters in favor of reform in spelling; and I suspect that some of your readers may be interested in the opinion of another and greater seventeenth-century writer. With his unerring instinct in going to the heart of things, Francis Bacon takes a hand in this discussion himself, and in chapter i. of the sixth book of the "De Augmentis Scientiarum" he says:

> And with regard to the common orthography itself, a controversy and question has been raised among us, namely, whether words ought to be written as they are pronounced, or in the usual way. But this apparently reformed style of writing (viz., in which the spelling should agree with the pronunciation) belongs to the class of unprofitable subtleties. For the pronunciation itself is continually changing; it does not remain fixed; and the derivations of words, especially from foreign tongues, are thereby completely obscured. And as the spelling of words according to the fashion is no check at all upon the fashion of pronunciation, but leaves it free, to what purpose is this innovation?

This seems to me to be the "last word"; but if spelling can be separated from pronunciation I would suggest that if the reformers wish to persuade the public to use their list of words, they will do well to direct their attack upon the makers of dictionaries, and content themselves with obtaining the admission of their reformed spellings, each in its proper place, but subordinated to the already current form. Litigious persons referring to a dictionary will thus find that the reformed spelling is a legitimate variant. The whole question reminds me of a passage in Crabb Robinson's "Diary," in which the Rev. Dr. Rees describes his visit, in conjunction with a committee of two other Noncomformist divines, to Lord Chancellor Thurlow. Their object was to ask his lordship if they could count on his support in the event of their obtaining the introduction of a bill into Parliament for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Act. Thurlow's reply was:

> Gentlemen, I'm against you, by God. I am for the Established church, damn me! Not that I have any more regard for the Established Church than for any other church, but because *it is* Established. And if you can get your damned religion established, I'll be for that, too!

I suspect that the sanity of both Bacon and Thurlow would become apparent if we could listen to the *pronunciation* by Messrs. Murray, Skeat, Butler, Brander Matthews, Calvin Thomas, and Roosevelt of the list of words their spelling of which they wish us to adopt.

WILLIAM S. BOOTH.

Boston, January 17.

PROFESSOR WATSON'S EXPERIMENTS ON RATS DEFENDED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent criticisms of the *Nation* upon the experiments by Dr. John B. Watson on rats are evidently based upon inaccurate newspaper reports.

The purpose of Dr. Watson's work has been misrepresented. The discovery of a mysterious "sixth sense" was not his aim, although in his general studies he has found that rats apparently possess a certain sensibility to the points of the compass. But this discovery has no connection whatever with his main experiments, save that it happened to be mentioned in the same report. In common with many other comparative psychologists and biologists Dr. Watson is carrying on extended observations upon that most pregnant of modern problems, the evolution of intelligence. His own special field has been that of the mammalian mind, a field which obviously lies closest to the domain of human consciousness. In this field it is not often necessary to resort to vivisection, but conclusive evidence on certain points occasionally requires it.

Mind is an endowment for steering organisms through their chance experiences, it operates by the use of sensations. To get exact evidence of the character of the sensations, and thus of the mechanism of mental control, it is sometimes necessary to make such experiments as Dr. Watson's. If one regards the experimentation as cruel (as the writer does not), its justification would be found in its contribution to the foundations of genetic psychology upon which pedagogy, hygiene, and psychiatry largely rest—especially those forms of psychiatry dealing with arrested mental development. There is already reason to congratulate the science on its practical value in these directions.

As to the experiments themselves, they were conducted with the same scrupulous care as regards anæsthesia and asepsis that characterizes the operations of a humane surgeon. I have taken special pains to inquire into this. The alleged "freezing" of the animals' feet, of which so many grewsome pictures have been drawn in the daily papers, in point of fact consisted in the slight use of an ethyl-chloride spray—a device long employed by surgeons for producing *a very transient dermal anæsthesia*, leaving no after effects of damage or pain. Other measures have been similarly misrepresented. The animals recover from the operations almost immediately, show prodigious appetites, and promptly return to play and business with their companions. Neither the editor of the *Nation* nor any one else could by their behavior distinguish the normal rats from those upon whom the operations have been made. The latter are fat, strong, and vigorous, and apparently do everything which their normal brothers do, and with equal facility.

It was because previous experimentation had seemingly showed that the so-called higher senses were of little or no consequence for these animals under conditions of captivity that the vivisection experiments were felt to be essential. Could it be that animals of so much apparent intelligence really get along almost wholly by means of their "movement" and organic sensations? If so, primitive mammalian mind is quite a different sort of thing from the common psychological conception of it, and the outcome of the experiments is apparently to show that such is the fact.

If we assume as a matter of course that we are at liberty to remove rats by linger-

ing poisons, by the slow torture of rat-traps, by drowning, or by any other means that will be effective, surely there is not the slightest ground for blame when an animal is with proper care deprived of sense processes whose absence does not noticeably alter his behavior or happiness. Nor is the attitude of the critic wholly consistent who objects to these anæsthetic experiments while accepting complacently the annual wounding by hunters of thousands of birds and animals that escape to suffer for indefinite periods.

One familiar with the rats with which Dr. Watson has experimented must regard them indeed as exceptionally favored rather than otherwise. They live in plenty, they show a tame and amiable attitude toward those who handle them; and are they not protected from the spring-trap, the rat-terrier, the slow poison of the public that is less discriminating and far more cruel than the careful scientific investigator?

J. Mark Baldwin.

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, January 15.

OPEN SHELVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article in your issue of January 10 (p. 34), stating that "American librarians" are "compelled to confess" that "the 'open-shelf' system is proving a failure" in our libraries, seems to me somewhat pessimistic and overdrawn. We must remember that the open-shelf system is comparatively new, and has been given a fair trial in but few of the larger libraries, so that it seems a little premature to confess failure. We must also remember that the great majority of librarians and library trustees are opposed to the system, and will not give it a fair trial—indeed, many of them, owing to the construction of their buildings, where the stack-room plays so important a part, cannot give it a trial. A member of the Massachusetts State Library Commission, at a Library Club meeting, within three years, said that he thought the open-shelf system was wrong, because it tempted the young to steal. A. R. Spofford, in his work, "A Book for All Readers" (p. 221), states the case of the opposition thus: "The open-shelf system requires far more space, and is more expensive; and that, however desirable its general adoption, is utterly impracticable." My own experience has been that the keenest opponents of open shelves are those who have never given the system a trial. It is, like many other library questions, one that should not be condemned absolutely because there have been some cases of failure.

Under ideal conditions, the statement that the unscholarly reader "stands ten times the chance of making a wise selection when he is limited to a room in which there are only one-tenth as many books, and that tenth a selection of the best," may be perfectly true; but where are ideal conditions to be found? Certainly not in our libraries, as yet. We have been training people to use books during the past ten or fifteen years as never before. We open children's libraries where every book is accessible, but when these children become adults we refuse them access to the shelves, on the ground that they are not to be trusted to select their own reading. And what are we to say to that large and ever-growing class of technically and professionally educated people who are already knocking at our doors for access to the shelves? No librarian living can meet the needs of these people by a "selection of best books."

It is a very serious question, deserving careful study and experimentation on a large scale before we confess failure. At the Clark University library we have had the open-shelf system since its opening, in 1889, and it has been an unqualified success. We check up our books once a year, and our losses have not averaged $5 a year.

Louis N. Wilson.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., January 15.

[We hardly need to point out that children's libraries are, in fact, select libraries; and that as regards open shelves the problem of the college library is not exactly that of the public library.—Ed. Nation.]

A. C. BENSON ON GISSING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of the article on George Gissing in your issue of Jannary 17, perhaps those who have not seen Benson's paragraph upon him in "The Upton Letters" will be glad to have their attention called to it:

> Then there is another writer, lately dead, alas! whose books I used to read with absorbing interest, George Gissing. They had, when he treated of his own peculiar stratum, the same quality of hard reality which I value most of all in a work of fiction. The actors were not so much vulgar as underbred; their ambitions and tastes were often deplorable. But one felt that they were real people. The wall of the suburban villa was gently removed, and the life was before your eyes. The moment he strayed from that *milieu*, the books became fantastic and unreal. But in the last two books, "By the Ionian Sea" and the "Papers of Henry Rycroft," Gissing stepped into a new province, and produced exquisitely beautiful and poetical idealistic literature.

Albert S. Cook.

Yale University, January 19.

THE ABSURDITIES OF THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The ineptitudes of our tariff are an inexhaustible source of gaiety, or affliction. I am usually patient under them. I even pay, without a murumur, duty on complimentary copies of my own books which, as New York won't look at them, I have to publish in London. But my latest experience transcends my patience, and I must air my grievance. I have just had sent me my Master's hood (old and used) of Cambridge University by post from England. I was assessed for 60 per cent. on this as an article of wearing apparel, which, rationally speaking, it is not. I protested; in vain. I then pointed out that *Hoods* figure on the tariff at 20 per cent., and that in any case that was the proper charge. But, no; evidently, in the opinion of the collector of customs, this was merely a base subterfuge and evasion on my part; my hood was not the sort of hood that has commercial currency and I must therefore be pitchforked into *Wearing Apparel*! I blush when I think of the epithets which the research student of the year 2000 will bestow on our civilization.

J.

Cambridge, Mass., January 16.

Notes.

Macmillan's list of spring publications is long and interesting. It includes the following: "Prima Donna," by F. Marion Crawford; "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming; "Before Adam," and "Love of Life," by Jack London; "The Gulf," by John Luther Long; "The Kinsman," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; "Family Secrets," by Marion Foster Washburne; "Poppea of the Post Office," by Mabel Osgood Wright; "Ghetto Comedies," by Israel Zangwill; "The Earth's Bounty," by Mrs. Kate Saint Maur; "The Birth of the Nation," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; "A Book of Vegetables," by Allen French; "Problems of the Panama Canal," by Henry L. Abbot; "Three Acres and Liberty," by Bolton Hall; "Birdcraft," by Mabel Osgood Wright; "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," edited by Rollo Ogden; "Mrs. Gaskell," by Clement Shorter; "Charles Kingsley," by G. K. Chesterton; "Shakespeare," by Prof. Walter Raleigh; "Emerson," by George Edward Woodberry; "The Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin," vol. x., edited by Albert H. Smyth; "A History of the United States," vol. ii., by Edward Channing; "A History of Rome in the Middle Ages," vol. i., by F. Marion Crawford and Prof. Giuseppe Tomasetti; "A History of the Inquisition of Spain," vol. iii., by Henry Charles Lea, LL.D.; "The Cambridge Modern History," vol. x.; "The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century," vol. iii., by Herbert L. Osgood; "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," by Edmond S. Meany; "The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist," by George P. Baker; "The Modern Reader's Bible," one volume, edited by Richard G. Moulton; "A Flower of Old Japan, and Other Poems," by Alfred Noyes; "Lyrical and Dramatic Poems," vol. ii., by W. B. Yeats; "Sappho and Phaon," by Percy Mackaye; "Her Own Way," and "The Girl and the Judge," by Clyde Fitch; "The Truce in the East and the Aftermath," by L. Putnam Weale; "Essentials of Economic Theory," by John Bates Clark; "The Government of European Cities," by William Bennett Munro; "Races and Immigration in America," by John R. Commons; "Federal Power Over Carriers and Corporations," by F. Parmalee Prentice; "Practical Problems in Banking and Currency," edited by Walter Henry Hull; "The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War," by A. S. Hershey; "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams; "Labor and Capital," by Goldwin Smith; "The Tariff and the Trusts," by Franklin Pierce; "Freedom in the Church," by the Rev. Dr. Alexander V. G. Allen; "The Steps of Life," by Carl Hilty; "The Crisis of the Church," by Shailer Mathews; "The Psychology of Religious Belief," by James B. Pratt; "Christianity and the Social Crisis," by Walter Rauschenbusch; "The Persistent Problems of Philosophy," by Mary Whiton Calkins; "The Way to Happiness," by Thomas R. Slicer; "The Religious Conception of the

World," by Arthur Kenyon Rogers; "The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King; "Religion, Natural and Revealed," revised, by N. S. Joseph; "Early Traditions of the Israelites," by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne; "Monuments of the Early Church," new edition, by Walter Lowrie; "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," vol. iii., revised and greatly enlarged; "Life in the Homeric Age," by Thomas Day Seymour; "Life in Ancient Athens," by T. G. Tucker; "The Principles of Secondary Education," by Charles DeGarmo; "Classroom Management; Its Principles and Technique," by William Chandler Bagley; "Theories of Style," arranged by Lane Cooper; "A Brief Course in the History of Education," by Paul Monroe; "A History of Greece for Secondary Schools," by J. B. Bury; "The Larger Types of American Geography" (Second Series), by Charles A. McMurry; "Economics," new edition, by Frank W. Blackmar; "German Science Reader," by William H. Wait; "American History for High Schools," by Roscoe Lewis Ashley; "Elementary English Composition," by Tulcy Francis Huntington, A. M.; "Methods in Teaching," by Mrs. Rosa V. Winterburn and James A. Barr; "Paris," by Mortimer Menpes and Dorothy Menpes; "The Art of Theatrical Make-Up," by Cavendish Morton; "The Savage South Seas," by Norman H. Hardy and E. Way Elkington; "Canada," by T. Mower Martin and Wilfred Campbell; "English Costume," by Dion Clayton Calthrop; "Ireland," by Francis S. Walker, and Frank Mathew.

J. A. Farrer has written a study of "Literary Forgeries," including the "Eikon Basilike," Chatterton's poems, and the forged Letters of Byron and Shelley. Messrs. Longman have the book in press.

Two important works are soon to be published by M. Champion of Paris: "Mélanges, Linguistiques," by the late Gaston Paris, and the second volume of "Les Français Italianisants au XVIe Siècle," by Émile Picot.

The German National Free Mason Association proposes to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in September, 1911, by the publication of a complete bibliography of Free Mason literature, and has for this purpose set aside as a preliminary the sum of 15,000 marks. Down to 1750 the work is to be an international bibliography, but from 1750 to the present it will be limited to publications in the German language.

The *Geographical Journal* for January opens with an address by Sir G. T. Goldie in Edinburgh at the award of the Livingstone medal on geographical ideals. He characterizes Livingstone as the ideal explorer, and Reclus as the ideal cartographer. Dr. Stein sends from Central Asia an account of his exploration work, the most interesting feature of which was the discovery of a large number of manuscripts on paper, in Sanskrit, Chinese, and the "unknown" language of old Khotan, besides many wooden tablets inscribed in the same language, and in Tibetan. "Some excellently preserved large rolls of a Buddhistic text in Chinese, having on the reverse what is evidently its translation into the 'unknown' language, may prove to furnish the long-desired clue for the decipherment of the latter." Among the other contents are an illustrated description by V. Cornish of progressive waves in rivers, and a paper on the study of social geography read at the meeting of the British Association by Prof. G. W. Hoke of the Ohio State Normal College.

The first volume of the Tudor and Stuart Library, published at the Clarendon Press, contains a literal reprint of "Howell's Devises" (1581), with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. The titles of Howell's known works are: "The Arbor of Amitie, wherein is comprised pleasant Poems and pretie Poesies, set foorth by Thomas Howell Gentleman," 1568; "Newe Sonets, and pretie Pamphlets, Written by Thomas Howell, Gentelman. Newly augmented, corrected and amended," licensed 1567-8; "H. His Devises, for his owne exercise and his Friends pleasure," 1581. Of these only a single original copy of each is known to exist, although they were all reprinted by Dr. Grosart in 1879. Professor Raleigh's edition gives us the best and most characteristic volume of one of that mob of gentlemen who with rather a thin music filled the interval between Surrey and Spenser. Their works are not for the general, but every scholar and wide reader of English will welcome this help to their acquaintance. The editor calls attention to the reminiscences of Chaucer in Howell, and points out the fact that the earliest extant notice of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" occurs in the lines "Written to a most excellent Booke, full of rare invention."

"The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Hood," edited, with notes, by Walter Jerrold, is added to the excellent Oxford edition of the poets—a volume to set beside Barham's "Ingoldsby Legends," Combe's "Dr. Syntax," and a few other prime humorists from that age. Mr. Jerrold has provided a more comprehensive edition of Hood than has hitherto been available, searching out from the magazines whatever could be certainly attributed to him, and adding half a dozen new poems from manuscript. We confess ourselves in general hostile to this mania for raking up insignificant matter and adding it to the works of writers who already suffer from the preservation of too much that is mediocre. The result of such accumulations is to lessen the number of an author's readers and bury him ever deeper in oblivion. What is needed most of all now is a series of judiciously selected (not expurgated) editions, which would lighten the labor of carrying the past with us. Such a volume, in the case of Hood, would bring into emphasis his few poems of strangely penetrating pathos and aerial fancy and would separate from the mass of stuff written for some "funny corner" the poems whose wit is perennially fresh. We should like, by the way, a study of Hood's wit and pathos which would show how they often turn on the same faculty of playing with the meaning of words. For the rest, we have nothing but praise for the present edition of Hood; the notes are capital, and the make-up of the volume attractive.

"Correspondence of Two Brothers," by Lady Guendolen Ramsden, is just issued by Longmans, Green & Co. The two brothers, whose letters make up a good deal of this portly volume, but by no means all of it, are Lady Guendolen Ramsden's grandfather, the eleventh Duke of Somerset, and her great-uncle, Lord Webb Seymour. The period covered reaches from 1775 to 1853, but at either end the matter is thin, and the years 1800 to 1819 yield the bulk of the correspondence. It is a rambling, unkempt book; but it contains some material for historical specialists; and the general reader, who is agile in skipping and has a quick eye for the picturesque and the amusing, may dip into it with no fear of going unrewarded. Both brothers were men of intellect, the Duke distinguishing himself as a mathematician, an antiquarian, and a pioneer in psychical research; while Lord Webb Seymour early gave up "all the ordinary uses of rank and fortune," and retired to the British Boston—Edinburgh, where he remained for the rest of his days, devoting himself to geology, philosophy, and the literary society of the place. On his death Hallam, the historian, wrote a memoir of him, in which he compared him to Marcus Aurelius. The book is not so grave, however, as these facts might suggest. To tell the truth, the brothers' letters are not the most attractive part of it. Lady Guendolen Ramsden has the quality of her defect as an editor. If she is not orderly, neither is she narrow, and her discursiveness is fruitful of many neat glimpses of contemporary society. The Duke and Lord Webb were in touch with not a few people of perennial interest, such as Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, Metternich, and Sydney Smith.

The Burrows Brothers of Cleveland have recently brought out "The Navy of the American Revolution," a small, well-printed duodecimo, into whose narrow compass the author, Charles O. Paullin, Ph.D., has packed an astonishingly succinct and trustworthy account of the administration of the maritime forces of the revolted colonies. Dealing with the creation, organization, and control of the Continental navy and the various State navies in turn, he has emphasized this neglected page of our history rather than the well-known brilliant exploits of a few popular heroes. These, however, he does not ignore, but merely assigns to their due place. The reason why so little was accomplished by the men fighting on shipboard in public and private vessels (at least twice as numerous as those fighting on shore) was never made more clear. As they lacked proper direction and coöperation, nothing better could have been expected. Dr. Paullin's references to authorities are so frequent and scrupulous that his book becomes an indispensable guide to the student of this epoch.

The late Senator John H. Reagan's "Memoirs" (Neale Publishing Co.) are partly dull and partly interesting. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Mr. Reagan's recollection of the early days of Texan independence is not particularly lively. And yet these days must have been, in a certain sense, lively enough to furnish many incidents typical of a civilization now happily past. We miss the personal element where this element must have been dominant. As postmaster-general of the Confederacy, however, Mr. Reagan stands on firmer ground, and has written pages that are not without future historical value. We hear the personal note and get some insight into the workings of the Confeder-

ate Cabinet. Written in sensible, straightforward style, these "Memoirs" cover no complaint, reveal no humor; they are the serious expression of a serious man's reminiscences, with the political aspect of things always squarely to the front.

In the "Women of the Confederacy" (Neale Publishing Co.) the Rev. J. L. Underwood has brought together from various sources a number of stories, episodes, "tributes" (an odious word!), bearing on the devotion and courage of the women of the South during the war between the States. We have always believed that to women falls the hardest lot in war, and surely no other women ever had a harder lot than the women of the Confederacy; none ever bore it more uncomplainingly. Whether their cause was right or wrong, they believed in it, and gave it their all. And so they really deserve to-day a little more than Mr. Underwood's well-meant compilation, and when they get their just recognition, it will lie rather in the record itself than in mere words of praise.

From John W. Munson's "Reminiscences of a Mosby Guerrilla" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) it is clear that Mosby's partisan rangers were not soldiers. Col. Mosby himself unquestionably held a Confederate commission; but, if we may trust the account of these pages, his men were time and again more bent on booty than on service. Given a state of war, to kill one's enemy in open combat is legitimate, but to kill him and then take his watch and money, is to practise the trade of a highwayman. There was so much of this sort of thing in Mosby's command as to be undeniably a blot on the reputation of the most daring and skilful rangers that ever rode boot to boot. It is part of the record, however; and, if the author gives expression to it much as if he were describing a bear hunt, we must recollect that his purpose is purely reminiscent, and not the serious one of weighing Mosby's services as part of the sum of Confederate operations.

"Links in My Life on Land and Sea," by J. W. Gambier, Commander Royal Navy (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a book which some people will enjoy reading. The author is a nephew of Admiral Gambier of Baltic memory. After retiring, he went to Turkey, in the Russo-Turkish war, as naval correspondent of the London *Times*. He writes in a free off-hand manner, and is frequently unrefined, even to coarseness. Knocking about the world, he appears to have visited many out-of-the-way places. His description of Norfolk Island, for instance, is interesting, since we seldom hear of it. There is a curious absence of dates. The reader has to guess in what year this rambling sailor is undergoing his remarkable experiences. If the book has literary merit, we have failed to discover it; or any mark of distinction. The author's comments are, as a rule, commonplace. Yet a kind of devil-may-care tone may render these chapters entertaining to readers who like a slashing way of talking of men and events. As indicating the merits and defects of this rather unusual piece of autobiography, we may quote a single passage, taken at random:

I rushed over to Paris to say goodbye. My American friends were in a small *pension* in the Rue du Colysée, No. 8, and were practically living on the charity of a very noble-minded American millionaire, Mr. Corcoran, who, I believe, kept half the American colony of Southerners going all through the war. I found a well-known French historian hanging about the eldest girl, and instinctively mistrusted him. He was a plausible, sneaking, conceited humbug, and brought great sorrow into that family. I also heard of an extremely wealthy German banker, of Jewish extraction, as paying great attention to the younger, my *fiancée*. But I thought nothing of it, and left again with as light a heart as the prospect of this temporary separation would permit. Could I have foreseen the future, I should have stopped in Paris, called out both men, and have tried to kill them. Page 287.

The third edition of Thomas Kirkup's "History of Socialism" (The Macmillan Co.) has been revised at a few points and enlarged by some forty pages. The first twelve chapters are substantially unchanged, but the thirteenth, treating of the growth of socialism, has been completely rewritten in order to bring it up to date. The concluding chapters deal with the alleged forces now making for the coming of socialism, and review in a dispassionate, if sympathetic, way the philosophy of the movement. Since 1887, when the author published his first work upon the subject, great changes have occurred, both in industrial conditions and in economic opinion, which seem to justify many of his forecasts; and it is not strange that he now speaks with calm assurance of the coming socialistic state. He is singularly free from the exaggerated statement and declamatory style which characterize the writing of so many socialists, and the concluding pages of the present volume show him at his best. Others have written with fuller knowledge of the literature, or from more intimate acquaintance with the practical propaganda, but none have surpassed Mr. Kirkup in philosophical grasp of the essentials of socialism, or have presented the doctrine in more intelligible form.

Francis W. Hirst's "Monopolies, Trusts, and Kartells," which was brought out by Methuen & Company in 1905, is now presented to American readers by E. P. Dutton & Co. So far as we can observe no changes are made in the plates. Persons who believe that the "trust movement" flourishes in a free-trade country like England will learn much to their advantage by perusing the volume in either its English or its American dress.

The stuff that sociology is made of is exemplified by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings's "Readings in Descriptive and Historical Sociology" (The Macmillan Co.), which is designed "to offer to the beginner in sociological studies significant examples of the great facts of social evolution and of their interpretation." The volume contains three or four hundred extracts varying in length from five lines to five pages, and classified under the headings: Society, Elements and Structure of Society, The Social Mind, Social Organization, and Social Welfare. The puzzle seems to be: Fit these extracts, if you can, into the author's general scheme of sociological classification and terminology. Turning, for instance, to page 72, under the general heading Elements and Structure of Society, and the sub-heading Aggregation, the student will find the following:

An Army of Blackbirds.—Last Wednesday army after army of blackbirds flew over Aline, headed north. The advance guard was about a half-mile long and flying in lines or files reaching from the Rock Island to the Orient track. The second flew in column formation and was fully three-quarters of a mile long. At intervals of from fifteen minutes to an hour all through the forenoon patches and squares of birds followed. A conservative estimate of the number that passed during the forenoon would be five hundred thousand. The birds flew very low, and their wings and chattering could be heard at a great distance.—Kansas City *Journal*, April, 1905.

From birds the student may, if he choose, pass to Bostonians, and wrestle with the following extract on page 76:

The Early Bostonians.—The Bostonians, almost without exception, are derived from one country and a single stock. They are all descendants of Englishmen; and of course are united by all the great bonds of society: language, religion, government, manners, and interests.—Timothy Dwight, "Travels in New England and New York," vol. i., 506.

By stages he will advance from the simpler problems of social elements to the more complicated questions of social organization and welfare, until he finishes "a fairly complete scheme of elementary readings in descriptive and historical sociology." The value of it all we shall leave to those who have the courage to try it; the belief of the editor is that such exercises keep the student's mind "alert to discover essential similarities between facts drawn from widely different sources."

Professor, now also Sir, William M. Ramsay has collected under the title "Pauline and Other Studies" (A. C. Armstrong & Son) some fifteen essays ranging from "Shall We Hear Evidence or Not?" to "Life in the Days of St. Basil the Great"—papers which, with one exception, have already seen the light in various British reviews. The title is inexact and the unity of character in the studies slight. The illustrations which accompany the text are new.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Church of this city, has earned the gratitude of all who are interested in the history of New York, as well as those who concern themselves with ecclesiastical matters, by his careful completion of his "History of the Parish of Trinity Church in the City of New York," of which volumes iii. and iv. are now published (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The period covered in these two volumes is from 1816, the year in which John Henry Hobart began his able leadership of the parish, to 1862, when the author of this history was inducted to the rectorship. The history of Trinity Parish is in large part the history of the Episcopal Church in the city and State of New York, since up to 1830 the offices of Bishop of the Diocese and Rector of Trinity Parish were filled by the same person. Moreover, Bishop Hobart was a man of national influence, whose services to the Church in general Dr. Dix has not overestimated. The extended bounty of Trinity is traditional, and the recital of applications granted and accepted has obliged the author to touch upon religious situations of great variety and extent. Dr. Dix has been thorough in his search for documents and careful in their use, and his work will be invaluable to students of the matters with which it deals. As to outward form

these volumes leave nothing to be desired, either in dignity, taste, or serviceableness.

Ten lectures on the origin, mutual relation, and historical value of the four Gospels and the history of their adoption into the canon, delivered in the spring of 1906 by F. Crawford Burkitt at the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London, and, on the author's election to the Morrisian Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge, repeated as his inaugural course, are published under the title "The Gospel History and its transmission" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume evinces ripe scholarship and good critical judgment. The priority of Mark is maintained and the construction of the framework of Christ's life, according to the Marcan account, is attempted, with some original and valuable suggestions. The theory that Marcion is the real source of the doctrine that Christ's death was a ransom to the devil, which was for many centuries the received teaching, is made quite plausible.

"The Psychology and Training of the Horse," by Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco, has been imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author devotes a considerable portion of his book to a discussion of the mind of the horse, and although he uses the pretentious term "psychology," he starts with the generally accepted statement that "the horse is endowed with fair intelligence within the range of ideas allowed by his mental constitution and faculties." While describing the motives and habits of the animal the author mingles a considerable amount of instruction and advice; and after many pages comes to the wise conclusion that "every horse according to his mental nature, sensibility, intelligence, and his physical qualities, is more or less adapted to a particular use or employment." In truth, although the author has prepared a readable book, under a title indicating an entirely original treatment of the subject, he is forced back to certain facts proved by the long experience of many horsemen. The horse must be trained by teaching him the use of the various implements and aids. When he has learned that by obedience he meets with kindness and that through a failure to comply he incurs resistance or punishment, his training proceeds smoothly. To this extent he may be said to reason, but in the main the horse is absolutely a creature of habit. An entire chapter is devoted to fear, its causes and amelioration, but after all is said and done, strange sights and unaccustomed sounds arouse suspicion and fear in all animals; punishment generally fails to remove it, and, not infrequently, increases and fixes it as a habit, while patience and kindness will nearly always enable an animal of limited reasoning powers to overcome acute fear of things which do not actually injure it. The final chapter on the use of the bridle and curb bit is not up to the standard of accurate knowledge, and detailed instruction of the cavalry schools of America, France, Germany, Austria, or the very efficient establishment in the author's own country.

"Behind the Scenes With Wild Animals," by Ellen Velvin (Moffat, Yard & Co.) will appeal to the lover of the sensational, as it consists of a heterogeneous collection of anecdotes detailing hair-breadth escapes of animal trainers and sundry bitings and scratchings by captive trained animals. The author had a rare chance to obtain interesting material, an opportunity which was thrown away because of her sensational interest in the lives of the trainers themselves, and because of the anthropomorphic treatment of the animals. The disjointed way in which anecdote follows anecdote, and the lack of coherence between chapters and parts of chapters leave in the reader's mind only a blur of disconnected facts. The single thing which approaches lasting value is the list of various species of mammals which have been bred in captivity. The photographs of animals by E. R. Sanborn and others are excellent.

"Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France: Gascony, Provence, Languedoc," by Elise Whitlock Rose, with illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis, is issued in two volumes by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This work aims to allure the curious traveller. It is not technical, and its historical side is not very systematic. Yet the author preserves a just sense of proportion. The churches of the ancient maritime provinces of southern France are, of course, not to be compared for size or magnificence with the cathedrals of the North. Purity of design is to be found in only a few of them, and in spite of the audacity with which some of their builders ventured to combine features of different ages and orders, the structures show comparatively little originality. Many of them, especially those among the foothills of the Pyrenees, were long ago reduced from cathedrals to parish churches. But the makers of these two beautiful volumes have discovered other merits and a manifold charm in the wilful perversions of style, and have read a moving story of ecclesiastical ambition and popular heresies, and finally national indifference, in the battered and mouldering walls. But few cathedrals of the South are of commanding size, as Bayonne, Rodez, and Auch. Perhaps not one, unless it be Bayonne, is regular in style. Many, especially if we include those which have lost their former diocesan dignity, are very small, as the forsaken relics at Digne, Senez, and Saint Papoul. Quaintness and confusion, rather than any claim to artistic excellence, characterize the edifices at Toulouse and Rieux. The interest of the cathedral at Carcassonne is almost purely romantic, depending on its picturesque elevation above that wonderful town and on its associations with the wars of religion. The building at Maguelonne was as much a seamark and watch-tower as a church, and the forbidding walls of the cathedral of Albi were intended largely for defence. The high-perched fanes of Entrevaux and Sisteron, approached over drawbridges and up precipitous streets, are remarkable chiefly for situation. Yet all these peculiarities are elements of a charm which is amply transmitted in these volumes. The author struggles rather helplessly with general historical and archæological questions in the opening pages, and is often uncertain and inexpert in the use of language, but manages nevertheless, with the help of many fine illustrations, to convey the charm. Not by the law of 1906, but by the withdrawal of faith, have these churches of the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean been left desolate.

In her "Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes" (Duckworth & Co.), Lina Eckenstein aspires neither to exhaustiveness of treatment nor finality of interpretation. Well satisfied if she can show nursery lore to enshrine much that is "meanlngful" and worthy the attention of the student, she discusses, in the space of some two hundred pages, nursery rhymes proper, and the popular songs handed down with them, rhymes and ballads, country dances and games, custom rhymes and riddle rhymes, cumulative pieces, chants of numbers and the creed, chants on bird sacrifice, etc., etc. Of actual comparisons she makes less use in the case of ballads and popular songs —many of these are comparatively modern —than when writing, *e. g.*, of games like Sally Waters, Drop the Handkerchief, etc., where she sees traces of a primitive marriage-rite; or cumulative pieces, *i. e.*, pieces like "The House That Jack Built," that depend for their consistency on repetition and cumulation. Of the latter, some appear to relate to the making and unmaking of spells; others, like the chants of number and of the creed, are obviously intended to convey instruction. The parallels to these from Languedoc, Spain, Canada, etc., are especially interesting. The book, as a whole, is well arranged and readable, besides showing considerable knowledge. We are grateful for the list of foreign authorities and of the collections of nursery rhymes in chronological order.

In view of the scarcity of works in the Basque language, students will rejoice at the bringing to light by Don Julio de Urquijo, in the Franciscan convent of Zarauz, of the "Obras Vascongadas" (Basque works) of Joannes D'Etcheberri. This writer, of whom but little is known, was born at Sare, in the country of the French Basques, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. His exact date is uncertain, as the registers are imperfect. He lived for a time in his native village, practising as a physician. In 1716 for some reason or other we find him leaving France and settling in Spain. He is supposed to have died there in 1749. While still at Sare he began a dictionary of four languages, Basque, Spanish, French, and Latin. This is mentioned by the scholar Larramendi, but is now lost, if indeed it ever was finished. The manuscript discovered by Don Urquijo belongs to the same period (circa 1712). It is written in the Labourdin dialect, which is admitted to be the best, and consists of two distinct parts, (a) the Rudiments of Basque, (b) the Rudiments of Latin. The second he intended as supplement to the dictionary, believing that Latin contained the roots of all the languages. These works, with Spanish notes and introduction by Don Urquijo, make up a volume of some three hundred pages quarto. The publisher is Paul Geuthner, Paris.

In our review last week of the "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology," we might have noted that the volume (No. xvii.) was intended, in the words of the preface, "as a token of affection and esteem for Clement Lawrence Smith, of the class of 1863, for thirty-four years a valued member of the department, but forced by ill health to

resign the Pope Professorship of Latin in this university in 1904."

The recently installed Mayor of Oxford (E. J. Brooks) has launched a project, sanctioned by the vice-chancellor (T. H. Warren, president of Magdalen College), for an Oxford historical pageant, to be produced for the coming commemoration of 1907, and to be repeated every day during that week, June 24 to 29. This project is exciting much interest at Oxford, in view of the successful performances at Sherborne and Warwick and of the plans already afoot for something similar at Bury St. Edmunds. The much applauded Bryn Mawr pageants and plays have doubtless familiarized the American public with the scope of such revivals as a means of quickening old-time historical associations, so that the barest outline of the Oxford plan will suffice. Scenes are to be produced reënacting many of the half-forgotten episodes in the romantic history of several of the ancient foundations of Oxford. These are to be selected by a committee consisting of experts, such as the regius and the Chichele professors of modern history, Firth and Oman, the professor of English literature, Raleigh, and others.

It may not generally be known to students of geography in this country that the Hon. James Bryce, the newly appointed British ambassador to the United States, is a specialist in their department, and has contributed to geographical literature not alone from the side of the field investigator or traveller, but from that of the collegian and teacher. His "Student's Atlas of Physical Geography," published upwards of thirty years ago, is in no sense a modern work, but yet presents the science in a way that must continue to commend itself on the score of conciseness, directness, and a clear perspective, even where the so-called "newer" geographies have entered the field. The Atlas might be said to be a minor and popularized Berghaus. Mr. Bryce is a noted Alpinist, with a record in high-mountaineering which has given to him the presidency of the British Alpine Club. At a recent meeting of the American Alpine Club he was nominated to honorary membership in that body.

Prof. William James of Harvard has announced his intention to withdraw from active teaching and devote his time to writing.

STUDIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

Westward Extension, 1841-1850. By George P. Garrison. [The American Nation, vol. xvii.] New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

Professor Garrison's readable volume is another illustration of the changing attitude of historical scholars towards the history of the United States in the period from 1815 to 1861. With few exceptions, writers on that period have tended to view nearly all the great events of the time with primary reference to their bearing on the slavery controversy. The great civil war, with its impressive achievement of both nationalism and freedom, has so far cast its shadow backward over the immediately preceding years as to make pretty much every event in regard to which the North and the South were of different minds seem but another step towards the final and inevitable struggle. Everywhere there have been pointed out the dark and subtle machinations of the slave power, and nowhere more strikingly than in the case of the annexation of Texas and the Mexican war—topics which naturally occupy a prominent place in Professor Garrison's volume. It is one of the special merits of Professor Garrison's book that, without minimizing the true importance of slavery in the period with which he deals, he has freed himself from bondage to a conventional theory which, however stimulating emotionally, is as a whole both insufficient and misleading, and has taken a position more in harmony with the facts.

In Professor Garrison's view, the underlying impulse in the United States, from 1840 to 1850, was territorial expansion; and while territorial expansion inevitably involved a settlement of the conflicting claims of slavery and freedom in the new regions of the West, Southwest, and Northwest, slavery was a secondary, and not a primary, influence in determining the new territorial policy. The working out of this thesis has resulted in a volume some parts of which are positive additions to hitherto available knowledge; while the use of manuscript material—a rare thing in this series—in the archives of Texas and Mexico as well as at Washington, gives additional weight to his conclusions. The author is at his best, we think, in exhibiting the approaches to great events rather than in describing those events themselves. Thus we have illuminating chapters on the beginnings of the Texas question, the Texas boundary controversy, and the diplomatic negotiations for annexation, as well as on annexation itself. Two later chapters tell the story of the rupture with Mexico and the Slidell mission—both of them rather neglected topics—while the military operations of the war are rather summarily disposed of. The history of the Wilmot proviso, with its divisive effect on both Democratic and Whig parties, gains significance by considering the territorial as well as the slavery aspects of it. The adjustment of the Oregon difficulty was a less complicated matter, with even more remote connection with slavery; while the Maine boundary dispute stands by itself, save as it illustrates; in its limited field, the prevailing demand for territory.

Equally suggestive, if not always at first sight equally convincing, is Professor Garrison's exposition of the party situation and the motives and conduct of party leaders. Both the character and the achievements of Tyler are exhibited in a much more favorable light than has customarily been the case. For example, instead of condemning Tyler for his breach with the Whigs, Professor Garrison credits him with honesty and courage, declines to adjudge him guilty of untruthfulness in the bank matter, and points out that his attitude was only what was to be expected from a stanch believer in State rights. For Polk, too, whose invaluable manuscript diary he has used, he has defence and judicious commendation. The exact status of the Texas boundary was difficult, if not possible, to determine, but the evidence adduced by Professor Garrison goes far to acquit Polk of the charge of deliberately instigating an invasion of Texas when he ordered Taylor to advance to the Rio Grande. On the whole, both Tyler and Polk pass this new scrutiny with enhanced credit. Clay's standing is not raised, however, nor Buchanan's, while neither Scott nor Taylor add to their military laurels. We have no space to dwell on these or other interesting points, however, and can only commend the book as a thoughtful and scholarly study of a period which has long needed impartial examination.

The Records of the Virginia Company of London. The Court Book, from the Manuscript in the Library of Congress. With an introduction and bibliography by Susan Myra Kingsbury. Vol. I. Washington. Pp. 636, facsimiles.

After the lapse of nearly two centuries, the Court Book of the Virginia Company of London, 1619-1622, is printed in full for the first time. The romantic history of the manuscript is known to scholars. Hastily prepared by some members of the company who knew that their actions as members of the company would be subject to hostile examination, it passed from England to America, and through the purchase of the library of Thomas Jefferson came into the Library of Congress. It is the transcript of a lost original, and is itself only a fragment; but as material of history its value cannot be too highly estimated. It is one of the earliest records of English colonization in America, and it is one of the earliest and fullest official records of the transactions of a trading and colonizing corporation, active at a time when such corporations were clothed with governmental functions, exercising in an imperfect manner what properly belonged to the Royal Government. Hence these experiments were doomed to failure. No monopoly could sustain them, and the very features which seemed to confer strength, the features of self-government and protected interests, proved their weakness. Whether the trade was with Muscovy, Africa, the Levant, or America, there came a time when a little competition proved the futility of granting exclusive privileges, when a diminution of profit awakened dissensions within the company, and when the King, deprived of his expected royalties, saw fit to interfere and revoke the charter.

The Virginia Company was no more successful than other like ventures; and were the Court Book for its entire existence as a company available, the peculiar as well as the general causes of its decline could be described. Fragmentary as this printed volume is, the contents are conclusive upon the crisis which led to the dissolution of the company. Any person who paid or adventured £12 10s. became a member, as did also those to whom a share had been given for services. As the membership increased, the actual management fell into the hands of a small number of the more active or influential members. Some of their acts were undoubtedly oppressive. It was difficult to control the colonists, whose lot was by no means a happy one, at so long a range, when the length and expense of a voyage prevented frequency and regularity of sailings. Differences in Virginia were carried to London, and the proper attention to settlements could not be given in a body which was too large for executive

efficiency, and was itself shifting in composition through the irregular attendance of members. Discontent was awakened, factions formed, and the ruling influence opposed on matters where its conduct of affairs was entirely proper. Wbat appears to be trivial in these records was at the time of great moment, showing the existence of tbese factions, the extent of their discontents, and the manœuvres adopted to secure a hearing and a remedy. The grievances were very real, and, cumulative in tbeir effect, they put an end to the usefulness of the company.

As the principal product of the colony was tobacco, questions of its importation and sale in England were many and difficult. It was regarded as proper to prohibit the planting of tobacco in England and Wales, but for this favor the King's exchequer required some compensation. The manner of receiving and handling the colonial weed was satisfactory neither to the company nor to the King's customs. Tbe hopes of introducing vines, or of establishing industries by inducing skilled labor to come from Continental Europe, were doomed to be disappointed. Spanish tobacco competed witb the Virginia product. Tbe proffered monopoly in tobacco could not be made good; and the sales of the company's product yielded uncertain returns.

Apart from its trading activity, the Virginia settlement must be constantly supplied with fresh blood and even food. The sending of ships cost money and lives. In one of the voyages of the Gift, there "dyed 14 Landsmen and three seamen as also tbat two children was borne at sea, & dyed, and at his there ariuall, finding the Plantaçon to be in great scarcity for want of corne, desired the company to beare wth him, if for this yeare he something neglected the planting of Tobacco, and followe the sowing of corne, wbere by the next yeare he hopes by the blessing of God to raise such a Cropp thereof, that the said Plantaçon shall have noe greate cause to complaine in hast of want." The public and the college lands, set apart for specific uses, must be cultivated at the expense of the company. Bad management, lax supervision, and even disbonesty, resulted in little returns. These various difficulties reacted upon the home company. As a picture of administrative problems this record can hardly be surpassed in interest.

It remains to say a word on the execution of this publication. The editor's introduction and bibliography have already been praised in these columns. To secure the essential accuracy of text, the original was first deciphered by Miss Kingsbury and independently by the manuscript division of the Library of Congress. The result warranted this care. Every detail of the text, even to erased words and letters, is reproduced so far as type can reproduce it; and the very errors of the copyists are noted. The labor involved is seen by glancing at the pages of the Court Record reproduced in facsimile. The large type, generous margins, and fine paper make a dignified volume; but these mechanical matters are of secondary importance. The real matter of moment is that so extensive an undertaking can be carried to so successful an issue by the Library of Congress, and printed as a Government publication. It marks once more the appearance of a spirit of scholarship in that institution, which, fostered and encouraged, will place it on the same plane as the British Museum, whose corps of scbolars has contributed so much to our knowledge.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Privateers. By H. B. Marriott-Watson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Marriott-Watson is an expert maker of fiction. We should say there are no waste products tolerated in the conduct of his manufactory. But the other day in "A Midsummer Day's Dream" he contrived a dainty spectacle out of certain volatile gases of the fancy which a less clever man might have allowed to escape. To-day he produces "The Privateers," a toy-bouse of slag, not without surface glitter and iridescence, though of no substance. The plot has novelty, but its development is half-hearted. It is notbing enough, whether bloody or romantic or farcical, but a mild blend of all three. But what is sauce for one public is not sauce for all; and we do not doubt that the present compound may satisfy a profitable number of palatcs.

We should say, however, that Mr. Marriott-Watson has imperilled his chances in America, not by introducing some half-dozen Americans who are all villains, but by trying to make them talk United States. The result is a strange lingo, a kind of "American as she is spoke" which could bave been invented only by an Englishman. The principal American and arch-villain "had been at Yale, and he knew several languages; in fine he met me [the virtuous Englishman] on my own level as a cultivated man of the world." "There's degrees of comparison, I reckon, Lieutenant, in affairs," is one remark by this cultivated person. "Fixed up" the author uses indiscriminately, whenever it seems to him that an American verb is in order. He is under the impression, further, that "top-dog" is a favorite phrase of ours, and that our present slang method of suggesting that there is an obstacle to overcome is to say: "It is up against us." The ranch, the stockyard, and the Bowery make obliging contributions to the dialect of this extraordinary speaker; nay, even the realm of cockney does not disdain to pay tribute. Here, in the tongue of Mr. Herbert Forsythe Alston, it may be suggested, is a medium of communication sufficiently versatile, eclectic, and unintelligible to deserve entry in the present admired competition of world languages.

The Second Generation. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Some five years ago a book of this title, written by James Weber Linn, was published by Macmillan; a story of unusual merit, which attracted less attention than it deserved. It embodied certain facts about American life, but it did not preach about them. Mr. Pbillips's story is a tract rather than a piece of pure fiction, and the author is at small pains to conceal the machinery of his argument. He is not in the habit of expressing his opinions in measured terms. Here there is little ligbt and shade in bis sketching of persons and events, which, however, doubtless serve his purpose well enough. The present proposition is that inherited wealth is an unmitigated curse. As a corollary, persons of leisure, especially persons in "society," since they ordinarily inherit wealth, are an accursed class. To enforce tbis unhopeful contention, the demonstrator introduces us to a prosperous manufacturing city in the Middle West, wherein all who have inherited wealth have gone or are going to the dogs. All the younger persons involved in the story are directly committed to this dread alternative save two. One of these is shot by an aristocrat, who has become a drunkard becausc he has *not* inherited money (which would have been a saving fact if he had not been an aristocrat); the other marries a girl of common blood who bas grown up in the expectation of a great inheritance. This girl's nature is as pliable as that of Oliver in the forest of Arden. When she is good she is very, very good, and wben she is bad she wastes her desires upon pretty gowns and the degrading exercise of social observances. In the end, after much vibration, she becomes for good and all what her inventor desires her to be. Her brother, wbose case is rendered particularly desperate by an experience in the best set at Harvard, is similarly amenable to treatment. Harvard turns him out a fop and a cad, but Mr. Phillips, by depriving him of his looked-for inheritance, sets him to work with his hands, and succeeds in making a man of bim. He is promptly jilted by a mercenary sweetheart, and after sufficiently insulting bis father's memory, and throwing away a paltry legacy of $5,000 in a vain attempt to break the fatber's will, he falls in love with a moderately poor and immoderately honest girl, and becomes one of nature's noblemen. Therc is quite enough importance in the tendency which Mr. Phillips has in mind to make one wish that he might have painted it as tendency rather than as inevitable fact. He has written a forcible tract, however, and this is what we suppose he intended.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In 1882, the Virginia Historical Society purchased a little pamphlet dated 1716, by Sir Tbomas Grantham, relating in considerable part to Bacon's Rebellion, in Virginia. It was supposed at the time to be unique; and it was of such interest and importance that a reprint, called a facsimile but evidently, owing to exigencies of type, not an accurate type reprint, was issued, by permission of the society. R. A. Brock, the secretary of the society, supplied an introduction. So far as we can trace, no other copy of the book has come upon the market until a few weeks ago a copy, with a title of quite different wording and dated 1714, turned up. The full title of this 1714 edition is as follows:

An | Historical | Account | Of Some | Memorable Actions, | Perform'd | For the Service of his Prince | and Countrey, | By Sr Thomas Grantham, Kt. | [Quotation. 3 lines]. | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, near tbe Oxford-Arms | in Warwick-Lane. 1714. |

The title of the Virginia Historical Society copy, as in the reprint and as transcribed by Sabin, is as follows:

An Historical | Account | Of Some | Memorable Actions, | Particularly in Virgin-

ia; | Also | Against the Admiral of Algier, | and in the East Indies: | Perform'd for the Service of his | Prince and Country, | By | Sr Thomas Grantham, Kt | [Quotation, 3 lines]. | London: | Printed for J. Roberts, near the Oxford-Arms | in Warwick-Lane. MDCCXVI. |

The two editions seem to be identical, except for the title-page, and it is probable that the new title was made by some enterprising printer or bookseller in order to accelerate the sale of the pamphlet. There is no doubt that the second title containing in large type the words "Particularly in Virginia," is much the more attractive. The newly discovered 1714 edition and the reprint of the 1716 edition are page for page; and the text is, with a few exceptions, line for line. The headings of various documents, printed in italics, are not line for line. The title leaf of the 1714 edition is the first leaf of the signature and the paper is continuous with its follower A4, thus showing that this is the original title. The latest date of any document printed in the book is July 10, 1711. The probability is that the book in either form had practically no sale, most of the copies being very likely disposed of as old paper.

On Monday, January 28, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers at auction a private library, containing some first editions of American authors, mostly in full or half binding or calf or morocco. Among the writers are Bret Harte, John Hay, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, and Whittier. Among other books, Herndon's "Lincoln, the true Story of a Great Life," three volumes, the original issue which was suppressed, is perhaps the most notable.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London will hold in the early spring an auction of "a small but choice collection formed within recent years by a member of the New York Stock Exchange." Some of the books, notably a first folio of Shakespeare, are from the Rowfant Library. There are several early Shakespeare quartos, including "The Merchant of Venice," 1637, which brought $1,300 at Anderson's auction rooms in this city last May, and "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600, which brought £480 at Sotheby's a year ago. There is a copy of Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, which sold for £450 at Sotheby's in 1905. The library also contains a fine example of the first "Kilmarnock" Burns.

Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami denvo recognitvm et avctvm per P. S. Allen, M. A., e Coll. Corporis Christi. Tom. I., 1484-1514. New York: Henry Frowde. $5.75.

More than two centuries have elapsed, or more than half the period following the death of Erasmus, since his correspondence was published in the completest collection then possible, as volume iii. of John Le Clerc's folio Leyden edition of the "Opera Omnia" in 1703. Many scholars in many lands have felt impelled to the task achieved by Mr. Allen, and he has greatly profited by the communication of their interrupted enterprises, as well as by the ungrudging assistance of scholars and archivists. By good fortune, a fellow-Oxonian, Francis Morgan Nichols, of Wadham College, working on parallel lines, has published two noble volumes of "The Epistles of Erasmus," selectively translated, critically set in order, and carried down to 1517, with a third volume well assured. Mr. Nichols, in his first volume, has made his acknowledgments to Percy Stafford Allen of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and now Professor in the Government College at Lahore, and foreshadows the appearance of the present "Opus Epistolarum." Mr. Allen, on his part, tells of his enormous labor having "occupied my leisure for the last thirteen years," and been carried on "under the gloom of Indian summers and in high valleys in Kashmir." Mr. Nichols's anticipatory publication is referred to (preface, p. v.), with counter acknowledgments of his having "given me the full benefit of his ripe judgment and detailed study of the ground in which I have been allowed to glean after him."

This spectacle, of two Oxford men harmoniously working together to ends so creditable to their University, is heightened by the fact that their zeal might rather have been looked for in the sister University of Cambridge, seeing that Erasmus's stay in Oxford (at St. Mary's College, in 1499) was of the briefest. On the other hand, Mr. Allen may have found an incentive in the fact that, after the founding of Corpus Christi by Richard Foxe, one of Erasmus's correspondents, the latter manifested great interest in what was intended to be "the seat of the new learning." We must add that the amicable coöperation described above has been consistent with entire scholarly independence, as manifested by the later comer. Thus, Mr. Allen splits in two the letters numbered 119 and 128, to James Batt, though Mr. Nichols defends their conjunction; *per contra*, he replaces at the head of the letter (254) to Thomas Halsey sentences which Mr. Nichols had clapped on the end of another. Again, they differ as to the date of letter 193, to Christopher Urswick; while a corresponding disagreement in the case of letter 81, to William Herman, leads Mr. Allen to question Mr. Nichols's inferences as to persons therein alluded to. For a final example, doubts about the attribution to Erasmus determine Mr. Allen to relegate to the appendix letters admitted by Mr. Nichols to full standing in the regular series.

The amount of Erasmian correspondence available since Le Clerc's gleanings has not been so considerable as might be thought, and leaves a vista for still further discovery. In Mr. Allen's table of the letters to date of his volume i., there are but twenty-seven pieces not included in the Leyden edition; only four are here published for the first time, whereof only three proceed from Erasmus's pen. Of these last, one is a mere fragment, bearing the probable date of 1489, and written from Steyn to that indefatigable author, Cornelius Gerard of Gouda, exhorting him to perfection of style in matter worthy of posterity. Another, derived from the Gouda find of MSS., and addressed to John Colet (Oxford, 1499), supplements by three times its length that opening of the "Disputatiuncula" which Le Clerc published in 1703. It is a labored reinforcement of the argument which had failed to convince Colet in the dispute over the proper interpretation of Christ's shrinking from death, instead of seeking it with alacrity. The third letter, much the longest of the three, is in response to Colet's rejoinder, and is a capital example of Erasmus's mode of reasoning. One proposition of his, which no longer cuts a figure in the theological wrangling of the present day, is that Christ, as man, must have died some time, and not necessarily from violence. Not a few minds might now be almost as much shocked by this thought as by the theory suggested by a diplomat at The Hague in the Revolutionary epoch, viz., that, in view of the imperfections of this world, God must have died before completing his work. The interest of the debate over "Let this cup pass" is made more piquant by the fact that Colet advances the authority of Jerome, Erasmus's great teacher, and is parried by the contention that this saint's exegesis was a solitary utterance in his writings, while Augustine and other equal lights hold to the common-sense view of the meaning of Christ's simple language. Among the letters discovered and published by other scholars, notably M. de Nolhac, since Le Clerc, it will suffice to mention Erasmus's first to Aldus Manutius, the earliest known example of his handwriting, two other examples of which, by the way, are among the plates inserted in the text.

The period covered by Mr. Allen's first volume is overstepped, as in the Leyden edition, by prefixing to the correspondence Erasmus's account of his literary beginnings and self-discipline, and detailed list of his writings, addressed to John Botzheim and commonly referred to as the "Catalogue of Lucubrations," of date January 30, 1523. This invaluable list, so far as it is available for biographical purposes, the chief end of Mr. Nichols's undertaking, he chronologically introduces piecemeal in translation (*e. g.*, I., 227). Next comes the "Compendium Vitæ," which Mr. Nichols translates in full (I., 5), and which cannot antedate 1516; and, finally, the letter from Beatus Rhenanus to Charles V. of June 1, 1540. It is gratifying to find that the genuineness of the disputed "Compendium," as well as of the letter to Servatius Rogerus of July 8, 1514, is maintained by both our Oxford editors; by Mr. Allen with a shade more of positiveness. The latter's apparatus is as follows: Each letter is introduced by a more or less particular description of it as a document and with reference to its proper place in the series—in the sum affording a disconnected view of Erasmus's goings and comings and doings; and, in the case of first mention, a summary sketch of the correspondent, either writing or addressed. The pains bestowed on these elucidations, rich in bibliographical guide-posts, it would not be easy to over-praise; nor will the future biographer of Erasmus ever speak except gratefully of this blazing of his path. The footnotes exhibit the same scholarly temper and patience. They are the repository of variant readings; they identify persons imperfectly indicated in the text, and trace their biographies—the more carefully the more obscure the subject; they endeavor to fix dates and events; they track to their source classical and other allusions and quotations; they take notice of such minor matters as, in Erasmus's letters to Batt, of his frequent use of the phrase *fato tuo*, with a "lucky-dog" connotation. Together, the introductions and notes afford an agreeable browsing-

ground, not only for Erasmians, but for any one of scholarly proclivities interested in the period. Equally readable and informing are the appendices dealing with the broader topics of authenticity, with several of Erasmus's correspondents, the principal editions of the "Epistolæ," the Deventer letter-book, and the Gouda MSS.

The above apparatus speaks to the eye, and may be estimated for the editor's industry by him who runs. The labor bestowed upon the text, resulting inevitably in one just like no other, lurks out of sight and can be weighed only on reflection. For letters published in Erasmus's lifetime, the text of the London edition of 1642 after Frohen's of 1538 and 1541 has been scrupulously compared with the earliest authorized. For the orthography, Mr. Allen conforms faithfully to the earliest original source, except where depravations are manifestly to be corrected; the punctuation, on the other hand, has been freely improved. For facility of reference in footnotes and otherwise, the text is numbered for every five lines. A temporary index of correspondents and some biographical notices, supplied on a loose leaf, will be superseded by a full one in the second volume.

To expatiate further were easy, but our readers can readily dispense with it. The fortunate possessors of Mr. Nichols's two volumes will not rest content without Mr. Allen's, which enables one to test the fidelity and closeness of his coadjutor's homely idiomatic version, as well as to ascertain the *ipsissima verba* in any given instance. All libraries will require, as all experts will laud, both these monumental publications.

Historical Bases of Religion, Primitive, Babylonian, and Jewish. By H. C. Brown. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.50.

This book is an example of the dangers that beset the non-specialist in dealing with large questions. The author has consulted a number of excellent books, and much that he says is correct, particularly in his account of the later phases of Judaism, from the prophets onward. But throughout the volume the wrong is so mingled with the right, and there is such a distortion (doubtless unintentional) of the history, that the general reader may often get an impression not in accordance with the facts. Mr. Brown's tone is one of assurance and finality—he is certain of many things as to which the best authorities are in doubt. He knows not only that the Babylonian civilization is earlier than the Egyptian, but that its records go back about 8,500 years, and that well-developed states, enjoying a civilized life that far outranks that of many so-called civilized countries of the present day, were in existence more than ten thousand years ago (p. 50). He is able to describe the furniture of a Babylonian temple (p. 102f.) with a minuteness not found in the records, and to assert (p. 213) that Babylonia for a period of more than five thousand years existed as a homogeneous people, contented and happy under a system of government and religion practically unchanged. As to the origin of the Essenes, a question that still vexes scholars, he has no misgivings—he states as an historical fact that their practices were derived from Buddhism.

In addition to these exaggerations and discolorations the book has misstatements of important points. The language of pre-Israelite Canaan was not Babylonian (p. 79)—the contrary is shown by the Amarna letters. That the monotheistic ideas of Judaism were "derived from the religion of Zoroaster" (p. 173) is a statement that no judicious critic would now make. The idea that the Semitic divine names Bel, El, Baal, and Al are all "slight variations of the same word" (p. 166) will be a surprise to Semitic scholars. Still more remarkable is the announcement (p. 31) that the name of the deity of the Israelitish nation was lost and for it "the name Jehovah (the strong one) was substituted"; and so with the Arabian deity "to whom the name Allah (the mighty one) was given." Passing over the hitherto unheard-of explanation of the meaning of "Jehovah," it is strange that the author never heard of the name Yahweh, and that he is not aware that our word Jehovah is the ignorant miswriting of a friar of the sixteenth century of our era; as for "Allah," it was the current name for the deity in Arabia in Mohammed's time. Such slips weaken one's confidence in the author's general trustworthiness. It must be added that he is concerned to show that the old Hebrew religion was derived, on its better side, wholly from the Babylonian. It is generally agreed that the Babylonian influence on the Hebrews was great; but a proper estimate of Hebraism and Judaism calls for wider knowledge and a calmer and more judicial attitude than are to be found in this volume.

The Practice of Diplomacy. As Illustrated in the Foreign Relations of the United States. By John W. Foster. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

This is a pleasing, sensible, and useful book. It is not so much a formal and comprehensive treatise, as a sort of running comment on the history of American diplomacy, bringing out its guiding principles and its technique, and giving an abundance of those best of all definitions—examples. Throughout, a high note of national obligations in international relations is maintained; and while Mr. Foster is careful to give both sides of several of our famous diplomatic controversies—as in the Barrundia case, for instance, and the fur seal dispute—he makes it clear that his own leaning is to justice rather than cleverness, and to sound precedent more than novelties invented *ad hoc*. In dealing with the artificial distinctions of diplomatic rank, Mr. Foster displays great common sense, as well as an American love of equality; and we could wish that his plea for absolute impartiality in the treatment of national representatives, however designated, as of nations themselves, might prevail. In what he says of the unexpended and legitimately unexpendable balance of the indemnity extorted from China by the United States in common with other countries, he points out an imperative duty of Congress. It should vote to pay back the money, with as zealous a care for "the honor of the United States" as it showed in returning to Mexico the award fraudulently obtained under the Weil and La Abra claim.

If one were to pick flaws at all, it would be in regard to some of the references to European practice and personalities. To illustrate the point that irregular appointments often produce good diplomats, Mr. Foster speaks of three Englishmen—Lords Dufferin, Pauncefote, and Cromer—who were not "trained for the diplomatic service," yet who were "the three most prominent and efficient diplomatic representatives of the British Government during the last quarter of the nineteenth century." We think that Lord Odo Russell or Sir Robert Morier would rank above either Dufferin or Pauncefote, while Cromer's great work has been rather administrative than diplomatic. Mr. Foster alludes to Bismarck's efforts to displace French as the language of diplomacy. He boasted that he would find a way of making a German note understood in Paris. The story is told that he also thought to make it understood in St. Petershurg, but that when he got his answer in Russian, he threw up his hands and fell back upon the hated but necessary French.

Lew Wallace: An Autobiography. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros. $5 net.

The autobiography of Lew Wallace will not, we think, add much to its author's literary reputation; for while it is, as a whole, entertaining, there is a diffuseness, an over-elaboration of small points, and a too frequent triviality which suggest lack of proper editorial revision. The autobiography proper ends with the summer of 1864; the story from that point, largely in the form of letters, is carried on by Mrs. Wallace.

Literary merit aside, the value of these volumes as a contribution to American history is not inconsiderable. The life of Wallace was more than ordinarily full of variety, incident, and distinction. Born in Indiana in 1827, he grew to manhood in the central West at a time when the West, as a distinct factor in political and economic life, was coming to prominence by leaps and bounds; and the chapters devoted to an account of the everyday happenings of these early years throw much incidental light on a place and period of whose development we yet know little. When the Mexican war came on, Wallace enlisted as a volunteer and served under Taylor, though seeing little actual fighting. He gained, however, useful military experience. Returning from Mexico, he was admitted to the bar; cultivated a wide acquaintance, including Lincoln, of whose personal appearance and story-telling powers he gives an entertaining description; heard one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and worked painstakingly at his first novel, "The Fair God."

The civil war was his great opportunity. He took charge of the enlistment and organization of the Indiana volunteers, was made colonel of one of the new regiments, pushed his way to prominence as an aggressive and resourceful commander, and in due time joined Grant in the West as a brigadier-general. He took part in the capture of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and in the battle of Shiloh. The autobiography goes much into detail regarding these several operations, both as to the movements as a whole and as to Wallace's own share in them. We must leave to military critics the final judgment upon his course at Shiloh, merely noting that his

own side of the case is here elaborately set forth. Wallace fell out of favor, however, and was withdrawn for a time from active service. An acute controversy with Halleck, his superior officer, did not help matters; and his account of the affair shows how deep and lasting was the contempt which he felt for the man whom he believed to have wronged him. He later rendered good service in defending Cincinnati, administered sagaciously the affairs of the military district in which Baltimore was situated, and played a promiuent part in the defeat of Early's attempted raid on Washington.

Following the close of hostilities, Wallace served as a member of the commission which tried the assailants of Lincoln, and of that which convicted the notorious Wirz. Later he was governor of New Mexico, and then minister to Turkey. In the meantime, the publication of "The Fair God," whose inception in his early years is here interestingly described, had won for him a remarkable literary reputation, immensely increased by the extraordinary success of "Ben Hur."

The autobiography must be pronounced satisfactory in this, that it accounts pretty fully for Wallace's success in public life. He was beyond question a born leader of men, intrepid, dashing, resourceful. He had boundless energy and untiring industry. To these qualities he added a keen eye for the main chance, and a singular adroitness in availing himself of opportunities. The animosities of his military career, and the criticism to which as commander he was particularly subjected, appear to have been due in considerable measure to his frankness in speaking and acting, and to his confidence in his own judgment. For the remarkable popularity of his books these volumes fail to offer any adequate explanation.

Jamaica. Painted by A. S. Forrest, described by John Henderson. London: Adam & Charles Black. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

In this volume, which appears just when the Kingston earthquake has brought Jamaica to a conspicuous place in the world's news, two Englishmen have set forth, one with pen, the other with pencil, their impressions as travellers in that island. More than this the book scarcely pretends to do. It consists for the most part of lively descriptions of phases of West Indian life; "The Philosophy of a Jamaican Gamin," "A Jamaican Court House," "The Dandy and the Coquette," "Alligator Shooting in a West Indian Swamp," are typical chapter headings. Mr. Henderson emphasizes throughout the resemblance of Jamaica to America rather than to England. Of now ruined Kingston he observes:

> If the place resembles any well-known capital it must be New York; but a New York built by children in doll's-house style and painted green and white. In the manner of New York the streets stretch to the wharves and quays of the giant harbor, and electric tram-cars clang along the busy roads by day and night. Electric poles stick up along the roadway in blatant disregard of the finer feelings of romantic tourists.

The book, and especially the bright colored pictures, will satisfy the average reader's wish for a popular account of life as it was lived in the community now suffering under such a calamity. Of more permanent interest, possibly, are the chapters describing the relations between the races, and the mixed hostility and mutual understanding of the white and black regiments. In one chapter the author quotes the views of an intelligent negro on ultimate indepence for Jamaica. This man, who had travelled in England and on the Continent, being asked what would become of the half-breeds in a government controlled chiefly by the uegroes, replied ingeniously, "They would be our Irish."

Drama.

SUDERMANN'S "JOHANNES."

Biblical subjects, for obvious reasons, have always been dear to the heart of the theatre-manager, and the chance of producing a scandalous sensation under cover of a great New Testament name is too good to be lost. It is to be regretted that two performers who have done so much creditable work as Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern should have been tempted by the notoriety of the theme to produce Mary Harned's adaptation of Sudermann's "Johannes," a piece which on the Scriptural or pseudo-historical side has very little actual artistic value, while one of its chief motives, the Salome legend, is altogether abominable. The play is called "John the Baptist," and purports to deal with all the prophet's public life; showing him in the wilderness, proclaiming the coming Messiah, in the streets of Jerusalem debating with the Pharisees, in the palace denouncing Herodias, in prison spurning the odious solicitations of Salome, and in the hands of the executioner. It is in the scenes with which Sudermann has tried to supplement the brief Biblical record that the interest of the play collapses. John is represented as being in constant doubt as to the significance of his own inspiration and as mystified by such fragments of Christ's teaching—in the Sermon on the Mount, for instance—as he can collect from the lips of stray Galilean peasants. The command to love your enemies works such an upheaval in him that, instead of throwing a stone at the guilty Herod, and thus giving the signal for a general attack, he falls at the monarch's feet. His vacillating mood drives his disciples from him, and he is practically deserted when he is thrust into prison.

Whatever plausibility there may be in these spiritual distractions of the prophet, there can be no doubt that their result is to render him a less virile and picturesque figure for theatrical purposes. At all events, Mr. Sothern failed to endow him with the fanatical fire, grandeur of spirit, or majesty of pose becoming a prophet with such a message. He had dignity and some righteous passion, but he did not glow with the heat of a divine and consuming zeal. In his scenes with Salome he bore himself rightly, at first with indifference, then with angry scorn; but no skill could interpret satisfactorily scenes in their very essence unnatural and repulsive. Wholly apart from the gross improbability of a delicate young princess, almost a child, such as Salome is represented to be, conceiving a passion for a man of so rough and wild an aspect, there is the radical absurdity of the conditions under which they meet—conditions which could never occur in the East. Similar objections would lie against the whole play, which rarely makes any concessions to Oriental customs, except in the matter of attire. Miss Marlowe, in her acting of Salome, a part for which she is not now suited, seemed to be constantly trying to mitigate the unpleasantness of it by emphasizing its juvenility. She portrayed a petulant, childish coquette. This view, of course, was utterly incompatible with an adult passion which could drive a princess to such extremes. All the details indeed of this love episode are as preposterous as the original conception is vile. But it is to be noted that the play follows the Biblical story with regard to Herodias and does not permit Salome to sport with the Baptist's head. With Salome out, the play would be but a dull affair. She is the chief excuse for the representation, and a very bad one.

The cause of the American drama is not much advanced by the composition and production of such pieces as "Salomy Jane," which was greeted with much boisterous approval in the Liberty Theatre, on Saturday evening. Paul Armstrong, the adapter, or rather joiner, has selected his rough material from "Salomy Jane's Kiss" and other tales of Bret Harte and dovetailed them, after a fashion, into a melodrama, well stuffed with sensational episodes, but rickety in structure, incoherent in substance, and no more a reflection of real life in California, or anywhere else, than are the distorted figures in a comic mirror. Bret Harte, with the genius of a true romancer, clothed many gross realities with a glamour of beauty, nobility, or pathos, diverting attention from patent anomalies by some subtle and often disingenuous appeal to that common human sentiment which is ready to applaud the attribution of the noblest virtues to the most unlikely possessor of them. The publication of Mr. Harte's earlier stories was followed by a perfect epidemic of frontier plays in which homicidal adventurers, hard and rough as the rocks amid which they labored and fought, melted suddenly with exquisite tenderness, while audacious hoydens, heedless of virtue or morals, proved themselves angels of grace and goodness. Of late the far Western play has again been coming into fashion, and doubtless there is a wide field for the dramatist in the primitive life upon the borders of civilization. But little is to be gained by working anew the exhausted vein of Mr. Harte's fancy, and reviving the personages, vital, indeed, in his pages, but on the stage stale, flat, and unprofitable. Moreover, Mr. Armstrong has furnished in his Col. Starbottle, Yuba Bill, Jack Marbury, Larrabee, Red Pete, and the rest of them, feeble copies of their prototypes. The fact is that these imaginary creatures necessarily lose their verisimilitude when stripped of their literary adornment, and exposed in their naked personality before the footlights. The success attained by the present performance will be due to the admirable acting of Reuben Fox, the capable work of H. G. Warner, Ralph Delmore, Holbrook Blinn, Stephen Wright, Ade Dwyer, and Eleanor Robson. The forest

scenery is superh. In fact, the setting is worthy of a masterpiece.

The death is announced in London of a once popular English actress, Miss Hudspeth, better known in this country as Mrs. Edmund Phelps. She will he remembered for her finished performances of old women in some of Charles Wyndham's productions. She was horn sixty-seven years ago, and first appeared in London in 1859. She supported John Drew, the elder, in "Handy Andy." Later she joined the Drury Lane Company, and for many years was one of the chief attractions of the annual pantomime, in which she was associated with the Vokes family, Kate Santley, Paul Herring, and Brittain Wright; she was also in the original cast of "Eileen Oge"—next to "The Peep o' Day" Edmund Falconer's most successful play.

Sarah Bernhardt is to play the part of Mephistopheles in a new version of "Faust," heing prepared by Henry Bataille.

Music.

RICHARD STRAUSS'S "SALOME."

The most sensational event of the musical season was the production, at the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday evening, of Richard Strauss's "Salome," a work which has heen more talked and written ahout than any other opera since the first production of "Parsifal" in 1882, with the exception of "Cavalleria Rusticana." And as in the case of Mascagni, so in that of Strauss, the libretto had more to do with the success of the opera than the music. It is an old story that to insure an enormous vogue for a work of art or a hook, nothing more is needed than that some responsihle censor should forhid it on moral or religious grounds. "Salome" was thus forhidden hoth in Vienna and in Berlin. Dresden, however, came to the rescue; "Salome" was produced at the Royal Opera on Decemher 8, 1905, and made a great stir. Since then, thirty other opera houses (including the Scala of Milan) have produced it, and even the Kaiser found it advisable to relent, so that Berlin, too, heard the opera on December 5, 1906, on which occasion the house could have heen sold out twenty times, and $25 was paid to speculators for single seats.

Music itself is neither moral nor immoral, though it may he so bad as to provoke murderous or suicidal reflections. There are pages in Strauss's score that come perilously near that condition, hut they were not the cause of offence in the eyes of the censors. That lay in the libretto, the notorious "Salome" of Oscar Wilde, concerning the premeditated nastiness of which there can he no two opinions. It is had enough for composers to glorify in music the adventures and feelings of such depraved creatures as Manon Lescaut, and Violetta (in "La Traviata"); but when a diseased imagination conceives a character like Salome, which can he fully comprehended only after a study of the psychopathological works of Krafft-Ehing, and a musician makes her the heroine of an opera, it is time to call a halt, and protest that the stage is not a sanitarium. Such subjects are proper for medical, not for musical, treatment. It cannot he denied that there is some genuine poetry in the libretto, and that the scene of the one-act opera, with the central cistern whence issues the voice of the captive prophet, with the picturesque Oriental surroundings, is operatically most effective; hut this merely aggravates the offence.

Perhaps it is wrong to call this performance an opera. Strauss's admirers prefer to name it "an orchestral tone-painting, accompanied hy a dramatic action on the stage." That phrase, we must grant, describes it very well. The artists on the stage are important as histrionic figures; but their contrihutions to the entertainment as singers are quite insignificant, with the exception of one or two passages by Salome and a few of the utterances of the prophet in the cistern. One could not help feeling sorry for Mr. Conried's excellent artists—Fremstad, Weed, Burrian, Dippel, Van Rooy, Reiss, Mühlmann, Dufriche, Blass—for having to grope their way through a jungle of orchestral cacophonies with hardly a strain of true melody to offer as a healing balm for the ears of the listeners.

The weakness of Strauss's melodic sense explains his method. Not having any real melodies to offer, he does all sorts of eccentric things to hide his weakness. He demands an orchestra of at least 106 players; he uses new or unusual instruments, like the heckelphone and celesta; and he goes to unprecedented extremes in subdividing the string instruments and giving each little group a part of its own to play. In the love duet of "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner divides the strings into sixteen parts; Strauss goes him four hetter, and thus makes an "advance upon Wagner"! He shows extreme subtlety and cleverness in combining the various leading motives, making them suggest and recall events and scenes, quite in the Wagnerian way. But there is an enormous difference: Wagner's leading motives are pregnant themes, easily remembered because of their striking melodies or appropriate harmonies, whereas Strauss has nothing to offer hut insignificant themes—nay, themelets—so commonplace and unindividual that it is extremely difficult to recognize them. In a word, in the orchestral as in the vocal parts, the fatal defect of Strauss's opera is a lack of melody.

Students will find much to admire in the ingenious mathematical subtleties of the printed score. Their lahors may he facilitated by a perusal of the "Guide to Salome," hy Lawrence Gilman, just issued by John Lane; a little book of eighty-five pages, thirty of which are devoted to an analysis of the music, with illustrations in musical type of the twenty leading motives the writer has found in the score.

Fate sometimes has its strokes of justice as well as its irony. In May, 1890, there hurst upon the world a one-act opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," by Pietro Mascagni, which was hailed all over Europe and America as the beginning of a new school, and its composer in a few months was rich and famous. Six years earlier the Scala in Milan had produced an opera, "Le Villi," which strikingly anticipated the chief peculiarities of the "Mascagni school"; hut as the opera was not a success, its composer, Giacomo Puccini, remained unknown. Apparently without realizing that he had been cheated out of his birthright, he kept on writing other operas, among them "La Bohême," "Tosca," and "Madama Butterfly," and one day he awoke to find himself famous too—first in England, then in Italy, and then in America. He arrived in New York on January 18, just in time to attend the first performance ever given at the Metropolitan of his "Manon Lescaut," which is to he followed, while he is here, by the other three operas named, making a Puccini cycle. "Manon Lescaut" had heen sung once before in the metropolis (1898), but hy a strolling company, which could not do it justice. To descant on the libretto, whicb is based on the rambling story of the Abbé Prévost, or to compare the opera as a whole with Massenet's on the same subject, would be futile. With Caruso as the Chevalier des Grieux, the opera will attract crowds; without him it will be sung to empty benches so far as they are not covered hy subscription. Puccini's theatrical instinct is no douht revealed in this opera, as in its successors, hut apart from its technical cleverness, and a few numbers like the madrigal and the minuet of the second act, which are true rococo, and some admirable pages of orchestral coloring and mood painting, there is little to praise in the score. Its fatal defect is a lack of melodic individuality. Puccini knows how to write most effectively for the human voice (to that he owes most of his success); hut as a melodist he will never rank with Rossini and Verdi, or even with Donizetti and Bellini.

The Philharmonic Concerts in this city Friday afternoon and Saturday evening will exhibit Safonoff as interpreter of Brahms, Grieg, and Glinka. The third Brahms symphony has heen chosen for the opening numher, and Glinka's overture to his "Russlan and Ludmilla," one of the most popular of Russian operas. Hugo Heermann, the German violinist, will play the Beethoven concerto. There will also be an interesting novelty—the Lyric Suite of Grieg. This suite is an orchestral version of four of the six short pianoforte pieces puhlished under the opus number 54.

No pianist now hefore the puhlic has more of the much-coveted quality called temperament than Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler. She will give a recital at Carnegie Hall next Saturday afternoon, at which she will play Beethoven's sonata op. 31, No. 2, the Schuhert-Liszt "Erlking," a scherzo, an étude, a valse, and a polonaise hy Chopin, a concert étude hy Liszt, and short pieces hy Poldini, Moszkowski, Rachmaninoff, and arahesques on the "Blue Danube" waltz.

There is a growing demand in Germany for the songs and the pianoforte pieces of the American, Edward MacDowell. To meet this in part, Breitkopf & Härtel of Leipsic have just hrought out a new edition of the famous "Eight Songs," with German as well as English words.

Art.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

Given nearly five hundred framed paint-

lngs of widely varying size to hang on the walls, and about one-fourth as many pieces of sculpture to place advantageously, the hanging committee for the current exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts seems for the most part to have performed well its arduous and thankless task. Examples there are of the individual sacrificed for the good of the whole, as perforce must always be the case in the cramped quarters of this ancient and honorable institution, which this year holds its one hundred and second annual exhibition. The corridors and rotunda, for example, instead of being simple and dignified, as befits an approach, present a somewhat jumbled appearance. Here are assembled, with no great regard for relative proportions, statuettes, low reliefs, busts, full-length life-size figures of man and beast—indeed almost everything that would lend itself to the plastic art, not to mention sundry things that do not. St. Gaudens, Lopez, Tonetti, Konti, Grafly, Roth, McKenzie, McNeil, Pratt, Bitter, Hartley, Brooks, and Paul Nocquet, not to prolong the distinguished list, are represented by from one to twenty examples apiece, which for the most part would lend dignity and beauty to the art of any country. Thus emphasis is once more, and from the sculptor's point of view, given to the importance of more adequate and better lighted exhibition galleries in Philadelphia, whose needs in this respect are only less pressing than those of New York city.

Unlike the passing displays of the National Academy of Design and the past displays of the Society of American Artists in New York, the show in Philadelphia is not made up of what may be justly called the current art of the year, but, wisely or unwisely, includes much already familiar material, which makes for a higher artistic average, if less for freshness. Not that the latter quality is wanting here—on the contrary, the last word in smartness by the younger and more impetuous painters emphasizes the works of the elder workers alongside them. Among the contributors, about two hundred and fifty in all, there are many new names; and on the other hand, not a few familiar names are missing.

Passing into gallery F, the largest in the building, one is possessed by the spirit of serenity brooding over the place, to which Whistler's full-length figure of Count Robert possibly gives the keynote, if that be not too loud a term to apply to this canvas which the dead painter has invested with all his subtle charm, a charm which finds echo in three other valued smaller canvases farther along, by the same hand. At the same end of this gallery, too, one has come to look each year for something from the hand of John Sargent, who has this time a portrait of the Rev. Endicott Peabody, done, perhaps with a nice regard for the cloth, in an unusual spirit of sobriety and delicacy which Sargent's numerous followers may well take note of. Frank W. Benson with a fresh, wholesome portrait of a child, Philip L. Hale with a full-length life-size female figure in which is no trace of the sensuous, Louis Loeb with the dainty head of a beautiful young girl, two characteristic canvases by John Alexander, a brilliant Matador by Robert Henri, a clever but unpleasant characterization of Chevaller by John Lambert, two of Miss Cassatt's most able canvases, a graciously feminine portrait by William W. Churchill, a picture portrait by Sergeant Kendall, and a seated figure in blue by Cecelia Beaux, indicate, but do not exhaust, the list of worthy portraits in the room.

In the same gallery are brilliant still life, by Cadwallader Washburn and William M. Chase (who has disposed about the building several portraits of varying excellence), two graphic figure groups, instinct with life, by William J. Glackens, and a joyous Tea Party by Marion Powers. Here also is a powerful marine by Homer, one of jewel-like quality by Ryder, a choice interior by Walter Gay, and an interior with figure by Frederick Frieseke, which should not be overlooked. Of landscapes in this gallery there are few, those by W. E. Schofield, Ernest Lawson, W. Granville Smith, Edouard Steichten, Leonard Ochtman, and Charles Rosen being among the best.

An adjoining smaller gallery is largely given over to works of impressionistic tendencies, amid which the two large, vigorous, and virile canvases by Edward W. Redfield seem a trifle misplaced. Here are numerous brilliant contributions, new and old, by Childe Hassam, Willard Metcalf, Robert Reid, John H. Twachtman, J. Alden Weir, and Charles Hopkinson, who, along with a few other faithful if less well-known painters of light, uphold the traditions and advance new theories of the cult.

Gari Melchers has a gallery quite to himself, where, insulated and isolated, the various phases of his art may be studied freely. Portraits, "types," a landscape or two, and even a large Last Supper, together present a dignified appearance, and one of much harmony, albeit a trifle sombre contrasted with the brilliant work of the luminists next door.

A somewhat ineffective effort at insulation has been made, though just why, one can only half-surmise, with gallery J. Here, besides the three fine smaller Whistlers already adverted to, hang Thomas W. Dewing's delicious Lady with Lute, a vigorous young woman by Robert Henri, a portrait group by William M. Chase, two landscapes sounding a new note, by Joseph B. Davol, and a group of three splendidly impressive landscapes by Elliott Daingerfield.

Strolling through other galleries and corridors, which seem less well lighted, one is attracted by such serious and well-painted productions as H. O. Tanner's Two Disciples (one of the most thoughtful works here), John Sloan's Kent, Kenyon Cox's Portrait of Maxfield Parrish, the two little canvases by Jerome Meyers, a portrait by J. J. Shannon, a Florida scene by Joseph Woodwell, and Mr. La Farge's Visit of Nicodemus to Christ—one of that artist's most dignified productions. Nor should the excellent portraits by J. McClure Hamilton, Irving Wiles, and Thomas Anshutz be overlooked, as in the remote gallery where they are placed they are likely to be.

In conclusion it may be said that, unlike most exhibitions in America, figures and not landscapes dominate the Pennsylvania Academy's show this year. The larger part of these are portraits, more individual than usual in their tendencies, and one's first and last optical impression is of tall single figure portrait panels at frequent intervals, sometimes a seeming intrusion, and at others lending dignity to the galleries.

BEN FOSTER.

Two books of drawings are disappointing for different reasons. The "Drawings of Gainsborough," in the Newnes-Scribner Series of Drawings of the Great Masters disappoints from the slightness of the drawings themselves, few of them being more than hasty scrawls or possessing any quality sufficient to justify the praise lavished upon them by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower in his introduction. The best of them had already been reproduced in Armstrong's great book on the artist, and two or three of these have great charm.

"The Drawings of J. F. Millet" (Lippincott) is a much more sumptuous and elaborate publication, in a limited edition. Here the disappointment is in the selection. There are some very fine drawings, as there could not well help being, among the fifty chosen; but somehow the collection fails to show the noble qualities of the artist at their highest—or so it seems to one who remembers this or that masterpiece in chalk not here included. Now and then there is an obvious blunder in the title given, as in the so-called "Sheaf-binders," who are gathering faggots, and in the "Peasant Woman Cleaning Out a Trough," who is chopping straw. It is still considered obligatory that a book should have a text, and so this one has an "Introductory Essay" by Léona Bénédite. It is well enough, but really little to the purpose. If a competent technical study of the merits of Millet's drawing, as drawing, was unattainable, why not omit the text altogether and publish a portfolio? But enough of fault-finding. Fifty drawings by Millet are fifty drawings by Millet; and to have them thoroughly well reproduced, as these are, is to have something well worth more than the price asked, if one has the money to spend.

Francesco Malguzzi Valeri's little handbook of drawings in the Brera, "I Disegni nella R. Pinacoteca di Brera" (Milano: Alfieri & Lacroix), may be cordially recommended. Ninety-four drawings are reproduced in the original colors by the half-tone process, and brief editorial notes give all necessary indications as to provenience and bibliography. Many of the sheets are from Morelli's collection, being lent to the gallery by his executor, Dr. Frizzoni. In the matter of attributions the editor takes a sensibly modest course—the mark of interrogation abounds. The brochure is of pocket size, and may be conveniently used in galleries. We know of no similar publication that so nearly meets the practical needs of the student. Similar handbooks of, say, the Louvre, the Ufizzi, and the British Museum, would be simply invaluable. We have no space to enumerate the artists represented, and must close with the hint that a drawing in the Metropolitan Museum ascribed to Raphael (temporarily withdrawn from exhibition) must stand or fall with the sheet of studies reproduced in plate 63. Morelli believed in the genuineness of the latter work, and it would be a difficult critic that would discredit its New York counterpart.

The King of Italy has given to the Brera,

Milan, several mythological frescoes by Bernardino Luini, formerly in the villa dei Pelluchi, near Monza. The decorations of this villa are widely scattered. A number were already in the Brera, including the famous St. Catherine Carried by Angels; others are at Hertford House, the Louvre, and Chantilly. Francesco Malguzzi Valeri describes the royal gift in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for December, and, noting the collaboration of Bramantino and Luini in this villa, suggests that their relation was that of master and pupil. This furnishes at least a plausible solution of the obscure matter of Luini's apprenticeship.

The contents of the Oratorio of San Ansano, Fiesole, have been taken over from the bishopric by the Italian Government, and will soon be placed in the little museum on the Piazza Mino. The sculptures include the head of a boy in unglazed terra-cotta, by Luca Della Robbia—one of his most beautiful works; a round of the Virgin in Adoration, by Andrea della Robbia, with a notable frame of flowers and fruit; besides interesting fragments of Byzantine wood carving. The pictures number some fifty of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—mostly of small size and importance. Four Triumphs of Petrarch by Jacopo del Sellaio, formerly attributed to Botticelli, are perhaps the most interesting items, but the late Giottesque school is well represented by minor examples. This acquisition should make the Fiesolan museum, usually overlooked by tourists, a place of resort.

During the last two years, the National Gallery at Berlin has made an unusual number of acquisitions. They number over two hundred paintings and almost half as many pieces of statuary. The gallery now presents an altogether different appearance from that of 1904, and is as fairly representative of German art of the last hundred years as can be expected of a single collection. Besides this, many modern pictures by foreign painters have been bought or received as gifts.

The authorities of the Louvre will arrange a special Rembrandt room, where the twenty-two works of Rembrandt, now scattered through the museum, will be brought together.

The Government of India has taken steps to preserve the Sinbyame Pagoda, which is the only building of its type in the Mingun province of Burma.

An interesting discovery has been made in a Belgian convent of a painting of "Christ Risen," which has been attributed to Rubens by various experts. In 1603 Rubens painted a series of Christ and the Twelve Apostles for the Duke of Lerma. The Twelve Apostles have long been in the Prado at Madrid, but the Christ has been lost sight of till this discovery in Belgium, which is now identified as the missing picture.

News has come from Geneva that in a collection of Egyptian papyri Prof. Jules Nicole has lately come across an ancient Latin guide through Rome, which he found in the midst of Greek texts. The guide contains an inventory of sculpture, enumerating the chief works to be seen in the city, and indicating exactly where they are placed; it also gives a description of each one, with the name of the artist, its provenance, and so forth. Many interesting facts concerning hitherto unknown artists are given, as well as additional information relating to already known Greek sculptors. This discovery may prove of importance in supplying us with data for the attribution of as yet nameless statues.

The Central New York Society of Artists, which was organized in 1902, will hold at the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts in December, 1907, an exhibition of works of art produced within that part of the State of New York not immediately tributary to New York city. Communications regarding the exhibition may be addressed to the chairman of the executive committee, R. Franklin Dallas, Syracuse.

The Wadsworth Atheneum of Hartford, Conn., is to receive a gift of an art building from J. Pierpont Morgan as a memorial to his father, Junius S. Morgan.

An exhibition of paintings by William Sartain is now open at Macbeth's gallery, in this city, until January 26. The twenty-seven pictures shown, including landscapes, interiors, and figure pieces in oil, and a single water color, make an exhibition of unusual interest.

At the Anderson Auction Rooms in this city on the evening of January 16 the following prices were paid for prints: Robert Burns, bust portrait, engraved by W. Walker and S. Cousins, after the painting by Nasmith, $105; Meissonier's La Rixe, etched by Bracquemond, $350; Meissonier's Partie Perdue, etched by Bracquemond, $170; Meissonier's 1806, etched by Jules Jacquet, $100; Meissonier's 1807, etched by Jacquet, $450; Meissonier's 1814, etched by Jacquet, $210; Millet's Angelus, etched by Charles Waltner, $200; Rembrandt's Night Watch, etched by C. Waltner, $260; and Jules Breton's Evening, in a Hamlet in Finisterre, etched by W. L. Lathrop, $100.

Science.

A QUARTER-CENTURY OF CATASTROPHISM.

The student of geology, however taxed his mind may be with the consideration of the numerous unsolved problems in the physics of the earth, cannot fail to be deeply impressed by the catastrophic happenings of the last twenty-five years. The record of no other like period, so far as it is written in the book of science, carries with it so clearly the concept of the unfinished globe, or so eloquently teaches the inconsequence of man beside the titanic forces of nature. When, in August, 1883, a cataclysm rent asunder the island of Krakatoa, and caused a shock throughout almost the entire mass of the earth, we saw how the processes of adjustment which shape the interior of our globe were still tending to produce equilibrium. For two years or more we gazed upon the wondrous red and yellow afterglows which marked the distribution of the high-blown ash, and reflected the energy by which 40,000 or more persons were swept out of existence. At this same time, or close to it, Casamicciola, in the island of Ischia, fell. The ash from Krakatoa had hardly settled when we learned of the reawakening of Tarawera, in New Zealand—a battered volcano, whose activities had been assumed to be ended for a full hundred years prior to June, 1886. The tourist then beheld, seemingly for the last time, what had been designated the "eighth wonder" of the world, the famous pink and white terraces of Rotomahana. Before the great rift that had formed in this lake-basin had entirely closed, came the disaster to Charleston, S. C.

The major disturbances following the Carolina earthquake were chiefly in the field of Japan, where the number of shocks noted in the nineteen years between 1885 and 1903, as we are informed by the Japanese Earthquake Investigation Commission, was 27,485. The decapitation, in 1888, of Bandai-San, and the hurling of its vast mass over miles of inhabited lowland, was followed the next year by the great movement of Kumanoto, and two years later by perhaps the most far-reaching of all the recorded earthquakes of Japan, that known as Mino-Owari. Thousands of lives were destroyed in this shock, which the distinguished seismologist, Montessus de Ballore, characterizes as "le plus formidable tremblement de terre dont l'histoire fasse peut-être mention." Within three years came the tremendous earthquake of Tokio, 1894.

A new era of catastrophism began with evidences of unrest in Vesuvius, Etna, and Stromboli, in a number of the volcanoes of Central America and of northern South America, in Colima, Mexico, in the Hawaiian Islands, and in the mountains of Alaska (Wrangell, Sheshalden, Iliamna). There had also been widely separated earth-movements, as those of the Phocian plain of Greece, of Carinthia, and of southeastern Alaska. This last brought about the interesting displacements on the shores of Yakutat Bay and the disruption of the Muir glacier. The rapidly-succeeding events of the year 1902 are still fresh in the minds of most people: the destruction by earthquake, on January 16, and on April 18, respectively, of considerable portions of the towns of Chilpancingo, in Mexico, and Quetzaltenango, in Guatemala; the eruption on May 7, of the Soufrière, of St. Vincent; on May 8, of Pelée, with the annihilation of Saint-Pierre; on August 30, of the same volcano, with the razing of Morne-Rouge and other villages in Martinique; on October 24, of the volcano of Santa Maria, in Guatemala, with the further destruction of Quetzaltenango; the earthquakes of Shemaka and of Andijan, in farther Asia. The result of it all was the death of between fifty and sixty thousand persons. The same year saw the foundering with nearly all of its inhabitants of the island of Tori-Shima, in Japanese waters, as the result of a volcanic explosion.

This event was soon followed by the first of those vast disturbances in Formosa, which culminated in the catastrophes of March and April of 1906, when the greater part of the island was devastated and thousands of lives sacrificed. Preceding these calamities by a few months, and coincident with a paroxysmal awakening of Stromboli, was the earthquake of the Monteleone region of southern Italy. The echoes of this

had hardly died down when Vesuvius opened a new chapter in its history and closed it with the outbreak of April, 1906, which in violence and destructive effect is thought to have surpassed all other eruptions of that volcano, with the exception of those of the years 79 and 1631. Then, nearer to our own hearts and homes, the tragedy of San Francisco was enacted—followed in almost exactly four months by the still greater tragedy of Valparaiso, in Chili. Before the close of 1906—a year which had also witnessed in its early days the minor disturbances of Esmeraldas in Ecuador, of Buenaventura in Colombia, and of Castries in the island of St. Lucia—a great part of the city of Arica lay in ruins. And now, with the beginning of the year 1907, the seismo-volcanic registry records the eruptions of Mauna Loa and Etna, the continuing vast flows of lava from the Savai volcano in the Samoan Islands, and the appalling disaster which has converted the capital of the island of Jamaica into a mass of débris.

In all these events we see the earth in the making—a process now, as ever, destructive. Within this quarter-century the population of the globe has been diminished by not less than 125,000 or 150,000 as the result of terrestrial catastrophism. Possibly the figures should be even larger, for the records are incomplete.

ANGELO HEILPRIN.

Philadelphia, January 18.

The Scientific Papers of J. Willard Gibbs. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

That Josiah Willard Gibbs advanced science the world over more than it has ever been given to any other American researcher to do, can hardly be questioned. He published but one separate book, his "Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics" (Charles Scribner's Sons), which appeared in the Yale Bicentennial Series in 1902, the year before his death. Another volume in the same series, written by his pupil, Edwin B. Wilson, was founded on his lectures. His only other printed remains are the papers now collected, which are few but fundamental. They are substantially limited to three, not counting an unusually small number of preliminary and supplementary outputs.

Of the earliest, relating to diagrams and models representing the effects of temperature and pressure on all sorts of substances, Clerk Maxwell once spoke to the present reviewer in terms of warm laudation, before Gibbs had produced anything else, and when he was all but unknown in this country. His second work, on the equilibrium of heterogeneous substances, taught chemists how to reason about the final results of reactions (without reference to the processes by which they were reached), and it stands to-day the stone at the head of the corner of dynamical chemistry. The memoir itself (in which, by the way, was first given the now celebrated "phase rule") occupies three hundred pages of the first of these two volumes, a good many more pages being substantially parts of the same whole.

The second volume is mainly occupied with Gibbs's peculiar calculus called "vector analysis," which was designed to supersede quaternions and Grassmann's *Ausdehnungslehre*. It is now taught in sundry European universities; but its vogue was prevented or hindered by a trait of its author's character that struck everybody that ever met him, and that we know not how otherwise to designate than as diffidence. Yet this is not a fit name for it. It certainly was not that diffidence which consists in timidity; nor can we assent to his brilliant scholar Prof. Bumstead's apparent view that he was unconscious of his own superiority, which would come too near to making him a gifted idiot, rooting up his mathematical truffles like a Périgord pig, and as oblivious of being deprived of them. We should rather conceive of it as an exaggerated estimate of the possibility of any opinion of his being erroneous that might concern a difficult question not susceptible of a demonstrative solution. He thought his method ought to be left to make its own way in the world; but he overlooked the fact that he was not giving the offspring of his brain the fair start to which it was entitled. For he limited himself to printing and privately circulating a fifty-page syllabus of that method, with no illustrations of its application. The industry of a man of great parts and attainments would not more than have sufficed to construct any decided opinion upon such a question from such a basis. If Gibbs himself, after devoting his own surpassing genius for some years to the matter, was not prepared to put forth a categorical decision as to the merits of the method, pray who else could be expected to undertake the office? We can only say that the ease and mastery with which his scholars have handled some of the most thorny problems of physics, as contrasted with the infertility of the quaternionists, incline us to put our trust in "vector analysis."

The book is clothed in all dignity and beauty of paper and type, carries a noble photograph of the master, and in every way (except by an index) recommends itself to the liking of friends of American science. There is a good, but restrained, notice of this most genuine of high intelligences by a worthy interpreter, Prof. H. A. Bumstead, who has taken Dr. Ralph Gibbs Van Name as his collaborating editor.

The following scientific books are included in Macmillan's list of spring publications: "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," vol. i., edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey; "Experimental Zoölogy," by Thomas Hunt Morgan; "Economic Geology of the United States," by Heinrich Ries; "Forage Corps," by Edward B. Voorhees; "The Storage Battery," by Augustus Treadwell; "Practical Text-Book of Plant Pathology," by D. F. MacDougal; "Introduction to Zoölogy," new edition," by Charles Benedict Davenport and Gertrude Crotty Davenport; "Elements of Electro-Chemistry," by M. Leblanc; "Types of Farming," by L. H. Bailey; "Meteorology, Weather, and Methods of Forecasting," new edition, by Thomas Russell; "Principles of Inorganic Chemistry," new edition, by H. C. Jones; "Studies in Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene," new edition, by J. E. Peabody; "The Common Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract," by C. A. Herter; "Lectures on the General Properties of Immunity," by Svante Arrhenius; "System of Medicine and Gynæcology," vol. ii., Part I., edited by Thomas Clifford Allbutt; "Clinical Psychiatry," new edition, by A. Ross Diefendorf.

The ascent of Mt. Ruwenzori, the ancient Mountains of the Moon, last summer was described in a lecture delivered at Rome on January 7 by the Duke of the Abruzzi. In a little over a month he climbed the sixteen highest peaks, made a survey of the range, determined heights, fixed the watersheds, and mapped and photographed the whole region. The principal scientific results are the fact that the range consists of six principal groups, 16,810 feet being the altitude of the highest peak. The limit of perpetual snow was about 14,600 feet, and of the lowest glacier 13,677. None of the glaciers were of the first order, and they showed signs of receding.

Finance.

THE BREAK IN THE STOCK MARKET.

About the middle of last December, after having held obstinately strong in the face of extremely tight money, repeated deficits in New York bank reserves, and prohibitory rates charged in London for "carrying" American securities, Stock Exchange prices suddenly began to give way. Since then, the decline has been almost continuous, up to the present week. During the five-week period, such striking declines in the price of important railway stocks have been scored as 20 points in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, 23 in Union Pacific, 34 in New York Central, 39 in Reading, 63 in Northern Pacific, and 80 in Great Northern. People, learning of such a fall in prices, might easily infer either that a serious disaster had befallen the world of investors, or else that the Stock Exchange movement was foreshadowing a highly unfavorable turn in our tide of prosperity.

And, in fact, the violent fall in prices last week and at the opening of this week, had so far cut the ground from under the feet of speculators—who had been holding huge lines of stocks with money borrowed on collateral of these very stocks—as to force liquidation and some signals of real distress. This, however, was pretty much restricted to that class of people known in Wall Street as "Stock Exchange professionals." No one else seems to have been badly hurt. The outside public, which lost millions in the Wall Street collapse of May, 1901, and which was probably hard hit in the two-day crash of December, 1904, has on the present occasion made little complaint. At the same time, no signs of trade reaction, or of alarm in business circles, is anywhere manifest. Instead, one hears the general comment, that legitimate industry is in a far safer position, now that Stock Exchange speculation has collapsed and Stock Exchange prices have come down.

Nevertheless, there still exists, even in Wall Street itself, a good deal of perplexity as to why the stock market should have fallen at just this time. Two months ago, every one on Wall Street had a word

to say of the "January reinvestment demand" and the manner in which it would put up stocks and lower the money rate. It was commonly alleged that, if prices could only be held up through December, the market was "safe." Since bankers and brokers are apt to buy stocks in the last days of December, in order to sell at a profit to the January investor, this support to the market is likely to be felt before the year is over. Yet it was precisely this time that witnessed the beginning of the break, and it was in the week when money was cheap, bank reserves rising, and "January reinvestment" normally in full swing, that forced liquidation on the Stock Exchange went on most rapidly. Why such a paradox—especially when the argument, that a rise in stocks would only "reflect" or "discount" increasing prosperity, still appears to hold good?

The first and most obvious answer is that the rise in stocks may have been going ahead too fast in its "discounting." The second is, that it had been using, for speculation pure and simple, capital and credit which were needed in the country's expanding trade. A third answer is, that the great rise in stocks had brought their net yield, on the basis of existing dividends and prices, to 3½ or 4 per cent.—this at a time when merchants were paying 6 per cent. for six-months' loans, and when other borrowers, with the best Stock Exchange collateral to offer, were paying even higher. Such a situation was in all respects anomalous; in the nature of things, it could not continue. The plain enough reason why the break occurred at the moment when many people were looking for a further rise, was that some of the more astute speculators, understanding how precarious their position had become, did not dare to sell out when all circumstances were against the market, but deliberately selected a time when there was reason to expect better outside buying, and when, accordingly, they could get rid of their own burden to the best advantage. Even so, the pressure of liquidation turned out to be too heavy; the collapse became more rapid with each additional lowering of prices; it culminated in the extreme unsettlement of a week ago.

There is perhaps no more delusive idea in finance than the notion that a stock market cannot decline when prosperity is increasing. So far is this from the truth, that the great financial panics have usually come close on the heels of an immensely active and apparently prosperous industrial movement. Not to mention the "little panic" of 1903, which began in the very months when bank exchanges, iron production, and railway earnings were making the high record of our history, there are the notable cases of 1890, when London's financial break-down followed a famous "boom year," and 1873, when our own overwhelming collapse came directly after a year of unparalleled trade activity, business profits, and speculative ventures. The reason was identical with the reason, already set forth, for this month's break in stocks, at the height of the country's material prosperity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blunt, Wilfrid Scawen. Atrocities of Justice under British Rule in Egypt. A. Wessels Co. 30 cents.
Bondurant, Bernard C. Decimus Junius Brutus Albinus. University of Chicago Press.
Brainerd, Eleanor Hoyt. Bettina. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.
Dictionary of Christ and the Gospel. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. I. Scribners. $6 per vol.
Doyle, J. A. English Colonies in America. Vols. IV. and V. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50 each.
Edwards, William Seymour. On the Mexican Highlands. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. $1.50 net.
Erskine, John. Actæon and other Poems. John Lane Co. $1.25 net.
Floody, Robert John. Scientific Basis of Sabbath and Sunday. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins. By the Light of the Soul. Harpers. $1.50.
Henderson, John. Jamaica. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Hershey, Amos S. The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Hobhouse, L. T. Morals in Evolution. Two parts. Henry Holt & Co. $5 net.
Hosmer, James Kendall. The Appeal to Arms. Harpers. $2 net.
Knight, G. T. The Praise of Hypocrisy. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Lea, Henry Charles. A History of the Inquisition of Spain. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Lincolnics: Familiar Sayings of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by Henry L. Williams. Putnams. 75 cents.
Louthan, Hattie Horner. "This Was a Man!" Boston: The C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Macfall, Haldane. Ibsen. Morgan Shepard Co. $1.50 net.
McGovney, Dudley Odell. Stories of Long Ago in the Philippines. World Book Co.
McPherson, Logan G. The Working of the Railroads. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Morgan, Thomas Hunt. Experimental Zoölogy. Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.
Oman, John. The Problem of Faith and Freedom in the Last Two Centuries. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $2.75.
Otto, Rudolf. Naturalism and Religion. Translated by J. Arthur and Margaret R. Thomson. Putnams. $1.50.
Steel, Flora Annie. A Sovereign Remedy. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Thompson, Robert J. Proofs of Life After Death. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Valentine, Milton. Christian Theology. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publishing Society. $5.
World Almanac and Encyclopedia, 1907. 25 cents.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1907.

The Week.

If "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," it is certain that a country which has kept its eyes fastened for a generation upon the home market, cannot be expected to show clear sight for foreign markets. When President McKinley said at Buffalo in 1901 that "if we will not buy we cannot sell," the truism was received as if it were a thunderclap. Since that time there has been much talk in Congress and in the press and party platforms about enlarging our business abroad, but the attempts at doing something have been fumbling. This "greenness" in the business is particularly betrayed in the pending bill for ship subsidies, or postal subventions for ocean steamers. The whole plan, as submitted, is uncertain. The bill leaves it doubtful whether the end desired is the mere building of ships —to throw a government sop to American shipyards which, as the annual report of the Commissioner of Navigation has just shown, are highly prosperous— or the owning and sailing of them. Nor does the bill reveal any close-knit idea of the way in which more ships to South America (if we got them by the subventions) would increase our trade with that region. As a matter of fact, we have yet to hear of an American exporter who cannot get all the goods he can sell to South America expeditiously carried thither. But the really gaping hiatus in the subsidy argument appears when we ask what cargoes the new ships (if we get any) are to bring back from South American countries. Their wool and hides we could not think of allowing to come in free to compete with our own. Yet with that national policy firmly established, we propose to vote money out of our own Treasury in order to hasten and cheapen the coming of more of the deadly wool and hides of foreigners! The example of Germany and England is appealed to. They have great fleets of merchantmen, a small part of which has government subventions. What is concealed is the fact that German and English steamship lines have been built up on an intelligent and comprehensive theory of foreign trade. The return cargo is as carefully studied as the outgoing. Germany has a protective tariff, but she is wise enough to provide for the free entry of the raw materials of her manufactures. Failing any broad revision of our tariff laws, and a large and intelligent adjustment of our whole policy to the steady development of foreign trade, ship subsidies would amount to nothing. They would promote scandal, favoritism, and further raids upon the public funds, but not commerce.

The report of the Joint Postal Commission authorized by Congress at its last session is the most important document relating to the postal service that has appeared in many years. "The object of this inquiry is not a temporary or provisional one," says the report. "It is an attempt to get that gigantic enterprise known as the postal service organized once and for all upon a sound economic and administrative basis." If the Commission's recommendation for an accurate weighing, count of pieces, and determination of the average haul of mail matter of each class, is adopted, there will be available for the first time the data for intelligent comprehension of the whole system. Yet the Commission does not wait this information before making its own recommendations. It is positive that the difference between the second and third-class rate is too great, and strongly inclined to the belief that the periodical rate is absolutely too low. The Commission does not go so far as Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden's suggested three-rate classification: letters, printed matter, and merchandise. The Commission proposes a sliding scale for second-class publications, based upon the weight of single copies and ranging upward from the present one cent per pound. But the really radical recommendations are made with a view to purging the second-class list of undesirable publications. The Commission would take out of the second class bodily all issues of which more than one-half the "superficial area" is occupied by advertisements, and all which send sample copies in excess of 10 per cent. of their paid circulation. That this rule will catch, "put out of business" perhaps, the particular publications about which the Department is most concerned, may be conceded. That it would also be a serious blow to hundreds of magazines and newspapers which are in every sense legitimate, is, however, equally true. There are few, if any, successful publications which do not occasionally or regularly exceed the 50 per cent. limit. There are probably no newly established periodicals which do not send out more than 10 per cent. of free copies. No one denies that the second-class privilege has been abused by "mail-order" journals and "house organs." If the objectionable publications possessed some definite quality or characteristic which the worthy ones do not, all would be plain sailing. It is as if some lawgiver, noticing that a great many malefactors had large feet, ordered the imprisonment of every man wearing a shoe larger than number ten.

Congress last year passed a Public Buildings bill. This is to be the year for river and harbor appropriations. It is still political slang to say that the "pork" is thus distributed, though the scrutiny of these measures of local benefit has been so much closer of late years that the old screaming absurdities in the erection of post offices and improvement of channels hardly exist outside the comic papers. Regarding the River and Harbor bill, which the House committee has ready, two special points are to be noted. First, it is the largest ever brought before Congress, carrying $83,466,138, of which $34,631,612 is for immediate expenditure. Second, it appears likely to fail more conspicuously than its successors to satisfy the demands of the interests which are seeking favors. Already there have been reports of an organized effort to remake the bill on the floor of the House, led by a coalition of the advocates of a thirty-five-foot channel in the Delaware River and of a fourteen-foot channel from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. An Illinois Senator, A. J. Hopkins, was quoted a few days ago as threatening to talk the whole bill to death in the Senate unless his favorite project was embodied in it. A Missouri Representative, Mr. Bartholdt, has suggested a plan for satisfying everybody just now in sight, by issuing half-a-billion dollars' worth of special bonds for waterways improvement. We do not suppose that Chairman Burton, who is said never to have been overruled by the House when he opposed an amendment to the River and Harbor bill offered on the floor, is very seriously disturbed by these threats of insurrection. Be that as it may, however, this is a critical year in regard to the whole of this subject. Waterways conventions have been a feature of the past twelve months. Moribund inland steamship routes have been revived. We commented last fall on the somewhat spectacular resumption of traffic on the Missouri. Projects of a similar character have been since noted in the local press of all sections. The sudden revival of interest in water competition as an agency in keeping down railroad rates has turned attention to river work, just as it has to canal-building in this section. But the consequences of a simultaneous insistence on all the meritorious plans in sight may give pause to the most liberally disposed Congress.

A "tariff war" with Germany, the latest dispatches tell us, has been happily "averted." Looking for details, we

discover that the joint commission at Berlin has worked out a scheme for a commercial treaty which only requires the "consent of the Reichstag and the American Congress." That is, when the standpatters at Washington cease from standpatting we may hope for good trade relations with Germany. So we may with Canada. So we may with the Philippines. But what prospect is there that the tariff Old Man of the Sea will relax his grip upon Congress? The Gloucester herring and the Attleboro cheap jewelry still exercise their veto, through Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, upon reciprocity treaties. The beet is too strong for both Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt, and prevents them from obtaining elementary justice for the Filipinos. Our optimistic commissioners in Berlin will sing a different song when they get to Washington and stand in the presence of Can't Do It Cannon and a protection-ridden Senate. Who touches a schedule of yon gray tariff, dies like a dog!

The idea of reforming the meat-packing, food-manufacturing, and medicine-compounding industries by simply compelling them to tell every customer the truth about themselves, is having far-reaching effects. Good "temperance people" are giving up the nostrums which contained as much alcohol as whiskey. It is therefore a fitting time for Congressman D. A. De Armond to come forward with his proposal for applying the label principle to the tariff question. The man who buys a box of cigars, a bottle of whiskey, a pack of cards, or any other article taxed for internal revenue can tell by looking at the stamp just how much he is paying to the Government. Why should not the article taxed by means of the tariff be similarly marked? The Dingley tariff being our chief source of national pride, we do not understand how too much publicity could be given to the details of its workings. Just as the hair-tonic manufacturers assert that their decoctions "grew this hair, and we can prove it," so the protected interests should be proud to say: "The Dingley act grew these knives and knit goods and tinware, and we can prove it." Let us picture the happy state of society under the proposed De Armond law. With what satisfaction does Mr. Doe, when he buys the plate-glass windows for his new house, find "151 per cent." neatly etched on the corner of each pane! Mrs. Doe surely rejoices similarly to see a label of "165 per cent." stitched to her new dress-pattern, and "141 per cent." on every piece of plush. Miss Rosalie Doe likes her chocolate creams all the better for the stamp on the bottom of each one, "50 per cent." Little Johnny Doe is prouder than ever of the India rubber boots that are marked on the inside "30 per cent." Let us hasten to adopt this method of heightening the popularity of the Dingley tariff.

The action of the Senate has assured both Senators and Representatives that their pay will be raised from $5,000 a year to $7,500. This increase of 50 per cent. marks, we doubt not, the rough estimate of Congress as to the recent increase in the cost of living. If we are to do anything more than give our lawmakers a mere honorarium, $7,500 is not, under present circumstances, too large a salary. The English system of an unpaid Parliament does not accord with our traditions and sentiments. For one thing, we do not care to recognize officially a class of landed or wealthy gentlemen who give their services to the Government, and who thus secure for their class—almost inevitably—rather more consideration than its numbers or intelligence would warrant. In Germany the pay of members of the Reichstag is low, and as a consequence the representatives of labor, as in England too, are often supported by labor organizations. Such members can scarcely be more than mere spokesmen for the unions—just as some of our Senators, like Chauncey M. Depew, are only mouthpieces for railways or other corporations. In a crisis such retained attorneys can never exhibit independence of judgment. If, then, we are fully committed to the principle of fair pay, we see no reason why, in addition to allowances for secretaries and clerks, the Congressmen should not share the general rise of wages.

The Lodge resolution in regard to the Congo, if adopted by the Senate, may have important results. Its language is guarded, for it now merely expresses the opinion that the time is ripe for an international inquiry into the affairs of the Free State, and pledges support to the President "in any steps that he may deem it wise to take in this direction, in coöperation with or in aid of any of the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin which shall seek to ameliorate conditions" in the Congo. This gives the President pretty broad powers; but if we could safely intervene between Russia and Japan and take part in the Conference of Algeciras, we might as well risk international complications along this line. There is, of course, one excellent reason why we should concern ourselves with the Congo, and that is that the United States was one of the Powers that created that government. In England conditions are ripe for action, but Sir Edward Grey has been apparently waiting for some one else to move. If the Senate expresses its opinion, that may be just the spark to set off the explosion for which humanity cries out. The amount of public interest in the Congo in this country is surprising. It is welcome as showing that our plunge into Imperialism has not wholly deprived us of the ability to feel for the oppressed abroad, just as we used to feel for the Greeks and the Italians and others who fought for liberty.

This time it is the Interstate Commerce Commission which has had its turn at the Standard Oil Company. Despite Chancellor James R. Day and the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, the Commission, instead of proving the falsity of Miss Tarbell's attacks or those of the numerous other investigators of high and low degree, who have paid their respects to the best-hated of our Trusts, has confirmed about everything heretofore alleged against it. Moreover, it has brought out one or two new points of interest. For instance, the Commission reports that the "Standard buys advertising space in many newspapers, which it fills, not with advertisements, but with reading matter prepared by agents kept for that purpose, and paid at advertising rates as ordinary news." It is a great pity that this statement was not accompanied by specifications. The public is entitled to know the names of the venal journals, secular or religious, just as it found out what newspapers, like the Boston *Herald*, took matter favorable to the insurance companies at one or two dollars a line. The allegation against the Standard Oil, if it can be sustained, only shows that corporations with bad consciences turn readily to dishonest methods, in order to fool the public.

James H. Blount, ex-Judge of the Court of First Instance in the Philippines, contributes to the *North American Review* a notable article, entitled "Philippine Independence—When?" He affirms of his own knowledge that all the Filipinos, however much they may differ among themselves in minor matters, earnestly long for independence, and that this unsatisfied longing is the cause of the prevailing unrest throughout the archipelago and of the frequent outbreaks and bloody reprisals of which we have accounts from time to time. Judge Blount's article indicates a way by which this unrest may be quieted, and all the consequences of a good understanding secured, leading to fitness for independence and to that boon itself within a decade. The price to be paid for this transformation is very slight. It is simply to promise the Filipinos their independence at the expiration of ten years. Now, what are the qualifications of the man who makes this bold prediction? Mr. Blount has served six years in the islands in official positions—two in the military and four in a judicial capacity. His time has not been spent in the city of Manila. He has

been constantly in the interior, close to the people. As a soldier he has been a witness of the bravery and self-devotion of the Filipinos. As a judge he has learned what their ideas are, and what is their capacity for acquiring knowledge and making good use of it. It is his conviction that the promise of independence will make the Filipinos contented, and that nothing else ever will. Is the objection raised that the President and Congress of to-day cannot bind their successors to a particular policy for ten years to come? There is no need to borrow trouble on that score. It is not conceivable that any Administration in the next half-century would voluntarily assume such a burden, after the experience we have had with this one. The reluctance everywhere manifested to the annexation of Cuba now is convincing evidence that the American people are sick of colonial possessions, and especially of new acquisitions from among the colored races. A declaration by the Government that the Filipinos shall have their independence at a fixed time would be the wisest step the country could take.

Gov. Hughes's earnest appeal at Monday night's banquet of the American Institute for Social Service, in behalf of the movement to introduce safety appliances for American workingmen, should do much to awaken public interest in the matter. The facts set forth by the experts as to the number of lives needlessly sacrificed are, as the Governor pointed out, not only humiliating, but shocking. If it were true that protective appliances are complicated, difficult to procure or install, or otherwise impracticable, there would be something to say in apology. But in the kinds of machinery through which annual loss of life is greatest, the mechanical safeguards already available are so simple and so complete that they ought of themselves to appeal to the practical instincts of every manufacturer. If the objection of expense is raised, it was met Monday night by Col. Carroll D. Wright's assertion that, in so far as society has to pay more for manufactured goods, to cover the manufacturer's loss in damage awards, to that extent at least it has the economic right to insist on the prevention of accidents being most thoroughly looked after. It is the purpose of the Institute, moreover, to show that even the matter of expense is exaggerated in the public mind, through ignorance. The free exhibition of such appliances, now open at the Museum of Natural History in this city, is designed to give to people at large a clear idea of what can be done.

In Spain the fall of the Vega de Armijo Cabinet, which was formed only last December, shows that personal differences among the leaders of the various Liberal factions are fully as influential in preventing the formation of a stable Ministry as diversities of opinion with regard to the exact nature of a progressive religious policy. To this in some form the Liberal party is pledged. The Marquis de Armijo consented to take office, in spite of his eighty-two years, on condition that loyal support be forthcoming from the party chiefs—Montero Rios, Moret, and Canalejas. When these failed to live up to their promises, the Premier would no longer consent to hold office as a mere stop-gap. Concerning the religious problem in itself, we are told that the object of the Liberal party is to put a check to the enormous growth of the religious congregations, native and French. A concordat between the Holy See and Spain grants authorization to only three religious orders. But under a law regulating associations, which was passed with the object of popularizing democratic institutions and the machinery of representative government, there have sprung up religious orders to the number of 100 to 150.

The visit of the Ameer of Afghanistan to India is regarded with more than satisfaction in British official circles and the press. It is no secret that the attitude of the present Ameer to the Indian Government has till recently been one of reserve. A British mission in January, 1905, was successful in bringing about a renewal of relations established with Abd-ur-Rahman, father of the present ruler, but that achievement alone was generally regarded as insufficient, in view of the active and partly successful effort of Russia to get into friendly touch with the Ameer. Hence it is gratifying to England that Habibullah Khan should exchange his policy of suspicious aloofness for one of extremely friendly intercourse. At Agra he was welcomed by the Viceroy with a splendid retinue of military officers, rajahs, maharajahs, and begums. The meeting was marked by elaborate courtesy. "The Ameer opened the conversation with the Viceroy by saying: 'I am sorry I cannot talk English. I speak a little, but not good.' Lord Minto replied: 'I think your Majesty speaks extremely well.'" Later, when tea was served, Lord Minto rose and helped the Ameer to milk. When the Viceroy sat down, the Ameer "quickly rose and poured milk into Lord Minto's cup, saying, 'I will help you.'" A great hunting party was planned, among other festivities. We are not told whether Lord Minto and the Ameer are to play tennis together.

The professors of the Museum of Natural History at Paris are collecting subscriptions for a monument to Lamarck, the "originator of the transformation theory." They think it discreditable to the French nation that, while Darwin rests in Westminster Abbey, Lamarck should still be without a statue. Darwin sought to explain the apparent discontinuity in the chain of human development; Lamarck endeavored to show by what processes organic forms were constituted and continuously transformed. The French naturalist was not appreciated during his lifetime. His treatises on "zoölogical philosophy" and on invertebrate animals excited the contempt of Cuvier, who pronounced his so-called *éloge* before the Academy. Even Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, who was Lamarck's friend, did not appreciate the latter's theory when he delivered the oration at his tomb. It is proposed to erect the monument in the Jardin des Plantes, where Lamarck spent so much of his life in botanical research; and it is suggested that the state should be asked to coöperate in the publication of a complete edition of his works. Undoubtedly, he prepared the world for a ready acceptance of the Darwinian hypothesis. Yet he was but one among a number of writers who, during the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, set forth a speculative theory of development which, indeed, had an earlier origin in Greek philosophy.

Bournemouth rejoices in the possession of a municipal orchestra which has met with marked success since its foundation fifteen years ago. It is admittedly one of the finest in England outside of London, and has been fortunate in having as its supervisor Dan Godfrey the younger, son of the well-known bandmaster. There are forty musicians in the orchestra, which has a permanent headquarters in the Winter Gardens Pavilion, where admission may be had for the extremely reasonable price of 12 cents, a sum that brings the concerts within the means of practically everybody. Despite this low rate of admission and the heavy cost of securing first-class soloists—such as Paderewski—the orchestra has all but paid for itself. Only very small deficits have from time to time been made up by the taxpayers. Of course, Bournemouth, as both a winter and summer resort, has a great many strangers who help to pay the cost of the orchestra—about $35,000 a year—but none the less its record is a notable one, because the authorities have set themselves very high musical standards and stuck to them. Their orchestra is much more than a mere resort band. Nearly all the leading British composers have gladly conducted their own works at its concerts. The municipal orchestra is, of course, an old-established institution on the Continent, but in this country it is slow to obtain a foothold.

THE FEDERAL CHILD LABOR BILL.

Senator A. J. Beveridge's plan to limit child labor by means of Federal statute, for which he spoke in the Senate last week, has the hearty endorsement of public-spirited men and women. Felix Adler, Jane Addams, Samuel Lindsay, Homer Folks, Florence Kelley—when such as these favor a measure, the public is generally correct in assuming that it is wise. Dr. Adler, for instance, in his own words, is "one of those who by temperament, by prejudice, and by predilection cling to local self-government and dread the expansion of the Federal power." Yet, after only three years of leadership in the effort to bring individual States to a realization of the lasting evils of child labor, he and his associates turn to Washington for aid. There they see a short-cut to some of the desired reforms. Briefly, the Beveridge measure proposes to forbid any carrier of interstate commerce "to transport or accept for transportation the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years of age are employed or permitted to work." Violations of the law are to be punished by fines of not more than $10,000 or less than $1,000, or by imprisonment for between one and six months, or by both.

That this latest resort to the overworked "interstate commerce clause" of the Constitution is open to objection has been apparent to the framers of the bill from the beginning. With marked skill, they have endeavored to disarm their opponents in advance. Thus Senator Beveridge remarked in his speech:

> How strange that the Constitution is always invoked to prevent every reform helpful to humanity and hurtful to the great financial interests! How strange that the Constitution is never invoked against legislation asked by railway and manufacturing interests!

Senator Beveridge also asserts that the "worst enemies of reform are apparently for it, but earnestly against any effective methods of handling it." He who would oppose the bill on conscientious or Constitutional grounds is thus forewarned that his unfavorable criticisms will be discounted in advance as due solely to malign or corrupt influences; and that he will be classed either as an enemy disguised as a friend, or as an agent of the "great financial interests."

But despite these warnings, there are those who, like ourselves, decline to decide the question on the sentimental side alone. If it were merely a question of sentiment, Senator Beveridge's plea would be conclusive:

> I am more anxious to debate an inhuman evil than a governmental theory. . . . Some say, "Let us wait until the States act." What say the American people, with countless child graves before them, child murder this moment being done, and human lives daily being wrecked—what say the American people to this counsel of death and delay?

But no step like this should be taken without careful discussion. Such as has been permitted has already laid bare differences of opinion among the child-labor opponents themselves. Thus Edgar Gardner Murphy, the ablest and hardest worker for the cause in the South, has withdrawn from the National Child Labor Association because of its endorsement of the Beveridge bill. He, surely, is neither an enemy in disguise, nor a tool of the money power. Yet he has given to the Montgomery *Advertiser* reasons for opposition, which deserve the most serious consideration.

Mr. Murphy points out that "no other public issue within the past ten years has gained such popular interest or commands to day such undivided popular support." In this cause, Mr. Murphy adds, the States have been neither indifferent nor inefficient. There have been, of course, weak spots in the laws thus far passed, but there are weak spots in the proposed Federal legislation. Most striking is Mr. Murphy"s positive assertion: "I personally know that the preparation of the Beveridge bill was directly due not to the neglect of the States, but to the fact that those who have been struggling for State action had created such popular interest in the subject that a Federal bill was regarded as a strong political move." Mr. Murphy also dwells upon a fact, which appeals strongly to us: that dividing responsibility for child-labor conditions between Federal and State authorities will shift the centre of moral obligation from the States to Washington. He maintains with much force that, without local public opinion, Federal enactments themselves are impotent, and that the proposed bill will weaken local efforts and the development of this opinion in the individual States.

The feebleness of a naked Federal statute is inherent in the nature of this particular case. An effective law against child labor must go into details with which Federal legislation cannot deal: it should regulate hours of labor and night work; it may prescribe the physical condition of factories; it must dovetail into the laws regarding school attendance. The Beveridge bill goes as far as a Federal bill can; but, as we have already noted, it offers nothing beyond a bare age limit for children under fourteen. Then, too, methods of enforcement and inspection are not yet worked out with any thoroughness. No one knows how large a staff of Federal inspectors will be required, or what burdens will be placed upon the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Furthermore, the very Constitutionality of the bill is in doubt. The Senate itself sent Mr. Beveridge's first draft to the Judiciary Committee for its opinion. A recent unfavorable court decision upon one of Senator La Follette's railroad bills pointed in the other direction from that in which Beveridge is headed. But even if his proposal is Constitutional, there are reasons enough for going slow with it. We are already relying too much on the authorities at Washington. We need, as Secretary Root has urged, to educate our State governments to a sense of their duties and responsibilities.

VON BÜLOW'S VICTORY.

The enthusiasm reported from Berlin over Von Bülow's victory at the German elections strikes the foreign observer as distinctly forced. The Chancellor has accepted the congratulations of the Kaiser and his friends without reserve, and has characterized the outcome as a triumph for the German nation. Yet when the results to date are studied, it is apparent that, so far as the Centre is concerned, Von Bülow has met with nothing less than a defeat. It was not primarily to attack the Socialists that he dissolved the Reichstag in December. True, they united with the Centre in defeating his Southwest African proposal. But he was avowedly gunning for the Clerical Centre. At that party be emptied his first barrel. Only nine days ago, in his election speech, he devoted his attention chiefly to it, saying that it could never be counted on. The Centre represented, he declared, the reactionaries, both aristocratic and democratic; and German politics must not become the shuttlecock of a faction which treated everything from a sectarian point of view. It was from them and their attempt to run the Government that he appealed to the people.

The election shows clearly that his first shot missed entirely. The Centre has lost only two seats of the total number, and has already elected one more representative than in the first day's balloting of 1903. It is announced that the Centre will reënter the Reichstag "chastened," and this may be so. In most countries, however, a return after successfully sustaining the assaults of the Government would ordinarily make a party more aggressive and exacting than before. The Catholics have certainly fully maintained their position; and if the rest of the election had been marked by as little change from existing conditions, Von Bülow's prestige would now be shattered.

Fortunately for him, his second barrel was really effective. To take a shot at the Socialists is customary on all occasions; for them there is no close season. Von Bülow gave some space to them in his speeches, as a matter of course. They have already lost nineteen seats, and will lose others—the first

setback in twenty-five years. Even if, as appears, this was due solely to the appearance at the polls of most of the three million stay-at-homes of other parties in the elections of 1903, the credit for arousing this body of indifferent citizens belongs to Von Bülow and his new Colonial Secretary, Dernburg. For this he may well accept congratulations.

But if, despite the defeats of individual Socialists, the total vote of the party is correctly reported to have increased over that of 1903, Bebel and the other leaders will have no cause to be downhearted. They fight against tremendous odds. Not only is all the influence of the Court and the Government and the Church brought to bear against them, but the inequalities of the suffrage and of the apportionment of seats works directly against them, as against the Liberals. The Socialists, weakened in Parliamentary numbers as they are to be, will only speak with redoubled earnestness if they can voice the wishes of three and one-half millions where they represented only three millions of voters before. Moreover, it is upon no point of policy that they have been beaten. Their rebuke, if such it be, is connected with no particular social reform for which they have been fighting and in regard to which it might now be said that their fellow-countrymen have voted against them.

Even granting that the setback of the Socialists is significant, the main question remains, What will be the situation of the Government in the new Reichstag? It has been taken for granted that there will be a coalition of Conservatives, National Liberals, and Radicals, which will support the Chancellor. Unquestionably, he will have no difficulty in getting his Southwest African vote through the Reichstag. That much he could have obtained had he really made an effort to force it through before dissolution. But on what other questions could such a coalition be held together? The Barth Radicals have resented and rejected every overture made by the Chancellor since the beginning of the campaign. They are opposed to the kind of "personal government" on the part of the Kaiser which they have been witnessing; they are opposed to Von Bülow's truckling to the Agrarians; they have absolutely nothing in common with the Conservatives, and are sworn enemies of the protective policy. Sooner or later the Chancellor will find himself compelled to fall back on the Centre once more—certainly if there is any reactionary legislation in contemplation.

The Liberal cause, with which the *Nation* must necessarily sympathize, has indubitably regained some of the ground it lost four years ago, even though Dr. Barth himself is again defeated. The Liberals will also gain in the second ballots, of which there will be 160. Yet he who desires the spread of liberal ideas and has hopes of progressive social legislation, can find nothing in the vote to arouse enthusiasm. The reactionaries are still in control; the Chancellor, who never had any patience with the Radicals or Liberals until he needed their votes, is still in the saddle; the Kaiser continues to dream of playing a great rôle in the politics of the world, while the price of meat goes up, and more than one grievance renders the masses of his people restless and discontented. Compared with this, all the colonies of the Empire are of little moment. What the hour calls for is a statesman of broad and liberal views, capable of formulating a comprehensive reform policy, and of introducing it little by little, beginning with the principle of equal representation. Then there could be just expectations of making permanent headway against the Socialists; now any triumph over them, however unexpected, must prove to be merely temporary.

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

The results of the quinquennial French census, taken on March 4 of last year, were made public a few days ago. The figures have confirmed the general predictions that the period from 1901 to 1906 would show a still more marked slackening in the increase of population. Excluding French citizens in Algeria, in the colonies, and abroad, the census shows a population of 39,337,235, an increase since 1901 of only 290,322, or three-quarters of one per cent. This rate of augmentation, minute as it is, represents, nevertheless, a falling off from the period 1896-1901, when the increase was nearly 445,000.

A striking though not surprising fact is that, of the total increase of 290,000, more than 223,000 is accounted for by cities with a population of over 30,000. In other words, not only is the population of France as a whole approaching a perfect balance between births and deaths, but in the rural sections there is actual depopulation. Thirty-two Departments only showed an increase; fifty-two Departments showed a decrease; two Departments, Lot and Oise, suffering a diminution of more than 10,000. Of the great cities not all have added appreciably to their population. Paris has risen from 2,714,000 to 2,763,000; Marseilles from 491,000 to 517,500; Lyons from 459,000 to 472,000, and Lille from 205,000 to 210,000. Comparatively the best showing was made by the smaller industrial towns and by Nice, which rose from 105,000 to 134,000. On the other hand, Bordeaux has suffered a loss of 6,000, and Toulouse, St. Etienne, Nantes, and Havre are practically at a standstill.

In commenting on the significance of the figures we have quoted, the French are inclined of late to seek not so much for remedial measures as for consolation; and consolation, of course, means giving it up as a bad job. It is well enough to talk of taxing bachelors, and bestowing prizes and graduated exemption from taxes upon the fathers of large families. But such measures, if of use at all, are only adapted to cope with temporary and local phenomena. They can be of no avail in France, where the restriction of population is a peculiarity neither of a few years, nor of any locality, nor of any class. And so, recognizing how difficult it is to cope with a tendency which, if pursued consciously, will yield only to radical measures, and, if unconsciously, will not yield to parliamentary measures at all, Frenchmen, as we have said, seem to be growing satisfied with expressing perfunctory regret and looking for solace. This they find in the fact that a declining birth rate is not peculiar to France; that it has been observed in Great Britain, where it has given occasion to much serious discussion; that it is true even of teeming Germany; that, in fact, it is a widespread condition, which finds its most emphatic exemplification in France. Such reasoning is not inspiriting. With France adding less than 300,000 to her population in five years and Germany adding three and three-quarter millions, there is small comfort in the reflection that both nations are travelling towards the same ultimate point.

Another cause for consolation is, however, being frequently brought out in the French press. It consists in the rejection of the blind fetich of numbers as a national ideal in favor of the conjoined ideals of efficiency and a high standard of general welfare. For peoples as for individuals brute matter is not everything. Though the truth is old enough, Japan has recently shocked us into active consciousness of it, and Japan has been these few years our great example of a nation guided by will and intelligence towards success. Yet why look to Japan, the argument runs. France, in maintaining her prestige among the Powers all these years with a dwindling population, from the comparative point of view, has been offering fully as striking an instance of what discipline and diligence will do to offset the odds of number. Poorly provided with the raw commodities that give manufacturing supremacy—coal, iron, staples—she has, by means of a fine artistic sense, technical training, and organizing ability, been able to do more than hold her own in the industrial field. It is but a step to reason that, in the same way, the national genius will know how to utilize its moderate resources of raw human material in the game of international competition.

Guizot said that the great social movements of Europe have always attained their classical development in France. Feudalism, absolutism, and democracy

in turn have reached their fullest bloom on French soil. In the heart of probably most Frenchmen, as on the lips of many, rests the belief that France has not lost her intellectual leadership in Europe. It may not be far-fetched, therefore, to discern in this latest phenomenon of depopulation another example of France leading the way and other nations following towards a new social conception. Meanwhile she is growing in well-being if not in numbers. The Republic can to-day point to her exemption from Great Britain's huge unemployed class, from Germany's meat famines, from the chronic bread-riots of the other Latin countries. Her accumulated savings have kept Russia going for decades, and are beginning to invade wider fields, including this country. Finally, she is far advanced in legislation dealing with the vast group of social questions connected with the relations of capital and labor.

There is, of course, the undeniable fact that in the absence of such marked difference in efficiency as between Japan and Russia, numbers must count in case of a contest between France and any other European Power. This fact has imposed upon France the system of alliances and friendships which she has been building up these last fifteen years with such marked success. Yet even in this field the country seems to be approaching, though slowly, a solution which should make her independent of foreign aid. We refer to the anti-militarist agitation which has recently been so active in France. The leaders of the movement have been regarded generally as enemies of their country and as fanatics. The latter they may be, but they can scarcely be called enemies of their fatherland in working for the abolition of the present European military system under which France's numerical inferiority must always leave her the weaker.

A CATHOLIC CRAPSEY.

In the midst of its political troubles, the Roman Catholic Church has lately been disturbed by a *vox clamantis* within the fold. Father George Tyrrell, known to many on both sides of the Atlantic, has published, with explanatory notes, an English version of a letter which he wrote not long ago to a professor at one of the Italian universities. The latter, feeling doubts concerning certain articles of the Catholic faith, had asked whether he should not withdraw from the Church. Father Tyrrell declares that his reply was a *lettera confidenziale*, which was not intended for publication; it was "a medicine for extreme cases." But a copy came into the hands of some one at the Vatican, who sent the substance of the letter to the Milan *Corriere della Sera*. Father Martin, at that time General of the Society of Jesus, to which Father Tyrrell belonged, thereupon wrote to the author, complaining of the "inadmissible assertions" in the letter, which had "caused scandal to many," and demanded "a declaration to be published in the papers, repudiating such doctrines as are therein propounded." Upon refusing to comply with this demand, Father Tyrrell was dismissed from the Society, and his letter was placed upon the Index.

There is nothing extraordinary in the advice given by the priest to the professor. The ideas expressed resemble those entertained by liberal Protestants generally, and by certain Anglican Broad Churchmen particularly. It is remarkable, however, that such a letter should have been written by a Jesuit. He advises the professor to remain in the Church in spite of his doubts, and in so doing he explains or explains away the creed by interpreting it in what the Oxford Tractarians called "a non-natural sense." The letter lays stress on "the distinction between faith in the Christian revelation, in Christ as a Person, in the Church as a living corporation; and theology, which strives to translate revelation from the imaginative language of prophecy into the conceptual language of contemporary scientific thought." Revelation, he contends, is not theology; faith is not theological assent; religion is not the scientific formulation of religion. Modern criticism has undermined and overthrown traditions which were once respected; "the conservative positions are maintained by ignorance, systematic or involuntary."

In view of this, Father Tyrrell maintains that the value of the Church's teaching to the individual life, not the doctrinal forms in which it is presented, is the important thing. The visible Church is "a great desideratum," but is secondary. This idea is substantially that of Calvin, but is widened so as to be even more offensive to the Catholic mind. The sacraments are interpreted naturally, and doubt is cast on the final authority of Rome itself. The Italian professor is exhorted to disregard religion as crystallized in the decrees of Popes and councils, in the deliverances of congregations and doctors, and to find it essentially in the spiritual vision of God. Faith is not the acceptance of theological formulas; it is "a seeing of God"; but "this vision is not at command, but is given to us; and that most clearly in moments when we seem most filled with God."

He might have added that, in ancient as in modern thought, mysticism has been the refuge for the skeptic in both philosophy and theology. But it has almost always been regarded with suspicion by the authorities of the Latin Church, whether displayed in the illusions of a Maid of Orleans, or in the more disciplined experiences of a Fénelon. To the mystic, the ordinances and ceremonies are subordinate to immediate communion with God. A Church which insists primarily on obedience and intellectual assent, must be intolerant of the individualism which has its religious sources in feeling, and its standards in subjective states. Indeed, the earlier German mystical philosophers were the forerunners of Luther.

As to the propriety of the heretic remaining in communion with the Catholic Church, Father Tyrrell declares:

> Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that things are quite as bad as you say, and that the intellectual defence of Catholicism breaks down on every side as far as you are concerned. . . . Does it straightway follow you should separate yourself from the communion of the Church? Yes, if theological "intellectualism" be right; if faith means mental assent to a system of conceptions of the understanding; if Catholicism be primarily a theology, or at most a system of practical observances regulated by that theology. No, if Catholicism be primarily a life, and the Church a spiritual organism in whose life we participate, and if theology be but an attempt of that life to formulate and understand itself.

This is a condensed statement of the issue with which the entire Christian Church is now confronted. The question is, not so much whether a man is a heretic, as whether the Church is broad enough to hold him. And this question is being debated publicly or privately in nearly all the Protestant denominations of both Europe and America. No one familiar with the history or the teaching of papal Rome could suppose that such opinions as those of Father Tyrrell would be tolerated by the Catholic authorities. There may, indeed, be a difference of opinion concerning the methods employed in uncovering his heresy and in bringing him to the ecclesiastical scaffold. But the Catholic Church is neither a democracy nor a debating society, and it was a foregone conclusion that when his letter was made public, he would be beheaded by "that drawn sword whose hilt is at Rome."

ART AND THE THEATRE.

Good does sometimes come out of evil; and even such a flagrant offence against common decency as the production at the Metropolitan Opera House of Oscar Wilde's infamous "Salome," with Richard Strauss's music, may prove beneficial in its ultimate result. There is cause for thankfulness in the fact that the performance has provoked a protest from the directors of the opera house, even if that protest be not nominally based upon the highest grounds. It gives assurance, at least, that there is a point beyond which, in the interest of property if not of cleanliness, theatrical cupidity will not be allowed to go. If something of this sort had not occurred to direct public attention, by a violent

shock, to the logical consequences of the modern theory that art should be subject to no restrictions outside its own laws, the theatre might have become a menace to the sanctity of the home and the health of the community.

Students of the theatre have long noted the tendency of the contemporary stage to grow more reckless in its efforts to minister to morbid appetites. During the last thirty or forty years a great revolution has been effected in the attitude of the public to the theatre, and the theatre to the public. When, in the early seventies, there was a proposal to give the Passion Play in this city, in the closest possible imitation of the Ober-Ammergau representation, the enterprise was overwhelmed, in its very inception, by a tidal wave of public opposition. A little later the daily press resounded with denunciations of the French drama, the plays of Augier, Feuillet, or Dumas *fils*. The production of the "Daniel Rochat" of Sardou was held to be an extraordinary manifestation of managerial audacity. There were many old-fashioned folk then who thought that public virtue would be imperilled by the dissemination of such radical, free-thinking ideas. Still later anxiety was expressed over the possible effect of the performance of some highly diluted extracts of two or three specimens of the Restoration comedy. What would have been thought, then, of some of the more recent specimens of the symbolistic drama, it would not be difficult to guess.

But both theatre and public long ago rose superior to their scruples. Doubtless, each, to a certain extent, reacted upon the other. This, however, is not the place to determine the exact proportions of the responsibility. The fact remains that the theatre continued to grow bolder in its open transgressions of the proprieties, and to profit by its vulgarities, until what was regarded as the climax was reached a few years ago when, in one of the most fashionable theatres, a scene was presented of which the central incident was a rape. Yet that theatre—the significance of the statement is enormous—was crowded for months.

Since then the emancipation of theatrical art has been proceeding at a rapid rate. There are few phases of illegal passion or erotic sentiment that have not been illustrated only too copiously. Samples of exotic imagination have been imported from Russia, Italy, Belgium, France, and Germany. But, it should be noted, these all dealt with natural, even when extravagant, emotions. Now we have been led a step further, and invited to refresh our souls with a spectacle so foul in its open manifestations and secret purpose that the gorge of every healthy man must rise at the thought of it. And all this has been done in the name of theatrical art! Never was hypocrisy more gross or Phariseeism more contemptible. It is time that there should be some plain speaking on this subject. Everybody who knows anything of the world, or is not deluded by some astigmatic enthusiasm, knows that all such exhibitions are inspired mainly by but one motive, the desire to make money by means of some new and strange sensation. The talk about devotion to artistic beauty is abominable cant.

But the various managers, who strive to profit by catering to prevailing vices, are not the only responsible offenders. Professional writers who distract attention from essential abominations by dilating upon the powerful imagination, subtle fancy, and stirring eloquence of the utterer of them, must take their share of the burden. They, perhaps, are the worst offenders of all, for they sin with open and instructed eyes. The public, of course, has helped to make the present condition of affairs possible, but a large proportion of it is misled by the false guides.

It is well that the question has been raised upon so clear and plain an issue. Here, at least, there is no chance of hair-splitting. Are theatre managers, dramatic or operatic, to be allowed to practise obscenity on any pretence whatever?

LITERARY NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, January 18.

In the pure and tranquil sense of the term Maurice Barrès and Anatole France are the two first men of letters of France, with no second approaching them. Maurice Barrès holds to being something more; and this he expressed in the first halting sentence of his discourse yesterday, when taking possession of his seat in the Academy. It is "to he the hrother after their death of those who have gone hefore—*le confrère après leur mort*—of the poets and scholars, the philosophers and statesmen, the priests and *grands seigneurs* who have wrought the community of France." This Nationalism of his is not to be confounded with the party of agitating politicians who for a time grasped after the name. It is a reaction of younger Frenchmen hack to their traditions of race and hahit and even of soil and air and memories of a glorious past, which the progress of revolution was obscuring. Perhaps Maurice Barrès has heen only the first superlative spokesman of what was starting up in the minds of many. It is certain that, young as he is (forty-five), he has proved a formative force among all Frenchmen who think.

He had his period of youthful disdain. Then came the great dissension in the heart of France and the dilettante died within him. He wrote first his "Romance of our Nation's Energy," building upon an acrid word which Veuillot applied to Parisians—"Les Déracinés" (The Uprooted Ones)—a whole theory of social life. This has softened into a passionate love of his native Lorraine; and his message to Frenchmen, if not "Back to the land!" is at least to remind them of their long heredlty in the fair and varying provinces of France, far from the levelling down of revolutlonary Paris. And now he salutes reverently "Our Lords the Dead!" In his child's hook on "French Friendships"—for grown-up children—he teaches his little Philip in Joan of Arc's country how to listen to the hells with their lessons of other days. This, too, he repeated in a roundahout way to the grave Academicians in his eulogy of his predecessor in the Academy, the Cuhan Heredia. That son of the Spanish conquistador, who was to put into faultless French rhyme the exotic deeds of his ancestors, came for his early studies to a provincial school in France.

The young Heredia had not, from father to son, heard the bells of France, nor wondered at the hirds painted on the copes in our churches, nor felt how divinely sweet are the taper lights flickering in hroad day at our funerals. For him the sharply defined colors and accented songs of Cuha were a necessity.

Before the Paris puhlishing season recovers from its holiday debauch, there are a few hooks still to he noticed.

"Les Métèques"—a romance of Parisian manners and morals—is not the work of a Parisian at all, hut of M. Binet-Valmer, who writes the French of Geneva. A "métèque"—μέτοικος in the Athens of Aristophanes—is an alien suffered to live in a foreign city on condition that he pays his scot. Such are Greeks and rich Americans of mixed descent in Paris—hut perhaps M. Binet-Valmer is not an Aristophanes. His style strives after color and photographic detail, now hammers and scolds, and again falls into hanality. The rich old Greek, George Avrinos, lives in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His neighhor and great friend is another métèque, a Rumanian "millionaire, and consequently a prince." The Greek writes analyses of decadent poetry for the Athenian newspapers, and patronizes impresarios, hallet-dancers, young French novelists who know Paris society best—and is never ready with his money for the rent. Antoine, the Greek's eldest son, marries into the French aristocracy. On an unlucky day this wife of a Parisian Greek meets "Mr. Welstein Van Clayssen, a native of San Francisco, whose American father was of Dutch origin and had married his servant-girl, who was from Geneva with an Italian mother. This mixture of hloods had produced *le beau* Welstein, whose life is so full of adventure that it would take a hook to tell it." That is the kind of Americans we are in Paris, as seen at the small end of a Geneva telescope. What is more, Van Clayssen, who is seeing life in Paris, does it on 30,000 francs a year ($6,000), which is clearly counted hillionaire spending in Switzerland. There is a cotton merchant from Calcutta, a rich Turk, an English Lady Cynthia, and yet another American who wind in and out of this hook.

The annual novel from Paul Adam is the highly historical romance—"Irène et les Eunuques"—fifty years of Byzantine history in the life of that decorative Athenian woman who was empress for twenty years and was then left to die in exile in Lesbos. Interesting rescarch has been made in this field of late years and Paul Adam proclaims his archæological debt to M. Diehl, who

is a sure authority and quite as accessible to the general reader. Those who wish to supplement their Gibbon with the new learning mingled with very Byzantine love tales can pore over the rather metallic pages of M. Adam, who has so often narrowly escaped being a great writer.

G. Sorel, already known as applying Socialist principles to the interpretation of history, has completed his four studies of "Le Système Historique de Renan." He belongs to that younger school of which the Italian Professor Ferrero is so brilliant a representative. If the same literary talent with which this school begins should persist we shall have an interesting renaissance of historical writing, with a novelty of its own—documents interpreted on the principles of the coming years. In the immense "Histoire Socialiste," edited by M. Jaurès, there is a new volume by Georges Renard, with preface by M. Millerand, "La République de 1848."

At the other extreme M. Douais, now bishop of Beauvais, gives a substantial volume on the Inquisition in its procedure and development in the south of France; a work at first hand in a field where the author distinguished himself more than twenty years ago, when he supplemented and corrected the work of the late Auguste Molinier. His strong point is personal knowledge from the inside, of the religious and canonical traditions which have persisted from that time until now in French Catholicism. Père Lecanuet, author of the life of Montalembert, begins a complete history of the Church of France under the Third Republic: the present volume treats especially of the period ending with the final downfall of the Conservative Republic and the advent of Gambetta to power. The work will, of course, lead up to the Culturkampf of to-day, from which it takes its immediate interest. S. D.

Correspondence.

MR. RHODES ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The completion by James Ford Rhodes of "The History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877," is an event of no small import in the annals of American historical achievements. The author, as we all know, is painstaking and impartial, and his work bids fair to continue long as the accepted authority for its period. Mr. Rhodes frankly says that the critics of his earlier volumes have been helpful to him in making corrections. Whoever, therefore, discovers an error in his pages feels encouraged to point it out.

Thus I venture to comment on one or two statements, in the chapter of volume vi. devoted to the Alabama Claims and the action of the United States in 1872 before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva. Mr. Rhodes seems to have done injustice, unwittingly, of course, to an eminent man, whose public service has long entitled him to grateful recognition and high praise. I refer to the Hon. John Chandler Bancroft Davis (still living in Washington, at an advanced age), formerly Assistant Secretary of State and Agent of the United States at Geneva, then our Minister to Germany, subsequently a Judge of the Court of Claims, and not long ago Reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States. Only three men now survive of the American party in attendance at Geneva during the summer of 1872—Bancroft Davis, Brooks Adams, and myself. From a distinct recollection of what occurred during those memorable months at Paris and Geneva, and from a fairly accurate knowledge of the persons who participated in that great international lawsuit, I feel authorized to speak, both as to the character of the steps taken by the two Governments, and as to the labor performed by their representatives. I discuss this matter in the columns of the *Nation*, instead of addressing a private letter to the author himself, for the reason that it is but fair that the effect of his animadversions should be counteracted, so far as possible, in a circle of readers interested in the truth of history.

Lack of space forbids quoting Mr. Rhodes at length, or pointing out all the instances in which his narrative treats unfairly our agent at Geneva. The following extract is from page 364:

> The document entitled "The Case of the United States" is not one for an American to be proud of. It harped on the concession of belligerent rights to the Confederacy, and stated what was untrue when it said that "Her Majesty's Government was actuated at that time by a conscious unfriendly purpose towards the United States." This occurs in the first chapter entitled, "The Unfriendliness of Great Britain," wherein much that is true is irrelevant and discourteous.

This is a serious indictment. Whether the "Case" be in truth a document for an American to be proud of is, to be sure, a matter of opinion. Bancroft Davis wrote every word of that document. So far as perfect clearness of statement and felicity of expression are concerned, "The Case of the United States" may be pronounced almost faultless. That it more than met public expectation at the time is evident from the letters of approval and thanks that poured in upon the Agent of the United States from prominent men—lawyers, merchants, authors, and the like—in various parts of the country. Americans in that day were proud of the "Case." Says that most competent critic, Caleb Cushing:

> It was my opinion on reading the American Case for the first time, and it is my opinion now, that it is not only a document of signal ability, learning, and forensic force—which indeed everyhody admits—but it is also temperate in language and dignified in spirit, as becomes any State paper which is issued in the name of the United States. . . . The facts are pertinent; its reasonings are cogent; its conclusions are logical. "Treaty of Washington" (1873), p. 31.

In a word, the "Case" met the need of a vigorous assertion of our rights, in terms diplomatic and courteous. If it "harped" on the concession of belligerent rights, it must be confessed that the Counsel for the United States (Messrs. Cushing, Evarts, and Waite) kept up the harping in their Argument. (III. Gen. Arbit., pp. 10-11).

Mr. Rhodes further appears to be laboring under some misapprehension in imagining that Mr. Davis wrote what he knew (or ought to know) was untrue. It was the duty of the Agent of the United States to bring to the attention of the neutral Arbitrators the fact of the existence of unfriendly feeling on the part of the English Government. It is nothing to the point that labored attempts of to-day are undertaking to show that the people of the United States were mistaken as to the spirit animating the governing powers of England during the dark hours of the war. Such attempts may succeed in proving that our feelings caused us to exaggerate somewhat the extent of that unfriendliness. But nothing can now be brought forward to shake the convictions established in those days, after deep regret, in the minds of all friends of the Union.

As to the charge of discourtesy, perhaps the best reply is the terse remark of M. Moreau of Paris, a distinguished member of the French bar. After he had read the "Case," in the French version, he quietly observed to our agent: "Vos paroles sont douces; mais vos faits sont brutaux." No one who has ever known Bancroft Davis can for a moment imagine him to have been guilty of discourtesy in any relation of life. Moreover, the charge finds no justification in the pages of the American case.

"These objectionable statements and arguments of Bancroft Davis, so far as I have been able to discover," continues Mr. Rhodes, "did not in the least strengthen our cause." Yet some time after the Tribunal had finally adjourned, Count Sclopis, upon being pressed for an answer to the inquiry, what was it that gained the award, replied: "The case prepared by Mr. Davis. It was that which won the cause." The president of the Tribunal spoke the literal truth.

On the day appointed by the treaty, the United States laid before the Tribunal a clear, explicit, and strong statement of facts—an exposition of the duty of England, and of her failure to perform that duty; a list of the acts and omissions on the part of English officials, together with proof of oft-repeated expressions from those in authority, declaring their sympathy for the success of the Southern Confederacy. The story was told calmly, and without embellishment, yet with a cogency and force, from the effect of which there could be no escape. It was this superb marshalling of the facts that convinced the arbitrators of the justice of the American cause.

Mr. Rhodes says further:

> But chapter i. was not the worst feature in the Case of the United States. Chapters i.—v. were submitted for advice to President Woolsey, Judge Hoar, Caleb Cushing, and Hamilton Fish, but in chapter vi. Bancroft Davis gave himself a free hand, and almost wrecked the arbitration. He revived the national and indirect claims, etc.

The charge that Bancroft Davis "almost wrecked the arbitration" is entirely wide of the mark. If the clamor in the English press consequent upon the discovery that the American case did not ignore the "indirect claims," had resulted in a breakdown at Geneva, because of a refusal by England to proceed with the arhitration, the American agent could not have been held in the least accountable. The President had directed Mr. Davis to prepare the case. This labor Mr. Davis performed. He included among "*all* the claims" (to use the words of the treaty), the indirect claims, "in the exact language of the protocol."

To judge from the extract just quoted, one would suppose that Bancroft Davis, in

drafting chapter vi. had acted solely upon his own responsibility. Mr. Rhodes evidently believes such to be the fact. The truth is, so far from giving himself "a free hand," Mr. Davis acted immediately under the eye of his chief. The American case was submitted to Mr. Fish, who read it through from beginning to end, and approved it in its entirety. The secretary of state and the assistant secretary acted in perfect official harmony.

When put to the test Mr. Davis had the courage to assume any burden that it had become his duty to assume. It was the tact and the stamina of Bancroft Davis that in the presence of danger actually rescued the treaty from failure. The world may never know how large a measure of credit is due to the sagacity and the nerve of both Lord Tenterden and Bancroft Davis. Happily for England and for the United States, these two men believed each in the other. Mutual confidence and a unity of purpose enabled the Englishman and the American to work together in preparing a way by which the "indirect claims" could honorably be disposed of, and the treaty saved. After these two men, upon their own responsibility, had struck hands, it was agreed that Mr. Davis should ask Mr. Adams to take the open and visible step leading to action by the tribunal. Mr. Adams acted with equal skill. The disposition that was thereupon made of the subject matter which had threatened a rupture of the treaty, has now become familiar history. The great principle was then and there settled of the extent to which, in time of war, a neutral Government is liable for failure to observe its obligations to either belligerent. It was this initiative act, the honor of which belongs equally to the respective agents, that constitutes the crowning merit of Bancroft Davis's inestimable services to his country.

The foregoing observations have been submitted from no spirit of controversy, but only that this chapter in our national affairs may be accurately viewed. I believe that our foremost historian will gladly apply himself anew to the study of these events in order to ascertain whether, because of imperfect data, this first sketch by him of the Treaty of Washington, and the Tribunal of Arbitration, does not in some particulars need revision.

FRANK WARREN HACKETT.

Washington, January 24.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CIVIL WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the last quarter there is an interesting and important paper by the president on Lord Granville and his connection with the attitude of Great Britain towards the United States during and subsequent to the civil war, which revives the arraignment of the conduct of the British Government.

There were no doubt in the Cabinet, as elsewhere, differences, shades, and fluctuations of personal opinion and sentiment, on one of which the president's paper throws light. The premier, Palmerston, who in general might have been thought likely to sympathize with the South, was the self-proclaimed arch-enemy of slavery. But the Cabinet, as a whole, was steadily resolved on neutrality, and firmly opposed to intervention, the French Emperor's suggestion of which found no response. For mediation the Cabinet was always ready, as, considering what the British people were suffering from the cotton famine, it well might be, and of this disposition there were naturally special manifestations at those turns of the war when mediation seemed likely to be welcome. On the crisis of opinion produced in the Cabinet by one of these turns and the consequent discussion, Mr. Charles F. Adams has laid his fingers. But it was "mediation," not intervention, always of which the thought was entertained, though the acceptance of mediation by the North would have meant recognition of the independence of the South.

That Gladstone held Confederate stock is an exploded fiction. That it should ever have been credited, shows the prevalence of angry suspicion in those quarters. His Newcastle utterance was a mistake, but there can be no doubt that it was made in a spirit of perfect good will towards the North, which he believed, and at that juncture might well believe, to be engaged in a hopeless war. That the South was a nation, though a nation suddenly formed by an inevitable disruption, is a fact which will stand in history as well as in Mr. Gladstone's speech. Its Government was acknowledged, its flag flew, its laws were obeyed, its currency passed over the whole of its domain. Not for a moment did the North treat the South otherwise than as a belligerent entitled to all the laws of war. The Southerners, after their surrender, were treated as rebels, but with not less impolicy than injustice, since the consequence was the exclusion of their leading men, such as Lee and Longstreet, from a share in the work of reconstruction, which fell into violent hands.

There was no moral reason whatever why any one should withhold sympathy from the South in its struggle for independence except slavery, any design against which Lincoln and Congress had expressly disclaimed. We Liberals had our strong political motives for sympathy with the North, but they were not binding on Tories.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, January 21.

DISCLAIMER FROM PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After my return from Europe a few days ago, I found on my desk a delightful variety of interviews with me which had recently appeared in the American papers. They covered nearly the whole political globe and settled all the leading international problems. Their only weakness was that, by chance or otherwise, during my absence from America I did not speak a single political word for publication, and those fabricated interviews were partly pure inventions, partly absurd and silly distortions of private conversations.

The first taste of this method came to me four weeks ago, when the European papers brought a cablegram from Washington stating officially that I was unauthorized to proclaim the completion of a tariff agreement between the American and German tariff commissioners in Berlin. When I examined the case, I found this: At a dinner party some one asked me whether the rumor were true that there was friction between the commissioners; I answered that I had seen members of both sides that same day and that they had assured me that all went on "harmoniously." Intentionally I did not add a word with reference to the negotiations themselves. A few hours later the gentleman to whom I had spoken reported to his friend on my authority that the negotiations were successful; and this man gave it to a reporter, who understood that an agreement had been reached. He cabled to New York in the form of an interview with me that the commissioners had settled on a tariff agreement. The State Department replied to that very correctly that the Commission had no such rights—a fact with which I was not entirely unfamiliar. I then wired to the New York *Herald* how the matter stood.

In other cases I did not think it worth while to send a rectification of such worthless tales. This was especially true with regard to the inane interview on James Bryce, with Japan, the Emperor, and the Washington diplomats thrown in. It originated in an unpolitical little German paper and was manufactured by a promising young journalist, who actually did see me, but for the purpose of asking me about a scientific problem in psychology. I did not take any notice of it, as I saw that not a single German newspaper took such grotesque gossip seriously; it was nowhere even quoted. I had the more right to ignore it as three American correspondents, among them the representative of the Associated Press, assured me that they had not made any use of such an evidently preposterous interview. I could not foresee that some one would cable it, nevertheless, and that it would here go through most of the leading papers as if it had been published in Germany in a representative political newspaper. I did not discover this situation till my return, and am therefore late with my denial. I am grateful to the *Nation* for marking at once its hesitation in accepting such expressions as authentic.

Of all the inventions of that last interview none troubles me more than the suggestion that James Bryce would exert an anti-German influence in Washington. No one admires the author of the best book on the Americans more than I do, and no one feels more grateful for his continuously proven friendship for Germany. I welcome his mission to the United States from my deepest heart, just because I know that the productive activity of two such men as Baron Sternburg and James Bryce, in Washington, will best and most safely bring about that for which I have hoped and worked during my whole American career—an intimate friendship between the United States, Great Britain, and Germany.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

Cambridge, Mass, January 25.

ORIGIN OF THE METRIC SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Hallock and Wade's "Outlines of the Evolution of Weights and Measures and the Metric System," the first mention of the metric system is ascribed to Gabriel

Mouton, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Lyons, "who first proposed in 1670 a comprehensive decimal system having as a basis the length of an arc of one minute of a great circle of the earth. . . . This geometric foot was further defined by Mouton as corresponding to a pendulum making 3,959.2 vibrations in a half-hour at Lyons. This proposition contained essentially the germ of the modern metric system, and Mouton's suggestion of the pendulum was soon repeated by Picard (1671), and by Huygens (1673)."

The honor of the proposition, however, does not belong to a Frenchman, but to an Englishman. One of the first occupations of several mathematical members of the Royal Society, which was established in the beginning of the sixties of the seventeenth century and began to publish its Transactions in 1665, was the determination of a standard measure. Christopher Wren suggested that this standard be determined by the vibration of the pendulum, since time was a natural measure that depended upon the revolution of the earth, which was supposed to be everywhere equal and uniform. Exact measurements were undertaken by Huygens, a member, and by Brouncker, the president, of the society, and it was found that the length of a carefully constructed pendulum, the duration of whose vibration was precisely a second, was 38 Rhineland, or 39¼ English, inches. All this was before 1666.

The chief desideratum, bequeathed by Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," which the Royal Society set out to materialize, was a universal language, and the elaboration of it was intrusted to the dean of Ripon, John Wilkins, who had approached the subject as early as 1641. Wilkins worked out his project in a large folio volume, "An Essay Towards a Real Character and Philosophical Language," which was consumed in the great fire of 1666 and was reprinted two lears later. In this work the author touches upon a number of universal problems, among them also upon the question of a standard of measure. He suggests that an octaval system would really be far better than a decimal system, because it is capable of more convenient divisions by powers of two, but thinks that general custom has forever determined upon decimals, and so he does not wish to insist upon a change of it. As to the standard of measure, he mentions the previous theory of those who wanted to find it in a subdivision of a degree upon the earth, and another, based upon "the quicksilver experiment." The first he rejects as difficult and impracticable, and the latter as uncertain, on account of the varying density and gravity of the air. He is, therefore, obliged to accept the discoveries of Wren, Brouncker, and Huygens, and makes the above-mentioned length of the pendulum the standard, which he calls a foot. One-tenth of a foot is an inch; one-tenth of an inch, a line; ten standards are a perch; ten perches, a furlong; ten furlongs, a mile; ten miles, a league. A cubical content of the standard he calls a bushel, and this he decimally divides into pecks, quarts, and pints, and multiplies by tens for higher denominations. The cubical content of a bushel of distilled rainwater he calls a hundred, and this is decimally subdivided into stone, pound, ounce, dram, gram, scruple, and grain. A cube of the standard of pure gold or silver is to be a talent of gold or silver, and this is subdivided into hundreds, pounds, angels, shillings, pence, and farthings.

Wilkins concludes this remarkable consideration with the words: "I mention these particulars, not out of any hope or expectation that the world will ever make use of them, but only to show the possibility of reducing measures to one determined certainty."

LEO WIENER.

Harvard University, January 22.

Notes.

He would be hard to suit who could not find in the list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. the edition to his taste of Longfellow's complete or separate works. In connection with the coming centenary (February 27) the firm is publishing a special Sketch of Longfellow's Life, by Charles Eliot Norton, together with his chief autobiographical poems. Professor Norton is qualified to speak of Longfellow as is no other living man.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell is preparing what is designed to be the standard book of information about Labrador. He himself will write the chapter on economics and the coast and fjords. Various specialists will contribute the rest of the work. Revells plan to have the volume ready for publication next autumn.

The Cambridge University Press, of which Putnams are the American representatives, announces three new books: "Modern Spain: 1815-1898," by H. Butler Clarke; "The Book of Isaiah, according to the Septuagint (codex Alexandrinus)," translated and edited by R. R. Ottley, and "A Treatise on the Theory of Alternating Currents," by Alexander Russell.

Those who have not yet read E. V. Lucas's now standard "Life of Charles Lamb," will be glad to know that a new and cheaper edition of that work is to be brought out by Methuen of London, and, we suppose, by Putnams in New York. It will contain a hitherto unpublished portrait of Thomas Manning.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are to publish "Under the Sun," written by Percival Landon "in the course of annual wanderings over India during the last five years"; "My Life As an Indian," by J. W. Schultz, and "The Efficient Life," by Luther H. Gulick.

There is to be a uniform handy-volume edition of the great writers of fiction published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The first ten volumes will be brought out in the autumn of this year.

Henry Holt & Co. are printing "The Honorable Peter Stirling" for the fifty-first time. For how many dreadful political novels has that book been responsible!

Wentworth Smith's "The Hector of Germanie" (1615), edited by Leonidas Warren Payne, jr., and Thomas Heywood's "The Royall King and Loyall Subject" (1637), edited by Kate Watkins Tibbals, constitute respectively Vols. XI. and XII. of The Publications of the University of Pennsylvania: Series in Philology and Literature. In each case the text is a reproduction, *literatim et punctuatim*, of the original quarto. The second of these plays, which is founded on a novel in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," has a certain interest, inasmuch as it appears to have been used by Fletcher in his "Loyal Subject." There have been already, however, three modern editions of Heywood's play. On the other hand, "The Hector of Germanie," which, to be sure, has but little claim to literary merit, is here edited for the first time. The play was written, it seems, just after the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with the Elector Palatine, and, as the prologue tells us, it was acted not by professional actors, but a band of tradesmen. In a careful introduction Mr. Payne examines the question of the possible connection of Wentworth Smith with various plays of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, and comes to the conclusion that "The Hector of Germanie" is the only authentic play of this writer extant, with the probable exception of "Nobody and Somebody" (1606). The notes that are appended to the texts of these plays are both meagre and amateurish.

Some fresh light is thrown on the discussion over simplified spelling in the January issue of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde)—Mesne-Misbirth, under Mr. Henry Bradley's supervision. Meter (a gauge), first used in connection with gas (gas-meter), detached itself about 1830, with rare tendencies to become Frenchified in its ending. Etymologically it seems allied to Meter (a measurer, agent of the verb Mete). The suffix -meter, on the other hand, was originally clapped upon Greek noun-stems, and stood for the Greek *metron*, but has since received a wide and ungrammatical extension in word-formation. The spelling seemed still more likely to be fixed when Metre (rhythm) was taken over from the Latin into Old English as Meter; but in the fourteenth century it was readopted from the French as Metre, and by and bye came along the Metre of the metric system. Can reformers say that Meter represents the derivation more truly than or as broadly as Metre? And, the orthography once mastered, is there no convenience in having both endings current for different senses? Is not the reform vainly resisting a natural, if arbitrary, disposition to differentiate the spelling when the sense-evolution takes too wide a range? This is what happened to Metal (variant Mettle in all senses) when it passed to the meaning of quality, temperament; it began distinctively to be spelled Mettle, and some time after 1706, when this was first confirmed by a dictionary, the cleavage became complete. The pronunciation remained the same as the second usage for Metal, and phonetically it would be hard to say which form should claim precedence. Meanwhile everybody recognizes the advantage of the ocular discrimination. Lastly, what shall be done to onomatopoetic synonyms like the cat's cry Mew (1325), Miaow (1634), Miaul (1632)?

As usual, the amount of historical information here brought together is enormous. Compare Minus, Minute, and the prefix Mis-, which last, as a Teutonic derivative, was most prolifically employed in the seventeenth century. Its parallel form, borrowed from Old French *mes-* (Latin *minus*),

has produced little, and is stressed in English only in the case of Mischief, Mischievous, and Miscreant. Curious is it that the southern countries of Continental Europe have a short Mile, from following the Latin model; the northern a long, after the Teutonic. The decay of hunting in England is mirrored in the word Meuse, the lucky gap in the hedge by which the hare escapes his pursuers. It is now included as archaic in county glossaries of 1884, 1886, and used with quotation-marks in the *Athenæum* in 1895. The invention of Mezzotint engraving is positively assigned to the Hessian Col. Ludwig von Siegen, who taught it to his clever pupil Prince Rupert. Mess, coupled with food, vegetables, and the like, was in vogue as far back as 1513; no quotation of it has been found for the eighteenth century, and it has become stranded on these shores as an Americanism. "In our Midst" (with variable possessive) dates from 1794, but is a nineteenth-century usage. Our new British ambassador wrote "in the camp's midst" in his "Holy Roman Empire." We are surprised not to find an entry for the Russian Mir, vulgarized in our literature some thirty years ago by Mackenzie Wallace, and surely rather to be looked for than Miryachit (a Siberian mimetic nervous disease), or than Duma, already as well naturalized as Reichstag. Milton's famous "Eagle muing her mighty youth" has a paragraph to itself for the sake of two interpretations of Mew, neither conclusive. Finally, we remark, under the substantive Might, this quotation from T. Roosevelt (in his New York volume in the Historic Towns series, 1891): "Spain . . . was a power whose might was waning." Who could have guessed his part in giving it its *coup de grâce* within seven years of the date of his writing?

We have another important contribution to Arthurian study to record in "The Arthurian Material in the Chronicles, especially those of Great Britain and France," by Robert Huntington Fletcher, which constitutes Vol. X. of the Harvard "Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature" (Ginn & Co.). The author traces accurately and with a completeness never attempted before the Arthurian tradition as it developed in the chronicles from Gildas to the end of the sixteenth century. It is not his fault if his researches have not brought to light any considerable new material. Perhaps the most interesting find of this nature noted in the work is the account of Arthur's end in the Chronicle of the Monastery of Hales which the author had already called attention to in Vol. XVIII. of the Publications of the Modern Language Association. Mr. Fletcher has earned the gratitude of all Arthurian students hy the thoroughness of his investigations in this voluminous and irksome material.

In "The Enemy at Trafalgar" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Edward Fraser has collected picturesque details of the great battle obtained from French and Spanish sources. The treatment is anecdotic, and is reinforced by a number of illustrations and portraits. One or two of the plans reproduced are of some interest for the controversy as to Nelson's tactics, though that question is not dealt with in the text.

When Denman concluded his defence of Caroline, wife of George IV., with one of the most inapt quotations ever used by a lawyer, the town took it up and crystallized its verdict on the famous trial in the well-known epigram:

> Gracious lady, we implore,
> Go away and sin no more;
> But if that effort be too great,
> Go away, at any rate.

The sentiment of the epigram has much to justify it. The whole story of Queen Caroline is uninspiring and sordid. It has more than once been told. Prof. G. P. Clerici, however, now presents us with a new version entitled "A Queen of Indiscretions," translated into English by Frederic Chapman (John Lane). The book has for its chief attractions a series of illustrations, of which several are of interest, and some new, if not very important, evidence as to Caroline's doings in Italy.

The obvious reflection that will occur to a reader of "The Lodging House Problem in Boston" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Prof. Albert Benedict Wolfe of Oberlin College, is that the difficulty of housing city wage-earners—a question of immense importance in its moral and political implications—is being heightened by lack of special knowledge. The average notion is that proper tenement-house building and regulation would remedy most of tbe evils of the housing problem. This ignores the fact that in large cities the tenement, the apartment, and the lodging, or rooming, house are sharply distinct in the social quality and economic position of their occupants. It matters not that State laws may have included them in one definition or only vaguely recognized the different conditions under which they have developed. A general change of fashionable residence in cities brings a new class of dwellers. In this way the South End lodging-house section of Boston, formerly filled with residences of the well-to-do, has become a compact mass of houses rented to about 30,000 people by the week or month. These are mostly skilled mechanics and mercantile employees, with an exceptionally low birth rate and other social characteristics worthy of the closest study in tbeir bearing upon the morality and economic efficiency of the city population. Professor Wolfe, wbose book is the second in the series of Harvard Economic Studies, does a distinct service in pointing out tbat the lodging-house factor has been neglected in the literature of the housing problem. Tbe question as to how far the condition of the Boston South End section is typical of other large American cities is important. It must remain unanswered until the example set by Professor Wolfe shall be emulated by other well-qualified investigators.

A spirit of devout industry is manifest in "The Master of the World: A Study of Christ," by Charles Lewis Slattery, Dean of the Cathedral in Faribault (Longmans, Green & Co.). The book attempts to interpret Jesus Christ in the light of modern scholarship, but at the same time to fuse with the primary sources of information concerning him all the subsequent doctrines which have grown up around his person. The endeavor to make a clear, consistent, historical picture by combining all New Testament documents as of equal weight, is a considerable undertaking; and when Dean Slattery proposes to add to his sources all the dogmas of the ages, and even "all the present faith," one must admire his daring, rather than respect his historical judgment. As a matter of fact, the creeds have outweighed the gospels in influence upon the author, and the figure he presents is strictly according to classic dogma. Some of his original, imaginative suggestions are of questionable merit, as when he argues tbat since our Lord was "a statesman," he must have chosen a disciple like John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, "who could directly transmit a conception of Him adequate to the inspiration of the Church in all ages." Of like sort is the notion that Joseph imparted to the youthful Jesus the secret of his miraculous birth at the visit to the temple, and that the conduct of the lad with the doctors may be thus explained.

The Noble Lectures at Harvard, founded in memory of Phillips Brooks, were delivered in 1906 by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary. His addresses, "Christ and the Human Race" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), were an attempt to set forth "the attitude of Jesus Christ toward foreign races and religions," and to inculcate mutual sympathy and understanding between adherents of Eastern and Western faiths.

In "The Story and Song of Black Poderick" (Harper & Brothers), Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter) has related, in a mixture of prose and ballad verse, a Celtic fairy-tale, the story of a young bride who, neglected by her wicked lord, the Black Earl, pined and died. In heaven the knowledge of his damnation would not let her rest, and she was permitted to spend twice seven years in hell working out his salvation. This is the sort of tale that W. B. Yeats collected in his "Fairy and Folk Tales," and that Douglas Hyde is still collecting in Roscommon and Galway. These stories are usually told in a rather bald fashion, but Mrs. Shorter has made the most of hers. Her grammar, not quite impeccable in her earlier poems, occasionally disconcerts the reader in the prose portion of this little book.

The "Esquisse historique de la littérature française au moyen Âge" (Paris: Armand Colin), which has just appeared, is the original text of the "Mediæval French Literature" which the late Gaston Paris contributed to the "Temple Primers" (Dent, 1902). In its French form, however, the work, besides being somewhat fuller, is free from the errors which disfigured the translation. Tbe numbering of paragraphs and the addition of an index and notes constitute still further improvements. M. Paris did not complete the annotation of the volume, himself, but Paul Meyer has assumed this task for the uncompleted portion, the notes of the author being in the nature of additions to the text, whilst those of M. Meyer are purely bibliographical. We may say in passing, that it seems a pity that neither M. Paris nor M. Meyer has indicated in these notes the important changes which the views of the former underwent near the end of his life in regard to the lost works of Chétien de Troies and the date of his death, as set forth in the admirable articles on "Cliges" in the

Journal des Savants for 1902. It may be remarked that the author's well-known "Littérature française au moyen âge" does not render the present work superfluous. In the first place, more than a quarter of the present work is devoted to a period not included in the earlier treatise, viz., the fifteenth century. The arrangement of material, moreover, is totally different in the two books. In the older work the treatment was according to *genres*. Here it is according to periods, so that the whole literary production of the different periods is treated in due succession.

With the eleventh volume of "L'Empire Libéral" (Paris: Garnier Frères) Émile Ollivier at last brings us to the immediate preliminaries of the great war with which his own name is particularly associated. There is much in it deserving of notice: the anti-Prussian negotiations of France, Austria, and Italy in 1869; the affair of the Belgian railways; Rochefort and the *Lanterne*. Although the old ideas as to the origin of the Franco-Prussian war which were founded on the very *ex parte* statements of German pamphleteers and historians are now fast passing out of acceptance, we have here many side-lights on the attitude of the Prussian war party that reinforce later opinion. As against this, perhaps the most remarkable page of the whole book tells the other way. It is a letter from Napoleon to Niel, written in February, 1869, at the time of the Franco-Belgian difficulty over the railroad question. In this the Emperor asks his minister of war to draw up a plan of operations for massing two armies, one towards the Rhine, the other towards the Belgian frontier. "France," he writes, "feels herself diminished since the successes of Prussia; she is on the lookout for an opportunity of reëstablishing her influence . . . without arousing the passions of Germany." The quarrel with Belgium did not concern Prussia; what was to prevent invasion and annexation? Thus ran the argument. Taken alongside of Benedetti's unfortunate Belgian proposal after Sadowa, which Bismarck so cleverly gave to the London *Times* in July, 1870, there is enough in this document utterly to condemn Napoleon's policy. It was, of course, only a flash in the pan, but a flash in the pan may explode a magazine. However much it may now be necessary to deduct from German statements about the war of 1870, it would be very easy to go too far in exculpation of France. At the close of this volume M. Ollivier leaves us at the Hohenzollern candidacy; he has planned to finish his great work in four more volumes, a wonderful task for a man now eighty-two years of age.

A rather novel book on colonies is that of Alexander Supan, the editor of Petermann's *Mittcilungen* (Gotha). The author complains that there is no "general history of colonization in chronological sequence and on the lines of world-history." Not enough is made, he says, of the territorial development, the gradual space-filling, which interests the geographer; but all attention is concentrated upon inner colonial policy. Hence he calls his work "Die Territoriale Entwickelung der Europäischen Kolonien." Thus the book is really colonization from the geographer's standpoint; and we hasten to signalize at least one strong point thereby attained. The detail maps are profuse and the atlas of colonial history appended is unique of its kind. A conspectus of the spread of the dominant white race's power is graphically presented. Of the text not so much can be said. The treatment is episodical rather than genetic; it does not afford any new and valuable points of view—in short, it is not the work of an economist or sociologist. It may be objected that Supan pretends to neither title, but it is likewise possible to retort that he should then have stuck to the exact subject he proposed to himself. The work is not alive; there is no *Leitmotiv*. The value of this book we conceive to be that of an intelligently written chronicle, for although the author does not draw upon a large or particularly reliable set of authorities, he seems to have taken from them, on the whole, their least objectionable data. If this book were translated into English it would somewhat resemble J. Scott Keltie's "Partition of Africa" in furnishing a pretty complete set of facts for students to learn, under the guidance and power of coördination of a good teacher. Inasmuch as the volume was intended to meet the needs of the growing interest of Germans in colonization, perhaps it was intended to subserve, in some degree, such an educational purpose.

It was reported in these columns some weeks ago that Saxony is the first of the German States to make a tentative beginning with the elective system in its secondary schools, especially the classical gymnasium. The project is being discussed in Prussian school circles also; and at the recent national convention of the German gymnasium teachers, Dr. Karl Michaelis, a leading member of the educational board of Berlin, delivered an address, in which he urged that a choice should be permitted to members of the higher classes only between a preponderatingly classical and a preponderatingly mathematical course. The address has appeared as a special brochure, issued by the house of Dürr of Leipzig.

Dr. Friedrich von der Leyen, a recent graduate of Marburg and Göttingen, publishes under the title "Deutsche Universität und deutsche Zukunft" (Jena: Diederichs) a vigorous attack against the growing tendency to educate for the profession rather than for the purpose of giving culture. There are plenty of specialists of world-wide fame, but a lack of *men* who will stand up for a principle. The sciences are multiplying, the organization of scientific work becomes more and more difficult. The author exemplifies his statement from his own specialty, modern philology, which is neglecting the study of the literatures. There are undoubted exaggerations in the book, but it is worth pondering over, both in Europe and in America.

The Bohn edition of Lane's "Arabian Nights" is now completed with the fourth volume, which adds a review of the origin and history of the "Nights," a translation of "Aladdin" from Zotenberg's text—both by Professor Lane-Poole—and "Ali Baba," the common rendering touched up from Galland's French—all there is in the case. The translation of "Aladdin" is sound and vigorous, and in every way more readable style than Lane had at his command. But there is one slip very strange in the past master in Arabic numismatics. Professor Lane-Poole does not seem to have recognized that "Africa" in this story means Tunis; the "land of Africa" means the country around and belonging to Tunis—Tunisia; and that, therefore, the "African magician" of our childhood is really the Tunisian magician. Africa (Ifrīqīya) was, of course, the old name of Tunis, and the way in which the name is here applied ("the city of Africa," Lane-Poole, p. 337; Zotenberg, p. 15; "the gardens of Africa," Lane-Poole, p. 396, Zotenberg, p. 69; etc.) makes it certain that such is the meaning here. Nor did Mr. Payne in his version recognize this use; yet he felt the difficulty and has notes on pp. 88 and 127 of his "Alaeddin and the Enchanted Lamp" remarking that the story-teller takes the province for a city. Burton, too, was equally in the dark. That Tunis was especially famous for magic does not seem to be elsewhere recorded. Such was, and is, the reputation rather of Morocco and of Africa farther west in general, and in this same tale the magician is also called a Maghribi, strictly a Moroccan. The "review" might with advantage have been lengthened, but within its limits (19 pages) it is an admirable piece of work. One definite conclusion is that the present general form of the "Nights" must have been reached between the accession of Saladin (1169) and the fall of Baghdad (1258). This seems tolerably certain, but perhaps the qualification "general" above will have to be taken somewhat broadly. When Galland's manuscript is published *in extenso*, as now seems probable, and Seybold has published the Tübingen "Umar an-Nu'man" we shall know much more.

The "Book of Enoch" is not exactly an "anecdoton," yet its inclusion in the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" is amply justified. ("The Ethiopic Version of the Book of Enoch," edited by R. H. Charles. Oxford: Henry Frowde.) Its Ethiopic text is now at last reconstructed by Dr. Charles on the basis of twenty-three manuscripts out of the existent twenty-nine—photographs of fourteen, immediate use of five, collations of four. The other manuscripts are also satisfactorily accounted for, and, therefore, in the present careful text and very full apparatus the task seems done with tolerable finality. The Greek text, or texts, with the Latin fragment, are also fully edited. In all these the advance on Flemming and Radermacher is distinct. When Dr. Charles publishes the revised edition here promised of his translation, the extant evidence will be in a fairly complete and accessible form. In the meantime, he has reached the following general results. He now recognizes that in 1893 he overestimated the value of the Ethiopic version in comparison with the extant Greek text. In this edition, therefore, the Greek, where we have it, is given page by page with the Ethiopic. Further, he has discovered that much of the text was originally written in verse. Again, he has come to the conclusion that the several elements out of which the book was constructed were some in Aramaic and some in Hebrew. He compares this with the part Hebrew part Aramaic state of "Daniel." But there it would be hard to explain the occurrence of the two languages by a theory of composite structure. Finally, the value of photography, and especially of its cheaper processes, is here overwhelmingly plain. To have been

able to use fourteen manuscripts and to have the type set up from one of these removes the editor of such a text as this at least into purgatory, if not into paradise.

Another valuable contribution to Oriental scholarship has come from the pen of Prof. L. H. Mills of Oxford, whose admirable "Zarathushtra, the Achæmenids, and Israel" was reviewed in the *Nation* of August 30. In the last number of the *Muséon*, published by the University of Louvain, Belgium, he has presented an edition of the first chapter of the Pahlavi or Middle Persian version of the old Avesta "Yasna" in the original type, thus affording a useful text-book on this section. This is the first edition of this text which has been prepared with a collation of all the manuscripts, many of them acquired by Professor Mills for the library of the University of Oxford. For many years he has been engaged in editing and translating the complete Pahlavi version of the "Yasna," and his task now approaches completion. The late Professor Spiegel of Erlangen edited these Pahlavi texts in 1858, but his text, valuable as it is, has become antiquated by the discovery of additional manuscripts. A considerable portion was reëdited by Professor Mills, with a collation of all manuscripts, a transliteration (which is almost equally necessary), and a translation in his "Gathas," published in 1894. The majority of the remaining non-Gathic section has now appeared, chiefly in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, and the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, both in transliteration and translation. It is especially gratifying to note that Professor Mills hints that these scattered editions and translations are to be reprinted in book form as soon as possible, so that we may hope to have a companion volume to his "Gathas," which will contain the remainder of the "Yasna," long a desideratum to the student of Zoroastrian religion, and perchance of value to the theologian as well in these days of dawning interest in comparative religion.

The Egyptian Research Account, for which exclusively W. M. F. Petrie is now working, reports, as the result of the first season's investigation in the Nile Delta, the discovery of a great Hyksos camp, with valuable data relating to that race of invaders, the identification of the site of the temple of the High Priest Onias, and the determination of the location of the store-city, Raamses, built by the enslaved children of Israel for the Egyptian monarch. The identification and study of the other store-city, Pithom (cf. Exod. i. 11), was made somewhat more than a score of years ago, as the initial work of the still active Egypt Exploration Fund.

The Rev. Henry Martyn Field, last of the famous Field brothers, died at Stockbridge, Mass., on Saturday. He was born April 3, 1822, the youngest son of Dr. David Dudley Field, who for sixty years was a prominent New England clergyman. When Field was twelve years old, he entered Williams College, and was graduated in 1838. After studying theology he began his ministerial life as pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, before he had reached his majority. For five years he labored in what was at that time a far Western country; he then resigned and spent a year in Europe. Returning to America, he became pastor of a Presbyterian church at West Springfield, where he remained from 1850 to 1854. In the latter year he came to New York as one of the editors and proprietors of the *Evangelist*, and later he became sole editor and proprietor. His association with the paper covered a period of forty-four years. In 1875-6, Dr. Field travelled around the world, describing his experiences in the two volumes entitled respectively "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn" (1876), and "From Egypt to Japan" (1877). These books were followed by a number of others—chiefly impressions of travel—all of which have attained considerable popularity. Dr. Field also wrote the lives of his brothers David and Cyrus. He has been a voluminous contributor to newspapers and magazines.

Moritz Steinschneider, the Hebrew scholar, died Monday in Berlin in his ninety-first year. Professor Steinschneider was born in Prossnitz in 1816. He equipped himself for his later work as a student and bibliographer of Hebraic and Oriental literature by a long course of study in various German universities. He began to teach in Prague in 1842; and in 1845 he went to Berlin, where for many years he was connected with different schools—among others a high school for girls. He was the author of many standard bibliographical works, dealing with Jewish manuscripts in the Bodleian, and in the libraries of Munich, Berlin, and other cities. Professor Steinschneider's article on Jewish literature in the Ersch and Gruber's Encyclopædia is the first adequate treatment of the subject to appear in extended form.

News comes of the death, January 15, of Prof. Émile Louis Burnouf, at the age of eighty-five His father was one of the great founders of Oriental philology, and he himself was a scholar of distinction. His most important work was done while he was director of the French School at Athens, a post to which he was appointed by Duruy, in 1867. His "Histoire de la Littérature Grecque" is, perhaps, his best known book.

The Faculty of the Harvard Law School has awarded the James Barr Ames prize of $400 and a bronze medal, which is given every four years to the author of the most meritorious law book or legal essay in the English language, to the late Frederick William Maitland, formerly Dowling professor in Cambridge University, England. The award was made while Mr. Maitland was still alive, but the decision of the judges did not reach him before his death. The award was based on Mr. Maitland's three volumes of the Year Book Series of the Selden Society.

The resources of the New York State Library on January 1, 1907, are shown by the following table:

	Volumes.
General library and travelling libraries.	442,789
Duplicate volumes	171,088
Total number of volumes	593,877
Number of pamphlets, about	487,300
Number of manuscripts, about	265,000
Number of travelling pictures	27,397
Grand total in library	1,373,574

The statistics of the enrolment of students during the present winter semester in the universities of Germany show that the number of women who frequent the universities that admit them to matriculation is steadily increasing. At present there are seven German universities, all but one in South Germany, which admit women on a full equality with men. These have now an enrolment of 254 women students, as compared with 211 during the summer semester and 140 a year ago.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Tennyson collection of Prof. Albert E. Jack of Lake Forest University was sold on Monday by the Anderson Auction Company of this city. An uncut copy of "The Falcon," in the original blank buff paper covers, printed for copyright or for use of the Kendals, who acted it in December, 1879, brought $200; "The Cup," uncut, the third of Tennyson's privately printed plays, written for Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who performed it on Christmas Day, 1880, $180; "The Promise of May," the rarest of Tennyson's privately printed plays, produced at the Globe Theatre, in London, in 1882, $180; "The Sailor Boy," printed for Tennyson's use by the Emily Faithfull Victoria Press, London, 1861, $100; "Poems. By Two Brothers," written by Alfred and Charles Tennyson, and the former's first publication, London, 1827, $65. The rage for Tennyson rarities is not so great as it was a few years ago, these figures being below those paid for the same works in the Morgan and Arnold sales.

A hitherto unknown copy of the Latin correspondence between Luther and King Henry VIII. was sold at auction at Sotheby's in London on Tuesday. The correspondence, which concerns the time when King Henry, prior to the English Reformation, won the title of Defender of the Faith, was printed in London, 1525. Only three copies were known of before. This, the fourth copy, was bought on behalf of Mr. Quaritch, for $1,275.

On February 6, the Anderson Auction Company will sell a miscellaneous collection, including books on Lincoln and the Civil War, and Garrick's "Lying Valet," printed at Philadelphia "at the desire of some of the officers in the American Army [Clinton's Thespians] who intend to exhibit at the playhouse for the benefit of families who have suffered in the war for American liberty." Hildeburn gives the date of this publication as 1778, but the date in the auction catalogue is 1776. Hosmer's "Early History of the Maumee Valley," a pamphlet printed at Toledo in 1858, is another interesting little piece.

On February 4 and 5, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer the library of the late Col. William E. Fitch of Albany. The series of books on Freemasonry, one hundred and seventy lots, is one of the largest put on the market in recent years. For the most part they are modern books, though there are a few American items printed a hundred or more years ago, including "Discourses Illustrating the Principles of Freemasonry," by T. M. Harris, Charlestown, 1801, and "The Freemason's Monitor," Albany, 1797. Several lots contain pamphlets relating to William Morgan and the anti-Masonic excitement in Central and Western New York. Among these is a copy of David Brainard's "Light on Masonry," Utica, 1829. Accord-

ing to John Camp Williams in his Utica bibliography, at least five editions were printed in Utica in 1829. Among other books in the sale are a few items of Americana, including the Salem edition of the famous "Letters" sent to England by Gov. Hutchinson; Adam Hodgson's "Letters from North America," 1824; Henry Lee's "Oration in Honour of the Memory of Washington," the rare Brooklyn edition, issued by Thomas Kirk, one of the first books printed in Brooklyn. On February 6, the same firm will sell a collection of autograph letters and documents, including a fine A. L. S. of Lord Nelson, letters of Bryant, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, and Mark Twain, a manuscript stanza, five lines, in Whittier's hand, and several documents signed by Napoleon.

On February 5 and 6, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the libraries of the late William T. Pierce of Watertown, Mass., and Prof. J. M. Rice of the Annapolis Naval Academy. Mr. Pierce was chief engineer of the Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston, and his sets of engineering reports, park reports of various cities; and books on road-building will interest the specialist. Among items for collectors are a series of first editions of Henry James's books; the first edition of Barlow's "Vision of Columbus"; a series of sixty-seven water-color views of old buildings in Montreal, in a quarto album; and an autograph poem by Samuel Sewall, a paraphrase of Chapter 26 of Isaiah, 3 pages folio, dated 1698. There is also a set of the Brinley Catalogue with the Index; a set, volumes I. to XI., of "American Book-Prices Current," and other bibliographical works. For the ex-libris collector is a collection of American book-plates, including a large number of Canadian, undoubtedly the most extensive series ever offered for sale.

On February 6, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sell the library of the late A. Jiminez, including some good illustrated sporting books. A copy of Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands," with upwards of 200 colored plates of birds and animals, the second (and best) edition, 1754, 2 vols., folio, is one of the notable items.

An exhibition of artistic book-bindings by Charles Meunier, one of the best known of the French craftsmen, is now being held at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, in this city. Some eighty-odd examples of his work are shown. M. Meunier studied drawing at the Beaux Arts, and became a painter. He then studied sculpture, modelled medals in high and low relief, and finally took a course in architecture and ornament. Then, beginning at the very bottom in a bookbinder's shop, he mastered the art in all its branches.

The late Lady Burdett-Coutts owned one of the finest copies of the First Folio Shakespeare in existence, clean, 12¾ by 8 inches. It was bought for her at the sale of the George Daniel library in 1864 for £716 2s. At that time this was a record price. The highest previous price was 158 guineas, paid by James Lenox of New York for the Lichfield-Baller copy.

A third copy of Sir Thomas Grantham's "An Historical Account of Some Memorable Actions," mentioned in the *Nation* of January 24, is reported from the John Carter Brown Library of Providence. This copy is of the edition of 1716.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

Concepts of Philosophy. By Alexander Thomas Ormond. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

There are three main parts to Professor Ormond's book: (1) an analysis which sets forth the two methods by which man seeks to realize his world: the method of external observation, which results in science, where the aim is to translate agency into terms of natural causation; and the method of inner reflection, which results in metaphysics, where the aim is to construe agency in terms of prevision and finality; (2) a synthesis which, while it justifies the two methods revealed by the analysis, sets forth the necessity of a synthesis of them and an attempt to realize it; (3) a series of deductions, which might more properly be called corollaries, dealing with a number of themes of general philosophical interest. There are added a supplementary chapter on "Man and his Beliefs," a short appendix commenting on the mutation theory, another on the use of the term "consciousness," and an index. The analytical table of contents affords an excellent outline of the work as a whole.

Professor Ormond sees in Kant the great figure in modern philosophy, who by his "Copernican revolution" rescued philosophy from confusion and gave it promise of progress and sobriety. By this revolution philosophers were instructed to seek a solution of their problems, not by beginning with a world of objects supposedly indifferent to our attempts to understand them, but by beginning with the understanding itself, in order to discover what demands must be met if our craving for knowledge is to be thoroughly satisfied. This point of view Professor Ormond adopts, but he avoids with remarkable skill many of the Kantian difficulties. In his "Analysis," for instance, the reader is not asked to attempt to get at the understanding in its purity, uncontaminated with experience. He is bidden, rather, to consider what he is about in his ordinary intellectual operations. He will then discover that he looks out upon a world of things which he attempts to relate in certain ways, by finding out how they operate upon one another; but he will discover also that this method of relating things leaves a region of his interests untouched. For he is himself the individual who does the relating. Taking note of that fact, he looks within upon the world of consciousness which he calls "self," and which is a world of purposeful activity. He will find also that these contrasted points of view of outer observation and inner reflection disclose, when followed out, that they are controlled by certain basal principles which turn out to be the most important "forms" and "categories" of the Kantian system. They have lost, however, their *a priori* aloofness.

Professor Ormond now finds that these contrasted points of view institute a kind of dialectic. They are, at first sight, rivals; and their products, on the one hand science, with its principle of natural causation, and on the other hand metaphysics, with its principle of finality, strive to supplant one another. A deeper insight, however, shows that their apparent opposition is a genuine motive for a progressive synthesis. Science is led to recognize with increasing clearness, as it passes from physics to sociality, and from sociality to religion, that its principle of natural causation, although applicable in all these regions, tends, however, to recognize a deeper nature of things, which is the ground of all natural causation, and the source of its agency. Science is thus brought into friendly relations with metaphysics. For in the inner world where the self is conscious of its own purposeful activity, metaphysics has disclosed the deeper nature of selfhood and the principle of its operation. Thus the way to a synthesis of science and metaphysics is opened. Following Professor Ormond's lead along this way, we are instructed in the doctrine that "consciousness, when adequately conceived, is the great reality" (p. xxix.), or, as he also says, "consciousness is the stuff out of which all other world-substance is, in the end, manufactured" (p. 256).

The book aims not only to develop this doctrine, but also to make clear through its discussions "that when reason asserts its full prerogative, not only as a theoretic faculty, but also as will, it is able to emancipate man from the skepticisms of partisan thinking and direct him in the path of the realization of the highest ideals of his nature" (p. 17). Thus, following many illustrious predecessors, Professor Ormond would discover in philosophy a cure for current ills, which, for our time, arise mainly from the "narrowing effects of specialism, subjective and objective." The cure for inadequate thinking is, most assuredly, more adequate thinking. That is itself the perennial justification of philosophy. A clearer and more rounded vision of things leads to emancipation. But we must ask of any doctrine claiming to offer us emancipation, How far does it minister to that clearer and more rounded vision? For our faith in the general efficacy of philosophy can never be a reason why we should assent to a particular view of the world. We say this not in order to create the impression that Professor Ormond attempts to abuse our intelligence by turning an obvious conviction into an argument for his philosophical doctrine of consciousness as the great reality, but in order to suggest that the practical aim of his book will be measurably realized if its philosophical doctrine is sound. Indeed, we believe that the apparent appeal for attention to a specific doctrine based on the general importance of philosophical speculation is not only outworn, but decidedly misleading. For the spirit of emancipation should be with us at the start. If the suspicion is in any way aroused that the highest ideals of our nature which we may realize are current ideals which our speculations should justify, then philosophy has fallen from the estate of a disinterested inquiry to that of a special pleader. Ideals should, if possible, emerge from philosophy and win acceptance by their consequent inevitableness.

Now we confess that Professor Ormond's book has aroused in us the suspicion that he has—without malice, we may admit—developed his philosophy in support of certain beliefs, but has not exhibited it as a source from which those beliefs spontaneously spring. He tells us, for instance,

that "the synthesis of philosophy only completes itself when it has vindicated and included in its scheme of certitude those judgments of belief which spring out of fundamental moral and religious grounds" (p. 17). This may be true, but if a synthesis of philosophy is effected to attain such vindication and inclusion, it will have the coloring of an apologetic and a hard fight to exclude prejudiced witnesses. And this difficulty will be much increased if the judgments of belief which are to be vindicated and included in the scheme of certitude are for the most part such as Professor Ormond conceives them to be; namely, the beliefs which are held by enlightened Christian people, belief in a personal God, in mediation between God and man, in moral freedom, in the soul's immortality, in sin and salvation. It is not our contention that it is impossible to ground these beliefs philosophically. It is, rather, that they can be so grounded, not when philosophy is made to include them, but only when they are exhibited as the natural outcome of a philosophical view of things. But Professor Ormond does not appear to exhibit them after this manner. He takes them rather as current beliefs arising in man's history and shapes the concepts of philosophy in their interest. These beliefs did not originate in philosophy. They emerged from human experience under conditions measurably open to scrutiny. Like other beliefs, they have been subjected to the routine of experience for their justification, their modification, or their rejection. Accepting their validity, we may exhibit the philosophy which they imply or even necessitate, but in that case they become data for philosophy and not beliefs which philosophy has vindicated and included in its scheme of certitude.

If, however, these beliefs are to be taken as data for the construction of a philosophy to include them, we find for ourselves no genuine illumination of them in Professor Ormond's doctrine. For we do not follow with conviction either his argument why "consciousness is the stuff out of which all other world-substance is, in the end, manufactured," or his attempt to ground ideals and beliefs in this doctrine. An inquiry into the ultimate stuff of things is undoubtedly important, and we may discover—indeed we must discover—that it is a kind that carries ideals and beliefs with it in its operations, but it does not, therefore, justify them. For, most assuredly, it carries also with it in its operations error and illusion. Its life's history is at once comic and tragic, ridiculous and sublime. Yet adequate knowledge of it would be a boon, for we could then control it for our desired ends. Our results would be justified on their merits, but not by its constitution. For consciousness is just the sort of stuff which fashions ideals out of itself, and finds, therefore, justification in the measure in which it attains self-expression, much as a man fashions his character out of his own substance and estimates the result by the adequacy with which it expresses his nature. May we not then conclude, since self-expression is the proper function of consciousness, and since the best of current beliefs and ideals are the highest examples of self-expression, that consciousness is, therefore, the great reality? Indeed, Professor Ormond warns us that we must not make the mistake of identifying consciousness with what logicians and psychologists often call "mere awareness," assigning it thus only a cognitive function. "By consciousness" we are to mean "an activity, an energy, that becomes aware of itself and its object. The fundamental form of consciousness, so conceived, is selfhood." But time-worn difficulties here confront us and refuse to be swallowed up in this attempt to engulf all distinctions. Most assuredly the stuff of this old world toils somehow on, producing varied products out of its restless activity, stars, lands, and seas, with here and there some creature who can value the result with enthusiasm or despair, but to call that stuff consciousness, to make of it a self gifted with conscious prevision of what it is about, is to plunge us into confusion. Instead of beholding existence clarified, we behold it as the riddle which confronted Job.

An Introduction to Philosophy. By George Stuart Fullerton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

This abridgment of Professor Fullerton's "System of Metaphysics," published a year ago, contains some additional chapters intended to adapt the book to use in classroom; but it has many of the defects which were noticeable in the larger treatise. The logical divisions are imperfect, and the several parts of the work are not well articulated. Instead of a coherent and systematic presentation of the subject, we have a series of essays on certain fundamental problems of metaphysics. Professor Fullerton writes, however, very intelligibly, and uses few technical terms. In almost every chapter, indeed, he introduces an imaginary person whom he calls "the plain man," to whose opinions, we think, rather too much importance is attached. Of course, much can be said in favor of a "common sense" view of the world, and "the plain man" should doubtless have a hearing in the philosophical forum; but the scientific philosopher must sooner or later part company with the common-sense amateur. Professor Fullerton frequently vacillates between critical conceptions and that naïve consciousness which at first may promise to clarify philosophical theory, but which leads only to difficulty and obscurity.

As in his larger volume, Professor Fullerton pays much attention to the doctrine of "an external world," and his conclusions seem to us the least satisfactory part of his system. The question, "Is there an external world?" is either tautologous or it is meaningless. For unless externality is immediately given, it can never be reached by inference; and to say that it is immediately given is a mere assumption. Like many writers on philosophy, Professor Fullerton seems to be between the devil of dogmatism and the deep sea of subjective idealism, but his *via media* is rather unpromising. The volume would be more useful, if there were fuller references in it to the philosophical theories of the later French and German authors.

The Apocalypse of St. John. By H. B. Swete. London: Macmillan & Co.

An English commentary on the Revelation of John, with a sane method of interpretation, has been greatly needed, and Professor Swete has ably met the need. Following the plan mapped out in his commentary on Mark (1898), he devotes in the present volume over two hundred pages to introductory matters, such as the apocalyptic type of literature, the sources, purpose, date, style, text, doctrine, and authorship of the book, Antichrist, and the history and methods of interpretation, some eighteen topics in all. To this he adds over three hundred pages of notes, based, with few exceptions, on the text of Westcott and Hort, and replete with septuagintal and patristic references. He ends with a complete vocabulary of the Greek words and satisfactory indices.

The very title of this edition is significant, not "Revelation" but "Apocalypse of St. John." The document belongs to a distinct type of writing, the apocalyptic; and this type, though often fantastic in its outward form, is not to be despised, for the faith which produced it has, as Prof. J. H. Gardiner observes in his "Bible as English Literature," "ennobled this outward form into the vehicle of the most elevated thought yet attained by the Jewish race." Again, this apocalypse is not a bare compilation of previously existing Jewish or Jewish-Christian documents, but the work of a man of insight, who takes the material inherited from the past and fuses it by the heat of his own imagination into forms which become in the process original. It is not simply apocalypse, but prophecy.

In the method of interpretation Dr. Swete stands on the sound principle that this Apocalypse, like other apocalypses, since it is a tract for the times arising out of a definite period of persecution, must be interpreted in the light of the situation. In this Apocalypse a conflict is revealed between the Church and the World, or more precisely, between the Asian churches and the Roman Empire. Domitian is insisting upon the Cæsar cult. (Dr. Swete puts the date about 90, without mentioning the opinion of Harnack, based on Reinach, which fixes it exactly at 93.) In the light of this situation, the Apocalypse of John is to be understood. To be sure, Dr. Swete believes that St. John's pregnant words will be fulfilled in times yet to come, and hopes to see in "the progress of events ever new illustrations of the working of the great principles which are revealed." But such convictions are not to be confused with distinct methods of interpretation which see in the Apocalypse "a detailed forecast of the course of mediæval and modern history in western Europe," or which explain the Antichrist as the Pope or the Papacy, or which, by spiritual, that is, allegorical exegesis, discover in the text whatever is needed for a given purpose.

Striking is the fact that Prof. Swete, though a successor in spirit to Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort, is compelled to dissent from these Cambridge scholars in their certainty as to the unity and the authorship of the Apocalypse. He lays stress, it is true, on the essential unity of the book in opposition to the theories of sources promulgated by Völter, Vischer, Spitta, and others, and to the modified form of these theories proposed by Weizsäcker, Bousset, and Porter; at the same time he admits candidly that his own theory of unity "cannot be pressed so far as to exclude the possibility that the extant book is a second edition of an earlier work, or that it incorporates

earlier materials" (p. c). Further, in reference to the conviction of the three Cambridge scholars that the author of the Fourth Gospel is the author of the Apocalypse, he says that that "hypothesis is open to doubt, and perhaps will always be open to doubt." Dr. Swete inclines strongly to the view of most critics that the author of the Apocalypse is John the Presbyter, not John the Son of Zebedee.

This indication of the scope and method of Dr. Swete's edition must suffice to show that we have an English commentary comparable to Bousset's. In the details of exegesis there is, of course, debatable matter even when the general method of interpretation is agreed upon. Into these points we cannot enter here, except to note that, to Dr. Swete, the Antichrist is neither the Pope nor Tiamat; that the beast from the sea is the "hostile world power represented by Nero and Domitian," and the beast from the land is the "religious power represented by the Asiarch and the priesthood of the Asian temples of the Augusti." (pp. lxxxvii and 158 ff.). The number 666 or 616 is a cryptogram, and even if Nero Cæsar suits the *gematria*, it is "possible that the number of the beast holds its secret still." It remains only in this brief notice to say that the book is excellently printed and arranged, and that a touch of reality is given to it by the photographs of Nero and Domitian, and of Patmos as it looked a score of years ago.

My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.

Ten of the eighteen chapters of Mr. Conway's itinerary have to do with India, where, as soon becomes evident to the reader, are to be found the Wise Men of the East. The remaining chapters describe the author's early home, give his reflections on some of the Wise Men of the West, and launch him in circumstantial detail upon his adventurous journey. For the trip described took place so long ago that it was almost like an adventure to travel through India, whither, not direct, but by way of California and Australia, this modern Ulysses sailed in the early eighties.

But this retrospect gives a special charm to the book. Well furnished with introductions, Mr. Conway had an opportunity to see many distinguished people; and his interviews with the great Indologist, Hunter, with the notorious Madame Blavatsky, and with the celebrated Hindus of that period are of especial value, although his somewhat naïve attitude toward the Wise Men of the East provokes an occasional smile. Apparently, Mr. Conway went to India convinced in advance of the superiority of Hindu religion to that of the West, and it is not strange that he was received with open arms by the Hindus, who were only too pleased to be told by a Westerner that the Christian religion was inferior to their own. Even that arrant fraud, Madame Blavatsky, seems for a time to have imposed upon the somewhat indiscriminate admiration of the pilgrim, and it is with a sigh that he truthfully portrays her as she really was; though he does not allude to the common belief of Anglo-Indians that she was in the beginning merely a Russian spy.

Mr. Conway's acquaintance with Hindu literature is so very vague that the reader must be warned of the valuelessness of such literary criticism as his fertile mind offers, for in this respect ignorance is no bar to his daring. Thus he suggests that the ending of a Sanskrit drama was altered to suit conditions arising on the advent of Buddhism, whereas the drama was not written for more than a thousand years after this event. The author's comments on Zoroastrianism have much the same force, only they are offset by his frank confession that "the true religion was that of Zoroaster," and the reader is prepared for the excess of zeal natural to the convert. It is to be hoped that the many interesting items strewn through the book are not so carelessly recorded as is the (printed) transcription of a letter received from John Bright, which appears in facsimile and is then printed. Mr. Bright signs himself plainly enough "very sincerely yours," and this appears in the printed version as "very respectfully yours."

The one note that jars in these recollections of a venerable teacher is that teacher's too evident pride in his own mental superiority. "My heresies" are flaunted almost too often in the face of the reader, who finally, in the last chapters of the book, is treated to a reconstruction of the character and social position of Jesus Christ, which to some will be shocking and to others will be only an additional proof of how far a fixed idea can carry a man from the realm of sober probabilities. For in all this pilgrimage Mr. Conway is interested mainly in religious phenomena, and it is not strange that he should conclude with a chapter or two on his own disbelief. So he sketches for us the "immeasurable crime," not of Judas, but of Paul (no "St." stands before the abhorred name in Mr Conway's version of that sinful character); Jesus was "a gentleman of local distinction" (not at all the humble character presented in the New Testament), numbering among his very intimate friends the Lady of Maudleyn Castle, the whole conception of Mary Magdalene being a Christian adaptation of a Buddhist story.

As a critique of the Christian religion Mr. Conway's book demands no further discussion. As a record of travel it is of permanent value, since it vividly portrays not places, but people, most of whom have long since passed away.

By the Light of the Soul. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Nothing could be more inevitable than the way in which, like a homing pigeon arbitrarily carried far afield in a wicker hamper, Mrs. Freeman's transplanted genius orients itself by a moment's circling in the alien air of New Jersey, and then with one joyous swoop heads straight for New England. To her mind, normal human beings are those who live in small, chilly, frame houses, into whose diet sweet cake enters largely, who die for the truth, or more heroic yet, deliberately condemn themselves to eternal damnation by lying in a just cause. She firmly believes that the fiercest passion may find its only manifestation in stormy repression. Consequently, you accept Maria Edgham's mother, stern Puritan, married to an easy-going New Jersey commuter doing business in New York, you accept the New England aunts, you conscientiously try to accept Maria Edgham herself; but when it comes to believing in Maria's peculiar complication (to specify this would be an injustice to the story) and her subsequent behavior, you can only say "such a situation may be possible, it may have actually existed, but the fact of sounding quite incredible makes it a ticklish matter for fiction." Animal spirits have never been Mrs. Freeman's distinguishing trait, and while young Maria, Mrs. Edgham, and Aunt Maria, if a trifle shopworn, are faultlessly seen and described, the mass of other characters seem either perfunctorily conventional or shadowy.

There is genuine knowledge of human nature in the way Mrs. Edgham's harsh tongue and golden heart make a less monotonous and truer home than the beautiful Ida's wooden smile, but Ida herself arrives at such woodenness as to become flatly nonexistent. To take one instance—unless bent on remarriage, her type of schemer would never miss the value of a bewilderingly beautiful daughter as a social lever. In fact, Ida's structure has been imperfectly realized, also that of Wollaston Lee; throughout, the minor figures have been drawn with irritating superficiality, and the tardy introduction of a benevolent lady-dwarf, with a palatial drawing room modelled upon the famous chair of Sir Richard Calmady, borders perilously upon burlesque.

With all of this, Mrs. Freeman keeps her accomplished touch as a story-teller. If the present work lacks the unity and beauty of "A New England Nun," at least in it she is seeking an enlarged horizon and rather receiving fresh impressions than remaining satisfied to repeat those already used. This very condition, though temporarily disappointing, gives promise that when she has struck somewhat deeper in a new soil, we may hope, not for pale repetitions of past achievements, but for a widened interpretation of human nature, whether the field be the silver-and-satin-finished suburban residences of New Jersey, rich with the fragrance of roast chicken, or the ancient cake-blighted homesteads of New England.

Historic Hadley: A Story of the Making of a Famous Massachusetts Town. By Alice Morehouse Walker. New York: The Grafton Press.

This volume of somewhat more than local interest is the second in the Historical Series of the Grafton Press, edited by Dr. Henry R. Stiles. So largely are the lands of the early settlers now passing into the hands of aliens that the book is especially timely, serving to rescue from virtual oblivion many interesting facts of the first years of the town, and its important part in the later history of the State. The voluminous manuscripts of Sylvester Judd, now carefully guarded in the Forbes Library at Northampton, and his "History of Hadley," completed after his death, exhaustive and final as they may be, are not within reach of the general reading public, which cares little for elaborated detail and painstaking historical accuracy. But many persons enjoy these tales of peril and

bloodshed, effort and ultimate reward, when served to them in facile form. The little book, too, is accurate, never sacrificing the facts to readability or picturesqueness. Familiar traditions are always carefully scrutinized. In this class comes the oft-told tale of the regicide judges, Goffe and Whalley, who, escaping from England, had at first taken refuge in Boston, but, royal vengeance still pursuing, fled yet farther westward to New Haven. Here they were permitted to remain in peace for a time, but receiving news that orders for their arrest had reached our shores, they made their way to Hadley, to the sheltering home of Parson Russell. Incredible as it may seem, they lived here for many years unknown to the other inhabitants of the settlement. This much is authentic history. But the story that during an unexpected Indian raid and massacre the settlers were suddenly rallied and commanded in a most expert manner by a stranger of venerable aspect, to the end that the Indians were completely routed, the stranger himself disappearing as soon as victory was assured, has been, alas! found by late historians to be but picturesque fiction, even embodied as it is in the well-known old engraving of the early perils of our forefathers, and in Cooper's "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," and Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

From the settlement of the hamlet of Quonektacut in 1659, its story is told through many vicissitudes; we learn of Mary Webster, most noteworthy witch of Hampshire County; of the establishment of churches, schools, the Hopkins Academy; the setting off of Amherst, "the East Precinct"; the march of Gen. Burgoyne and his entertainment in Hadley, after his surrender, in the hospitable home of Col. Porter, to whom he presented his sword—an invaluable relic still preserved by descendants; of Shays's rebellion, of Jonathan Edwards, and of later happenings, even to the death of Bishop Huntington. But with the surprising influx of peasant foreigners we must note the passing of the romance of the great "river of pines." It is well to have the story of one of its typical villages so pleasantly embodied in a picture whose separate parts retain a just perspective in a well-balanced whole. The little book has value both literary and historic, and considerable narrative charm.

Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham. By Stuart J. Reid. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $10 net.

Lady Durham once wrote to her husband:

> I have a speech to tell you to-day of Charles's which I think will amuse you. The children were all talking last night at dinner, and Fanny was saying that, when the history of England came to be written a hundred years hence, your name would perhaps be mentioned in it. Upon which Charles said: "I hope they will put it, 'In the reign of George the Fourth lived the famous Mr. Lambton—he was a man of considerable talents.'"

If it were a toss-up between that childish characterization in one sentence and Mr. Reid's 800 pages, we could almost hope the latter would lose, for these volumes are an extreme illustration of that obsession of bigness which now seems to afflict most writers of English biography. Lord Durham was an important figure in his time and way, but his career was cut short by death at forty-two, and nothing that he was or did or even promised merits so ponderous a sarcophagus as Mr. Reid has provided.

Durham was a man of many fine parts and dashing qualities. A born aristocrat, he was yet a radical; "Radical Jack" was his sobriquet among the workingmen. But that he had higher gifts than those of mere agitation, is shown by the fact that John Stuart Mill had high hopes of him, and was ready to follow his political lead. A successful speaker on the hustings, and a Parliamentary orator of weight, Durham's chief title to fame is his Report on Canada. He was sent thither as governor-general, with exceptional powers, at the time of the rebellion of 1837-38, and showed his mastery of the situation not only by successfully dealing with the disaffected elements on the spot, but by his full and philosophic recommendations to the Home Government in the matter of a sound colonial policy. So just and sure was his insight in this great governmental question that his Report has recently been reprinted as a sort of classic in its kind, a fit vade-mecum for colonial administrators everywhere. Into the interesting details of Durham's Canadian experience Mr. Reid goes fully, bringing out all the aspects of what Durham with too much reason considered his cowardly betrayal by the English Government that had sent him out. This led him to resign, and, in his state of failing health, hastened his death. One valuable service his biographer does in dispelling the malicious story that the Report was not Durham's own. "The matter," sneered Brougham, "came from a felon [Turton], the style from a coxcomb [Charles Buller], and the dictator furnished only six letters, D-u-r-h-a-m." But Mr. Reid's investigation of private papers, including Buller's, convinces him that while Durham, as was natural and proper, used material secured for him by his secretaries, in ideas and presentation the great Report was the product of his own brain and hand.

Carl Snoilsky, hans lefnad och skaldskap. Af Karl Warburg. Stockholm: Geber.

With this volume Professor Warburg has again enriched Swedish literature with one of his admirable literary monographs. While in his "Viktor Rydberg" he presented a panorama, as it were, of Swedish culture during the latter part of the nineteenth century as centred in its most many-sided representative, the volume on Snoilsky is the story of a single life, though even here we see mirrored the spirit and movements of the times. The letters from the poet to his friends, which are scattered through the volume, not only are a welcome supplement to the five volumes of his poetical work, in that they throw interesting glimpses on his inner life, but show more clearly than his poems could what he thought of the literary and social movements of his day.

While still in school Snoilsky was known as a poet of promise, and when he left the university, in 1864, his position among the younger literary men of the time was secure. From Italy, where he spent the winter of 1864-65, he sent home one poem after the other, and when a number of them were collected, it was felt that here was a new singer. Here was no echo of Tegnér, here were youth, enthusiasm, and originality. The brilliant and overflowing "Opening Song" especially took everybody by storm. In a letter to a friend he speaks of his "obdurate determination to see in Italy what it is, not what it was. I know," he continues, "it is a bold statement, but nevertheless I assert that I have been, though very inferior to my predecessors, the first to have courage to give expression to a realistic view of this land of the ideals." The succeeding years, during which he resided a short time in Spain and in Paris, were nearly barren of poetical inspiration. He was not happy. He had married young, and had obtained a position in the Foreign Office; but he suffered in the stiff society life in Stockholm. He amused himself with collecting coins and books. He wrote afterwards to a friend; "It was absurd of me to think that I could live in the long run like the rest of them in our petrified, conventional society."

The revolt came in the summer of 1879, when all Sweden was stirred by the news that its most cherished poet, recently elected "one of the eighteen" in the Swedish Academy, had suddenly resigned his government position and left Sweden, alone. His marriage was dissolved, and shortly after he married again. In his second wife he found a discerning critic, whose sound judgment and sympathetic insight he often acknowledged. The great change in his life reflected itself in his poetry. Not only was there a decided increase in his productivity, but a deepening in his conception of life and of poetry. He had always been a liberal, and had often given poetical expression to his enthusiasm for freedom, independence, and unconventionality. But there had been an individualistic, aristocratic touch that conveyed an impression of coldness; the inward and outward storm through which he had gone opened up in his heart the well of sympathy for all who suffered, and his liberalism deepened to a radicalism that made one critic ask whether Snoilsky were not, after all, a radical of Ibsen's type, for whom the petty reforms of the day were mere trifles, not worth a strong sentiment. It may be doubted whether these social poems, "The Servant Brother," "Aphrodite and the Grinder," and others represent poetically a higher quality. Certain it is that they won for him the sympathy and admiration of circles to whom his more artistic productions made less appeal. In his exile his patriotic poems also began to occupy an important part of his work. Poetically these stood higher than the social poems; we find among them some of his most masterful productions, such as "Old King Gösta," "Olof Rudbeck," "The White Lady," "The Home Coming," and "At the Fair of Vernamo."

Snoilsky's letters from this period—"la seconda primavera," as his biographer calls it—contain many expressions of his social and poetical point of view:

> I am well aware of my chief defect, that I have not from childhood lived the life of the people. One-sided classical culture and education have made me, like the majority of our littérateurs, less fit to speak a language that the mass of the people can understand.

In 1889 Snoilsky returned to Sweden, to

take the position as chief librarian of the Royal Library in Stockholm. The appointment caused much opposition, both in the press and in the Diet. Suoilsky was, of course, not a trained librarian, but he was a bibliographer of rank, and we have the word of his successor, Dr. Dahlgren, who *is* a trained librarian, to the effect that his administration was highly successful. During the last years of his life he was engrossed in official duties and felt less and less inclination to poetical production. He died in 1903.

Drama.

Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era. By John Fyvie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

One of the chief motives, apparently, which prompted Mr. Fyvie to the composition of this somewhat formidable volume was a fear lest the public interested in ancient theatrical history should form erroneous estimates of the character of the different remarkable women whose abilities lent such lustre to the English stage during the eighteenth century. In this respect his work certainly is one of supererogation. No one ever dipped into the scandalous chronicles of that era, which unhappily are only too abundant, without discovering that the frailties of most of these heroines were fully as notorious as their fascinations. Inasmuch as they have all been in their graves for a century, it was scarcely necessary, and not in the least profitable, to subject their memories to the modern process of muck-raking. But it is only fair to say that his book, as a rule, shows a praiseworthy desire for accuracy, a careful sifting of a great mass of contemporary evidence, and a quick eye for significant facts. Of course, he has nothing, or very little, that is new to tell, but he creates a certain impression of freshness by drawing liberally from sources of information not in common use. To the casual reader, unlearned in such matters, his narratives will be entertaining, and, after a fashion, instructive. They furnish some vivid sketches of the theatrical life of the period, and prove that in a good many respects it very much resembled that of our own times. But, like most other publications of the kind, this one is silent on the points which alone could have much vital interest for students of to-day, descriptive details of the technical methods employed by these stage queens, hints concerning their interpretation of famous passages or characters, some means of comparison between their actual achievements and those of their successors. There is no doubt of their attractions or their triumphs. The main question now is whether their renown was due solely to surpassing genius or partly to the inexperience of their public and the complacency of their critics.

Mr. Fyvie seems to be surprised at the tremendous success, on its first production, of "The Beggar's Opera," which made Lavinia Felton Duchess of Portland; but it was almost as popular fifty years ago, when Sims Reeves was the Capt. Macheath. The appetite of modern theatregoers for the startling or the vulgar is to the full as hearty as that of their great-grandfathers. The strange story of the half-crazy Charlotte Charke, less familiar than most of the others, was worth telling, perhaps—though scarcely at such length—for the glimpse it affords of the life of the strolling player. It might have been illustrated by Hogarth. His life of Kitty Clive is full, and doubtless authoritative, but he does not bring that delightful termagant so vividly before the mind's eye as does Mrs. Clement Parsons in her rapid sketch. He lacks the grip of essentials and the sparkling style. In the case of Peg Woffington he is less fair than usual, almost playing the part of Devil's Advocate. He relies mainly on the anonymous biography of 1760, and where the facts are in doubt, does not hesitate to employ innuendo. Of course he has no difficulty in shattering the fanciful ideal of Charles Reade or in demonstrating the slovenliness of Augustin Daly's book, which was inspired largely by his managerial plans, but nobody ever imagined that Peg was a vestal. The marvel is that, coming out of the gutter as she did, she should have risen so far above her original level. She was one of the worthiest of the whole sisterhood of sinners. She is not in the same category with George Anne Bellamy. Why Mr. Fyvie should deem it worth while to devote so much space to the monotonous recital of her profligacies and those of Frances Abington and Mrs. Baddeley, is not easy to understand. Abington, of course, was a valuable actress or Garrick would not have endured her petulance as he did.

There is more justification, perhaps, for his damaging arraignment of Perdita Robinson, who was not altogether the suffering saint she is popularly supposed to have been, although her shortcomings do not operate as whitewash upon the reputation of the rascally Florizel. Two of his best chapters relate to the queer adventures of the still queerer Becky Wells, who experienced every extreme of fortune, and the career of the brilliant Dora Jordan, who, after living as the unwedded wife of the Duke of Clarence for many years in great honor and affection, was discarded when he succeeded to the British throne, and died in circumstances which have never been fully explained. Whether the theory of Mr. Fyvie that the Duke profited largely by Miss Jordan's theatrical earnings is true or not, it is not wholly inconsistent with the character of his egregious family, and is partly supported by the liberality of Queen Victoria to his children. In the matter of paper, print, and illustrations the book is admirable, and in literary quality more than respectable.

George Bernard Shaw was fortunate in having the services of such an accomplished actress as Miss Ellen Terry in the introduction of his farcical comedy, "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion," to an American audience. Without her, the performance which took place in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, would probably have fallen rather flat. The piece has no dramatic value, the plot and more than one of the personages, including the heroine, being almost grotesque in their improbability; but it is, nevertheless, exceedingly amusing. The dialogue is rich in humor, wit and satire. Indeed, there is scarcely a dull line in it, but the fruits of shrewd observation, ignorant or wilful misapplication, humorous fancy, crude social and political theories, and all sorts of intellectual vagary are mixed up in it so inextricably, that any attempt to sort them with the view of discovering some sane and practical purpose underlying the whole composition would be hopeless. But absurd as the conduct of Mr. Shaw's personages may sometimes be, the revelation of their character in speech is often extraordinarily felicitous. Nothing could be much more veracious than the sketch of the mean, sly, fawning, treacherous little guttersnipe, Drinkwater, whose assurance is only equalled by his arrant cowardice. Lady Cecily, the supposed product of some idealized Socialistic Utopia, is a creature of pure fantasy, but the effect of her imperturbable benevolence upon hostile spirits is exhibited with admirable humor. Miss Terry played the part with such refinement of manner and perfection of natural grace, such an air of accustomed authority and fearless self-confidence, that her behavior seemed humorous rather than absurd. In many ways she showed the power of real acting to create illusion. It is a pity that Mr. Shaw, who, as a dramatist, has much in common with W. S. Gilbert, should not be endowed with some measure of the latter's sanity.

The production of an original quasi-historical romantic tragedy in blank verse, by an American author, is so rare an event upon the American stage that it deserves special consideration. Percy Mackaye, the author of "Jeanne d'Arc," which was presented in the Lyric Theatre by Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern on Tuesday evening, is not so fine a poet as Stephen Phillips, but he has written an exceedingly meritorious play, dealing with a stirring subject in a worthy and dignified manner. He has followed the accepted facts of history with sufficient fidelity, has embellished them skilfully with supernatural machinery, and has produced a workmanlike drama which is likely to find a place in the permanent literature of the American theatre. It contains vigorous and melodious verse, ingenious and effective situations, and some good characterization. The central figure of the Maid, with her rural simplicity and rhapsodical faith, is very well drawn. She is introduced first at a village festival, where, being left alone with a dying soldier, she cheers him with the story of her visions. The incident is well imagined and well told. Next the Maid detects the Dauphin, who has hidden among his courtiers at Chinon, declares his legitimacy—which is confirmed by a miraculous apparition—and is entrusted with military command. The third act is outside Orleans, where she is at first repulsed and wounded, but afterwards carries the city by assault. In the fourth she completes her mission by crowning the King at Rheims. The last act shows her betrayed and deserted at Rouen, and the curtain falls upon her execution. There is a great deal of good, original work in the play, together with much that is feeble. As the composition of a beginner it is full of promise. Unfortunately, it was not presented on Tuesday with the spirit which it deserves. Miss Marlowe interpreted the ecstatic side of the Maid with the right simplicity and fervor, and showed a fine frenzy in rallying the beaten troops, but her impersonation was somewhat over-sentimental and refined.

Mr. Sothern, too, lacked life and variety as the meditative Alençon. Few of the subordinate players revealed much familiarity with the ways of romantic acting, and still fewer had the least notion of how to utter blank verse. In this respect even the principals failed. This is one of the reasons why the cause of the poetic drama is so desperate.

George Alexander has waived his rights to the new version of "Faust" upon which Stephen Phillips is engaged, and the work will therefore be undertaken by Beerbohm Tree, who will act the part of Mephistopheles. But the production is a long way off yet, for the manuscript is not to be delivered until September.

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon next April will be the most remarkable yet held. The performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott will appear in "Hamlet"; Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice"; in "Othello" Lewis Waller will be the Moor and H. B. Irving Iago, while Miss Evelyn Millard will appear as Desdemona. George Alexander has agreed to play the leading part in "As You Like It" or "Much Ado About Nothing"; and Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore have also promised their services. Mr. Benson's season at Stratford-on-Avon will extend over three weeks, beginning on April 22; and the repertory this year will be enlarged by the production of "All's Well that Ends Well" or "Troilus and Cressida," two plays which Mr. Benson has not yet produced on the stage. "Love's Labor's Lost" is also to be given. There will also be seen at Stratford-on-Avon a great historical pageant with singing pilgrims carrying floral offerings to the tomb of Shakespeare; and a Shakespearean anthem, probably with a musical setting by Sir Hubert Parry, is to be sung.

The old theatre at Weimar, notable in the history both of the drama and of music, is to be closed. The week from February 9 to 16 will be given up to special performances, including Schiller's "Räuber," Goethe's "Iphigenie," and Wagner's "Lohengrin."

An exhibition of "engraved portraits of famous actors of the olden time" will be open at the Grolier Club in this city until February 16.

Music.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

The Russians have lately taken such complete possession of our concert halls, so far as solo recitals are concerned, that it comes quite as a surprise to have to record the appearance of some one else beside Gabrilowitch, Lhévinne, Scriabine, Petchnikoff, and the rest of them. Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, recalled the fact that there are Americans, too, who can play the piano; and later on we are to hear Mme. Samaroff, who is an American, despite her Russian name, and probably Joseffy, who, though born in Hungary, has become an American by right of long residence.

A year ago it was announced that Mrs. Zeisler was a victim of nervous prostration, brought on by overwork. She had the good sense to take a sufficiently long rest, and her playing indicates that she has suffered the loss of none of the fine qualities that have made her famous. She plays the Schubert-Liszt "Erlking" with the same stirring dramatic energy as of yore; she interprets a Beethoven sonata (in this case op. 31, No. 2) in the semi-classical, semi-romantic spirit which is proper to that master; she sings the melody of a Chopin scherzo with exquisite feminine tenderness and depth of feeling; she has the power to reproduce the bold rhythms of a Chopin polonaise without seeming to aim at a mannish display of strength; she knows how to reveal the poetic beauties hidden, for most pianists, under the technical difficulties of a Liszt étude; in short, she is a pianist of the first rank, one of the few whose playing never results in boredom.

But why did she play that Sérénade of Rachmaninoff? Have we not Russians more than enough to take care of their own music, and should not the American composer, Edward MacDowell, who has written much better pieces than that Sérénade—who, in fact, has written better piano music than any living Russian, or any dead Russian, for that matter, except Rubinstein—should not Edward MacDowell be played by American pianists? A great wave of sympathy for this man, who has raised American music to the European level, has swept the country; the sales of his music have greatly increased; the Mendelssohn Glee Club is raising a fund for him with the aid of many other musical societies in all parts of the country; but the professional pianists continue to ignore the very music which thousands are just at present most eager to hear. They held aloof from the music of Chopin and Schumann in the same way while those masters were living. They waited many years after Beethoven's death before playing his sonatas. But is it necessary to repeat the follies of the nineteenth century in the twentieth?

GRIEG'S "LYRIC SUITE."

One of the most interesting novelties of the musical season was the "Lyric Suite" of Grieg, which had its first performance in America at last week's Philharmonic concert. When the factitious excitement over Richard Strauss has died away it will be seen more clearly that the greatest of living creative musicians is Edvard Grieg. To be sure, he has written little during the last decade, because of the precarious state of his health, but what he does write is sure to live. The Suite referred to has special interest for us because the world really owes it, in its orchestral form, to a naturalized American citizen—Anton Seidl, who adored Grieg almost as much as he did Wagner and who never ceased regretting that the great Norwegian had written so few pieces for orchestra. He endeavored to increase the scant list by arranging four of the lyric piano pieces ("Lyrische Stücke"), opus 54, for orchestra. After Seidl's death Grieg revised the manuscript. Under his direction a performance was given at Copenhagen; he found Seidl's arrangement "undeniably very good from his point of view, but too heavy for my intentions. The whole Wagnerian apparatus was used for my mood pictures, which did not in all cases suit me." Before sending it to the publisher he secured the permission of Seidl's widow to revise the orchestration thoroughly, and by way of acknowledging his indebtedness to Seidl for discovering the availibility of these piano pieces, he forwarded her 1,000 marks as her share of the receipts from the publisher.

As arranged by Seidl, the suite included the number called "Bell Ringing," one of the strangest pieces ever written—an attempt, and a weirdly successful one, to imitate the mingled consonant and dissonant sounds made by bells. Seidl's version emphasized its singularity; but evidently Grieg feared that it would prove too much like caviare to the general, so he omitted this, and the four pieces he used are the plaintive, idyllic "Shepherd Lad"; the rustic and characteristically Norse "Ganger," or "Peasant March"; the dreamy "Nocturne," and the superbly Norwegian and Griegian "March of the Dwarfs," the wild and fantastic main theme of which is interrupted by one of those tender and exquisitely modulated melodies, the secret of which Grieg, almost alone among all composers, seems to have inherited from Schubert—a *cantabile* which, nevertheless, differs from Schubert's as widely as the scenery of Austria does from the fjords of Norway.

While Grieg has written little for orchestra, he has a keen instinct for beautiful coloring. His version of the four piano pieces sounded the more enchanting, coming as they did after the third symphony of Brahms, whose music, in the words of Tchaikovsky, "lacks the chief thing—beauty." Those who missed the Philharmonic will have opportunity to hear the "Lyric Suite" to-night at Cooper Union Hall, or to-morrow night at Carnegie Hall, as performed by the People's Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Arens. The programme of the concerts referred to include also Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture and a "Southern Fantasy," by W. H. Humiston, which will have its first public performance.

A purely orchestral programme, without soloist, has been made up by Walter Damrosch for the next New York Symphony Orchestra concerts, Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, February 2 and 3, at Carnegie Hall. To all those interested in the development of American composers the announcement of "The Festival of Pan," by F. S. Converse, will prove of special interest. Mr. Converse is among the foremost of the younger American composers. He is the successor of the late Prof. J. K. Paine at Harvard, and has several works to his credit, notably an opera, "The Pipe of Desire." The programme also includes: Symphony No. 3 (Rhenish), Schumann; love music and Brangaene's Call from Act II., "Tristan and Isolde" (arranged for concert performance by Walter Damrosch), Wagner; Variation on an Original Theme, Edward Elgar.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, the pianist, is to be the soloist with the Philharmonic Society of New York on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, March 1 and 2. She will play with the Pittsburgh Orchestra in Pittsburgh on April 5 and 6. In February she is to play with the Boston Symphony in Boston, New York, Washington, and Brooklyn.

Though only forty-one years of age, A. C. Glazounoff, the Russian musician, is soon to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his début as a composer. A symphony by him was produced when he was sixteen. Russia, and especially St. Petersburg, where Glazounoff is a professor at the Royal Conservatorium, is preparing a series of festivities for him; and Cambridge University, England, has offered him an honorary musical degree. That university, it will be recollected, conferred a similar honor on Grieg, Saint-Saëns, Bruch, Joachim, and other distinguished musicians. At the festival in St. Petersburg the programme will include the composer's first symphony and his latest, No. 8, which is nearly completed.

Wagner relics are rising in the market. At a recent auction in Berlin the original score of the famous "Schuster-lied," from "Die Meistersinger," was bid up to $650, while a collection of about twenty letters to the opera singer, Franz Betz, brought $350.

Art.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 15.

If the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters is the Royal Academy's "expiation," as I believe Rossetti called it, no one can deny that the Academy "expiates" this year with less distinction and splendor than on many former occasions. For twenty-eight years the Academy has been showing old masters; but the supply in the country is not inexhaustible, and this winter there is no sensationally sudden appearance of a long neglected masterpiece. Most of the fine things have already been exhibited not so very long ago.

A look at the catalogue impresses one with the number of distinguished masters represented—Dürer and Holbein, Botticelli and Bellini, Mabuse and Antonio Mor, Palma Vecchio and Luini, Raphael and Sodoma. Many of these names are already tumbling before the picture detective, or reviving old battles, the Raphael, in particular, Sir Charles Robinson's Madonna dei Candelabri, with its American rival, offering an irresistible opportunity for going over the old argumeuts for and against. To look at the exhibition itself is to find that in most cases it does not justify the array of names. There are, to be sure, interesting things. A Portrait of a Lady, a small half-length—whether its painter was really Holbein as the catalogue states, whether the Lady is really a Queen of England as authorities suggest—has its charm in the delicacy of the flat modelling, the primness and severity of the Holbeinesque expression and pose, the discreetly folded hands without a hint of compromise, and in the beautiful painting of gold-embroidered stuffs and many jewels; but the picture, for all its charm and care and accomplishment, is not one Holbein would have taken special pride in claiming. There are paintings with the decorative impressiveness that the Primitives, as a rule, could give to their most conventional and impersonal work. When all is said, however, the painting that stands out with a more personal quality than the stock-in-trade of any one school or generation, the painting with an individuality that leaps to the eye and makes itself felt, is from Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp, a portrait by Nicholas Lucidel, whose name is by no means one of the greatest and most widely known in the group. The Lady who sat to him may have been, as the maker of the catalogue seems to think, Anna von Botzheim, who came of a well-remembered Nuremberg family. But it makes no difference who she was. The interest of the picture is in the character given to the pleasant though not all too beautiful face, the handling of the complicated detail of ornament and the mastery of its subordination. The loveliness of color, crimson and white lit by the gold of chain and embroidery against a quiet gray background, Whistler would have approved. It is of this picture one brings away an impression to add to the gallery in one's memory of the great or delightful portraits of the world.

The work of the Flemings and Dutchmen of a later period—to which another room is devoted—is entirely overshadowed by the vigor and glory of Franz Hals and Rembrandt. By Hals there are only two pictures, and of these one alone is of the finest quality. There are only four attributed to Rembrandt. And yet they dominate not this one small room merely, but the entire exhibition. Here, again, it is Earl Spencer who has contributed the most notable canvases. From him comes the memorable Admiral de Ruyter, every inch a man born to command, whether it was De Ruyter or not who stood for it. To this picture Hals gave for all time the dignity and force that were De Ruyter's in life, adding, moreover, a splendid sobriety of color in the black and white of his dress, a blunt elegance in pose, and a strength, a swagger, in the painting that no one has yet surpassed. And it is from the Althorp collection that a little Portrait of a Boy by Rembrandt, once called Portrait of William of Orange, also comes. It is unfinished, as the catalogue describes it, but no one would have had Rembrandt add another touch; it is simplicity itself, a half-length, against a quiet, black background, and it is handled in a way that is unexpectedly suggestive of Velasquez. In this respect I know of no other Rembrandt quite like it. Often, before this, Hals and Rembrandt have been seen at the Academy in greater numbers or more famous canvases. But as I made the rounds of the far larger collection of English pictures of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, I could forget neither the De Ruyter nor the Boy once known as William of Orange. They seemed to come with me, to cling to me, so as to set the standard, judged by which the Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses and Romneys could be accepted as nothing more than graceful decorations, the Hoppers and Raeburns and Lawrences nothing more than, at the best, vigorous puppets. It is not every one who can be vigorous like Hals without vulgarity, refined like Rembrandt and yet absolutely true to life.

There are several most delightful Gainsboroughs, one in particular with a more sensational attraction than technique or even subject can ever be to the general public—the Portrait of Miss Linley, that, when it suddenly came up for sale at Christie's from no one knew where, dirty and shabby, was sold for no less than 9,000 guineas. This is one of the rare romances of the auction room, nowadays, when every picture of merit of every master of renown is supposed to have been traced, measured, judged, and catalogued. Perhaps the most unexpected thing in the story or romance is that the picture has the advantage of being very charming, and would still seem so if its discovery had been less sensational. The face is sweet, with a little of the oversweetness of many of Gainsborough's ladies; but there can be no qualification to one's pleasure in the delicacy, the exquisiteness of the painting in the gold-embroidered low bodice—the portrait is only a bust—and the white and gold scarf. These are the details over which he was apt to linger with greater sympathy and insight than over the details of the face. The English portrait painters of his generation seemed afraid of the character that artists like Rembrandt and Hals and Velasquez prized, even if found in the ugliest model or sitter, above the Book-of-Beauty prettiness of so many of Gainsborough's and Reynolds's women.

The finest of the Reynoldses came, like the finest Rembrandt and Hals and Primitives, from the collection at Althorp. These are the Portrait of Margaret Georgiana Countess Spencer and her Daughter Georgiana, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, the mother encircling with her arms the child who stands on a table clasping her mother's neck, in a composition built up with the stateliness and the grace that Reynolds brought to the grouping of his figures; and the Portrait of John Charles, Viscount Althorp, a small boy, in the old-fashioned costume of the day, standing in a spacious conventional landscape as characteristic of the period. He is charming, with hardly more than a suspicion of the sentiment that Reynolds's descendants exaggerated into mawkish affectation. But you cannot get rid of the feeling of convention in the deliberately posed figure and his deliberately composed surroundings, when you remember that other child presented so simply, with no picturesque accessories.

Still less can the Sir George Sinclair, Bart., as a boy by Raeburn, and Edward, fifth Earl of Darnley, also a small boy, by Hoppner, bear comparison with the Rembrandt. Both children, like Reynolds's little Viscount, are placed with the picturesqueness of the studio in a landscape designed according to formula and not nature; Raeburn's boy is seated on a rock, Hoppner's leans against a rock, as you may be sure neither their own family nor the painters ever saw them sit or lean. The convention has already become more artificial than it was with Reynolds; the essentials of life, character, reality prized by Rembrandt, are forgotten.

It would have been wiser had the collection ended here, that is, chronologically. But the work of British artists has been carried down to yesterday, and has been selected with so little discrimination that it can produce no other effect than to make one deplore the sad and complete degeneracy of British art. A picture by Wilkie seems to

hang in the place of honor, in the centre of one of the smaller rooms, for no other reason than to explain how this degeneracy came about. It is his Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Waterloo Dispatch, and belongs to the Duke of Wellington. The composition is crowded with as many figures as would fill a three-volume novel—soldiers bringing the news, Chelsea pensioners listening to it and drinking in front of a public house, women, children, dogs, horses, uniforms, and almost everything has a story or a meaning or an association, so that the description serving as key to it takes up a whole half-page of the catalogue. The great tradition, even the charming convention, has gone, and in its place is a tedious conscientiousness in a multiplicity of details that art has nothing to do with, an absorption in subject, a smallness of pictorial idea and composition. And, after all, if this is what was wanted in the beginning of, or just before, the Victorian era of dulness and pettiness, how infinitely better it was done by a Fleming like Teniers, as you have only to walk back to the room of the Rembrandts and Hals to see! Wilkie was probably one of the most overrated mediocrities who ever painted in England. He did more than almost anybody to reduce the Royal Academy to its present condition of weakness and decay.

There is "expiation" of a kind, I fancy, in the room after the Wilkie, where you find a collection of pictures by men who died more or less recently. Not in the hanging, of course, of two pictures by Leighton, one the elaborate but empty Syracusan Bride Leading Wild Animals for Sacrifice to the Temple of Diana. It was first exhibited, the catalogue says, in 1866—some years later therefore than the notorious Procession of Cimabue. But it makes you understand why Leighton, who as painter is of such meagre interest now, was hailed as the coming genius when he first appeared upon the scene, young and radiant, from his studies in Munich and Florence. The Pre-Raphaelites, superabundantly supplied with ideals as they were, could not quite shake off the influences of Wilkie and his followers. Leighton, trained abroad, designed and painted his pictures on a more ambitious scale; he had a sense of bigness. And yet he could not escape from subject any more than Wilkie, nor could he see it pictorially: only, with him, it was not domestic, but classical, as his admirers pointed out with awe.

The irony to-day is to find hanging with him, and classed as "Deceased Masters," artists for whom the Academy had, so long as they lived, never an honor to spare: Alfred Stevens—by whom there is only one small portrait, of W. Blundell Spence of Florence, but what character in the head, what dignity, what restraint; John Linnells, not very great, perhaps, but who could paint landscape far better than most of the Academicians of his generation; the two Scotchmen, Alexander Fraser and Sam Bough; and James Charles, who has not yet been dead a year. Charles exhibited at the Academy, but was better known as an exhibitor at the International and the New English Art Club. Painters had the greatest respect for him. The Academy, however, never gave him the chance to write the initials A.R.A., much less R.A., after his name; the recognition might well have come sooner. His work is scholarly by the side of Leighton's, with which, I should add, it cannot be compared as far as subject is concerned. The few pictures here are mostly landscapes. Even when Charles made use of the sort of subject beloved by the British public—as in his Fifty Years Ago: Her Wedding Gown, an old woman gazing upon her youthful finery with the pathos that is popular—his theme was merely the concession of the artist who must live somehow; but you can see that his real interest was in the problems of light and atmosphere it suggested; that to him, personally, the old woman and her story were of much less account than the exact values of the flowers set in a row against the window beyond. He was a painter, preoccupied not with anecdote, domestic or classical, but with the painter's problems, which he approached always in the spirit of the student. For his work, the test of comparison with old masters is rather too severe, and this is why, of the examples now gathered together, none strikes one as so satisfactory as The Chalk Pit, which does not pretend to be anything more than a study of white chalk cliffs in sunshine.

N. N.

Since the South Kensington Museum has made a special exhibition of those works of Giovanni Bastianini, which it had bought eagerly as Renaissance originals, there has been much writing about the sculptor-forger of Fiesole. A welcome addition to this literature is "Giovanni Bastianini e Paolo Ricci; Scultori Fiesolani," by Canonico Dionisio Brunori (Florence: Tipographia Domonicana). This illustrated pamphlet professes only to give the life of its hero, as seen by a kinsman. Its horizon is that of Fiesole, and it pays little attention to works in foreign possession. In recompense it affords a vivid picture of the struggles of a nineteenth-century sculptor with a fifteenth-century soul, and makes some contribution to the anecdotage of art. Born in 1830 of a peasant family, Bastianini, at the age of eighteen, bound himself to the Florentine antiquary, Freppa, in consideration of two francs a day and his studio expenses. This contract was less burdensome than it has been represented, for Bastianini worked also on his own account—a practice that Freppa winked at, though it cost him at least one rueful experience. Freppa taught his familiar to read and write, thus reinforcing his instinctive love of the Quattrocento with some knowledge of history. Bastianini's training as a sculptor had been the most desultory, but in the early twenties he made the colored bust of Savonarola that was exhibited a few years later in the Palazzo Riccardi as a splendid original of the fourteenth century. Bastianini promptly avowed its authorship and his fame began to rise. In 1864 was modelled that marvellous bust of Beniveni that stood for a time in the Louvre before the Slaves of Michelangelo. When the maker declared that it was merely a faithful portrait of Giuseppe Bonaiuti, a workman in a tobacco factory, there were contemptuous denials that this masterpiece could come from an ignorant peasant. In rejoinder the artist offered to make a duplicate, but died in 1868 before the promise could be fulfilled. In 1876 his group in the modern taste, "The Dance," received a medal at the World's Exposition at Philadelphia. Other pieces of this style are reproduced in the pamphlet before us, and curiously there is nothing archaic about them. They represent merely the high average of post-Berninesque Italian sculpture. The archaistic pieces, which were made for a matter of a few hundred francs, are now sold on their merits in the thousands. His life may be regarded as successful, but it recalls the sad waste of talent caused by the modern craze for the pseudo-antique. We must close with a characteristic anecdote. On one occasion Freppa came into Bastianini's studio, exultant over a tiny Madonna, "true Quattrocento," that he had bought at a bargain. Bastianini was constrained to tell his employer that this was one of the outside jobs, that the mould was in the studio, and that if Freppa liked the thing he could have as many as he wished. The biographical sketch of Ricci, a sculptor who practised an ingenious polychromy with porphyry and similar hard materials, is of minor interest, and serves chiefly to stiffen the brochure for the shelf.

We are not informed whether Julia Cartwright's "Early Work of Raphael" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a reprint. As long ago as 1895 Mrs. Ady contributed to *The Portfolio* her "Raphael in Rome," which begins abruptly where this little book leaves off, and this book has all the air of a first part of that study. At any rate, it gives in readable form the facts of Raphael's life and career, up to the year 1508, as they are received by the Morellian school of criticism. Much more than that it hardly pretends to give, and for any detailed appreciation of the artistic qualities of Raphael one must look elsewhere.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have announced a series of authoritative books on landscape architecture long out of print. First will come Humphry Repton's "Art of Landscape Gardening," revised and edited by John Nolen. This will be followed by Thomas Whately's "Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening," edited by F. L. Olmsted, jr., and the work of Fürst Pückler von Muskau on his own park in Germany, translated by Samuel Parsons, jr.

The list of Fra Filippo Lippi's works must be enlarged by a Madonna and Child which has recently been brought to the President's office in the Palazzo Riccardi, Florence. This panel long stood over the altar of the Castello Pulci, near Signa. When that building was converted into an insane asylum, the picture was brought, with others of less importance, to the museum of San Salvi, where it has remained unregarded, in the secretary's office, for a matter of ten years, its existence being known only to a few connoisseurs. It will soon be put on public exhibition in the Hall of Luca Giordano. The panel is tall, rounded at the top, and in the original massive Renaissance frame, with disengaged Corinthian columns. The composition resembles closely that of the Madonna with Four Saints in the Accademia, the architectural setting of which it practically reproduces. The pose is, however, reversed, the Child standing at the Virgin's left. The figures are of life size, and shown to the knee. It is notable among the

Frate's pictures for the brilliance and excellent preservation of the colors. The Virgin's mantle is the conventional blue, her tunic a remarkable crimson brocaded with gold. The line is more fluent than is usual with the Frate, and, since this must be one of his latest works, the fascinating possibility is raised that he may here reveal the influence of his gifted pupil Botticelli.

A loan exhibition of rare Chinese porcelains in aid of various charities is on view at Duveen Brothers' gallery, No. 302 Fifth Avenue. This is one of the most remarkable collections of porcelains ever shown in New York city, comprising specimens from the cabinets of such collectors as J. Pierpont Morgan.

The Art Institute of Chicago and the Municipal Art League opened their annual exhibition of works of artists of Chicago and vicinity on January 29.

The authorities of the Bibliothèque Nationale are organizing for the forthcoming spring an exhibition of portraits, drawings, and miniatures taken from or appearing in some of the finer illuminated manuscripts of the sixteenth century.

Col. Borgatti's long researches in Castel Sant' Angelo, Rome, as reported in the *Tribuna*, have led him to the following revolutionary conclusions: The building was begun by Hadrian as a conical pyramid, and decorated with the rarest marbles and Grecian sculptures. At his death the work was unfinished; probably the level of the sepulchre had not been reached. Antoninus changed and greatly enlarged the plan, choosing the form of a drum upon a square basement, and providing a place of burial for all the Imperial family and their descendants. He lived to build only the core, his own vault, and the tomb was continued irregularly, from cheaper materials. During the Renaissance it was greatly enlarged as a fortress, so that one may say broadly that it remains as "one of the most remarkable, or rather as the unique, example of an Italian fortification in use from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century. It perpetuates the work of Taccola, Rossellino, Alberti, San Gallo, and others, down to Bernini." We shall await with interest the arguments for the theory here baldly stated.

The French archæological expedition at work on the island of Delos has been able to extend its operations very considerably. North of the Hieron an extensive hall of columns has been laid bare, with an inscription stating that it was built by the Macedonian King, Antigonus Gonatas. In the same neighborhood a tomb from the Mycenæan period was found. New streets, extending from the theatre, have been exposed, and in several of the houses fine statues were found, one of Polyhymnia being particularly beautiful. South of the Hieron the archæologists unearthed a circular monument, probably the shrine of the wealthy Athenian family of Heros Archegetas; and near by an esplanade hewn into the rocks with fine extra large lions, dating from the pre-Persian age, the stone evidently from Naxos. New chronological data have also been found, one of the stelæ containing a list of the names of all the priests during the second Athenian occupancy of the island. Numismatics, too, have been enriched, especially with additions of Attic silver coins.

Jacques Reich has added to his collection of etched portraits of famous Americans one of Andrew Carnegie. This portrait, an admirable likeness, is well up to the level of his previous work.

Thirty pictures of the Barbizon school collected by H. S. Henry of Philadelphia, were sold at auction in this city last Friday night by the American Art Association. They brought in all $352,000. The highest price was paid for Troyon's Le Retour à la Ferme, $65,000. This picture brought $24,500 on February 29, 1896, at the dispersal of William Schaus's pictures in this city. The feature of the sale was the high prices for small Corots; seven of them ranged from $7,000 to $24,000. The prices in detail were as follows: Corot—Chateau Thierry, $9,800; Premières Feuilles, $7,000; The River, $20,600; Nymphes jouant avec un Tigre, $19,100; Meditation, $15,600; Le Matin au Bord du Lac, $11,300; The Glade, $24,000. Daubigny — The First Shades of Night, $4,800; The Harbor, $5,000; Farm at Villerville, $6,700. Decamps, Les Contrebandiers, $7,100. Delacroix—Lion Attaqué, $4,400; Tigre Serpent, $6,700; Arabe Montant à Cheval, $7,200; The Release of the Princess Olga, $11,100. Diaz—The Forest, Fontainebleau, $5,200; Whisperings of Love, $5,500. Dupré — Sunlight, $8,300; Twilight, $13,000. Fromentin—The Falconers, $3,800. Géricault—Starting for the Race at Rome, $3,000. Millet—The Retreat from the Storm, $6,700; The Shepherdess and Her Flock, $15,000. Rousseau—Landscape, $4,900; Paysage en Sologne, $6,400; Sunlight, $21,600; Twilight, $10,100. Troyon—The Farrier, $7,600; Going to Market, $16,000; Le Retour à la Ferme, $65,000.

On February 1, the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells some engravings, etchings, and drawings, partly from the collections of Dr. S. M. Burnett and James R. Pitcher. The sale includes some New York views, a few etchings by Rembrandt, and a series of etchings by Charles Jacque.

Science.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN.

In the selection on January 23 of Charles Doolittle Walcott to fill the post of secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the regents pay tribute to the worth of a man who by painstaking work, and without the influence of university surroundings, had already attained the highest administrative office in science which the Government of this country could bestow. Succeeding J. W. Powell in the Directorship of the National Geological Survey in 1894, at a time when there was a bitter struggle for partisan control of that service, Mr. Walcott immediately applied himself to reconstructing the bureau and lifting it to a plane above individual and sectional hostility. His success in this effort is attested by the general favor in which the work of the Survey has been held for a period of twelve years and the generous cooperation that it has received from scientific workers throughout the country. The Congressional grants for the maintenance of the Geological Survey have been nearly doubled during Mr. Walcott's administration, and to this department has been entrusted the expenditure of the millions of dollars annually devoted to the vast irrigation or "reclaiming" enterprises in the far West.

Born at New York Mills in 1850, Mr. Walcott began his official career as a geologist and paleontologist when, in 1876, he became attached to the New York State Survey. A few years later he was made assistant geologist of the United States Geological Survey. In that service he was official paleontologist 1888-1893, and chief geologist 1893-1894, advancing in the last-named year to the directorship. During his incumbency of this last office he held for a limited period the secretaryship of the Carnegie Institution at Washington and an *ad interim* assistant secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the United States National Museum (following upon the death of the acting curator, G. Brown Goode). Mr. Walcott's administrative ability is further indicated by his work tending toward the coördination of the scientific departments and bureaus of the national capital.

However important to the knowledge and general development of the natural resources of this country may have been the labors of Mr. Walcott as director of the United States Geological Survey, his position in the field of science will probably be most permanently fixed through his contributions as an original student of invertebrate paleontology. His investigations, carried on through a period of over a quarter of a century, upon the most ancient faunas, are a monument of diligent research; and they have done much to revolutionize the views of geologists regarding the development of life-forms and the relationships existing between the land-surfaces and water areas of the Cambrian and pre-Cambrian periods. Mr. Walcott's latest work, which is soon to appear, is a review of the Cambrian brachiopoda of the world; it will probably be the most comprehensive monograph of a world fauna that has ever been published. Much material bearing upon this subject was obtained by a special expedition sent into the interior of China in 1903.

Mr. Walcott, though not a university man himself, rising from the ranks of the public schools, has been a recipient of many university degrees (from Chicago, Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, etc.), and upon him was conferred, in 1898, the Bigsby Medal of the London Geological Society.

We have been asked to call attention to the fact that a number of copies of Dr. Sven Hedin's "Scientific Results of a Journey in Central Asia, 1899-1902" still remain unsubscribed for. The work, which was originally planned to be published in four volumes with two volumes of maps, has, on account of the wealth of material, swelled out so that, when completed, the descriptive part alone will occupy four volumes; and the first of these contains the same number of illustrations (500) which was intended for this whole part of the work. But in spite of this expansion the subscription price of £15 has remained unaltered. The

Swedish Riksdag appropriated 75,000 kronor as aid in the publication, but this sum will not suffice to cover the expenses connected with the printing. Besides the four volumes of Dr. Hedin's own descriptive account, there will be two volumes of contributions by various scientists: Meteorological Observations by Dr. N. Ekholm; Astronomical Observations by Prof. P. G. Rosén; Geological Collections by Dr. H. Bäckström and Prof. G. De Geer; Botanical by Prof. G. Lagerheim, and Zoölogical by Prof. W. Leche. The Atlas of about 100 maps on a scale of 1:100,000 and 1:200,000 will constitute an important feature. Mr. Himly of Wiesbaden will edit and publish the ancient Chinese manuscripts and inscriptions from the third century which the explorer brought home with him. The two volumes of the description which have so far been published are devoted to the Tarim River, and to the lake of Lop-Nor. Of the other volumes parts of the Meteorological Observations and of the description of the Zoölogical Collections have appeared. Prof. Leche, the author of the latter, visited the St. Petersburg museum for the purpose of making comparisons with the specimens of Asiatic fauna in its collections, and found that a large number of the specimens which Dr. Hedin brought home are hitherto unknown or very rare.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish the English edition of Jean Finot's "Race Prejudice," which attempts to do away with the ancient notion of distinction among races.

In the *Philippine Journal of Science* for November, 1906, Dr. Charles S. Banks, entomologist of the Bureau of Science at Manila, lists the mosquitoes of the Philippines so far as known, and describes some new species. In all, eighty-three species, subspecies, and varieties of culicidæ are enumerated, embraced in thirty genera in six sub-families. There have been collected eight more unidentified species, so that, even before work in this direction has been done in the higher altitudes of the Philippines, the islands are already credited with almost as many kinds of mosquitoes as are found in the United States. *Stegomyia fasciata* Fabr., the yellow-fever mosquito, has been attributed to the Philippines by various writers, who have inferred that there will be danger of yellow fever when the Panama Canal is open. Dr. Banks has found, however, that the Philippine *Stegomyia fasciata* presents ornamentation differing from the *Stegomyia fasciata* Fabr. sufficiently to be considered a sub-species, hence he says:

Unless further search should prove the presence of *Stegomyia fasciata* Fabr. in these islands, the fear of an epidemic would be unfounded unless *Stegomyia fasciata persistans* Banks [the new sub-species] should prove to be able to convey yellow fever.

The French Academy of Sciences has received from the Prince of Monaco a report on the chief features of his scientific campaign in the Arctic last year. The most difficult work was the geodetic survey of the hitherto unexplored mountain region of Spitzbergen. A party of seven Norwegians and one Frenchman covered 1,600 miles over the interior glaciers, and obtained a complete chart of the region, which is covered with glaciers, only the summits of the mountains showing above the ice.

The International Congress on School Hygiene, which is to be held at the University of London August 5 to 10, will deal with methods for the first and subsequent medical examinations of school children; school work in its relation to the duration of the lessons, the sequence of the subjects, and the season of the year; the school in its relation to tuberculosis; and the lighting and ventilation of class-rooms.

Prof. Ernest W. Brown, now professor of astronomy and mathematics at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society for his researches on the mathematical theory of the motion of the moon. Professor Brown will continue his work next year as a member of the faculty of Yale.

Sir Michael Foster, Unionist member of Parliament for London University since 1900, died this week Tuesday. Born in 1836, he was educated at Huntington Grammar School and University School and College, London. In 1867 he entered upon his career as a university teacher; in 1869 he became professor of practical physiology at University College, London; in 1870, praelector of physiology, Trinity College, Cambridge; and from 1883 to 1903 he was professor of physiology at Cambridge. From 1881 to 1903 he was secretary of the Royal Society; and in 1899 president of the British Association. His "Text-Book of Physiology" has gone through many editions; he was also the author of "Lectures on the History of Physiology," and joint editor of the "Scientific Memoirs" of Huxley. In 1900 he came to San Francisco, where he delivered a course of ten lectures on the history of physiology at the Cooper Medical College. He was knighted in June, 1899. He consented to enter Parliament on the condition that he should not be regarded as a party man, but as the guardian of interests of science.

Prof. Adam Paulsen, head of the Meteorological Institute, Copenhagen, died January 11, aged seventy-four. He is best known by his studies on the Aurora Borealis, carried on in Greenland in 1882, and described in his "Observations internationales polaires" (1882-3).

Finance.

RAILWAYS BORROWING ON THEIR NOTES.

It was pointed out in this column, a fortnight ago, how the enthusiasm over new issues of railway stock, with valuable "subscription rights" to existing shareholders, gave way to apprehension over the effect which such increase in supply of stock might have on values. The phenomenon was the familiar one of supply increasing suddenly and enormously, while demand remained unchanged. What has happened since the recent announcements of $400,000,000 to $500,000,000 of such new issues has been economically logical—declines of 20 to 80 points in the most active railway stocks. But the uncertainty aroused by the December announcements was not the end of the matter, because it was perfectly well known that still other railways were waiting to borrow money which they imperatively needed. James J. Hill of the Great Northern, as has already been noted, had declared that necessary new work on our railways would cost "a yearly average of $1,100,000,000." Some two weeks ago President W. W. Finley of the Southern Railway wrote, referring to his section of the country alone:

The work of providing the necessary additional track will require a vast output of capital. How it is to be provided is everywhere a matter of grave concern to railway managers. It must be borrowed.

But the question remained, how and on what terms could the money be borrowed, when so great a part of the country's available capital had been mortgaged, for a year or two ahead, to the three or four great railways which were first on the ground with their requisitions? To some degree, the fall in stocks itself would help matters, because a shrinkage, say of 20 per cent. in values of existing securities, releases a similar fraction of the capital previously tied up in them. But what is gained, through this process of relief, is likely to be lost through the influence of that very decline on the feelings of investors. In other words, when the price of outstanding stocks is falling rapidly, holders of money are not enthusiastic about buying new stocks. The capitalist is the party to dictate terms. The railways must have the money, whereas he is under no necessity to buy their securities. He naturally, therefore, waits to see what the companies will bid.

There are three ways in which this bid of the railways may be raised. They may, for instance, offer long-term bonds, at exceptionally low prices; they may offer such bonds at unusually high interest; or they may tender both inducements, but in the form of notes maturing a few years hence. To all three expedients, there are objections. A railway which sells bonds for less than par—at 80, let us say—must redeem them at 100 at maturity. But this means that it pays for its capital not alone the 4 or 5 per cent. annual interest, but the 20 per cent. discount, which must eventually be recovered. Nor will it find its future credit and borrowing power unimpaired by such concessions. If, on the other hand, a railway, accustomed to pay 4 per cent. annual interest on a fifty-year mortgage bond, were to offer 5 or 6, the life of that mortgage will extend through years when the same capital might readily be procured at the old rate.

These considerations have induced companies to borrow on their notes, secured as a rule by pledge of stocks or bonds from the railway treasury. On such notes, running two or three years, the railway may pay 6 per cent.—it may even sell them at a moderate discount—and still preserve its position for the future. By the time the notes mature, the condition of the money market will probably have changed. Bonds can then again be sold on the basis of 4 per cent., or stock at advantageous figures, and with the proceeds the maturing notes can be quietly taken up. This was the procedure adopted under somewhat parallel circumstances during 1903; it has again been seized upon this month, when the market for new securities was visibly blocked. Within the past few weeks, the Chicago and Alton has sold $6,000,000 short-term notes, the Boston and Maine $3,000,-

000, the Erie and the Chicago and Western Indiana $5,000,000 each, the New York, New Haven and Hartford $10,000,000, the Southern Railway $15,000,000; and at length, this week, the New York Central and its subsidiary lines a lot of $50,000,000. These notes as a rule carry 5 per cent., but the banker's commission and the discount in the price commonly lift that rate to 6. The magnitude of these issues has attracted wide notice. In 1903, although the railways sold in all some $150,000,000 notes, no single lot was issued for a larger amount than $10,000,000. It is therefore quite possible that the total of four years ago will this year be exceeded.

We have seen the advantages of this form of borrowing, from the point of view of the railway. It is a matter of record, also, that the experiment in 1903 resulted satisfactorily. With the exception of one railway, the notes then issued were taken up at maturity, and replaced with stocks or bonds sold at good terms, in the prosperous investment markets of 1905 or 1906. But the practice, nevertheless, is of questionable wisdom. It heaps up a floating debt, and floating debt, when nothing can certainly be known as to conditions when the notes fall due, is traditionally dangerous The peril is not merely theoretical; for borrowing on notes has been directly responsible for some of the most serious mischief in our railway history. As far back as 1873, the famous September panic was occasioned by the maturing, at a most inconvenient hour, of a block of Northern Pacific Railway notes, accepted by the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. It was floating debt, which in 1893 carried down the Atchison, the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Reading—though, it should be observed, the notes whose default brought matters to a head in that year were as a rule the recourse of desperation, adopted to stave off a crisis which could in no other way be even postponed. But the historic fact as to risk which attends such policy, remains.

Financial conditions of the present day resemble closely neither those of 1873 nor those of 1893. The earning capacity of the roads is known; they do not, as in those other years, depend for a surplus on one-half their mileage, while the rest traverses a barren and unsettled country. But the laws of credit are the same, and experience at least dictates avoidance of former pitfalls. The danger in the present case lies, not in the notes just being issued, but in the adoption of the recourse as a habit, to be repeated whenever circumstances—a blunder in past financiering, waste of money in purchase of rival lines, or indulgence in speculation by the community at large—create an unfavorable money market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addams, Jane. Newer Ideals of Peace. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Alexander, John H. Mosby's Men. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Berean, A. Divine Healing under the Lens. Charles A. Cook. 50 cents.
Besant, Sir Walter. Mediæval London. Vol. II. London: Adam & Charles Black.
Bolce, Harold. The New Internationalism. Appletons. $1.50 net.
Bradley, A. G. Lord Dorchester. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Cary, Elizabeth Luther. The Works of James MacNeill Whistler. Moffat, Yard & Co. $4 net.
Cleveland, Grover. Fishing and Shooting Sketches. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Cross, Victoria. Life's Shop Window. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Cruso, H. A. A. Sir Walter Ralegh: A Drama. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Davidson, John. Holiday and other Poems. Dutton. $1 net.
García, Genaro. Porfirio Diaz Sus Padres Niñez y Juventud. Mexico.
Harvard University Official Register, 1906-07. Cambridge.
Hostos, Eugenio M. de. Moral Social. Madrid.
Jewett, Frances Gulick. Town and City. Book 3. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Kennelly, A. E. Wireless Telegraphy. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
King, Charles. Captured. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
King, Jr., C. F. A Boy's Vacation Abroad. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. Truthful Jane. Appletons. $1.50.
Kirkwood, James. Parochial Libraries in Scotland. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lee, Gerald Stanley. The Voice of the Machines. Northampton, Mass.: Mount Tom Press.
Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. Edited by Nettie Mudd. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Life of Sir Thomas Bodley written by Himself. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Livingston, Alice. A Sealed Book. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
MacNaughton, Eleanor Le Sueur. Meadowhurst Children and other Tales. Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co.
Madison, James. Writings. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. Vol. VI. Putnams.
Maffitt, Emma Martin. The Life and Services of John Newland Maffitt. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. Dutton. $1.50.
Pemberton, Max. The Diamond Ship. Appletons. $1.50.
Pierce, Franklin. The Tariff and the Trusts. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Porter, Robert P. The Dangers of Municipal Ownership. Century Co. $1.80 net.
Pratt, James Bissett. The Psychology of Religious Belief. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Prentice, E. Parmalee. The Federal Power of Carriers and Corporations. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net
Rapid Transit in and about New York City. Municipal Art Society.
Reed, Bertha. The Influence of Solomon Gessner upon English Literature. Philadelphia: Americana Germanica Press.
Seawell, Molly Elliott. The Secret of Toni. Appletons. $1.50.
Service Book of the Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic Church. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Sheridan's Major Dramas. Edited by George H. Nettleton. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Shurter, Edwin Du Bois. Masterpieces of Modern Oratory. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Watterson, Henry. The Compromises of Life. Duffield & Co.
Whitcomb, Russell. Driftwood. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
White, James. My Clonmel Scrap Book. Waterford: E. Downey & Co.
Wilson, James Southall. Alexander Wilson: Poet-Naturalist. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Woodberry, George Edward. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

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SHORTY McCABE
By SEWELL FORD

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1907.

The Week.

The withdrawal of Senator Dryden of New Jersey from the contest for reëlection has an importance rising far above his personality. It was because his claims were merely pecuniary, because his methods and those of his machine were such as to debauch and disgrace New Jersey, that the revolt set in which has now brought about the end of his public life. In many ways his defeat typifies a movement in politics which has to be reckoned with. There was, first, a protest at the polls. The State nearly went Democratic. Thousands of Republicans openly voted against their ticket because it was supposed to represent Dryden. His rebuke in his own county of Essex was emphatic. Under these circumstances a handful of Republican members of the Legislature undertook to prevent Mr. Dryden's return to the Senate. He had the party organization behind him. It was certain that he would get the caucus nomination. But six Senators and Assemblymen announced that they would not go into the caucus, nor be bound by it. Senator Everett Colby was the leading bolter. The "new idea" in Jersey politics was embodied in him. He had won a great personal victory with it in 1905; he had apparently suffered defeat with it in 1906; but his work had told. He had shown the people what even an individual with courage and directness and persistence could accomplish single-handed. It was his example which inspired the men who withstood Dryden, and his leadership which has finally triumphed in the failure of all the proud Senator's cherished ambitions. We have never had a better illustration of the downright efficiency in politics of hard and steady work, with a single worthy object in view, undertaken by men who, without surpassing talents, yet know their own minds, are not afraid, not easily tired or shaken off.

The last extension of our pension system did not cost the Government by any means so much as had been estimated. The question is whether a similar agreeable surprise is in store when the McCumber service-pension bill goes into effect. It appears certain that many thousands of veterans who might have got pensions under the old-age order refrained from doing so. Commissioner Warner estimates that one-third of the "unknown army" of 100,000 still unpensioned old soldiers will now proceed to file claims. If all came in, it would add some $8,000,000 to his present estimate of $15,000,000. On the other hand, Chairman Sulloway of the House Committee does not think that more than $6,000,000 a year will need to be charged to the account of the new law. The additional expense entailed by the measure, it should be remembered, is due rather to increases of existing pensions than additions to the roll. For instance, the sixty-two-year-old veteran who was not pensionable at all until the promulgation of Order No. 78, and the statute that embodied the same construction of "disability," will, under the proposed law, have his allowance increased at a stroke from $6 to $12 per month. That a general service-pension act will bring something like equilibrium in the pension system is doubtless true. Ever since the Civil War it has been the general assumption that the existing laws were only tentative, and additional steps in the direction of liberality were yet to be taken. That Senator McCumber's measure will satisfy all the veterans and stop the flood of private pension bills, however, by no means follows.

From the Postal Commission's budget of recommendations, too sweeping in their range and insufficiently fortified with facts, the House Committee, according to Chairman Overstreet's statement of Saturday, has selected the two most sensible suggestions for inclusion in this year's appropriation bill. The others will be indefinitely pigeon-holed. We are to have a six months' weighing of the mails, according to class, number of pieces, and length of haul. After it is completed, there will be some other basis than guesswork for discussions of the profit or loss in the cent-a-pound rate. Why anybody should have undertaken a revision of the rates and classification without information of exactly this sort, is one of the mysteries of officialdom. The other inquiry which Congress will authorize is into the general methods of the Post Office Department. This is also needed. If new business methods are to be adopted, we trust that one detail may be a method by which the Post Office will be credited with the work it does for the other departments of the government. The paper deficit will be made the pretext for slap-dash proposals, so long as the Post Office remains in the position of a concern whose biggest contracts have to be charged to the profit and loss account.

The predicted fight over the River and Harbor bill on the floor of the House began joyously last week. Having everything to gain and nothing to lose, the "Great Lakes to Gulf" members can contend for their pet project with undivided zeal. As Representative Theodore E. Burton pointed out in his speech, the chief objection to the project is that it had been urged for only six weeks past, and in some essential features is of very doubtful practicability. As in the case of the thirty-five-foot channel to Philadelphia, it is an open question whether the desired result can be secured at any price remotely resembling a legitimate investment. Mr. Burton explained the committee's policy to be the granting of adequate appropriations for projects of certain utility, rather than the frittering away of public money on experiments and the temporary sustenance of moribund schemes. There exists to-day a long catalogue of river and harbor projects which were at one time urged upon Congress, and approved by engineers, but for which the demand has completely died out. The commercial demand for the Mississippi Valley waterway has yet to show its permanence. Evidently there still remains in Congress more than a little respect for that statesman of a bygone day who, after it had been shown to him that his cherished improvement plan was to consist in making a river flow up-hill, responded, "Only give us the appropriation, and we'll find a way to do it."

The "People's Lobby" leaps suddenly to light, exposing a committee amendment to one of this year's appropriation bills, designed to weaken the Pure Food law. It is an amendment providing that no Federal money shall be available to pay, wholly or in part, salaries or expenses of State and local officials. It is doubtless true that such a provision would knock Secretary Wilson's present plans into a cocked hat, yet Chairman Tawney's defence of the amendment is not without point. Its purpose was, he said, "to check the very apparent and growing tendency of the States to reduce or eliminate altogether their appropriations for pure-food inspection, and let the Government stand the entire expense." Coöperation between State and Federal authorities is talked about more than ever before. Does it, in fact, mean that the States are leaving all the trouble and expense to the National Government? That agitation at Washington stimulates action in the State Legislatures is well known. Not only pure food laws, but railroad-control measures, corrupt practices acts, and many other lines of legislation, were accepted by the States generally before Congress had got ready to act. But, if Mr. Tawney's opinion is backed by facts, they are disposed to be content with passing laws. The point is at least

worth attention. If the States are trying to save money by depending upon the Federal Government, they should consider that local and interstate inspections are different things. Chicago paid the penalty for neglect by having all the worst meat from the stockyards saved for the home market.

Our standpatters will do everything except come to the point. Here is Secretary Shaw telling the New Hampshire Board of Trade that what we need in this country is a "zone" into which raw materials may be imported free for the purpose of being made into goods purely for the foreign trade. This, the Secretary thinks, would enable our manufacturers to compete with foreigners, and go forth to conquer the world market. He got his idea, apparently, from the old "Zona Libre" of Mexico, though that was a very different affair. But what an innocent giving away of the whole tariff fraud this notion is! Mr. Shaw frankly confesses both that protection imposes a heavy tax upon Americans and hampers them in their manufacturing development; but what is his inference? Why, that it would be wellnigh criminal to lift the burden from our own people, but that we must resort to every trick and dodge to make life easier for foreigners. We imagine Americans would look over the fence of Mr. Shaw's "zone" with mingled emotions. They might even be prompted to tear down the fence, and get a taste themselves of those cheap goods which the Secretary would make such desperate efforts to supply to Asiatics and Europeans, though sternly forbidding his fellow-citizens to touch them.

In his recent book, "The Tariff and the Trusts," Franklin Pierce of this city has a chapter on shipping, which should be read by those who wish to get a just view of the subsidy promoters at Washington. The argument is powerfully set forth that it is really our antiquated navigation laws and the crushing effect of the protective tariff which have so nearly driven the American merchant marine from the sea. This, in fact, is admitted by the franker among the advocates of bounties. They say, The laws will not let Americans buy ships abroad, and they make the building at home artificially expensive; therefore, you must give a bounty to make up the difference. Mr. Pierce, of course, contends rather for the repeal of the barbarous shipping laws and the lifting of tariff weights off the builders of ocean-going vessels. But this is to imply that what is wanted is the getting and sailing of ships, not merely their building. Yet from the orthodox protectionist and subsidy point of view, the latter alone is contemplated. We must bend all our national energies to "making work," not to obtaining the results of work. To construct ships is much more important than to have them when built. Nowhere does this protectionist confusion of thought appear more glaring than in the subsidy arguments; nowhere is the application of Bastiat's "sophisms" more needed.

W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the New York Central Lines, is unhappy because people do not love our railways. "I do not think," Mr. Brown writes, in a letter just made public, "you or any other man of ordinary prudence would for a moment think of investing money in a business against which every man's hand, from the President down, seems to be raised, and in the defence of which few men hoping for political preferment dare raise their voices." In order to allay this irritation, Mr. Brown would have President Roosevelt—who is our ever-present help in time of trouble—make "an appeal for fair and reasonable treatment" for the railways. Without undervaluing in the least the potency of our President's words, we suggest another remedy which we cannot but regard as more effective: that our railway managers so conduct their enterprises as to win public sympathy and support. There is no hope of peace for our railways until their managers grasp the notion that a public service corporation is not a mere private undertaking, but is a great public institution. We hardly need to remind him that within a few months his own railway has been heavily fined for giving rebates to the Sugar Trust; that discrimination in favor of the Standard Oil Company has, in one form or another, been pretty general and systematic; that Pennsylvania Railroad officials have been found guilty of gross favoritism to coal companies in which they own stock; and that Edward H. Harriman has been plunging in Wall Street with about $50,000,000 of Union Pacific funds and the credit of the company at his back. But these violations of the law would not have provoked the anger which Mr. Brown deplores had not the mind of the public been already prepared by a long series of annoyances and injustices. It should therefore be the settled policy of a corporation, like a railway or a telegraph company, to make every possible concession to public opinion and even prejudice. There must be no room for complaints that the corporation is indifferent to the welfare or even the comfort of its patrons, no basis for charges of injustice. Mr. Brown assures us that "such abuses and hurtful practices as did exist have been stopped." If that be true, if the corporations are observing those principles of fair play which we expect from individuals, he need labor under no further apprehension; for, no matter what President Roosevelt or any one else may say, when the railways really deserve popular regard they will get it.

The chances for a peaceable solution of the Church controversy in France seem to be distinctly brighter; but at the same time the signs point to the probability of ministerial changes and party rearrangements before a final, complete accord. Should agreement be reached on the basis of the demands recently formulated by the bishops, it could but be regarded as a decided setback for the Government. Leases for the use of church property are to be concluded between the mayors of the municipalities and the curés for a period of eighteen years. The curés, to qualify legally, must be under the authority of the Catholic bishops, and in this manner the latter have received that official recognition which has been the great point in dispute during the entire controversy. Further, the bishops demanded, and the Government has agreed, that such contracts between the priests and the municipalities must be identical throughout the country. But how can they be made so unless the central government actually direct the mayors to give their assent, a course of action which M. Briand has promised to follow? Given, then, the assurance of uniform treatment throughout the country, with legal recognition of the hierarchy and the gratuitous restoration of the churches, are not the opponents of the Government in a position to say that the Ministry has assented to a virtual Concordat? M. Briand has, indeed, travelled far on the way towards conciliation. First, he gave the Church a Separation Law more moderate than its prime movers desired; then he gave it the benefits of the law of 1881; then he gave it the benefits of the law of 1901, and refused to close the churches in any case. Now he gives away part of the Government's contention by recognizing the Catholic bishops. Is he ambitious, as is hinted in some quarters, to succeed M. Clemenceau as the head of a Moderate coalition? Stranger political conversions have happened.

The final outcome of the elections for the German Reichstag will be in accordance with the results of the first balloting. The Socialist representation in the Reichstag will be reduced to less than fifty members. All the other parties are stronger. The Conservatives and Anti-Semites show a combined increase of about a dozen over 1903, the Liberals and various Radical parties of about fifteen, and the Centre from five to eight. Where the Emperor's great victory comes in it is hard to see. The Centre, against which the Government directed its attack, has gained fully half as many votes as the Conservative par-

ties upon whom alone the Government can depend at all times. The increase in the Liberal and Radical vote will scarcely prove an unmitigated blessing to the Government, for, even though these parties rally in supporting the Kaiser's colonial policy, they will not fail to use their augmented strength in pressing for a real Constitutional government. As for the Socialists, it is easy to exaggerate the loss they have suffered. It matters comparatively little whether fifty spokesmen or a hundred voice their discontent in the Reichstag, as long as their popular strength suffers no diminution. The fact that a party may gain 250,000 votes and lose thirty-five seats, is only an argument against an antiquated electoral system.

The course of the primary elections for the Russian Duma is being generally interpreted as indicating the final choice of a more conservative body than that which met on May 10, 1906. The Government seemingly persists to the end in its policy of manipulating the franchise laws to its own advantage. The ban on Professor Milyukoff, who sought to qualify as a tradesman franchise-holder in St. Petersburg, is the latest instance. On the other hand, it is characteristic of Russian politics during the last two years that, simultaneously with the electoral outlawing of the leader of the Constitutional Democrats, should come the removal, at least as far as Moscow is concerned, of the restrictions imposed on the right of assembly for political purposes other than revolutionary. The new Duma will be less radical than its predecessor, but that will be due more to a general drift towards the opportunistic policy of taking what one can get while fighting for more, than to the actual creation of a strong conservative party in the Duma. No amount of jugglery in political arithmetic will create a conservative Duma out of an electorate 95 per cent. radical; and that proportion, we believe, is not exaggerated.

A cartoon in *Punch* depicts Augustine Birrell as a knight returning from a fruitless quest for an Education Bill, and being sent off at once by the head of the knightly order, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on a still more forlorn pursuit of Home Rule. Mr. Birrell has certainly been entrusted with the most laborious undertakings of the Liberal Government. Scarcely has he finished a half-year of the most exhausting physical and mental exertion on behalf of the Education Bill, when he is selected for what is probably the most thankless post in the gift of the Government —that of Chief Secretary for Ireland, just vacated by James Bryce. No one who has held that position has ever satisfied the Irish; and Mr. Birrell is also going to offend many of his countrymen when he undertakes the gigantic task of getting a Home Rule measure through Parliament. His tact, his talent for conciliation, his ability to suggest fair compromises, all mark him as the man best fitted to succeed Mr. Bryce. "The touches of humor and humanity with which he graced even the most arid debates on a technical and controversial measure have proved," says the London *Tribune*, "his possession of a magnetism and a personality which must appeal to the sensitive and imaginative temperament of the Irish people." In his new office Mr. Birrell will find his educational experience of great value, for the state of education in Ireland is admittedly shocking. He will also be in complete sympathy with Mr. Bryce's policy of interfering as little as possible with the liberty of the individual or with freedom of expression. Nor will he be afraid of an expression of the sentiments of nationality, for he must agree with Mr. Bryce that "nationality is a fine thing, which stirs people up and binds them together, even if the forms which that expression takes are not always those which we would ourselves think best."

In the address which the Hon. Richard Burton Haldane, as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, gave the other day, he advanced some ideas about the modern opportunity for educated men in public life. These, while not novel, were freshly pointed. They have to do with what has been called "unofficial statesmanship." In all countries the thing exists, but it is, we think, spreading more rapidly in the United States than elsewhere. This may be because our leisure class has been multiplying. We now have more people with time and money to devote to philanthropy and large affairs of state. It may be also that the pricking of the civic conscience is more felt. If a census could be taken of the unofficial workers and organizations that aim to supplement or correct or compel the labors of men in public office, the list would surprise people who have not looked into the matter. Scarcely one function of government can be mentioned, in connection with which some private society or association has not been formed to see that it is properly discharged. We have our prisons, and also our prison-reform associations. What would have become of civil-service reform or ballot reform or primary reform or corporation-law reform, without the large number of public-spirited citizens who have banded themselves together to work for those causes, it is impossible to say. Everywhere, behind actual Government, stands a sort of shadow Government keeping watch upon it. Beyond all question, it is a great opening and appeal which many of our best see in such ways of serving the state. More and more of them are cheerfully giving thought and labor to these forms of unofficial statesmanship, which are helping to make our official statesmanship more wholesome and more effective. It is one of the methods by which the intelligent and moral classes are acquiring a sort of indirect representation in the work of administration, and are exerting a power often greater than if it were direct. There are more ways of serving the state than are dreamed of in the philosophy of the politicians.

In the English-speaking world it has not been possible to rouse more than the most languid interest in Tolstoy's minute and severe writing down of Shakespeare. Whether, as the Russian would doubtless say, out of blind national pride, and stupid clinging to a literary tradition very like a fetich, or for better reasons, these attacks have been pretty lightly dismissed, in England and the United States, as the aberrations of a man of genius. In France, however, more notice has been paid them. The countrymen of Voltaire have felt it necessary, even with all regard for the Russian alliance, to come to the rescue of the imperilled bard. In the issue of *Les Lettres* for January 15 is a whole symposium of French writers and artists on the question whether Tolstoy has made out his case. We cannot say that any of these gathered opinions seem very illuminating. Émile Faguet maintains that there is in Shakespeare much that is excellent, much that is good, much that is mediocre, and much that is bad. Hence he feels justified in asserting that he is not a victim of "the Shakespeare superstition," but he hastens to observe that neither does he give in to the Tolstoyan superstition. But it is not necessary to go on quoting. The whole tone of the symposium is not badly given in the brief letter from Ludovic Halévy:

> Why attach so much importance to a *boutade* of Tolstoy's? One ought not to seek amusement in nagging great men. They are too rare; and Tolstoy is truly a great man. "War and Peace" is an extraordinary book. I have read it four or five times; and, now that you have made me think of Tolstoy, I am going to read it again.

Perhaps the best way of dropping the whole affair is to take a hint from Matthew Arnold and try to imagine what Shakespeare himself would say of such literal-minded criticism. Point out to him in the Elysian Fields that he fell into the conventions of the theatre of his day; that many of his scenes are repulsive; many of his puns execrable, and a serene smile would momentarily illumine his shade, as he would ask: "I know all that, but what does it matter?"

OUR RELATIONS WITH CANADA.

It is an open secret that Secretary Root is devoting himself to a settlement of all outstanding questions with Canada and Newfoundland. His visit to Ottawa was carefully labelled "social"; but it is sometimes hard to draw the line between diplomacy and hospitality. "Three men around a table" was Lord Salisbury's idea of diplomatic opportunity; and Mr. Root had his feet under the same mahogany with several Canadian statesmen. Whatever he may have learned from them could but reinforce the inference from many other indications, that now is the time to agree with Canada quickly, whilst we are in the way with her. The Canadian opportunity is one that, for twenty years past, American statesmen have fairly incurred reproach for neglecting; it will be a lost opportunity, if not speedily embraced.

On our side, the desire to reap advantage coöperates with the wish to avert loss, in prompting to a comprehensive adjustment of our relations with Canada. There is profit in being on good terms with such a neighbor. In New England and along the Great Lakes the hope for reciprocal trade agreements with Canada has not died out. It may be said to have been even heightened. Gov. Guild of Massachusetts has lately borne testimony to the feeling of his State. Among Massachusetts business men, he states, "I am gratified to learn that the sentiment in favor of immediate tariff revision is overwhelming." That looks chiefly northward. New England manufacturers wish free coal from Nova Scotia. They also desire that something be done to prevent their goods from being struck by the maximum rate of the pending Canadian tariff bill. Furthermore, the situation is daily growing more critical. The Newfoundland *modus vivendi* was but for a year. It is doubtful if the English Government would extend it. A new and larger and more permanent arrangement is required. Then there is the other fisheries agreement, the *modus* which has remained in force from year to year since 1888. Under it, American vessels have privileges in Canadian ports; but there is a strong feeling over the border in favor of abrogating it. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries said the other day in the Dominion House of Commons that he would not give a definite opinion whether the *modus vivendi* should be abolished.

This attitude of comparative indifference to trade with the United States is one which Canadian statesmen are more and more taking, and doing it in all sincerity. The Premier himself made a most explicit statement on the subject, a day or two before Mr. Root reached Ottawa. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said to the House:

> There was a time when we would have given a great deal to have trade concessions from our American neighbors. They chose in their own way to refuse them. We have done pretty well without them, and at the present time we do not expect anything of that nature.

This is the literal truth. Canada today feels herself mistress in her own house as never before. She is rapidly developing a vast territory in the west. Immigration is flowing in at her doors. Her manufactures are multiplying. Exports are mounting. Canada is to-day building more railroads than the United States. Plans are afoot whereby Canadian produce can be sent abroad the year round without resorting to a single American port. There is in all this imperial as well as national politics. The net result is that we have to-day to deal with a Canada in whom the sense of pride and self-sufficiency is constantly strengthening. Canadians have thriven under our coldness. What we lost by the inconsiderate abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with them of fifty years ago cannot now be regained.

Still, there are some things which Canada frankly wants of us. She would still like a free market here for her fish. She would be glad to supply Americans with herring and cod as cheaply as Senator Lodge's smugglers do, and more honorably. Canada has also a warm interest in the sealing regulations. There, too, the United States could offer something for something. And there are, as well, a few disputes about water power, and its distribution, in rivers partially under the jurisdiction of either country, which ought to be composed, and which must enter into any complete agreement. In the same speech from which we have quoted above, the Canadian Prime Minister said:

> If it were possible at this moment to settle all the differences which we have at Sault Sainte Marie River, Rainy River, Fraser River, Niagara River, and also John River, we should be doing as much as we can do for Canada in existing circumstances.

There is thus fair bargaining material; but it is not what it was ten years ago, or even five. To extract any real gain out of the situation, the United States must show a much more conciliatory disposition than in the past. We have sought to brow-beat Canada; the time has come to try to placate her. No more pressing question confronts us in the whole range of our foreign relations. It will doubtless be one of the first things taken up by Mr. Bryce with Mr. Root this month. Both men are capable of large conceptions; both know how to seek the good of their own nation in that of the other. Feeling between Great Britain—who must do the negotiating for Canada—and the United States was never more excellent. The time is ripe, therefore, for a large and generous agreement.

THE FALL IN STOCKS.

The sharp break in prices on the Stock Exchange, at a time of year when advances are usually looked for, has provoked an outburst of inquiry, conjecture, and prediction in financial circles as to what is to happen to American prosperity. These declines have been startling enough; a continuous fall of 25 points or more in the most active stocks will inevitably start surmises as to what it foreshadows outside of Wall Street. The theories called forth by this movement of the market are curiously divergent. The New York *Herald* has been at pains to collect opinions of various foreign financial notabilities as to whether there is or is not a "campaign against America" in progress in financial London. The experts gravely reply that nothing of the kind exists, the venerable Lord Avebury in particular declaring that "there is no jealousy or ill-feeling among the English bankers towards our fraternity in the United States."

Jacob H. Schiff of this city has given out an interview, in which he suggests that the present state of affairs in the American market is misunderstood in Europe, and that we are merely "suffering from an excess of prosperity which is simply overwhelming us"; that our industries cannot get labor enough to meet their orders; that our railways are short of necessary equipment and facilities to do the larger business pressing on them; and that the country's banks can provide only part of the requisite working capital. This diagnosis is doubtless correct; but we cannot quite agree with the opinion that European financiers have not comprehended that part of our situation, and we do not observe in Mr. Schiff's remarks an explanation of the very point at issue—namely, the shrinkage of values.

Alexander Gilbert, president of the New York Clearing House Association, came somewhat closer to the facts in his speech at the State Bankers' dinner last week Wednesday. Recalling the earlier days of New York banking, he remarked:

> We had our periods of extraordinary business demands and our periods of great speculative activity, mostly professional then as now. But we never blamed it on the currency. We realized that the combined credit of the country could not finance phenomenal business activity and phenomenal Wall Street speculation at the same time, and it is just as true to-day as it was then.

It is even more true; for the reason that banks which provide for the needs of speculators depend for such facilities, more than at any previous time, on deposits lent them by other banks. When a great trade expansion occurs, resources of Wall Street banks not only do not enlarge correspondingly, but, as the bank statements of 1906 make plain,

they are actually reduced. During more than a year past, sober and experienced critics, both at home and abroad, have been warning Wall Street that it was trying a dangerous experiment. These warnings were based expressly on the grounds now referred to by Mr. Schiff. To what extent our experts in high finance and high speculation gave heed, the history of the last eighteen months is a witness. The Stock Exchange has within that period seen speculation for the rise on a scale of the wildest extravagance, going on in the face of deficits in bank reserves, of a 125 per cent. rate for Wall Street demand loans, and of 6½ or 7 per cent. for good merchants' paper.

For this situation we have heard various defences and apologies. One was that speculation was no more to blame for the exhaustion of capital than was trade; and that, since no one will be so absurd as to criticise trade for "booming," it is equally unreasonable to criticise speculation. Another was that, if people believe in prosperity, they will believe in a higher stock market; and if they believe in that, they will buy stocks; and that all the remonstrance in the world cannot prevent them from so using their own money. Purely as theory, there is some sense in this reasoning; but it happens not to accord with the facts. It is an open secret that the speculative operations of last spring and last autumn not only did not originate with the general public, but that such outsiders were conspicuous by their absence.

The bidding-up of prices, the "cornering" of stocks, and the resultant manipulation, were beyond question inspired and conducted by financiers of enormous personal resources and still more extensive credit. Both were apparently used to the limit. The help which insurance surpluses secretly gave in 1901 was obtained this year from at least one railway treasury, that of the Union Pacific. The expedient of increasing the Union Pacific dividend, so that at the very moment when the strain of commercial activity was severest, this "professional" speculation was again stirred up to the pitch of frenzy, can hardly have been forgotten. The immediate result was an extremely precarious condition of the money market. But our eminent speculators did not abandon their purposes; on the contrary, when the credit facilities of Wall Street approached exhaustion, recourse was had on a quite unprecedented scale to European lending institutions. With the kind coöperation of the United States Treasury, which deposited money with banks that would import gold, Wall Street borrowed huge sums from abroad. Clearly, all this could continue only so long as Europe remained complaisant, and some time ago it was evident that the "financing of Wall Street by London" was nearing an end. What has lately been witnessed on the Stock Exchange is, we should suppose, the perfectly logical corollary to the chapter of incidents which we have just summed up.

Does the decline in stocks mean anything more? This is a question which is asked with some anxiety. It is not at all improbable that some relaxation in trade activity is at hand; the very fact that facilities of production and distribution have been so heavily overtaxed would point in that direction. With that relaxation, decline in the price of some commodities which have been lately pushed to abnormal heights, would reasonably come. The result of such readjustment always depends on the manner in which credit has been employed in trade. We are of opinion that it has been employed, as a rule, conservatively, and that the effects of the mischievous excesses of Wall Street "high finance" will for the most part be confined to Wall Street. None the less, the exploits of these powerful gamblers, unscrupulous as experience has shown them to be, both in their attitude towards finance in general and in their use of banks and corporations, subject to their control, are a grave peril to our financial stability in the future.

THE EFFECTS OF EMIGRATION ON ITALY.

The immigration problem is so insistent with us that we often forget that the countries which send us our immigrants have also this problem reversed. In Italy, for example, thoughtful men have begun to regard emigration as a national calamity, or at least as the symptom of calamitous conditions. Prof. Pasquale Villari, the most eminent living Italian historian, and a pioneer in social investigation, utters in the *Nuova Antologia* a warning which cannot fail to attract attention on both sides of the Atlantic. What does it mean, he asks, that emigration from Italy has grown from about 100,000 in 1876 to 726,000 in 1905, with no signs of diminution? It means, he replies, that Italy is confronted by an agrarian question which dates in one form or another from Roman times.

Senator Villari describes with impartiality the *pros* and *cons* of emigration. It cannot be denied that emigration brings many quick returns. Last year, for instance, Italians sent or took back to Italy savings amounting to $80,000,000, or 400,000,000 *lire*, by which their families are enabled to live above penury, or they themselves, in the case of those who return to settle, to buy small freeholds, and build homes. The departure of superfluous laborers increases the wages of those who remain. Life abroad helps to educate those who go. These are the chief benefits.

Now for the disadvantages. In northern Italy, where the workmen migrate for six or eight months and come home to pass the winter, on the proceeds of their labor, those winter months are spent in idleness or worse. The tavern gets most of their money. Drunkenness has increased enormously, owing to the substitution of bad spirits for country wines, venereal diseases are in some places epidemic, crime abounds, and the percentage of insane from alcoholism mounts year by year. These returned emigrants are like sailors ashore after a long cruise; but whereas Jack Tar's spree may last a day or two, theirs extends over several months. The harm done to the moral standard of a community where this method of life becomes habitual need not be pointed out. Under normal conditions the Italian peasant is most industrious, patient, and frugal; emigration, by supplying him with the means of loafing and of vicious habits, threatens to undermine his excellent qualities. Moreover, under the best circumstances, it breaks up family life and loosens ties which should be a man's hostages to virtue.

But the great torrent of emigration pours, not from the North, but from the South, and Southern Italy offers special problems—historical, economic, governmental, and social—of which emigration is an alarming symptom. Until recently the Southern Italian did not emigrate; some said he was too lazy, others that he was too servile from long maltreatment. But about ten years ago the annual emigration from the South rose to 82,335; in 1905 it had more than trebled, and last year the number was probably 250,000. Whole districts have been depopulated; at Marsico Nuovo 6,000 out of 11,600 have gone, at Pignola 3,900 out of 6,400. Villages are deserted, or remain with only their old men, women, and children. Farms lie idle. The very community which not long since was on the verge of starvation from having too many mouths to feed, now runs a similar risk from not having hands to till its fields. In 1901 throughout Italy it was estimated that 9.10 per cent. of the families lacked their head, either through death or emigration; in the Basilicata the percentage was 22.7 and in Calabria 29.1; to-day the proportion for the latter provinces must be much larger. It is to be noted, further, that the proportion of emigrants who return (estimated at 40 per cent.) is decreasing. Few come back even now from Argentina, and as the recent swarms get a foothold in the United States, it may be expected that few of them will care to return for good to Naples or Sicily. Meanwhile, philanthropic organizations in Northern Italy are actually considering the feasibility of sending colonists to the deserted or undermanned sections in the South.

Senator Villari recognizes that for the

present emigration is a necessary evil; men must eat or die. He shows that the Southern Question which confronts Italy and is the source of the depleting emigration cannot be solved quickly. The real solution will involve a complete change of civilization, a change in which material and moral remedies must be equally applied. Southern Italy lacks coal and iron and waterpower. Of these necessities, the last can be procured by a wise storage of rainfall. Agriculture, which in some parts is still carried on by the methods and tools with which Virgil was familiar, must be modernized. Irrigation must be carried out on a large scale. Industries must be introduced. But all this requires capital—capital guided by intelligence and enterprise and public spirit—qualities which Southern Italian magnates have never possessed.

And while the material basis of economic health is being supplied, so that no inhabitant need emigrate because of hunger, the moral conditions must be improved. From time immemorial the Italian peasant has been neglected. The artisan class, the bourgeoisie, the clergy, the aristocracy, have had their periods of abundant life; but the *contadini* have always been left out in the cold. Says Senator Villari:

> They feel this abandonment; they know that everywhere else they find better compensation for the work of their hands, and they abandon a country which for them has always been a step-mother rather than a mother. . . . At the Simplon I asked some of them who came there in search of work, "Do you love Italy?" They replied, laughing, as if I were speaking of some person unknown to them, "Our Italy is whoever feeds us."

"Our Italy is whoever feeds us." There is a sentiment which offers grave problems to European statesmen. With emigration as easy as it is now, we have reached that point of free competition in the world's market for labor which some economists have urged as the ideal condition. If America offers a greater return—in money, comforts of life, advantages of education, social position, political rights—to America men will come. The country which does not wish to be drained of its best must offer some of the attractions which America holds out. For Italy the hopeful feature is that the King and Government are alive to the danger, and that leaders like Senator Villari are agitating for a remedy. Perhaps also we should add, as a sign of hope, that they see that no superficial palliative will suffice, but only a fundamental reorganization of social and economic conditions. The penny-wise might argue that a process which brought $80,000,000 a year into Italy must be good. But Senator Villari knows that a nation's most valuable asset is the character of its people. Emigration is bleeding Italy of her best agricultural blood—of something not to be valued in *lire* or in dollars. If only the dregs of her peasantry be left, what shall the tribute of her emigrants profit her? And the distress which threatens Italy must also sooner or later press for relief in Austria and every country which is now swelling the flood from the Old World. Here is a force which, though silent, is irresistibly moving toward social and industrial reform in Southern Europe.

THE ARTIFICIAL PAGAN.

When "Salome" came to town two weeks ago there were not wanting critics who spoke of the "pagan" spirit that animated Wilde's play and Richard Strauss's musical commentary upon it. This was only an illustration of the prevailing tendency to saddle upon the ancients the vagaries of our own times. The pagans, with few exceptions, are dead and cannot defend themselves. If they could speak they would probably protest against being made stalking-horses for modern attacks on established standards of thought and modes of life. They might argue against the assumption that what is anti-Christian was necessarily ante-Christian, or that Théophile Gautier's views of the end of life were their own. "Because a man says things that are not tolerated in good society among you, he is not necessarily a pagan," would run the complaint. "You might as well call one a pagan who does not like automobiles or prefers writing letters to telephoning. We were a simple folk and quite incapable of nourishing your twentieth-century disenchantments. Please leave us alone."

It is dwelling on an elementary truth to point out the error that we are constantly falling into of reconstructing past ages or constructing future worlds entirely after our own spiritual image. Jack London offered a striking instance of this in his "Sea Wolf" some years ago, when he set himself the task of creating a Nietzschian superman. He followed all the master's specifications. He made his hero blond and he made him a beast. Everything else was quite as it should be with the ordinary superman of commerce—splendid human beauty, superhuman physical strength and agility, sardonic humor, and a conscious hatred for all the commandments that ever held on either side of Suez. The result was, to say the least, unconvincing. Wolf Larsen was not only a blond beast who destroyed everything in the way of his appetite, but he had read Darwin and Herbert Spencer, and, what is worse, quoted them constantly. He was a superman, he knew it, and he would not let the reader forget it. When he cut your throat, for instance, he would be likely to tell you just how much of mechanical reflex motion, conscious cerebro-motor desire, and atavistic impulse entered into the act. How poor Nietzsche would have spurned this imitation *Uebermensch*, who was only a combined football centre and biologist running amuck! Possibly, Nietzsche would have disdained even to point out that *his* superman would have no conscience, no philosophy, no introspection; that he was one of the fair-haired barbarians who broke into Italy under Radagaisus, and that when he did cut throats, he would do it as instinctively as the butcher fells his victim or the automobilist his prey.

Our carefully constructed modern "paganism" lifts its head and roars aloud in George Moore's latest book, the "Memoirs of My Dead Life." With the work as a whole there is no need to deal here, except to say that in his preface, which assumes the form of an *apologia*, Mr. Moore destroys Christianity and the family, and substitutes for the Bible Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin." In the series of autobiographic tales which follow he advances some constructive ideas of his own. We may take two incidents from the latter to illustrate his conception of heathenistic thought. In a Paris restaurant the author comes across a fellow-countrywoman, an Irish waitress, who is visibly dying with consumption and who stirs him to pity. So much so that he goes home and writes a poem to her which, of course, is not sent, and in which he tells her how much he would like to take her away to some warm clime where—what? Where the sight of her wasting away should stir him to tender pity and induce him to melancholy thought, where he might carry her to the window day by day and feel her lighter in his arms, and where he might lay her to rest finally under the sod and drop a gentle tear upon the fresh soil—and presumably go call on another young lady.

It is open to doubt whether Alcibiades would have found much taste in that particular draught of pleasure, or whether he would have taken to the ideal daily life of a Parisian friend of Moore's, which is described with some detail in another part of the book. This friend rises at noon-time and lingers over his breakfast till late in the afternoon, sipping at many cordials and talking with friends also sipping cordials. At four or five o'clock this Parisian journalist gets to work on his daily article, and is through before dinner. After dinner he takes his article to the newspaper office, waits to correct his proofs, and then away to the lights of the boulevard and to life. Thence, as Pepys would say, home, about four o'clock A. M., and so to bed. This certainly is not the life most of us lead who must work somewhat more than two hours a day; but, certainly, too, it is not the life the average pagan led two thousand years ago. Mr. Moore's friend somehow impresses us as flabby with good living

and lack of the open air and exercise. His friends were undoubtedly fellow "artists," and their chief topics of interest, shop and sex. Our genuine pagan, on the other hand, was a busy man, and a good all-round man. He worked at his trade, he acted as a legislator and a juryman, he took part in the festivals and theatrical representations, he carried his shield stoutly when war broke out with the neighboring city, he could run, dance, sing, wrestle in the palæstra, deliver a pretty good oration, and do a number of other things that kept him out of much of the foolishness that our modern "pagans" would erect into a system. He ate garlic and millet, and did not suffer from neurasthenia. Life in Latium was not life in the Latin Quarter.

STATUS OF GENRE PAINTING.

An inspection of the current art exhibitions would show *genre* painting almost completely in abeyance, and the void would be quite as noticeable in Paris or Munich as in New York. London alone would suggest that this kind still has life—and were better dead. Such American painters as Mount and Eastman Johnson, who had an eye for the characteristic in our life and a hand to present it with charm, have hardly left successors. In France the late Alfred Stevens seemed the last great "little master," though the kitchens of Joseph Bail, the laundries of Degas, and certain decorations of Albert Besnard, which are really glorified *genre*, prove that the style still has vitality there. But in general the painting of scenes of everyday life is not merely neglected, but discredited. A delightful form of art has fallen unduly under the scorn visited upon all anecdotal compositions.

The causes of this obscuration are not far to seek. Classicism merely tolerated *genre* as an inferior form. Jan Steen was vulgar, and so were the Bible subjects of Rembrandt. Among old-fashioned folk this conviction still holds. We have heard a charming old lady before a sunny canvas of Henri Martin, peopled with ruddy haymakers, observe, "Comme c'est vulgaire!" Not classicism, however, but romanticism, dealt familiar painting its death-blow. Since Géricault, Delacroix, and the landscapists of the thirties, it has been imperative that painting should be imaginative. Now the easiest way to be imaginative is to be exotic; and as a matter of fact for nearly two generations painters have deliberately devoted themselves to the unfamiliar. The search for the overtly picturesque has led from Polynesia to Finisterre. Orientalism has been the extreme phase of the movement that has also inspired the numberless illustrations of peasant life. Landscape has not escaped the romantic glamour, the country being exotic to the town-dwellers. Even the so-called realist movement has been merely a bastard romanticism. Its subjects have been almost without exception *outré;* its appeal has been not to experience, but to surprise or shock.

It was, after all, easy to stifle an art in its dotage. When one considers the gulf between Hogarth and Wilkie, and the abyss between the latter and the Royal Academy of this year of grace, it is clear why the English-speaking world, at least its intelligent minority, should hold *genre* painting in contempt. And yet in the past it has not connoted tiresomely painted cross-sections of stupidly observed life. It has given scope to the exquisite genius of a Vermeer of Delft and a Chardin, it has engrossed the more robust temperaments of a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, a Manet, and a Daumier. In the decorative painting of the Italian Renaissance it has left a record of entrancing playfulness. Evidently, it is a sort of art not lightly to be put aside, especially if its decadence has not been inevitable, but simply the fault of a century of incapable practitioners. As a matter of fact, it has merely sunk with all the other arts and handicrafts that were not caught up by the ground swell of romanticism. Thus the rehabilitation of *genre* painting becomes, like that of architecture or textile design, for example, solely a question of loving, sensitive, and intelligent practice.

That *genre* painting should be revived hardly needs argument. If only to open the eyes of our generation to the beauty that lies at its door, if only to leave some worthy memory of our walk and conversation to posterity, we need the interpreter of everyday life. Our anecdotage need not be handed down; it will surely become stale before we are gone; but the look of our streets and interiors is as worthy of commemoration as the little salons of old Amsterdam or the piazzas of old Florence. What stands in the way is the cheapness and prevalency of photography, which gives merely the data, falsifying the impression of the times, and even more the surfeit of illustrations, superficial and mannered, which seem to be the record we wish, but are actually nothing of the kind. For seventeenth-century Holland we may consult Hals, Terburg, Jan Steen, the Ostades, Metsu, and a score of others. For nineteenth-century America our grandchildren will consult the files of the magazines. The difference speaks for itself.

Happily, there are suggestions of a revival of this homely art, and paradoxically enough, it is the impressionists who bear the gifts. It is the followers of Manet and Monet, who profess an entirely impersonal devotion to problems of light, that are actually producing as if incidentally the best *genre* painting. At home one may recall Childe Hassam's occasional excursions in this field, Tarbell's transcripts of country-house and studio life, the fresh and vivid impressions of New York streets by Glackens, John Sloan, and George Luks. Good *genre* is rarely brusque; it desires a quiet relish of the human comedy. Truly in the great tradition of *genre* seem to us Jerome Myers's visions of our slums. Here is the brooding quality that constitutes the dignity of a homely art: here is the balance between personal interests and play of chromatic light and shade, that one notes in the sober products of the Dutch school. One may observe also in the so-called "intimists" in France—the latest offshoot of impressionism—an approach to the mood of true *genre*, though they all make, for our purpose, an exaggerated use of artistic mystery. An intimist crossed with a well-trained but open-minded realist should make pretty nearly the ideal recorder of our times. But there will be rather little encouragement for such a person so long as half-trained and over-refined people unite in an equally benighted indifference to one of the most engaging and satisfying forms of graphic design. Especially, we must first be delivered from the tyranny of the belated and inexorable romanticists.

THE ANTHOLOGY.

I.

It is true, as others have already pointed out, that Dr. Mackail in reëditing his volume of "Select Epigrams"* has failed to take advantage of the labors of certain German scholars during the intervening sixteen years,† and has thus missed the proper historical perspective in his Introduction. And this is regrettable, since such omissions leave the reader with a feeling of uneasiness even where the purpose of a book makes the neglected points of slight significance. As a matter of fact, Dr. Mackail's volume is one of the few really excellent works of English (or, one may add, European) scholarship dealing with the classics as a human production. Here in brief compass, and with suitable aids to comprehension, one has the substance of a whole fascinating literature; just to have rendered the epigrams so closely, yet with such unfailing charm, was alone a notable achievement. Still more signal is the accuracy with which he has selected what was essential in the great bulk of traditional matter, so as to leave in the end the impression of something closed and complete in itself. Exigencies of modern taste compelled him to omit the more characteristic epigrams of Strato's "Musa Puerilis," as well as the too passionate and luxuriant numbers of Rufinus, which might seem to form an integral part of the Anthology;

*"Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology," edited with revised text, translation, introduction, and notes, by J. W. Mackail, professor of poetry in the University of Oxford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1906. The first edition appeared in 1890.

†The most important work has been done by R. Reitzenstein, whose "Epigramm und Skolion" (Giessen, 1893) I have drawn upon in this essay.

hut a little reflection will show that these ardors of the flesh are almost as foreign to the heart of that literature as would be the more classical elevation of mind. If he has erred, it has been in the pardonable direction of hospitality. It would he hard to hlame the maker of any anthology for including the perfect epitaphs of Simonides, and one can understand the temptation which led him to increase the number of those in his new edition. And yet I am not sure whether the artistic harmony of the book is not a little marred hy such lines as these "On the Defenders of Tegea":

Through these men's valor the smoke of the burning of wide-floored Tegea went not up to heaven, who chose to leave the city glad and free to their children, and themselves to die in the forefront of battle;

whether, if anything were to be added to the section of "Epitaphs," that town of Arcady could not have furnished a more fitting example in the verses by its poetess, Anyte:

No bridal chamber for thee, nor pride of marriage—but above this marble tomb thy mother has raised a virgin figure, having thy stature and form, O Thersis; so can she speak to thee, even dead.

For it cannot he stated too strongly that the real Anthology is something far removed from the classic poetry of Greece, something in which the note of the fifth century sounds as a sharp intrusion. Echoes of the older poets there are, of course—Homeric epithets and evident reminiscences of Lesbos and Teos. And, strange as it may seem, Plato on one of his sides comes closer to the spirit of the Anthology than does any other of the great writers, so much so that the transition from the opening scenes of the "Phædrus" to some of the epigrams in Dr. Mackail's section of "Nature" demands only a slight readjustment of the mind. But the resemblance is momentary, and always the graceful dallying of Plato is the balancing of himself, so to speak, for a plunge into the depths. His conception of love and heauty that follows in this same dialogue is as widely remote from the human indulgence of the pseudo-Plato of the Epigrams as, to make another comparison, Eros, the suhduer, of the true Anacreon is different from the mischievous boy-Eros of the Anacreontica.

II.

These superficial resemblances merely serve to emphasize the contrast between the gravity (the σπουδαιότης one might say, had not the word heen vulgarized since Matthew Arnold's day) of the genuine Greek literature, and the lightness, often triviality, of what supplanted it. For this fresh flowering of wit is not so much a continuation of the oid schools of poetry, as a new *genre* sprung from the coalescing of two modes of expression very characteristic of Hellenic life, but hitherto kept in a subordinate place. From an early date it had been the custom to enliven the drinking part of a dinner with the rivalry of song. There were regular rules for the sport. A subject was proposed, perhaps the lines of some well-known poet quoted, and then each man in turn had to display his ingenuity. The other form of verse was the epigram, or actual inscription, whether it were the brief commemoration on stone of the dead or some prayer or word of thanksgiving to the gods set up with a gift or statue in a temple. Great poets did not disdain to exercise their art in this way, and a few of the genuine epigrams of Simonides and his rivals from the fifth century are as perfect as any work of human wit can be. Brevity, dignity, and a certain rounded completeness were the essential qualities of such writing; and the elegiac couplet soon proved itself the inevitahle medium. At an early date collections of inscriptions were made, and the forger followed in the field. From puhlishing spurious verses under the name of Simonides or another, it was an easy step to turn the epigram into an avowed form of literary expression.

Meanwhile, this trick of composing imaginary inscriptions made its way to the banquet hall. It introduced a new kind of lure to name some one of the illustrious dead, and then call on each guest to compose a suitable epitaph; for death in those days, as always, had its poignant appeal for a reflective Epicureanism. "Drink, for once dead you never shall return," is a refrain as new as it is oid; and love?—

When I am gone, Cleohulus—for what avails? cast among the fire of young loves, I lie a brand in the ashes—I pray thee make the burial-urn drunk with wine ere thou lay it under earth, and write on it, "Love's gift to Death."

From such an example it is easy to see how the epitaph could merge with the erotic elegies which had been sung at the tahle. The two subjects flowed together naturally; and even where this did not occur, the peculiar form of the inscription imposed itself upon the elegy. From this contact came the epigram as we have it in the Anthology—a brief poem in eiegiac metre, written for the most part in the closet, but with something of the point and self-sufficiency of the actual engraving on stone, combined with the zest and flavor of the hanquet. It might take the form of an epitaph; it might, as the supposed accompaniment of a temple-gift, sum up some experience of life; it might, as the inscription of a statue, invite to repose by the wayside; again, freeing itself from these restrictions, it might merely philosophize on the vanity of things or play with the passions. It was distinctly a new *genre*, having well-defined rules and suited to the spirit of the disenchanted centuries after the political fall of Greece.

III.

The beginnings of the epigram as a recognized literary kind has been traced hack to two poets, the founders of the Doric, or Peloponnesian, and the Ionian schools. Of the first of these, Anyte of Tegea, little is known. She was, apparently, a younger contemporary of Theocritus (the fact is important, considering the character of their inspiration), and about 300 B. C. published a book of epigrams which were much imitated in later ages. Meleager opens his garland of poets with the "many lilies of Anyte," and to another epigrammatist she was the "female Homer." There had existed for some time in Arcadia a school of bucolic poetry, largely, it may be supposed, of a popular sort ("soli cantare periti Arcades," says Virgil), in which the rustic gods, Pan and Hermes, and the nymphs played an important rôle. So far as is known, Anyte was the first to express this spirit of homely pastoral life in elegiac couplets. Only a handful of her poems have heen preserved, but they are sufficient to show the exquisite transparency and delicate finish of her work. Some of them are on the humhlest themes, such as this supposed inscription for a shepherd's crook, or pipe, or ivy cup:

To hristly Pan and the Nymphs of the farm-yard Theodotus the shepherd lays this gift under the crag, hecause they stayed him when very weary under the parching summer, holding out to him honey-sweet water in their hands.

Others are mottoes, actual or imaginary, for fountains and statues:

I, Hermes, stand here by the windy orchard in the cross-ways nigh the gray sea-shore, giving rest on the way to wearied men; and the fountain wells forth cold stainless water;

or this, perhaps the most radiant of all the pictures in the Anthology:

This is the Cyprian's ground, since it was her pleasure ever to look from land on the shining sea, that she may give fulfilment of their voyage to sailors; and around the deep trembles, gazing on her bright image.

The gods of the fields and the sea in these epigrams prevail over those of the cup. For the wanton muse of *Wein und Weib* we must turn to the Ionian Asclepiades of Samos, whose singing, according to Theocritus, was as high ahove his own as the locust surpasses a frog in sweetness. Others before him, we may believe, had reduced the love-elegy to the brevity and turn of an epigram, but he first, it appears, developed these banquet verses into a conscious literary *genre*. His themes were those that are so familiar to us in the erotic poets of Rome who copied the Alexandrine school. There is the lover at the closed door of his beloved, the *paraklausithyron*, which, in the imitation of Tibullus, contains one of the most romantic lines of Latin poetry: "En ego cum tenebris totâ vagor anxius urbe"; there is the appeal to the night-lamp, whose repetition continues down to the elegy of André Chénier:

Et toi, lampe nocturne, astre cher à l'amour,
Sur le marbre posée, ô toi! qui, jusqu'au jour,
De ta prison de verre éclairais nos tendresses,
C'est toi qui fus témoin de ses douces promesses.

The gist of it all is in two perfect quatrains of Asclepiades himself:

Sweet is snow in summer for one athirst to drink, and sweet for sailors after winter to see the Crown of spring; hut most sweet when one cloak hides two lovers, and the praise of Love is told hy hoth;

and,

Let us drink an unmixed draught of wine; dawn is an handbreadth; are we waiting to see the hedtime lamp once again? Let us drink merrily; after no long time yet, O luckless one, we shall sleep through the long night. [The words of Catullus: "Nox est perpetua una dormienda."]

From these two singers of Arcadia and of Samos and, of course, from other contributory sources proceeded a great body of epigrammatic literature, continuing well down into the Byzantine Empire. Some of the writers were poets of fame, such as Callimachus and Philetas; some hid their obscurity under the forged names of Plato or another; others were grammarians, or philosophers, or men of the world—courtiers, perhaps, who took this method of summing up, half-seriously and half-joco sely, the disillusion of years. Many came from Asia, and were in no true sense of the word Greeks at all. In the first century before Christ, one of these writers,

Meleager, who was born at Gadara (Ramoth-Gilead) of Northern Palestine, made a selected anthology of this literature so far as it already existed, adding a number of elegiac quotations from the older classical poets. Successive editors altered and enlarged the collection, until the Anthology, as we now have it with its thousands of epigrams, was formed in the late Middle Ages by scholars of Constantinople.

IV.

Naturally, the work of so many men during so many centuries comprises a variety of styles and ways of looking at life; yet the impression of the whole, especially when so sympathetic a critic as Dr. Mackail has eliminated the superfluous, is singularly consistent. Beneath the ever-changing play of sentiment run two qualities, two ideas, that give the Anthology its special flavor—the sense of transitoriness and a certain indescribable kindliness or friendliness of spirit. There was in all these poets an unusual age-consciousness; the glory of Greece was behind them, and they wrote in a kind of twilight, awaiting the night. The past is always an insistent reality with men of imagination; its influence was incalculably strong in the most fervid periods of Greek creation; but in the later pagan world it was present in a way almost incomprehensible to us. To one sailing in the Ægean Sea how many monuments of former greatness spoke on every coast—famous cities reduced to villages, proud states fallen into subserviency, memories of stirring battles. The temples were spoiled of their treasures, yet enough remained to show the nobility of an art now forever lost; the old plays were still produced on the stage, but they served only to mock the sterility of the present. These poets of the late Hellenic world were still in a way members of the ancient civilization, they spoke the same language and worshipped, or named, the same gods; but what a gulf of impassable experience lay between them and their ancestors. It is not strange that the shadow of transitoriness enveloped all their thoughts. That feeling, of course, is universal to mankind and is never long absent from poetry, but in the Anthology it has a tone and pathos all its own. Homer felt it when he put those great words into the mouth of one of his heroes: "Ah, friend, if once escaped this battle we were evermore to be ageless and deathless"; but then follows the Homeric conclusion: "Now let us go forward, whether we shall give glory to another man, or he to us." The feeling is latent in the epigrams of Simonides on those who perished in the Persian war, as in the two lines over the Spartan tomb at Thermopylæ: "O passer-by, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here obeying their orders"—but with it what endurance of duty! The difference in the epigrams is all in the moral. The will has been loosened and the foreboding of brevity leads not to greater resolve, but to relaxation; and in the same way, in place of the boast of immortality through duty performed—the "praise that grows not old"—comes the call to pleasure and ease.

You may say that the conclusion, too, is common to a large body of poetry outside of the Anthology. So doubtless it is. You will find it, to go far back to the seventh century, in the elegies of Mimnermus; it is the philosophy of Horace and, through him, of men of the world generally. Yet, if one reads these poets and the epigrammatists side by side, one catches a difference of note and emphasis, a something that sets the two classes wide apart. Perhaps it is the suspicion of weariness in the diction of the epigrams that renders them so distinct from Mimnermus, while they lack that final adjustment of language which makes of Horace's most questionable Epicureanism almost a lesson in austerity. Only one who reads in the original will quite understand such a distinction; but there are other differences that inhere in the substance of the epigrams. One feels that to these later moralists their very skepticism is something old and long-ago experienced, and that so it assumes with them a tone of badinage even when most mocking and bitter. It is as if some one at the banquet table, when the wit flagged, forgot himself so far as to speak solemnly of the end of things, and another were to rebuke him lightly:

All life is a stage and a game; either learn to play it, laying by seriousness, or bear its pains.

(Is it accident that the very word "seriousness," σπουδή, is that which is naturally applied to the classic literature of Greece, while game, παίγνιον, was the technical term for these later expressions of wit?) And then another after another of the guests takes up the challenge, until one ends with this *reductio ad absurdum*:

All is laughter, and all is dust, and all is nothing; for out of unreason is all that is.

And yet not quite the end. Not laughter, but silence, awaited that world finally, as it awaited the banqueters.

Thou talkest much, O man, and thou art laid in earth after a little; keep silence, and while thou yet livest, meditate on death.

V.

For the spirit of resignation lies beneath all this laughter and incentive to joy. One is struck by the repetition here and there of the great motto of ancient Greece: *Think as a mortal*; and by the change in its meaning. The words are no longer, as they were in Pindar and Æschylus, and even in Demosthenes, a warning against the insolent pride, or *hybris*, that would storm the heavens, but a plea for ease: "Haste not, toil not; as thou canst, give, share, consume; think as a mortal." This humanity is merely an aspect of that accepted comfort of littleness which forms the compensation for the too clear perception of mutability. One feels this most strongly in the section of the Anthology headed "Religion," for the very gods have shrunk in their dimensions, like the desires and ambitions of their worshippers. "Small to see am I Priapus who inhabit this spit of shore," begins one of the epigrams, and another, which Dr. Mackail entitles "Fortuna Parvulorum," is still more pathetic in its humility:

Even me the little god of small things if thou call upon in due season thou shalt find, but ask not for great things; since whatsoever a god of the commons can give to a laboring man of this I, Tycho, have control.

To me there is something divinely tender in this *little god of small things*, this turning from Olympus, so far away, to one of the *di minorum gentium*, and in this *ask not for great things*.

This is the cry that runs all through the Anthology; but the one thing passionately desired and prayed for, the one seemingly small boon, was beyond the giving of the great or the little gods. No wish is repeated so continually by these poets as the longing for remembrance. All things are fleeting; nothing is our own, not even this spark of life which is owed to Death; but, Oh, grant that after our going some interposition of human memory come between us and utter obliteration. That longing is common, a commonplace, if you will. The heroes of the Iliad felt it in the underworld; and the pains of the lost in Dante's Inferno are pointed by the dread of being forgotten among the living. But the desire in this fading pagan world is something different from these. The craving of forgetfulness or the prayer for remembrance lies naturally at the heart of this literature, which springs from the epitaph and the inscription. It is not only that the dead cry to the living to be kept from oblivion, but the living themselves beg a place in the thought of strangers and passers-by. "Sit beneath the poplars here, wayfarer, when thou art weary," runs the writing on a wayside tomb, "and drawing nigh drink of our spring; and even far away remember the fountain that Simus sets by the side of Gillus, his dead child."

In the end that comfort of little things and this craving to be remembered are but signs of the coming together of the sense of transitoriness and the spirit of kindliness, which mark the character of this whole literature. Kindliness—yes, if any one word can convey the innermost quality of these epigrams, it is that. They are kindly in many subtle ways. Personal friendship is celebrated warmly enough, as in that well-known epigram of Callimachus:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take—

But more than this is the subtle friendliness with the world at large that pervades almost the whole Anthology. It extends to the gods, who are very near to help, as a human friend would be. It explains the "charm of nature" (the words actually occur in one of the epigrams) felt by these writers in the protected valleys and wayside fountains, as it exaggerates their disease at the salt, estranging sea. Among men the feeling is fostered both by prosperity and misfortune. Does the sailor accomplish a safe voyage? Forthwith he records his thankfulness at some shrine of Poseidon, with a prayer for general mercy: "Holy Spirit of the great Shaker of Earth, be thou gracious to others also." Does he perish by the way? Some stranger or comrade buries him with an inscription which speaks at once his desire of remembrance and his good-will toward others: "Well be with you, O mariners, both at sea and on

land; but know that you pass by the grave of a shipwrecked man."

It is not possible here to follow this note of kindliness through all its obvious and hidden manifestations. There is nothing quite like it, I believe, to be found anywhere else, and more than any other quality it lends to the epigrams a beautiful and unique distinction. Its gentleness does not belong to the great pagan world, and might remind one rather of the new spirit of Christianity. So, when one reads the call to rest of Hermes to those "whose knees are tired with heavy toil," the temptation is strong to compare it with the words of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden." But the similarity, it need not be said, is fallacious. There is no new-born faith underlying the mercy and friendliness of the Anthology, nor any touch of the mysticism, such as that in the Rubaiyat, which makes the whole world kin—and kind. The spirit is here rather the last offspring of skepticism, the brotherhood of those who have cut off the long hope and must find their comfort together and in the way of small things. But it must not be therefore inferred that the impression left by the Anthology is one of moroseness or despondency. Occasionally the word of bitterness escapes, or a phrase of less jocular satire; but these are quickly repressed as errors of taste against the occasion. Something of this is due to the origin of the epigram, but something also to the recollection of the great civilization of which these men were still the disinherited heirs. "Though thy life be fixed in one seat," writes an epigrammatist of the age of Augustus, "and thou sailest not the sea nor treadest the roads on dry land, yet by all means go to Attica that thou mayest see those great nights of the worship of Demeter; whereby thou shalt possess thy soul without care among the living, and lighter when thou must go to the place that awaiteth all." These poets, whose names for the most part mean so little to us, had partaken in memory of the *great nights* of Hellas, and their soul was made lighter thereby for the descending path.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The *Nation* of January 24 contained a brief note to the effect that Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London would offer at auction early in the spring a small but choice collection of books, made by a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Various details in regard to this library have been published in England and America, but most of these accounts have been inaccurate. The sale will be held in March. The collector is William C. Van Antwerp, whose aim has been to gather a library of not more than 200 volumes, which, as a whole, should be illustrative of English literature from Caxton to Tennyson. Every book should be notable from the point of view of literature, history, or association; should be a first-class rarity, and the best specimen procurable.

From such a collection it is not easy to make a selection for special mention. The four volumes, however, which stand preeminent are, perhaps, the First Folio Shakespeare, the first edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," the Kilmarnock Burns, and Hawthorne's copy of the rare Boston edition of Hubbard's Indian Wars. The First Folio is the Rowfant copy, a fraction more than thirteen inches in height, and with every leaf genuine. For size, perfection, and soundness it is probably surpassed by not more than three existing copies of this most valuable of all printed books. Of the forty-three copies placed by Sidney Lee in his Class I., twelve only are thirteen inches or more in height. The MacGeorge copy, for which Marsden J. Perry of Providence paid, according to Sidney Lee's estimate, "some gigantic sum not less than £6,000," measures only 12⅞ inches in height. The first edition of Walton's "Angler," 1653, is also the Rowfant copy, one of the finest extant, in the original sheep binding, and with leaves as crisp and clean as when issued. The extreme rarity and the poor condition of most copies may be accounted for by supposing that the book was carried in the pocket to be read by patient fishermen by the streamside. The Kilmarnock Burns, that first edition of Burns's poems, published at Kilmarnock by John Wilson, 1786, is equally notable for condition, being nine inches by six, in the original blue paper covers, and entirely uncut. Not more than two other copies in this condition are known. The Burns Cottage Association at Ayr, Scotland, paid £1,000 in 1903 for a copy in similar condition, though probably somewhat inferior.

The fourth book mentioned above, Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," was published in 1677 by Boston's first printer, John Foster. The work in itself is very rare and valuable, especially with the genuine "Map of New England, being the first that ever was here cut," but the evidences of former ownership in the Van Antwerp copy make it a great treasure. The volume was the property of the Hawthorne family of Salem for more than two hundred and twenty-five years. It contains the autograph of the first immigrant of the name, "William Hawthorne, Senior, his booke, 1677." There are autographs of William's son, the "witch-judge," John Hathorne; and of half a dozen other members of the family in different generations. The autograph of Nathaniel Hawthorne appears in four places. On the blank leaf, which completes signature "n," he has written:

> Nathl Hawthorne's Book,
> given him by his Kinswoman,
> Miss Susan Ingersoll. 1838.

Of early printed books Van Antwerp owns two Caxtons: Cicero's "Of Old Age and Friendship," 1481, the Rowfant copy; and the "Chronicles of England," 1482, the Bryan Fairfax and Osterley Park copy. The "Vitae Patrum," translated by Caxton and printed by Wynken de Worde, 1495; Higden's "Polychronicon," also 1495; Voragine's "Golden Legend," 1527; "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," 1528, are large books from the press of Wynken de Worde. Besides these there are two little books, "Stella Clericorum," 1531, and "Cura Clericalis," 1532, both stitched and unbound as issued. A fragment of the "Stella Clericorum" in the University Library at Cambridge is the only other copy of either that is now traceable. Of books printed by Richard Pynson, there are three: "The Siege of Troy," 1513, and "The Fall of Princes," 1527, both translated by John Lydgate; and the first edition of Alexander Barclay's "Ship of Fools," 1509. The "Ship of Fools" lacks fifteen leaves. The "Golden Legend," printed by Julian Notary, 1503, is one of five known copies.

As fitting companions to the First Folio, there are exceptionally fine copies of the other three folios. The Second Folio, formerly the property of the Rev. John Lucy, has the rare Aspley imprint. The Second Folio was, it will be remembered, printed by Thomas Cotes for five different booksellers, each sharing the expense and each having his sole name on the title-page of his portion of the edition. Robert Allot seems to have had the largest interest. Probably four out of five copies that come upon the market have his name. The other sharers in the edition were John Smethwicke, Richard Hawkins, Richard Meighen, and William Aspley. While good copies with the Allot imprint sell frequently for from £100 to £200, a copy with the Hawkins imprint sold in 1903 for £850, and one with the Smethwicke imprint in 1902 for £690. The late Halliwell-Phillips said of the Aspley imprint:

> It was remarked by Malone, and more recently by Boaden, that, after more than half a century's experience and observation, they had never seen but one copy with the name of Aspley on the title. Aspley's edition is indeed of such extraordinary rarity that few persons, even among those especially interested in Shakespearean bibliography, have ever been able to see it.

Though the Third Folio contains the seven additional plays, it has also the rare title, dated 1663, without the names of the "seven plays never before printed in folio," and the leaf containing only Ben Jonson's verses, both of which were suppressed and cut out of almost all copies when the title dated 1664 was printed. The new 1664 title, as well as its companion leaf, containing the portrait by Droeshout with the Jonson verses below it, is also in this copy. Besides the folios there is an unusual series of the quartos: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619; "King Lear," 1608; "Henry V.," 1608; "The Whole Contention" and "Pericles," 1619; "The Taming of the Shrew," 1631; "Romeo and Juliet," 1637; "Two Noble Kinsmen," 1634; and "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600. "The Rape of Lucrece," the rare 1624 edition, was Narcissus Luttrell's copy, with his initials and the price he paid for the book (four pence!) written on the title. The McKee copy, with the printer's mark and imprint cut from the title and restored, brought $1,925 at Anderson's in 1901. The "Poems" of 1640 is the Rowfant copy, with a fine impression of the rare portrait by Marshall.

Mr. Van Antwerp's copy of the second edition of Chaucer, 1542, is probably the finest known. It measures 13½ by 8 9-16 inches, and may be called large paper. Mr. Hoe's copy, 12⅝ by 8¼ inches, is described in his catalogue as "unique for size." Sir Thomas Malory's "Story of the Most Noble and Worthy King Arthur" is the rare edition printed by Thomas East, about 1570. It is practically perfect, a small corner of one leaf only being in facsimile. The Ashburnham copy lacked six

leaves and the Huth copy has the title in facsimile. Harding's "Chronicle," printed by Richard Grafton, January, 1543, is the earliest issue.

Among books by sixteenth century writers is Samuel Daniel's "Works," the earliest issue of the first edition, with the title-page dated 1601 (most copies are dated 1602), large paper. Queen Elizabeth's arms are impressed upon the vellum covers. Thomas Drant's translation of two books of Horace's Satires, published in 1566 under the title of "A Medicinable Moral," is unique, containing two leaves of errata not found in any other copy and not mentioned by any bibliographer. Heywood's "An Hundred Epigrammes," 1550, is in superb condition, and the only copy known. Holinshed's "Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland," the rare 1577 edition, is large and fine, measuring 11½ by 7¾ inches. It contains all the illustrations, including the scarce folding wood-cut of Edinburgh. Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, the exceedingly rare first edition, was formerly Richard Farmer's, then Gregory Lewis Way's, later Frederick Locker's. Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," printed by William Ponsonby, 1595, is the first edition and the only copy known, the one from which the University Press of Cambridge made a reprint. Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, is a fine specimen of the first issue of the first edition with the four unpaged leaves at the end of the first volume and the blank spaces instead of the Welsh words found in most copies.

Among the choicest of the seventeenth century books is the first edition of Milton's first book, "A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle," 1637, afterwards given the title of "Comus." The corner of the last leaf is in facsimile, but the book is so rare that it is all but unprocurable in any condition. The "Paradise Regained," 1671, is entirely uncut, the leaf measuring 7½x5 inches, and is undoubtedly the finest example known.

The great eighteenth century books are scarcely less interesting. The first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," 1719, is in the original calf as is also the first edition of "Gulliver's Travels." The latter is the earliest issue, the portrait with the name underneath instead of in the oval surrounding the head. Moreover, on the second title of volume i. is the inscription, "Oliver Goldsmith, 1766," in Goldsmith's autograph The first editions of Goldsmith's own books are also worthy of mention. "The Deserted Village" is on large and thick paper. A similar copy sold at auction for £100 at Sotheby's, London, in June, 1902. "The Traveller" is the first edition, 1764. This book has been sought after for years, but the only other copy known is in a private library in London. "She Stoops to Conquer" is the first issue with all the "points," in the original paper cover, uncut, and, without much doubt, unique in this state. "The Good-Natured Man," 1768, is also the earliest issue of the first edition. Gray's "Elegy" is the first edition, and the "Odes" which were "snatched from Dodsley's hands" by Horace Walpole to become the first issue of his Strawberry Hill Press, is a fine uncut copy with an autograph letter from Gray inserted. Inserted also is a single leaf "To Mr. Gray on his Odes" by David Garrick, of which, according to Austin Dobson, only six were printed. The first edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," 2 vols., 1791, is uncut; and among other interesting matter inserted, is the earliest autograph letter of Dr. Johnson known to be in existence, written at Lichfield, July 27, 1732, when Johnson was twenty-three years old.

The number of nineteenth century books is not large, but each is notable. The first edition of Keats's "Poems," 1817, is a presentation copy, the identical one which brought $500 at the Arnold sale, May, 1901. The "Endymion," 1813, is uncut, of the earliest issue, with the correct half-title, the single erratum, and the two leaves of advertisements at the end. There is a complete set of the Waverley Novels, all in boards, uncut, besides first editions of many of Scott's poems, and the proofsheets of Scott's last work, the "History of Scotland," with autograph corrections by the author. Swinburne's first book, "The Queen Mother and Rosamond," 1860, is the rare first issue with all the "points": Pickering's name on title, slip of errata, and label reading A. C. Swinburne. It has, besides, an autograph inscription on the half-title "D. G. Rossetti, From his Friend, A. C. Swinburne."

Although no special effort has been made to secure rare Americana, the collection includes a number of interesting volumes, in addition to the copy of Hubbard's Indian Wars already described. Richard Eden's translation of Peter Martyr's "Decades," 1555, the first collection of voyages in English, is a fine and perfect copy with the rare unpaged leaf "A Letter to the Duke of Muscovie" between folios 309 and 310. That great collection of voyages, by Samuel Purchase, 5 vols. folio, published 1625 and 1626 as "Purchas, his Pilgrimes," has the engraved title dated 1624 (in almost all copies it is 1625), and is in the original vellum binding with the faded blue string ties, and many uncut leaves. The fifth volume is of an earlier issue than that described by Loundes, Sabin, and others.

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON.

A "Bibliography of the State, Town, County, and Territorial History of the United States," compiled by Thomas L. Bradford, M.D., and edited and revised by Stan. V. Henkels, will be published in Philadelphia by Henkels & Morrison. There will be five volumes, including about seven thousand titles, double indexed. The work will include books published up to January 1, 1904.

A set of the first octavo edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," 7 vols., 8vo, 1840-1844, in the one hundred original parts, will be offered by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city in the auction of Gen. Garret H. Striker's library, February 13 and 14. Only one set in parts seems to have been sold at auction in recent years. This belonged to the late L. H. Chubbuck of Boston, and brought $315 in February, 1904. In the Striker sale will be offered a complete set of the New York *Mirror* from the first number, August 2, 1823, to the last, December 31, 1842, 20 vols., 4to. Samuel Woodworth was the founder and first editor, being succeeded by N. P. Willis, and he by George P. Morris.

On February 19 and 20 there is a sale of autographs belonging to C. G. Boerner at Leipzig. The catalogue covers a wide field in art, music, and letters. There are seventy-four items concerning the royal house of Prussia; and men like Bismarck, Blücher, and Moltke are well represented.

At the auction of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, January 14 to 18, the following sales were made: Shakespeare's Second Folio, 1632, imperfect, £29 10s.; Sheridan's "Rivals," first edition, 1775, £9 15s.; Sidney's "Arcadia," first edition, 1590, imperfect, £165; Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," first edition, 1837, with autograph, £11 5s.; Byron's "Poems on Various Occasions," Newark, Ridge, 1807, £38; Shelley's "Zastrozzi," first edition, 1810, £16 10s.; Huth Library, edited by Grosart, twenty-nine volumes, 1881-1886, £18 5s.; Pope's "Essay on Criticism," first edition, 1711, £15 5s.; Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery," £16 10s. At a sale held by the same firm on January 23, Defoe's "Fortunate Mistress," first edition, 1724, brought £10 10s.; Fielding's "Tom Jones," "Joseph Andrews," "Amelia," and "Voyage to Lisbon," first editions, £14 12s. 6d.; Dr. Syntax's three "Tours," Rowlandson's plates, first editions, 1812-1821, £20; Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," first edition, except vol. i., 1760-1767, £13 10s.; Kelmscott Chaucer, 1896, £49.

Correspondence.

GRILLPARZER'S "MEDEA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent performance in Boston, by Mr. Conried's company, of Grillparzer's "Medea," for the benefit of the Germanic Museum at Cambridge, called forth a pamphlet on that drama, by Mr. William Guild Howard of Harvard, valuable both in itself and as testifying to the growing general interest in one of the world's greatest dramatists. That American colleges have hitherto neglected the Austrian writer is not strange, in view of the fate which so long pursued him in Germany. More than any man of genius who wrote in the German tongue Grillparzer has suffered from the wilful depreciation of the literary historians of Germany. During a long period, not only critics of the stamp of Wolfgang Menzel—whose littleness has escaped oblivion only because he dared to attack the great—but writers like Gervinus and Julian Schmidt, utterly failed to grasp the significance of the Austrian dramatist. Within recent years, however, there has grown up in Germany a Grillparzer literature inferior in volume and minuteness of critical research only to that which steadily gathers around the names of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Heine. In France, Grillparzer has found in Prof. Auguste Ehrhard of the University of Clermont-Ferrand perhaps his most charming biographer and most discriminating critic ("Le Théâtre en Autriche: Franz Grillparzer").

Mr. Howard's appreciation of the "Medea" is quite noteworthy as probably the first attempt in the English language to set forth adequately the merits of the play, and of the entire trilogy of "Das Goldene Vliess," of which it forms the concluding part. He justly says of the character of Medea her-

self, as depicted by Grillparzer, "We shall dare place beside her only the very greatest tragic characters in the modern European drama—Racine's Athalie, Hebbel's Kriemhild, or Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth." Within the compass of a few pages, Mr. Howard could not trace the relationship between Grillparzer's drama and Euripides's "Medea" further than to remark that "it may be doubted whether, of the many dramas in European literature treating the fate of Jason and Medea, the first, that of Euripides, is not, next to Grillparzer's, the least antiquated." He evidently would take issue, as must every student of Grillparzer, with one of the most recent English translators of Euripides, Sydney Waterlow, who, in the preface to "The Medea and Hippolytus" (The Temple Classics), remarks: "His portrayal of Medea . . . has never been recreated in a modern masterpiece."

We may forgive Mr. Waterlow for ignoring, with the multitude of lesser dramatists who have attempted to modernize the story of the golden fleece, the great Corneille, of whose "Médée" the learned Corneille editor, M. Marty-Laveaux, wrote: "La Médée de Longepierre, représentée en 1694, s'est maintenue au répertoire pendant tout le cours du siècle dernier, et a fait complètement oublier celle de Corneille." But the absence of any allusion to Grillparzer in this connection is, indeed, surprising. Whatever the absolute merits of Grillparzer's "Medea," (of which no English translation exists), there can be no doubt that it reproduces the atmosphere and the spirit of the Greek play more nearly than any other modern drama on the subject. The student of comparative literature will, indeed, find endless scope for his fancy in contrasting the characters of Medea and Jason as portrayed by Euripides on the one hand, and Corneille and Grillparzer on the other. Grillparzer, it is true, has softened the characters of both Medea and Jason, but how true to the calculating egotist of the original is this description of Jason by Medea in the Austrian drama:

For him and him alone the world was made,
And nothing lives except to prompt his deeds.
To own in thought what may elude his clutch,
He dares his fate and risks the fate of all.
If glory tempts, he kills without a pang,
And if a woman, why, he simply grasps.
Let break what will, he has what he desires;
Right is his deed, for what he wills is right.

Grillparzer's Jason, through all his vacillations and inconsistencies, could never have indulged in the utterly un-Greek sentimentalism of Corneille's:

Mon cœur, qui se partage en deux affections,
Se laisse déchirer à mille passions.
Je dois tout à Médée, et je ne puis sans honte
Et d'elle et de ma foi tenir si peu de conte.
Je regrette Médée, et j'adore Créuse.

Grillparzer's hero and heroine, too, have their sentimental moods, but note the exquisitely realistic touches in that pathetic scene where Medea attempts to force Jason's unwilling attention upon the song Creusa has taught her:

Medea. Jason, I know a song.
Jason. (Ignoring her, and continuing his address to Creusa).
And then the tower!
Dost thou remember it, on yonder shore,
Where thou didst weeping with thy father stand
When I took ship and sailed for far-off lands?
I had no eye then for thy flowing tears,
For full my soul was of my future deeds.
A gust of wind detached thy veil from thee,
The waves received it and I sprang for it.
And carried it with me, to think of thee.
Creusa. Hast thou it still?
Jason. Remember, many a year
Since then has passed; the winds have borne away
Thy pledge. 'Tis gone.
Medea. Jason, I know a song.
Jason. Thou then didst call to me, "Farewell, my brother."
Creusa. As now I call: "My brother, hail to thee!"
Medea. Jason, I know a song.
Creusa. She knows a song
That once thou sangst. Hear! Let her sing it.
Jason. Yes, yes! What was I saying? 'Tis a habit
That mocking clings to me from childhood days,
And makes me dream and talk of far-off things,
That are not now and nevermore shall be;
For even as the youth lives in the future,
So with the past together lives the man.
And no one in the present fully lives.
A moment back I was a valiant hero,
And had a precious wife and gold and goods,
And mine a place was where my children slept.
(To Medea)
What didst thou want of me?
Creusa. Sing thee a song,
Which in thy youth thou sangst here in our home.
Jason. That singest *thou!*
Medea. As best I may.
Jason. Indeed!
Wouldst thou then with this poor and childish song
Give back my childhood and its happiness?
No, let it be! We must cling to each other,
Because it happened so, and 'tis our fate;
But let us have no songs and childish things.
Creusa. O let her sing! She tried so hard to learn,
And now she knows the song, and——
Jason. Well, then, sing!
Creusa. The second string, remember!
Medea. (Passing her hand over her forehead with an expression of pain.)
O, forgotten!
Jason. Thou seest, I knew full well, it would not do!
To quite another play her hand is used;
The dragon sang her magic art to sleep,
Which had another note than thy pure song.

Corneille, who follows Seneca's Latin play in many Gallicized lines, as in the

Va, bienheureux amant, cajoler ta maîtresse,
(I nunc, superbe, virginum thalamos pete)

returns in the conclusion to Euripides's terrible arraignment:

Horreur de la nature, exécrable tigresse!

In Grillparzer's "Medea," as in the Greek tragedy, Medea and Jason confront each other in the last scene, but whereas the classic play ends in bitter mutual reproach, and Medea departs unmoved, predicting evil to Jason, the modern poet provides a nobler climax. The touching conclusion of her apostrophe to Jason reawakens the sympathy of the spectator:

Bear then what has been meted out to thee,
Thy lot shall be what thy deserts demand,
As thou before me liest on the ground,
Thus lay in Colchis I before thee once,
And prayed for mercy. Hadst thou mercy then?
The sacrilegious fingers grasped thy fate,
Although I called: "Death is thy touch to thee."
Take then what sullenly thy heart desired,
Thy death. But I take bitter leave of thee;
It is the last farewell, fore'er the last,
I bid thee now, my husband. Fare thee well!
In all the terrors that engulf us both,
In all the sadness which the future bodes,
I still say, fare thee well, O husband mine!
A fate of sorrow darkening looms for thee,
Yet be prepared to meet thy stern decree,
In suffering stronger than thou wast in deed.
And if thy anguish greater than thy strength,
Let my surpassing woe console thee still,
For I have done what thou hast merely borne.

In that melancholy note of resignation which so often resounds through Grillparzer's works, Medea's last words are:

Bear, suffer, learn to expiate!

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, January 28.

LINCOLN'S STORIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Everything about Lincoln has perennial interest. It seems now that by his own account his little stories were told with a serious purpose as a relief from discussion, or to convey in a pleasant form something in itself not so pleasant. In England this habit of his made the impression of levity and did him harm. In the last year of the war I was a guest of Seward at Washington, now the beautiful and brilliant, then the gloomy and miry. One morning I picked my way across from Seward's house to the Government buildings for the honor of an interview with the President of the United States, the head of the great cause to bring to which the assurance of English sympathy was partly the object of my visit to the United States. I was taken to a hall upstairs, a door opened, and Abraham Lincoln was before me. For the figure I was prepared; but a glance at the face at once dispelled the idea of levity. On that face instead of light-heartedness sat melancholy, care, and the deepest sense of responsibility. The report that after Chancellorsville Lincoln had meditated suicide, though preposterous, was less wide of the mark than the charge of levity. In the course of the conversation which followed and which turned mainly on the state of opinion in England, Lincoln told one of his little stories. Not knowing what is now revealed, I regarded this as an instance of habit, perhaps Western, and thought that the President was relieving his burdened soul by taking, as it were, an intellectual pinch of snuff.

Never was crime a more fearful blunder than was the assassination of Lincoln by a Southern hand. It proved the ruin of Reconstruction. I cannot help thinking that Lincoln mistook the nature of the problem with which he had to deal, taking for a rebellion, as he always did, that which in fact was not a rebellion, but the sudden creation of a new nationality by a rupture which was inevitable and had been long foreseen. But the influence of his character on Reconstruction would have been inestimable. We know into what hands, when he was lost, Reconstruction fell. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, January 29.

OPEN SHELVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was with considerable surprise that I read the note on the open-shelf system on page 34 of the *Nation* for January 10. I hardly supposed the system needed further championing in America. In England there are local conditions of patent rights in indicators, and of "shutinedness"

in humanity, that have delayed the introduction of open shelves; but with that we need not concern ourselves.

In the main building of the Public Library of Cincinnati the placing of books on open shelves began in the spring of 1900. The number of books so placed has increased, until at present there are 50,000 where the public may consult them without let or hindrance. This is a large open-shelf collection, possibly the largest in any one library building. I have not been conscious that the open shelf is a failure in Cincinnati. Surely the patrons of the library show their appreciation by the number of books they take for home use, 489,671 in the year 1906. The circulation in one year from the main building in Boston, according to the latest statistics, was 299,647; in Pittsburgh, 222,901; in Cleveland, 354,469; and in St. Louis, 455,898. It seems hardly necessary to explain that the books on the open shelves are selected books; that the rare books—the books difficult to replace, the sets of bound periodicals, the art folios—are not on open shelves. There were, at the close of 1906, 269,707 bound volumes in the main building, and 60,381 pamphlets, so that the open-shelf collection constituted about 18 per cent. of the bound volumes.

People do steal books. It was my fortune before coming here to have two years' experience as an assistant in what was at that time a reference library most hedged about with safeguards against the purloining of its books. During those two years more of that library's books were offered for sale to second-hand dealers than have been of the books of the Public Library of Cincinnati in any two years since the introduction of open shelves.

There is economy in the handling of the circulation, as we have fewer attendants in the circulating department than there were seven years ago, and the circulation is larger by one-third. As to economy of space, I am at a loss, as there is no more space to economize. With the influx of people who take books for home reading has come even a greater influx of those who come for the entertainment of reading, or for more serious consultation within the building, so that there is standing room only—and not much of that—during the busy hours.

One reason for the large use of the main building in Cincinnati is certainly its fortunate location downtown on a busy street, but another is as certainly the facility with which the patrons may get what they come for—books. N. D. C. HODGES.

Public Library of Cincinnati, January 28.

AN EARLY PLAN TO EXCHANGE PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the time comes for some writer to trace the incidents and tendencies in the academic world which helped to bring about a better understanding among nations through the interchange of professors and lecturers, consideration should certainly be given to a curious incident, some account of which is to be found in the recent "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen," by Prof. F. W. Maitland. As long ago as 1864, Henry Yates Thompson, a young English graduate of Trinity College (B.A., 1862), proposed to endow a lectureship at Cambridge University, England. In the words of Leslie Stephen's biographer:

The lecturer was to be appointed by the President and Fellows of Harvard, but was to instruct the English Cambridge in "the History, Literature, and Institutions of the United States of America." This generous offer the Cambridge Senate rejected. The question on which a vote was taken was whether by way of experiment a lecturer to be nominated by Harvard and approved by the Vice-Chancellor should be allowed the use of one of the university rooms for a single course of lectures. By 110 votes to 82 the Senate decided that it would not make even this tentative approach towards an acceptance of Mr. Thompson's proposal.

I venture to call attention to a few other details regarding this matter. Soon after his graduation Mr. Thompson visited America, spent some time in and about Boston, and became deeply interested in what he saw. Late in the year 1864, on his return to England, he addressed his plan of a lectureship to the Hon. Edward Everett, once minister to England, and ex-president of Harvard. Young Thompson felt keenly the want of information in England as to things American, "*especially among the upper classes*," as he wrote. He desired to provide for the delivery of a biennial course of twelve lectures during one term at Cambridge, the lecturer, or reader, to be appointed by the President and Fellows of Harvard, and—in his own words—the lecturer's "sole qualifications to be American citizenship, and the opinion of his appointers that he is a fit person." The plan of a foreign lectureship he considered so entirely novel to English authorities that he was unwilling to bring the matter in the first instance before his own university. He preferred to gain Mr. Everett's aid in offering the scheme to Harvard, and then to have it presented officially to Cambridge from Harvard. Otherwise it was likely, he thought, to meet with no very serious attention.

Mr. Everett's death early in 1865 probably delayed the plan. But it was presented to the Harvard authorities in the spring, met with their approval, and under date of May 8, 1865, was sent to the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge by President Hill of Harvard, who expressed his desire for a "cordial assent." The plan reached England so late in the term that consideration was postponed till after the long vacation. Objections began to be heard in England. It was said that it could form no part of any acknowledged branch of university education. The fear was expressed that the lectures might become "a sort of democratic propaganda." As the true aim of the project seemed likely to become befogged, Mr. Thompson determined to publish the correspondence, expecting doubtless to arouse the Cambridge Senate to the large importance of his plan. The correspondence, together with some illuminating comment from Mr. Thompson, appeared in the autumn of 1865, in the shape of a small pamphlet, labelled 'For private circulation only." In 1866 the fate of the plan was decided. Let Professor Maitland's words conclude the story:

It will probably be thought by modern readers that when Stephen told Lowell that a cry of "Socinianism" was raised, this was a joke. It was nothing of the kind, . . . the drum ecclesiastic was resoundingly beaten. "Are members of the Senate aware," wrote one of the drummers, "that Harvard University, as far as it professes any form of religion, is distinctly Socinian, or if Americans prefer the term, Unitarian?" Another gentleman thought good to say in print that by receiving a lecturer from Harvard we should "pander to that which is perhaps the worst vice inherent in the North-American character, namely, SELF-CONCEIT." Such were the amenities of the time; such was the use made of capital letters; and such was the wisdom of the Senate. It had been believed and hoped at Cambridge . . . that if Harvard had to appoint a Thompson lecturer the choice would fall in the first instance upon Lowell.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., January 28.

THE ENGLISH VIEW OF THANKSGIVING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The publication of "Loyalist's" eccentric communication to the *Oxford Magazine* of December 5 in your issue of January 10, led me to call the Vice-Chancellor's attention to the matter, and he has addressed to me, with a view to its publication in a communication to you, the following letter:

Magdalen College, Oxford,
January 21, 1907.

My dear Dyer:

I am obliged by your calling my attention to the letter of "Loyalist" in the last *Oxford Magazine* of last term. To show how little general stir it made, I may say that I had neither noticed nor heard of it before you spoke of it. I do not know who "Loyalist" may be, but I think I may at once say, if it is not too obvious to be worth saying, that the real opinion and feeling of Oxford is much more truly shown by the considered and official action of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church than by the irresponsible criticism of an anonymous correspondent of the *Magazine*—a criticism which I hope the writer might be willing to modify on fuller consideration.—Yours sincerely,

T. HERBERT WARREN.
Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

From the above it will appear that at least two people in Oxford have read "Loyalist's" letter, the vice-chancellor and the editor who inserted it. How far the editor was from printing it as *an English view of Thanksgiving* will appear from the following note expressive of his view, which is to appear in the *Oxford Magazine* to-morrow, the first issue after the one of December 5, which contained "Loyalist's" letter:

At the end of last term we published an indignant and singularly ill-informed protest, signed "Loyalist," against the action of the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church in allowing a Thanksgiving Day Service to be held in the Cathedral. "We may," said the writer, "be as friendly as we will to the Americans in Oxford, as men, but surely it behooves us to remember that their national festivals are held to celebrate the defeat of our arms On these occasions they are rebels and traitors, and to encourage them is, morally, to be guilty of treasonable practice." We confess that we hardly thought that this letter would be taken seriously. It was, however, printed in the New York *Nation*, and we publish in this number two replies to it, one from no less distinguished a scholar than Professor Goodwin of Harvard, an honorary D.C.L. of this University. We therefore hasten to explain that, if we had thought that "Loyalist's" letter represented any serious body of British opinion, we should have suppressed it for very shame at the ignorance and prejudice which it exhibits. It is bad enough to be compelled to approve of every

contemporary action of one's own Government, but if that compulsion is to be made retrospective, then we are all "rebels and traitors," and what a burden lies upon the consciences of our lecturers in modern history! And, further, as our correspondent points out, Thanksgiving Day is not the same as the Fourth of July.

May I, as one who has always had at heart the adequate religious observance of Thanksgiving at Oxford, say frankly and fully that this part of our most ancient national observance was inaugurated here by an Englishman, the Rev. Ernest F. Smith of Lincoln College, sometime archdeacon of the diocese of western Pennsylvania. The first service was held in 1905 at the university church (St. Mary's), and then there was no "Loyalist" in the field against it. The second service was that of this last year in the Cathedral. The American Prayer Book was used on both occasions. That the Rhodes scholars—to whom were assigned in the Cathedral Church of Christ the seats occupied at other services by the scholars on that foundation—fully entered into the celebration in the spirit which prompted the authorities who made it possible, is shown by the votes of thanks unanimously passed and communicated to Mr. E. F. Smith and others concerned. The sermon—a memorable one—preached at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, on Thanksgiving Day, 1905, by the Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, rector of Lambeth, formerly professor of dogmatic theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York city, U. S. A., has been published here by G. S. Mowbray of No. 106 South Aldgate Street. The second Oxford Thanksgiving sermon, preached by the Rev. E. F. Smith, and deeply appreciated by his hearers, among whom were many English subjects, has not, I am sorry to say, as one who profited by hearing it, as yet been published.

LOUIS DYER.

Balliol College, Oxford, January 22.

SIMPLIFIED SPELLING AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. W. S. Booth, quotes a passage of Bacon's against phonetic orthography, as tho it had some bearing on the proposals of the Simplified Spelling Board, which desires only to accelerate that inevitable simplification of our spelling that has been going on for centuries. Apparently he is in favor of arresting this movement now. It is therefore very kind of him to suggest that the reformers should "direct their attack upon the makers of dictionaries" and obtain "the admission of their reformed spellings each in its proper place." And perhaps he will be pleased to learn that some 150 of the simpler spellings recommended by the Board are already preferred by Webster, some 180 by the Century, and more than 200 by the Standard. Probably the future recommendations of the Board will be received hospitably, since the Board now numbers among its members the editors of Webster, the Standard, and the Century in the United States and the editors of the Dialect, the Etymological, and the Oxford English Dictionary in Great Britain.

A MEMBER OF THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING BOARD.

New York, January 28.

Notes.

"The Trust Movement in British Industry: A Study of Business Organization," by Henry W. Macrosty, is in the press of Longmans, Green & Co.

Hereafter the English quarterly *Mind* is to be published by the Macmillan Co.

A very desirable addition to the Muses' Library of E. P. Dutton & Co. will be the Poetical Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, edited by Ramsay Colles.

The Cambridge University Press will publish a complete edition of William Dunbar's works, edited by Dr. H. Bellyse Baildon. There will be notes of sufficient extent to elucidate the meaning of the text.

The Oxford University Press issues Gilbert Murray's translation of the "Medea," "Trojan Women," and "Electra," bound together in a single volume.

"Notes on Chaucer," written and published by H. B. Hinckley of Northampton, Mass., will probably be ready for distribution in September. Five hundred copies will be printed.

Henry Frowde will soon publish a volume by T. S. Omond, which sketches the history of prosodical criticism in England and America during the last two hundred years.

The first volume of Cowley's Works in the Cambridge English Classics (G. P. Putnam's Sons) contained all the poems published in the folio which appeared the year after his death. The second volume, now issued, contains the earlier writings from the edition of 1637, together with the plays and essays. The editor, A. R. Waller, is preparing a Supplement of Notes, biographical, bibliographical, and critical. Cowley lives to-day, so far as he lives at all, in his Essays, which have a rare flavor of leisure and learning. It cannot be said that this edition, with its reproduction of the old spelling and its inclusion of so much that is dull, is the best for the reader who merely desires his comfort, but for the scholar it is altogether admirable.

T. F. Tout's "Advanced History of Great Britain" (Longmans) serves a double purpose. It belongs to a series designed for school use, and its form is adapted to this end. But it is also one of the most convenient volumes of easy reference we remember to have seen. The narrative is pointed and succinct, but broad enough to include a clear account of political and constitutional changes; the maps are abundant and simple, and there are a number of genealogical and other tables, including a list of ministers and Governments since 1689.

Two more volumes have been added to "The Political History of England," published by Longmans, Green, & Co.: vol. iv., From the accession of Richard II. to the death of Richard III., 1377-1485, by C. Oman; vol. v., From the accession of Henry VII. to the death of Henry VIII., 1485-1547, by H. A. L. Fisher. The scope and importance of this work have been sufficiently indicated in reviews of previous volumes. Those now before us fully maintain the standard of their predecessors. Professor Oman, whose literary output is marked by great unevenness of quality, is nearer his best than his worst in his contribution to this series. His account of the Great Rebellion of 1381 is particularly good, and his description of Agincourt is excellent. Professor Oman belongs to that new school of historians which, discarding the "drum and trumpet" style of description so deservedly stigmatized by Green, sees in a close study of the details and realities of the battlefield an important branch of the historian's art. His account of Agincourt is remarkable and convincing. Towards the end, however, the author flags. The Wars of the Roses prove as much of a stumbling block to Professor Oman as to most historians, and his treatment of the Joan of Arc episode, though sane and correct, is too pedestrian even for such a publication as "The Political History of England." The author of vol. v. would have risen to the height of the incident. There is no one writing history in England at the present day with more delicate historical and literary perception than Mr. Fisher. His application to tutorial duties at New College is a loss to a much wider circle, for it cannot be said that what he has so far produced represents all that he is capable of. One must, however, be thankful for what one can get, for it may be doubted whether any volume in this series will surpass this one in that indefinable something which may best be described as quality. It is not worth while quibbling with the author on small matters of style and accuracy, for his volume is excellent reading. His two great figures, Henry VII. and Henry VIII., stand out boldly and reasonably fashioned, even when shorn of many of the trappings with which a more rhetorical generation of historians used to adorn them.

Samuel Pepys had a dual personality, and J. R. Tanner, who is responsible for a new edition of his "Memoirs of the Navy," in the beautifully produced Tudor and Stuart Library of the Clarendon Press, is very insistent on the less generally appreciated side of it. Pepys, the administrator, thorough, painstaking, informed, strict in the execution of duty, will never win the allegiance of the reading public from the other Pepys; the Pepys who danced and sang, who enjoyed getting behind the scenes and putting over-rouged Nell Gwynn and Knipp through their parts. Still, many of those who love the Pepys of the Diary will turn with pleasure to catch a glimpse of the business side of the man; it could not be better set out than in this charmingly printed and produced edition.

In the same series appears Sir Henry Knyvett's "Defence of the Realme" from a hitherto unpublished manuscript now edited by Charles Hughes. Knyvett was a country gentleman, a soldier and a magistrate who, when England was, as it appeared, threatened with a Spanish invasion in 1596, composed this little treatise for presentation to Queen Elizabeth. In it he set forth with the authority of his long experience his views as to the best way to muster, train, equip, and handle an army to beat off the invasion. Concerning these matters several points of interest arise, Knyvett's views as to the long-bow, then fast falling into disuse, light artillery, and cavalry being of value for students of the military art. His style is direct with an

occasional quaintness of turn, hut not in itself noteworthy. The editing is satisfactorily done.

It was to be expected that the letters of a scholar as distinguished as the late Dr. George Birkheck Hill—who would have been christened Boswell Johnson if the fates had any real sense of the fitness of names—would not he long allowed, in this age of puhlicity, to remain unthumhed, unsorted, undivulged. So we have them in a volume of nearly three hundred pages (Longmans, Green & Co.), edited hy Dr. Hill's daughter, Mrs. Crump. They cannot in fairness be ranked high in epistolary literature, hut with the connecting bits of biography they give us some insight into an impressively though not winningly individual character, and furnish a sufficiently detailed account of a scholarly career more than creditahle in its achievements and not lacking in heroic and pathetic features. We have our douhts whether the man or the career needed to he described in anything more extensive than a small memorial monograph; hut, as a volume has heen given us, we should he duly grateful for the glimpses we get of Swinburne, Burne-Jones, and other interesting men, and for some of Dr. Hill's frank utterances on literature and politics. There are a few capital sayings and anecdotes, the best of which is reported of Gladstone, who, speaking to Dr. Hill of the latter's great edition of Boswell, remarked: "You have succeeded in doing what Macaulay attempted to do and failed—you have suppressed Croker."

"Highways and Byways in Berkshire," hy James Edmund Vincent, with illustrations by Frederick L. Griggs, is issued in New York hy the Macmillan Company. Berkshire is emphatically a riparian county, since its upper houndary is marked for one hundred miles hy the winding Thames, and it can claim a larger share of the river than any other county. The Berkshire Downs have not been so well written up as those of Sussex and Surrey, but they are, next to the river, the great natural feature of the country, and remain the same as when the Britons fought each other there. The Downs are the paradise of fox-hunters, and are used more and more as exercising grounds for racing stahles. Where these exist, the poverty of the peasants is less grinding and the wages higher. Mr. Vincent's hook has three main interests: the Thames hank, which he explores in great detail; the historical associations; and Windsor Castle, to which he devotes many pages. Mr. Vincent is peculiarly intimate with Windsor Castle in virtue partly of his presence as special correspondent at numerous royal functions, and he has admitted into his narrative a personal tone of reminiscence, which has not hitherto been present in this series. But what one may regard as questionahle taste to-day will doubtless strike posterity as very much to the point when such chronicles as this will he ransacked for gossip and minor antiquities. There is soher history enough throughout, and in this volume, as in the others of the series, the reader is introduced to many an old country house not magnificent enough to he mentioned in the ordinary guide-books, hut adorned each with its own legends and private tragedies. Berkshire is not especially rich in literary associations. It is the background of Miss Mitford's writings, and contains what little is left of Cumner Place, the scene of Amy Robsart's death. But its chief boast so far is that it was the county of the author of "Tom Browu," who made its White Horse famous. When scoured—at present it is much neglected—this huge figure, 374 feet long, carved in the Downs, can he seen for twenty miles, and eclipses all the rest of its kind in England. This is the sixth volume of the series illustrated hy Mr. Griggs, whose charming drawings ornament almost every page.

The charm of S. Parnell Kerr's "From Charing Cross to Delhi" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is its audacity. The author made a demi-tour of the best-known part of India, woke up one morning, remembered there was a train that would take him to Bomhay in time to catch the next steamer home, and incontinently fled hack to England. He saw four towns and a cave, and therewith wrote a new book about the country, not only describing but also analyzing the oft-described and oft-analyzed. Such self-confidence deserves recognition and almost inspires respect. Naturally, the book is of little value except as a *tour de force;* hut it may he granted that it is clever and entertaining, which is all the author would claim for it.

"Due Process of Law Under the Federal Constitution," by Prof. Lucius McGehee of the University of North Carolina, helongs to the series of Studies in Constitutional Law (Edward Thompson Co.), which attempt to describe critically the actual working in our law of certain fundamental ideas. It should he as interesting to any intelligent reader as to the professional man, since it deals accurately and clearly with a suhject of which some phase or other is under daily discussion. The regulation of railway rates, the protection against impure food, the suppression of child-lahor and of monopolies, the validity of a decree for divorce based on constructive service, are hut a few of the prohlems in which "due process" is involved. Though the author usually states the views of the court in its own words, he succeeds in heing concise as well as readable; aud he criticises modestly, hut firmly, as in the case of Haddock v. Haddock (201 U. S., 562), and in the interesting lynching case of *Ex parte* Riggins (134 Fed. R., 404). The rules expounded are as far as possihle based on decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Arthur Train, assistant to District Attorney Jerome, and one of the puhlic prosecutors of New York, who is already known as author of a good hook of short stories, now gives us, in "The Prisoner at the Bar" (Charles Scribner's Sons), a set of most interesting sidelights on the actual administration of criminal justice in our large cities. The voice is the voice of the expert, though the hand is rather that of the journalist. But the point of view is by no means journalistic, and the book is thoroughly serious in tone. In these days of lurid trials it is well that so crying an evil as the domination of the courtroom by the press should be thus exposed by a competent authority:

> It is no fiction to say that in mauy cases the actual trial is conducted in the columns of yellow journals. . . . Judges, jurors, and attorneys are caricatured and flouted. There is no evidence, however incompetent, improper, or prejudicial to either side, excluded by the judge in a court of criminal justice that is not deliherately thrust under the noses of the jury in flaring letters of red or purple the moment they leave the courtroom. The judge may charge one way in accordance with the law of the land, while the editor charges the same jury in douhle-leaded paragraphs with what "unwritten law" may hest suit the owner of his conscience and his pen. "Contempt of court" in its original significance is something known to-day only to the reader of text-books.

Prof. Alfred E. Garvie of Hackney and New College, wrote a number of years ago an exposition of the Ritschlian theology which is prohahly still the hest interpretation in English of the teaching of Alhrecht Ritschl. In 1904 Professor Garvie conducted a class for lay preachers in a London Congregational Church, and from the outlines of his lectures he has prepared "A Guide to Preachers" (A. C. Armstrong & Son). The hook is elementary, heing designed for men without divinity school education, hut its counsels are in harmony with sound scholarship and conform to good taste.

Mrs. Anna Rohertson Brown Lindsay's plea for militant Christianity, which was puhlished in 1903 under the title "The Warriors," appears in new dress with the title "The Warrior Spirit in the Republic of God" (The Macmillan Co.). Mrs. Lindsay is preparing a volume for the United Study of Missions Series, to he entitled "Christus Victor."

Excellent taste has heen shown in the preparation of "The Sacred Seasons," a collection of readings for the Sundays and Holy Days of the Christian year, from the writings of Bishop Moule of Durham (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Spiritual edification has been the aim of the compiler, "F. M. Y." The volume is beautifully printed and illustrated, decorations for each of the prominent church festivals having heen arranged and drawn hy Miss E. A. Ihbs, chiefly from illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum.

The just puhlished Archæological Report of the Egypt Exploration Fund details the results of its work during the season of 1905-06. Messrs. Naville aud Hall have continued their excavations at Deir el Bahari of the ruins of the XIth Dynasty temple, but no great additions have heen made to the previous knowledge of the general plan of the structures. At the very close of the campaign, in the centre of the western end of the temple, was discovered the heginning of a sloping descent which the excavations of the present season may prove to lead to the tomh of the King, Neh-hetep-Rā Mentuhetep. The great find of the year was, however, a life-size painted statue, in sandstone, of a Hathor cow, perfectly preserved, standing in an elahorately decorated chapel huilt for Thothmes III. The shrine has been rehuilt in the Cairo Museum, and the statue removed thither. For the Græco-Roman Branch, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt returned to Oxyrhynchus, and turned their attention once more to its ruhbish-heaps, in the search for papyrus fragments. Their work was the most successful that they have yet to record. In two different mounds the remains of two "classical libraries"

were discovered. As usual, the papyri had been torn up before they were thrown away, precisely as we tear up written papers before committing them to the waste-basket; but in one of the mounds two cores of rolls were found containing ten or twelve columns each, others containing five or six, and many more of a column or two each. About half of the find remains yet to be deciphered; but among the nine longer pieces, all of the second or third century, may be noted thirteen columns of fifteen lines each of pæans of Pindar. The previously extant fragments of his pæans count only about a dozen lines altogether. There are also about a hundred complete, or nearly complete, verses of the lost "Hypsipyle" of Euripides. The longest prose fragment contains twenty-six columns of a text of the "Symposium" of Plato, but by far the most remarkable and valuable gives us fourteen columns, averaging about forty long lines each, and parts of three or four columns more, of a new history of Greece. The period covered is from 396 to 394 B. C., and the quantity of information, not found in Xenophon or Diodorus, is very considerable. The finders are disposed to assign the work to Cratippus, who is said to have continued the history of Thucydides. Among other discoveries may be noted a leaf from a Latin papyrus manuscript of Sallust's "Catiline," a piece of the lost Greek original of the Acts of Peter, another of an unknown version of the Acts of John, and especially forty-five lines on vellum of a lost Gospel, of striking interest.

Another French author to find representation among foreign classics prepared for American students is Édouard Pailleron, the poet and dramatist, whose "Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie" has just been brought out by Ginn & Co., edited by W. R. Price of the East High School, Rochester, N. Y. Pailleron's poems and essays will be recalled by readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to which he contributed until his death in 1899. This brilliant comedy, full of keen satire on French political, social, and intellectual life as focussed in the Parisian salon, won for Pailleron a seat in the Academy.

Since the autobiography of Della Rocca no book of the same class has appeared in Italian literature that affords better reading than the "Ricordi di Gioventù" of Giovanni Visconti Venosta (Milan: Cogliati). The period covered is 1847-1860, and the chief interest is for Milan at the time of the revolution of 1848, and under the Austrian rule after the revolution failed. There are many glimpses of the best known figures of the Risorgimento, Garibaldi, Manara, Cavour, Farini; there are details of the Five Days, that are new and instructive; there are incidents of notable interest. Among the latter may be mentioned the one in which Visconti Venosta narrates how, after the war of 1859 had broken out, he and many others passed hours daily at the gate of Turin, by which the first French troops were expected to arrive. Each day he noticed a Sardinian cavalry officer standing somewhat aloof but in the same state of expectancy. At last one afternoon the longed-for French troops arrived, and Visconti Venosta turned and saw the Sardinian officer looking at them, his eyes filled with tears. It was the young Duc de Chartres, the exiled son of Louis Philippe, then serving in Victor Emmanuel's army; he had not seen a French uniform since, in his childhood, Louis Philippe was driven from Paris.

The Colonial Director of Germany, Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, is indefatigable in instructing the people of the Fatherland in the actual status of the German colonial problem, and particularly on the importance of the colonies to supply the German manufacturer with his raw materials. It is now announced that he has in preparation a detailed work on the subject of the German colonies, which is to appear in the near future.

A graphic illustration of the trend of human thought is to be found in the statements of the *Publishers' Circular* as to the literary product of England last year. The number of books printed was 8,603, a number greater by 351 than that of the previous year. Almost exactly a fourth (2,108) were novels and juveniles, showing an increase of 375 works. The only other advance of importance was in educational books (127).

An "Exposition Internationale du Livre" will be held at the Grand Palais, Paris, from July till October. The show aims at including every phase in the production of books, newspapers, and advertising.

A large number of MSS. that have been stored away in the vaults of the Town Hall at Merthyr Tydfil are to be examined. They relate to the early history of Wales, and contain information about Prince Llewellyn.

Tablets in memory of William Blake will be put up by the London County Council at No. 28 Broad Street, and in memory of Charles Reade at No. 70 Knightsbridge.

The report of the English Folklore Society for 1906 speaks of steady progress. Among the most interesting papers are "The Folklore of Dolls," by E. Lovett and "The Grail and the Mysteries of Adonis," by Miss Jessie L. Weston. The year's publications include the seventeenth volume of "Folklore," edited by Miss Burne, and a Bibliography of Folklore for 1905, compiled by N. W. Thomas. The additional volumes for 1904, 1905, 1906 will be put out in the course of the next few months. These will be "Jamaican Song and Story," by Walter Jekyll; "Popular Poetry of the Baloches," by M. Longworth Dames, and the "Folklore of Lincolnshire," put together from printed sources by Miss Peacock and Mrs Gutch. One guinea annually entitles a subscriber to all the Society's issues. The money should be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, Edward Clodd, No. 5 Princess Street, London, E.C.

The Italian ministry of public instruction issued recently the report of Prof. Ettore Pais on the universities in the United States. Professor Pais spent nearly a year here, not long ago, and visited the chief institutions in all sections of the country. His descriptions and criticisms, while written primarily to inform Italians, are interesting to Americans, as coming from an eminent scholar. What strikes him particularly is the opportunity for variety which our conditions offer. In Italy, universities are all of one type, and vary solely in the ability of their professors; here, new types spring up, new experiments are made, there is a general atmosphere of hopefulness and enterprise, with hospitality for scholars from all over the world. Professor Pais is astonished at the richness of our libraries; at the large sums assigned in universities like Harvard to poor students; at the custom of inviting foreign professors for brief terms; at the social life of the students; at the immense gifts of private citizens. He regards coeducation as a success, and athletics, even when carried to a harmful extreme in individual cases, as a strong element making for moral health. He suggests that if Italian university students had this outlet for their animal spirits they might not become riotous or spend their time in dissipation. As a sign of the importance which the American public attaches to its chief universities, he cites the fact that the presidency of Harvard has been suggested as a fitting position for Mr. Roosevelt when he shall cease to be President of the United States. Professor Pais is not blind to the defects of our institutions, but he lays most emphasis on what they do and have rather than on what they lack. The former is positive, the result of American intelligence; much of the latter is in a fair way of being supplied. "The American is an admirable fusion of Celtic vivacity and the slow reflection of the Teutonic races with the firmness and self-control of the English stock." Professor Pais evidently believes that this new racial amalgam will not be inferior to any of its ingredients, and that American universities justify this optimistic belief.

The episodes of the Oxford Historical Pageant, noted in our issue of January 24, will fall into two divisions, separated by "A Masque of Mediæval Education," in which the Liberal Arts and their votaries will figure. The earlier series will include (1) The Legend of Saint Frideswide and the Founding of Oxford; (2) The Election and Coronation of Harold I. (1035); (3) The Teaching of Theobaldus Stampensis, from which we may trace the beginnings of the University; (4) the Granting of the Charter of the City by Henry II.; (5) the Riot on the Arrival of the Papal Legate, Master Otto (thirteenth century); (6) A Scene from the Life of Friar Bacon; (7) the Massacre of the Clerks on St. Scholastica's Day (1357), and (8) the Turning Back of Archbishop Arundel from his pursuit of the Lollards by Proctor Birch of Orlel, with his academic bills and bows (1410). Among the scenes from the later period will be the Founding of Christ Church by Wolsey, Cranmer's Recantation, Amy Robsart's Funeral, Elizabeth's State Entry in 1565, the Opening of the Bodleian Library by James I. in 1605, Laud's Reception of Charles I., the Expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen, etc. Last of all will come the Giving of Degrees to the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, a scene which should afford scope for some striking effects of color.

The annual report of the Nebraska Library Commission, in a summary of progress since the Commission began its work, five years ago, calls attention to the following facts: (1) The number of public libraries in the State has increased from twenty-six to fifty-five; (2) eight new library buildings have been erected; (3) the number of

trained librarians in the State has increased from about four to over twenty; (4) a system of travelling libraries has been established consisting of 106 libraries, which last year reached 177 different communities, and had a total circulation of 32,780 volumes.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act: The Parish and the County. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.

The English poor law system, whose beginning dates back to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was radically reformed in 1834. Most, though not quite all, of the old municipal corporations, many of which long antedated the poor law, were reformed in 1835. In 1888 a Tory Government, quickened to action by the inclusion in its ranks of the Liberal-Unionists, reformed local government in the counties, deprived the nominated magistrates assembled in quarter-sessions of the powers which at least since the fifteenth century they had exercised over county administration, and set up county councils elected on a democratic franchise. In 1889 London local government, except as regards the City of London, was similarly reformed. In 1894 another stage was reached and a Liberal Government called into existence parish councils, also popularly elected, to discharge administrative duties in small rural parishes hitherto in the hands of vestries more or less intimately connected with the Established Church. In 1900 vestry government in London, also in some degree even then still interwoven with the parish economy of the Established Church, was abolished; and for the twenty-eight local government areas of the metropolis, municipal councils like those in Provincial England since the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 were created. Thus between 1834 and 1900, with the exception of the City of London, which is to-day still untouched by reform, the entire system of local government in England and Wales—county, municipal, and parochial—was new modelled; and put under control of popularly elected bodies, acting under supervision, more or less close, of the Home Office, the Board of Trade, or the Local Government Board; and through these State departments in London also under some measure of constant supervision by Parliament.

With the exception of the poor law system none of the displaced systems had had adequate treatment from English historical writers until the publication of the first volume of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's "English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act." Gneist and Redlich had dealt with sub-departments of the subject; and there are a few monographs covering particular phases, such as the police and the management of highways. But with these exceptions hitherto the chief, if not the only, sources of information have been reports of Royal Commissions or Parliamentary committees, issued as Blue Books preliminary to reforms; and for the eighteenth century, before the days of Royal Commissions and Blue Books, the committee reports and the petitions, which were then entered in full on the journals of the two Houses of Parliament. The lack of an authoritative and comprehensive history of English local government is now to be most adequately filled; for Mr. and Mrs. Webb have planned their work in five or six volumes. The first runs to 664 pages; but the subject is so exhaustively treated, and every statement is so fully supported by footnotes, that only two areas of local government—the parish and the county—are covered. Even here the history is not carried further back than 1689; and in each case the story ends with 1835.

The Revolution of 1689 is a good starting point, for the reason that after the Restoration all oversight by the central government had come to an end; and from that time until the Board of Poor Commissioners—now the Local Government Board—was created as part of the reform of the poor law system in 1834, municipal corporations, magistrates, and other officials who were entrusted with town, county, and parish government, were freer from supervision than at any other period in the history of English local government. The Home Office was the only State Department which, during these 146 years, troubled itself in the least with local government, and what may be described as the police laws were the only matters of which it took some spasmodic concern. The Government—that is the Cabinet and the Parliamentary majority which supported it—seldom evinced the least interest in local government.

With great fulness of detail, all supported by authorities unearthed during eight years of investigation of parochial and county records, Mr. and Mrs. Webb describe the organization of parish and county government in 1689, explain its working, and trace the changes. Each type of parochial government—the open vestry, which comes nearest to the New England town meeting, and the close vestry—is carefully examined, and the success or failure of each is interestingly traced. Except in London, the vestries were neither so corrupt nor so incapable as might have been expected, in view of their constitutions, the absence of any continuous supervision from the central government, and in view of the changing social, economic, and industrial conditions of the century and a half under review. One fact which Mr. and Mrs. Webb's study brings out is that zeal for the public service, which is so characteristic of English public life to-day, is comparatively new.

In what is now the metropolis, outside the city of London, vestry rule was most obviously a failure. The vestry system became utterly inadequate to the needs of the enormous and constantly growing populations, and there was much maladministration. In some of them there was "boss" rule, with all the sordid and squalid characteristics which are associated with "boss" rule in American municipalities. Tammany never produced a worse "boss" than Joseph Mereeron, who, from 1787 to 1837, was in almost absolute control of the great parish of Bethnal Green, and who, Tammany-like, extended his sphere of influence, and was associated with a group of corrupt magistrates of the urban areas of the County of Middlesex. These magistrates made the licensing system, the administration of the police laws in regard to houses of ill-fame, county contracts, county balances, and official patronage, a continuous source of graft.

The nature of the work precludes any attempt at literary finish. Quotations from manuscript records, and from the contemporary literature of the subject, necessarily bulk large in text and footnotes. But the narrative flows easily; and, as new light is thrown at every turn on old and hitherto unexplored institutions, no student of English government will assert that the subject has been too exhaustively handled.

Men and Women of the French Revolution. By Philip Gibbs. Illustrated with twenty-eight plates reproduced from contemporary prints. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This is an interesting volume; fascinating would not be too extravagant a term to apply to it, at least in parts. It cannot profess to be a serious contribution to the history of the French Revolution, has neither footnote nor reference, exhibits no knowledge of the researches of Aulard, Biré, Sorel, Duruy, Wallon, and hundreds of other scholars, who have upset our old ideas on a number of questions, and it gives the author's reading of disputable points (and they are countless) dogmatically. He does not show even any very profound acquaintance with the writings, journals, pamphlets, and official correspondence published during the first half of the last century, and, as far as we can gather from the text, he has read only the memoirs of the Prince de Ligne, Gouverneur Morris, Mme. Roland, and perhaps half a dozen others, and has left unread a good many much more germane to his purpose. On the other hand, the events of the period, both social and political, are shown forth in a fresh and attractive setting, its tragical and pathetic incidents are narrated with contagious emotion. Indeed, the book, though somewhat grandiose in style, is just the sort to spur on an indolent reader to make the acquaintance of other, and possibly more accurate, works on the French Revolution.

But the inaccuracies are manifold and distressing, and not the less so that, in some cases, they seem to be the result of pure carelessness. We read at page 45: "He [Voltaire] from his exile at Cirey, in Switzerland, was the master-mind of intellectual France." Mr. Gibbs was, of course, thinking of Ferney, for, in a later part of the work, he gives Cirey correctly as in Champagne; besides, Ferney was not in Switzerland, either, but on the French border. Still, the account of Voltaire and of his influence on events will be read with pleasure, even by those who recall Macaulay's fine essay. The following passage will give a fair idea of Mr. Gibbs's way of putting things:

> There was one man not in Paris—exiled indeed from France—who did not sit at that table [Baron d'Holbach's], but whose ghost was always there grinning over the shoulders of the guests, and animating them to their wildest words. It was the ghost of an old man with a death's-head face, the pallid skin drawn tightly over the cheek-bones, the sunken eyes gleaming from their sockets with the fire of a sardonic humor. It was François Arouet, called Voltaire . . .

the caricaturist of life's ironies. . . . It is amazing now, in the light of after events, that Royalists and nobles should have gone to Cirey [Ferney], as to the shrine of a saint, to hear that withered old man philosophize, with his queer perpetual grin, over the evils of their own class; that they should have kissed his withered hand and shed tears of emotion as he lay back in his tuh-like chair denouncing and satirizing a society of which they were the representatives, and destroying with his light, subtle irony beliefs which, if they were no longer believed, would drag these people to the dust.

Mr. Gibbs's portrayal of Mirabeau is vigorous, full of life and color, and more convincing psychologically, perhaps, than that of Carlyle. As a pendant, he presents a small vignette of Mirabeau's antagonist, Maury. And here, too, the demon of inaccuracy lies in wait for him: "After the Revolution, when the forces of reaction were triumphant, he obtained his reward by becoming archbishop and cardinal." When the forces of reaction were triumphant, Maury's reward was to find himself a prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo, after scurrying out of France with the utmost dispatch. He was made cardinal and archbishop *in partibus*, but it was during the Terror. His appointment to the archbishopric of Paris by Napoleon, in spite of the Pope, was the occasion, or rather consequence, of the only pun the Gallic Cæsar is ever known to have made. At first, he insisted on his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, accepting the dignity. "Never, sire, without the Pope's institution," was the answer; "*Potius mori!*" "'*Potius* Maury?'" repeated Napoleon. "Then Maury it shall be."

Mr. Gibbs would have delighted Dr. Johnson; where he hates, he hates. He applies the lash to Bailly, Lafayette, Necker, and poor Madame de Staël. Cardinal de Rohan, Égalité, and some other disreputable people whom he describes, were bad enough, in all conscience; but he darkens the picture so deeply that we can scarcely discern the outlines; while he writes sympathetically of persons who were quite as bad, and, in a few cases, much worse. He draws an affecting picture of the love-making of Marat. His description of Camille Desmoulins is eloquent and dramatic; but he does not succeed in proving that the Attorney of the Guillotine was anything but a poor, hysterical creature, after all. It is a matter of personal liking or disliking; there is no holding the scales of even-handed justice. Indeed, he has all the merits and the defects of the romantic, as opposed to the scientific, historian.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Sovereign Remedy. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mrs. Steel's new story—to borrow a term from the theatre—calls for thirty-eight speaking parts, not to mention strikers, carousers, villagers, revivalists, motors, chauffeurs, and general chorus. It contains eight deaths (chiefly sudden or violent), a hotel fire, a shipwreck, a strike, a crystal-gazer, a young lady who had grown up in the British Isles without ever seeing a coin of the realm; and two strange young gentlemen cyclers who, colliding on a Welsh mountain, discover that they bear the same name. The pair further discover that while "Ned" is striving honorably to divest himself of a huge fortune, "Ted" inclines to look upon a bank account with the covetous eyes of non-possession. By way of convincing Ted that money is nothing, Ned (who is an hereditary lord) proceeds to toss a handful of sovereigns into a neighboring pool. By this symptom you at once recognize the true modern idealist. There is also an old gentleman who makes you think of William Godwin, merely, perhaps, from his power of boring; there is a general arraignment of the whole construction of human society; there is a great deal of beautiful scenery. Lavishness, in fact, is the note of the whole story. Let no one attribute the color and movement of Mrs. Steel's earlier books to the purely external inspiration of East Indian subjects. "A Sovereign Remedy," which deals with quiet Welsh villages and a minor manufacturing town, has full as much incident as "The Face of the Waters." She can be just as eventful out of her own imagination, as when she has the whole Indian Mutiny to draw upon. Only, in this case, the effect on the reader is not unlike that of those terrible hotel menus "American plan," comprising the foodstuffs of the entire universe under one day's dinner, which bewilder you into longing for a discriminating and thrifty table d'hôte. For instance, the episode of Gwen, Mervyn, Myfanwy Jones, Alicia, Hwfa Williams, and the whole Welsh revival is matter in itself for a complete novel. As for Aura—the girl who prettily feeds a gold coin to her cockatoo—she fairly overtops the romantic heroines of Scudéry herself. Those exquisite creatures, while driving away their favored admirers with tragic outeries, usually had a sub-conscious idea of later reconsidering their suits. Aura, from an uncommonly fine-drawn piece of sensibility, not only rejects a highly eligible suitor whom she prefers, but on the same day accepts his rival. As far as can be discovered, she is guided by a pure and selfless intuition that the maternal instinct will find freer scope when the husband is not too distractingly adorable.

In outline, this last touch has a very modern air. Suffice to say that over the thin ice of a distressing and vital problem Mrs. Steel glides with all the lightness in the world; so lightly as to leave you rather indignantly asking why she did not either Ibsenesquely face it, after the manner of Miss Elizabeth Robbins, or leave it alone, like the ladylike, practised, old-fashioned novelist that she is.

The Diamond Ship. By Max Pemberton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Another machine-made yarn of crime and alleged mystery. The Diamond Ship is a huge floating repository of the booty collected by an organized band of jewel-thieves. Their leader employs the methods of a captain of industry, and his operations are conducted upon a vast scale. This we take to be according to approved modern usage. Dick Turpin is dead and buried, and his simple ways with him. The murder of a single person may still serve respectably the purposes of detective fiction, but there is no longer much to be hoped for from the theft of a single diamond. Our up-and-coming thief has an army in his employ, and makes use of the latest corporation methods. Naturally, our accomplished detective must discard his revolver and microscope in favor of searchlight and rapid-fire gun. By way of indemnification we must apparently yield him something in the way of probability. The Diamond Ship, though of strange appearance and long in commission, has never been sighted by any other craft, naval or otherwise. Dr. Ean Fabos not only divines its existence, but, having given himself the tip, makes his way to it without delay or difficulty. He is not permitted to take possession of it until he has run dutifully through a number of elaborate, if flimsy, adventures. In these adventures the usually helpless maiden is involved. We are not sorry when the time comes for her to take the bold doctor off our hands in the usual way.

Truthful Jane. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is pleasant to come upon fiction which, whatever its order, is evidently what its author intended it to be. "Truthful Jane" is not a remarkably good story, but it has a certain modest integrity which places it above the ruck of petty inventions. A tale of simple sooth to please such knitters in the sun as are loath to have their peace invaded by the sombre, the ingenious, or (to do them justice) the silly.

Elias, Jahve, und Baal. Von Professor H. Gunkel. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr.

No figure of Biblical history stands out more grandly than that of Elijah the Tishbite, and none of the heroes of the Bible has left a more powerful impression upon the imagination of succeeding generations. The son of Sirach sang of the "prophet of fire, whose words burned like glowing coals"; the Old Testament closes with a prophecy of his return to earth; mediæval legend recounts his conflict with the Antichrist; and it is said that the traveller in the Arabian peninsula may yet hear stories of Elijah which have never been reduced to writing. The chapters in the books of Kings in which the tales of Elijah's prowess are recounted are among the most interesting in the Bible, and their power and beauty are not more felt by the child than they are admired by the student. Critical study of these narratives has not been wanting, but for the most part it has been partial and fragmentary, and not in a form to come to wide notice. Appreciation of the literary prophets is, of course, more easy and leads to more certain results, and accordingly books on Isaiah and Amos have multiplied; while monographs on Elijah have been allowed to become hopelessly out of date; and for opinion concerning him one is obliged to seek out incidental references in Old Testament histories and theologies. The articles in both the well-known Biblical encyclopædias are inadequate.

The brief essay of Professor Gunkel supplies at last a worthy critical and literary estimate of the Biblical material concerning Elijah, and also a clear portrayal of the great prophet's work and his service to Israelitish religion. One is compelled to

admire the skill with which the Berlin professor orders his material, the cogency with which he presents his opinions, and the sympathy and fineness of feeling manifest in his estimate of literary qualities. In a group of German students who were talking of Gunkel in a university corridor one declared, "Er hat *mich* nicht begeistert!" but the speaker set himself down thereby as an altogether exceptional person. The same power of awaking enthusiasm which characterizes Gunkel's lectures is evident in the flowing pages of his study of Elijah.

The presence of legendary material in this portion of the Old Testament is evident to nearly all thoughtful readers. Professor Gunkel shows clearly that the accounts of Elijah's deeds cannot be regarded as historical, and his exhibition of the distinctive differences between history and legend, and the grounds which compel the classification of the chapters on Elijah under the latter head, is of much force. But he is not a writer who dismisses an ancient story lightly as soon as he can dub it a legend. On the contrary, he is persuaded that legends have a value all their own, greater often than that of history; and that much valuable historical material may be deduced from them. The legend is a folk creation. In it popular imagination and feeling have had full sway, and it testifies, therefore, to the beliefs and aspirations of the masses of the people more fully and truthfully than do the ancient histories of kings and their wars. The author of this essay on Elijah has used the legends which gathered around his hero to present a picture of the popular piety in northern Israel in the ninth century before Christ, and the result is most interesting.

Professor Gunkel's estimate of the character of Elijah is not essentially different from the popular impression. Despite the word "legend" over the account of the ravens and the widow's cruse, and even over the narratives of the slaughter of the priests of Baal and the flight to Horeb, the critic has in reality the same conception of Elijah as is found on the cards given to Sunday-school children. Shall we say, then, that there is no profit in criticism? By no means, for the critic has an understanding of the work of the prophet and his mission to his time which is lacking in the popular conception. Elijah in the Sunday-school is a Christian, who happened to live in the times of Jezebel. But to the historian of the Hebrew religion he is the hero who saved the God of Moses and kept a nation true to its ancestral faith. At a turning point in the national life, his zeal for the old and simple ways and for the national God was a towering and beneficent force. To the modern man the saint who was fed by ravens is a dim and doubtful figure, but the prophet who would stand for no "limping on both knees," is a real man.

Professor Gunkel has written a most fascinating book in a very important, and somewhat neglected, field of Old Testament research. The volume is unpretentious, but it will be consulted gladly by scholars, while for laymen who read German a better example of the output of modern critical scholarship could hardly be found.

Court Life in the Dutch Republic (1638-1689). By the Baroness Suzette van Zuylen van Nyevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

The Baroness van Nyevelt inspires confidence at once by her familiarity with Fruin, the greatest of all Dutch historical critics, and with Professor Blok, his pupil, the historian. Her word pictures are of an age of exaggerated etiquette, when Church and State were in close alliance and also in perpetual friction. She reveals the foibles as well as the grand characteristics of holders of the helm of a state contemptible in size but potent in influence.

The chief characters in the first act of her drama are Amelia van Solms, one of the great and good women of the House of Orange, and her daughter-in-law, sister of Charles II. of England, and mother of the stadtholder, King William III., with various other notable women, famous for fascination, mischief-making, or womanly vigor and charm. Prince Frederick Henry and his grandson William, who foiled the schemes of Louis XIV., are the prominent male characters. Not a few diplomatists, burgomasters, and public men are drawn to the life. In cases of subjective doubt, the baroness relies upon Fruin's well-nigh infallible judgments. The narrative fitly opens with a description of the visit of Mary de Medicis, the widow of Henry IV. of France, to the Netherlands in 1638. Driven from France by Richelieu, after seven years of exile at Brussels she appealed to his allies, the Dutch States-General, in order to obtain her return to France. At Amsterdam "the Star of the Medicis" was welcomed with the peal of bells, the firing of guns, twenty companies of militia, and the escort of a brilliant bodyguard of young men of wealth, who kept horses "as an honest exercise for body and mind." The festivities on the water were as wonderful as the brilliant pageants on land. In the negotiations which followed, the idea of a marriage between the son of the Prince of Orange and the eldest daughter of Charles I. of England was first suggested. As the ex-Queen Mary was on the point of leaving for England, she engaged to act as intermediary in this important and delicate affair. Thus began the train of influences which, for the weal or the woe of the nations, drew the two governments of Holland and England into close relations. Succeeding chapters tell of the youthful suitor, William II., and of the little Princess Mary, who came under the care of her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria. The third part of the book is devoted to William III. and his marriage and life with Mary, daughter of James II. of England. Here the author shows familiarity with the best results of recent historical investigation. The narrative closes when Mary leaves Holland for England, never to return.

The real value of this excellent book, illustrated and indexed as it is, consists in its descriptions, rich in coloring, of the social life of the period, the Dutch golden era. We have family life in the upper classes, religious influences, literature and art, society and diplomacy. The bitterness between the Orangeists and anti-Orangeists, the strife of parties, the cumbrousness of the Dutch system of government, are all sympathetically explained.

The Law of Contract. By Sir William R. Anson. Second American copyright edition. Edited by Ernest W. Huffcut. New York: Oxford University Press.

Sir William Anson's text has been so popular in England that it has run through eleven editions—a result largely due to convenience of size. In scholarship the book marked no material advance, for it was preceded by the works of Leake and Sir Frederick Pollock. Since the first edition appeared, in 1879, there has been much scholarly discussion; but as the author has meanwhile been engaged upon other matters, it is not surprising that the text of the successive editions has failed to keep pace with the advance of scholarship. Even in the latest edition, the text quotes (p. 100), without objection, the faulty definition of *consideration* as either *benefit* or *detriment*, although the author now appends a better definition of his own. Still worse, the text continues to discourage clearness of thought in a manner for which this author is principally responsible; namely, by treating under the head of "reality of consent" (p. 162) some matters which render the contract not non-existent, but merely subject to an affirmative defence. Further, one still finds the scanty and unscholarly chapters on Agency—chapters not nearly as good as the book's own average. These are almost random instances of the necessity for thorough revision. Some of the defects of the text are rendered harmless by the work of the American editor; but the disease is so deep-seated that a perfect cure cannot be expected from any editor, and certainly cannot be afforded by an editor who says (p. 4) that "conveyances, grants, and gifts are conveniently spoken of as contracts."

Drama.

Ibsen: The Man, His Art and His Significance. Haldane Macfall. New York and San Francisco: Morgan Shepard Co. $1.50 net.

This book, the latest contribution to the growing body of literature about Ibsen, is a curious compound of indiscriminating eulogy and sound criticism. In his laudation of Ibsen as a dramatist and poet, and in his estimate of the revolution effected by his works, Mr. Macfall ranges himself among the most ecstatic and least judicious worshippers of the illustrious Norwegian, but in the consideration of his moral, social, and political theories he often exhibits refreshing sanity. Mr. Macfall sees clearly enough the egregious fallacy involved in Ibsen's ideal of a nation composed entirely of free and independent wills—a democracy of conflicting egotisms—and the utter illogicality and unfairness which he often exhibits when dealing with the relations of the sexes. What he fails to discern, apparently, is that the significance of the purely social and political plays must

be greatly impaired by the fact that they are based upon radically false premises.

So far as the life and personality of Ibsen are concerned, Mr. Macfall seems to have been entirely dependent upon the details given by Jaeger, Archer, Gosse, and others, and Ibsen's own published correspondence. His book, therefore, will have no biographical interest except for those unfamiliar with the subject. For them it provides a convenient and fairly full narrative. It not only gives synopses of all the plays in their order, but also furnishes explanations of their motives, intent, and symbolism, which, if they are not authoritative—and it must be remembered that Ibsen himself (though nobody believed him) repeatedly and vehemently protested that there was nothing allegorical about his plays—are at least interesting. Everybody, of course, is at liberty to supply his own interpretation.

Mr. Macfall is of those who hold that "Brand" illustrates the folly of trying to put an ideal pietism into practice amid the stern realities of life. In that case Ibsen must have wished to demonstrate the practical absurdity of the doctrine which he preached his whole life long. According to this, if Brand was an evangelical fanatic, it was his plain duty to be "his individual self" in spite of all. The clue to the real moral—if there be one—lies perhaps in the last words of the tragedy, "He is deus caritatis." Are these a cynical fling at the golden rule or an intimation that Brand perished because there was no love in his colossal egotism? At all events "Brand" is a superb poem and a trenchant satire. Peer Gynt, of course—we have Ibsen's own word for it—is Brand's antithesis. He is an incarnation of the lusts of the flesh, as the other was a spiritual zealot. Each was thorough in his way, while Julian the apostate ("Emperor and Galilean") was neither one thing nor the other. Perhaps, as Mr. Macfall argues, the plays were intended to form a trilogy, but the point is not of much importance.

The later prose pieces, with two or three exceptions, may be taken at their face value, and this is not particularly enhanced by the wider applications which Mr. Macfall, with other commentators, attributes to them. This process can be employed upon any play that ever was written, inasmuch as any individual may be held to represent a class. Only devout Ibsenians will deem the encomiums which Mr. Macfall lavishes upon the plays wholly justified. Some of them even would hesitate at the epithet "sublime," which he uses rather freely. That Ibsen is a master mechanic, a wonderful observer, a most powerful satirist, and an expert analyst of the meaner human motives no competent judge would dream of denying. But something more than mere craftsmanship, biting cynicism, and fearless plain speaking is needed to make a great drama. Nobility of thought, freshness of imagination, and above all things essential truth are indispensable.

Having proved his capabilities as a dramatist by the adaptation of his own novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," William J. Locke has now written an original comedy. The new piece bears the title of "The Palace of Puck," but the story is entirely modern. The play has been acquired by Frederick Harrison for production at the London Haymarket. "The Morals of Marcus" will be produced by Charles Frohman in New York next season.

Word comes from Paris that William Busnach is dead. For long years he was the unique adapter of romances to the stage, his infinite jest and excellent fancy making even the bitterness of Zola's "Assommoir" pass with the public. He had tried his hand at Balzac, he had collaborated with Maupassant. Where the theatre is a branch of literature he had an honorable place, enduring, if not immortal.

Music.

Die Musik in Böhmen. Von Richard Batka. Berlin: Bard, Marquardt & Co.

Bohemian music is a subject of special interest to Americans, because the greatest of the Bohemian masters, Antonin Dvorák, wrote his best works during his three-years' sojourn in New York as director of the National Conservatory. In Dr. Batka's little monograph we discover the reasons why Bohemia had come to be regarded, by the eighteenth century, as a musical training school for all Europe. Six centuries ago Bohemian fiddlers and flute players were already famed in other countries. In the days of Karl IV., Prague was the gayest of European capitals, a paradise for musicians. A reaction came with the Hussites, who tolerated religious hymns, but tabooed all instruments, in some cases even the organ; wherefore the Church gradually lost its commanding position, and the development of the nation's music became chiefly secular. The village schoolmasters were indefatigable in teaching their pupils how to play. Students formed bands and played marches, dances, and more serious works, partly for their own delight, partly to earn a living; Gluck, as a student at Prague, was a member of one of these bands. But the strongest impulse came from the aristocracy. Every nobleman of means had his domestic orchestra, made up chiefly of his servants—no one could wear the livery in those days unless he could play some instrument. It was therefore no poetic license on Wagner's part when he spoke, in one of his novelettes, of a band of Bohemian musicians on a country road playing, for their own delectation, Beethoven's septet, "with a precision and a depth of feeling rarely equalled by a trained virtuoso."

Yet, with all this musical atmosphere and enthusiasm, the Bohemians seemed to lack the gift of creativeness, at least in the sphere of art-music. One day, at Liszt's house in Weimar, Herbeck expressed the current opinion that, after all, the Bohemians were only reproductive musicians. A Bohemian happened to hear this, and he promptly vowed to himself to remove this reproach from his country if he could. This man was Friedrich Smetana, of whose struggles to fulfil his vow Dr. Batka gives a touching account. He was self-taught; but that, perhaps, was no impediment to one in whom the musical faculty was so strongly developed that he could copy from memory what he heard a band play, and then arrange it for four strings—a useful faculty to one who was too poor to buy music. His countrymen took so little notice of his efforts in behalf of a national art that he was more than once on the verge of committing suicide. He sought consolation with the Schumanns, Robert and Clara, who treated him curtly. Liszt alone lent a helping hand, and thus it came about that Smetana became the Bohemian Liszt, so far as the writing of symphonic poems is concerned.

Dvorák, too, became a follower of Liszt and a writer of symphonic poems, but not till towards the end of his career. And this conversion was made in America Brahms had first discovered the genius of Dvorák (whose melodic gift he often confessed he envied), and he wished to make him one of his fold. Dvorák did, for a number of years, devote himself chiefly to absolute music—symphonies and quartets—but while he was in New York he became an intimate friend of Anton Seidl, under whose influence he became a Liszt and Wagner enthusiast.

As a matter of course, Dr. Batka devotes some pages to the famous folk-music of Bohemia, which so strongly influenced both Smetana and Dvorák. He points out that not all of these tunes are purely Czechish; some are obviously Italian operatic airs, transplanted from the theatre to the street. Others, he maintains, are echoes of melodies in the symphonies and sonatas of Haydn and Mozart. The reasoning, however, by which he arrives at this latter conclusion is not above criticism. The instrumental character of the melodies in question, he argues, precludes the idea that it was the composers who borrowed them from the folk-song. But folk-song elsewhere (noticeably in the neighboring Poland) is instrumental in character, having been modified by the peculiarities and tonal limitations of the favorite instruments.

Jeremiads innumerable have been written about the degeneracy of the operetta into musical farce and vaudeville. A few weeks ago, Reginald de Koven's "Student King" was brought out at the Garden Theatre, heralded as a return to the good old comic opera type. It proved, however, too dull to do much good. Its successor at the same theatre, "The Little Michus," is, on the other hand, a musical play which may be ranked with the masterworks of Gilbert and Sullivan, Strauss, and Suppé. The plot may not be novel in its central idea, but its development leads to many new and amusing situations, which are made the most of by the members of the cast, notably, George Graves, who takes rank at once with our most popular musical comedians. The score is by one of France's leading composers, André Messager, who has the gift of writing music which is at once pleasing to the untutored public and the educated listener.

Wassily Safonoff will conduct at the next Philharmonic concerts (Friday afternoon and Saturday evening) the ninth symphony of Schubert and the "Francesca da Rimini" fantasy of Tchaikovsky. The Schubert and Tchaikovsky numbers will be separated by Victor Herbert's violoncello concerto, which will be played by the Belgian, Miss Elsa Ruegger.

Art.

"THE INTERNATIONAL."

LONDON, January 20.

The International is the one society which gives an important show of modern work in London. The aims of Whistler, the Society's first president, were as broad as those of the Academy are narrow. The annual exhibition, he said, was to he an Art Congress, a name still retained on the cover of the catalogue; it was to represent not one, hut all schools, all countries. This was a new departure, indeed, in a land where an Academy, that is supposed to set the artistic standard, has no use for the foreigner, except occasionally to strengthen and hold up its palsied hands. And the second condition was that work once admitted must be treated and shown, not anyhow as if the gallery were an auction room, hut with the care and respect it deserved.

The Society has, up to the present, managed to ohserve these conditions with a success really astounding. But this year, in the exhihition at the New Gallery, it must be confessed there are many signs of falling away from Whistler's ideal. In the first place, the "Art Congress" has dwindled from Whistler's hig conception, and for the first time has composed itself of its own memhers—a fatal hlunder. In the second place, the arrangement of the galleries is not so careful as usual. The Sculpture hall has suffered less, and is again the heautiful white court it has been since the Society moved into the New Gallery, though the work itself, as a collection, has hefore now heen much finer.

When it comes to the work exhibited, the Society is proved, even under these changed conditions, still international in something more than name. The exhihiting may be restricted to members, hut American, French, Spanish, Dutch, German, Belgian, and Russian, as well as British artists, are represented. Much of the work that comes from abroad you may not like, but at least it has vigor. This is why two men like the Spaniards Zuloaga and Anglada simply overshadow every picture that hangs near theirs—they have power, they have individuality, though you may think the former wasted and the individuality unpleasant. Zuloaga keeps to the now familiar types, to the same coloring, except that in one picture a yellow-haired girl now appears. He is mannered heyond helief; his pictures may at times suggest a study of Velasquez, at others a closer knowledge of Goya. But he is always Zuloaga. Anglada's color scheme, this time called Pomegranates, is, as color, extraordinary. What it is all ahout does not matter. I can see the great mass of the fruit that gives the picture its title, I can see that there are figures of women, and a white horse, but I do not believe Anglada himself knew what they meant: he was no doubt satisfied, as I am, if they helped him to get the heautiful color which was his object.

It is the same with almost all the foreign members. Widely as they may differ in methods and aims, they are alike in deliherately using their own eyes. I have seen finer examples of Besnard and Aman-Jean, of Boldini and Blanche, of Franz Stuck and Miss Cecilia Beaux. But there is not a portrait hy one of these artists that is not full of ohservation, that is not technically accomplished, that does not endeavor to assert the painter's individuality. It is the same with the landscapes. You feel that Cottet has looked for himself upon the stern town of Avila; that Claus and Buysse have discovered their effects of sunlight and atmosphere for themselves; that Baertson has heen dazzled by just such a vivid passage of red on the roofs of Ghent in the light of the setting sun. And so again, you find readiness and ahility to face fresh prohlems in the work of the German Sauter as in that of the Frenchman Louis Legrand, who hoth, each after his very different manner, have been ahsorbed in the study, the analysis of the quality of light. You find it in Bauer's romantic impressions of Spain, in Kuehl's German harhors and rivers, even in the curiously murky pictures—an Archer, and Christ and Peter—that Hans Thana this year has sent.

I have not exaggerated in saying that the British pictures cannot stand the test of comparison with the work from abroad. Let me take, to explain what I mean, a picture that, in size and suhject, is one of the most ambitious—The Golden Age, hy C. H. Shannon. He has never done anything on so large a scale, or so elahorate in composition as this huge green landscape, with its group of nude figures in the foreground. Conscientious, painstaking toil has gone to the making of the picture; neither inspiration nor vitality. Place one of Zuloaga's ladies in the centre of the composition, and the nudes would dwindle into mere spaces of not particularly pleasant color; horrow a gleam of light from Baertson, and the green landscape would he no more real than the trees and flowers of the old-fashioned sampler. Mr. Strang's Al Fresco and Playtimes are so clumsily reminiscent of the Venetians that you can only wonder why a man who, whatever his qualities, cannot count among them refinement or grace or gorgeous color, should have so hetrayed himself. And on all sides you are faced hy these mistaken—or worse—reëchoes of other men and other days. The portraits are unusually lacking in interest. There is really only one with genuine distinction and any individuality whatever. This is Mr. Nicholson's Miss Alexander. He has made his composition hoth daring and amusing. The lady, in riding hahit, is seated low on the canvas, and the entire hackground heyond her is filled with an equestrian portrait. But Mr. Nicholson cannot quite forget his color prints, and the arrangement would he more appropriate to a wood hlock than to canvas; the picture is flat. These are the defects. But Mr. Nicholson is not forever copying or reechoing somehody else. Of the British landscapes there is less to he said. Not one of great merit or ambition stands out from the rest. A few are pleasant and peaceful. Mr. Pryde's are more than this, for he adds an artificial elegance that, if ohvious, is not ineffective.

The hlack-and-white has heen selected more intelligently, hut up till now, when possible, the work of one man was grouped together—and it is only by this grouping that small drawings and prints will tell in a big exhibition. Now the work is scattered. Prominence, moreover, has been given to drawings that are nothing more than the studies you might see in any artist's studio or the painter's notes for his pictures: interesting, it is true, when they come from an artist of distinction like Puvis de Chavannes, though even his Étude pour le Travail for the Amiens decorations seems out of place in an exhihition of this kind. But when the sketches and memoranda are hy men who are not great, to display them with every possible honor hecomes simply ridiculous. To he sure, there is a charcoal drawing of Old Battersea Bridge hy Whistler. Grouped around the Whistler, or scattered throughout the room and in the halcony, is much of importance and interest: etchings hy Max Klinger, who, however, has let subjects engross him until in some of his plates it seems almost as if he had used his needle for no other purpose than to tell a story; lithographs hy C. H. Shannon; wood engravings hy Timothy Cole and Henry Wolf; aquatints of London hy Mr. Pennell; watercolors of hirds by Mr. Crawhall; prints of various kinds by Louis Legrand; etchings hy Baertson; lithographs hy Hans Thoma and Storm van 'sGravesande; drawings for illustration hy Miss Elizaheth Shippen Green, who has recently heen made a memher of the Society. But, with all this material, the mistake has heen not to use it in the sympathetic manner which once made the black-and-white room at the International crowded with people who, for the first time, hegan to understand that hlack-and-white could he, and is, as serious and delightful a hranch of art as any other.

I need not say much of the sculptures. M. Rodin shows only two husts, one in hronze of Bernard Shaw, one in marble of Lord H. de W., hoth disappointing, and a little hronze Frère et Sœur, a heautiful group, simple, graceful in line and form. Lamheaux has a huge hronze group, so out of scale in the court that it is difficult to see it, and another of himself, seated, a portrait in which the character he discovered evidently interested him more than the other qualities one looks for in sculpture. A special feature has heen made of the work of Prince Paul Trouhetzkoy; it is clever, hut has not quite the distinction that makes one forget cleverness. The most splendid thing in this section is a votive lamp for the Cathedral at Saragossa hy Harry Wilson. He has made of it a gorgeous arrangement of hronze and silver and enamel worthy of the huilding in which it is to hurn. Nor, though working for the old Cathedral, has Mr. Wilson tried to pose as an old master-craftsman. Nothing could he more original than his design.

N. N.

Since the work of Francesco Botticini has been confused with that of Cosimo Rosselli, Botticelli, and Verrocchio, so protean a painter is fair game for a connoisseur in search of a doctor's degree. The expanded dissertation by Ernst Kühnel, "Francesco Botticini," Heft xlvi. of the series Zur Kunstgeschichte des Auslandes (Strasshurg: Heitz), is a creditahle performance. After the researches of Cavalcaselle, Bode, and Berenson, there remained rather little to do in the strict connoisseurship of the suhject, but Dr.

Kühnel has extended the list to twenty-four works (not including the example in the Holden Collection, Cleveland, nor that recently acquired by John G. Johnson of Philadelphia), and has given a readable account of an artistic career that, beginning with Neri di Bicci, was to end in the *milieu* of Verrocchio and Botticelli. One may note also an interesting digression on the vogue of the subject Tobias and the Archangel Raphael in the second half of the fourteenth century. Various explanations of a sentimental sort have been offered; Dr. Kühnel very reasonably holds that the foundation of Raphael guilds for charity accounts for the case adequately. The writer should also be praised for keeping a clear head on the artistic merit of Botticini. We are not even required to believe that the vastly overrated Tobias with the Three Archangels of the Accademia is a masterpiece. Appended to the text are fifteen heliotype plates containing forty pictures, being a complete graphic compendium of the subject. The monograph gives good promise of the author's course in connoisseurship and criticism.

It is only the extraordinary lack of pictorial achievement by the Jewish race that could make the work of Ephraim Mose Lilien seem worth celebrating as "The New Art of an Ancient People," as M. S. Levussove celebrates it in a thin volume published by B. W. Huebsch. It contains fourteen specimens of the skill of a black and white designer neither more nor less able than many others of the modern German school. A certain racial accent in subject and types, possibly even in imagination, marks the best of these designs, and at times they reach a weird power, but in general they are only not commonplace because the convention in which they are executed is not yet threadbare. When it has become so, it is doubtful if there will be found enough substance in the drawings to make them anything more than examples of a temporary fashion in book-illustration.

L. H. Holden's small gallery of Italian old masters, near Cleveland, O., is so little known to American students of art that a summary, illustrated account of its best pictures, by Mary Logan Berenson, in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for January, deserves notice. Most of the collection was bought from the indefatigable but unfortunate collector, James Jackson Jarves. The Holden pictures number some fifty, the most interesting of which, as attributed by Mrs. Berenson, are an enthroned Madonna with Four Saints, by Lorenzo da San Severino—one of his loveliest works; a Nativity and an Adoration of the Shepherds, of Bramantino's school; a portrait of a man and wife, by G. B. Moroni; two heads by Justus of Ghent from the Urbino series, and finally a Madonna and Child ascribed to Leonardo, with an interesting background depicting the Castello at Milan. This ambitious attribution has been supported by Holman Hunt and Rio; Ambrogio de Predis is Mrs. Berenson's suggestion. In the same number of the *Rassegna*, A. Ratti notes the discovery of a new Petrarch portrait in the Ambrosiana. The tiny panel shows the heads of the Laureate and of Gian Galeozzo Visconti lightly drawn in. Both are much effaced, but time has treated the poet more kindly than the potentate. The work seems hardly contemporary, and the whole criticism of the panel remains to be undertaken. Meanwhile the miniature is artistically superior to all other likenesses of the recluse of Arquà.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington opens its first annual exhibition of contemporary American oil paintings to-day. The exhibition will continue till March 8. About four hundred canvases have been hung. The prize of $1,000 offered by W. A. Clark of Montana and the Corcoran Gold Medal have been awarded to Willard L. Metcalf for his painting May Night. It is a moonlight picture of a colonial house, in front of which stands a blossoming horse chestnut tree. The Corcoran Silver Medal and the Charles C. Glover prize of $500 go to Frank W. Benson for Against the Sky. It is a picture of a girl standing on a hill, her veil tossed in the breeze, her figure against a background of white clouds and blue sky. The Corcoran Bronze Medal and the V. G. Fischer prize of $250 go to E. W. Redfield for Lowlands of the Delaware—a snow scene, with the sun shining through a group of trees. Among the other paintings are five by John Sargent. The principal one is his portrait group of the four surgeons of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Osler, Dr. Welch, Dr. Kelly, and Dr. Halstead. Irving Wiles is represented by two portraits. J. W. Alexander's The Butterfly, two canvases by J. Alden Weir, one a landscape and one an ideal head; Childe Hassam's June, Robert Henri's Spanish Dancer, five paintings by Cecilia Beaux, and three by William M. Chase are among the more notable contributions.

The annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York opened Sunday in the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society. It will continue until February 23.

The American Society of Miniature Painters announces its eighth annual exhibition —April 6 to 30—at the gallery of Knoedler & Co. in this city.

The exhibition of the work of Alfred Stevens will open in April at Brussels. The Royal Society of Fine Arts and the Society of Contemporary Art have undertaken the joint management.

A fairly representative exhibition of the work of Ernest Lawson, who won the Seaman medal for the best landscape at the Pennsylvania Academy, will be open at the New York School of Art until February 9. On the same date an exhibition of water-colors by Walter Launt Palmer will close at Noé's gallery. Portraits by Wilhelm Funk are on exhibition until February 16 at Knoedler & Co.'s gallery. Among the portraits are those of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, Richard Watson Gilder, and Gen. Horace Porter. Examples of wood engraving by Timothy Cole will be exhibited at the National Arts Club until February 20.

Conrado Ricci, chairman of the newly organized Central Commission of Antiquities and Fine Arts, has drawn up a scheme for the reform of the art schools of Italy. It is proposed to bring about a closer correlation of the arts, by having all students trained in the technic of painting, sculpture, and minor decoration. At the government schools of Rome and Milan, courses in the care and restoration of pictures will be given in the hope of standardizing the present unscientific and merely personal methods in vogue.

Science.

In March Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish Commander Peary's story of his Arctic expedition, under the title of "Nearest the Pole." There will be an Introduction by President Roosevelt, and illustrations from the collection of 1,200 photographs taken by Commander Peary.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for January opens with a profusely illustrated review of the recent history of aerial locomotion by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. He believes that "the practicability of aerial flight by man is no longer problematical." He pays a high tribute to the late Professor Langley for placing the subject on a scientific basis and practically originating the art of aerodromics. A bibliography of the principal works and papers on the subject, furnished by the Smithsonian Institution, is appended. In the "New Inland Sea," Arthur P. Davis of the Reclamation Service describes the irrigation works on the Colorado River and the progress of the inundation of the Imperial Valley of California by the break of 1905. A relief map and reproductions of photographs give a graphic representation of the cutting work of the "New River." In a report of the proceedings at the presentation of the Hubbard Medal to Commander Peary are addresses by President Roosevelt and others and Dr. F. A. Cook's story of his ascent of Mount McKinley. There is also given Secretary Root's address before the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress on South America.

In Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, number 11, Professor Woeikow of St. Petersburg contributes an interesting study of the distribution of the earth's population under the influence of natural causes and of human activity. It is accompanied by two colored charts, from which we learn that the only place south of the equator in which the density of the population is 150 to the square kilometre is the western half of Java. Dr. Thalbitzer gives an account of his linguistic and ethnographic investigations among the Eskimo of the east coast of Greenland, in which he says that he took 150 phonographic records of native ballads, children's songs, and stories. Among the other subjects treated are the lakes of the Salzkammergut in Austria, and a journey in Tripoli by Hanns Vischer.

The December number of the *Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde* of Berlin contains an interesting preliminary report by Dr. Hans Steffen of Santiago, Chili, a member of the Chilian commission on the great seismic movement which on August 16, 1906, overwhelmed Valparaiso. According to this report the destruction was confined in the main to the region of the coast Cordillera and the central longitudinal plateau comprised between lat. 31° 40′ and 35° 30′ S.—an area extending approximately 260 miles north and south. No serious destruction was noted beyond the Andean chain in Argentina, although the earth tremors penetrated as far as Buenos Ayres. A safe estimate places the number of killed in Valparaiso at not less than

3,000. Dr. Steffen, while admitting that the cause of the earthquake is still problematical, is inclined to classify it with the so-called tectonic earthquakes. It is significant, however, and with a direct bearing upon the question of the interrelationship of volcanic and seismic phenomena, that at the time of the Valparaiso disturbance the volcano of Chillan, in lat. 36° 45′ S., opened out a new crater, from which steam and ashes began to issue on August 16.

The ever-interesting problem of the rate of recession of the Niagara Falls forms the subject of Bulletin No. 306 of the United States Geological Survey (1907), prepared by G. K. Gilbert, whose work in this field is already well known to geologists. The results presented in this paper are elaborated from a study of the surveys of the crest-line of the river, made in 1842, 1875, 1886, 1890, and 1905, and of camera-lucida sketches made by Basil Hall in 1827. The conclusions reached by Mr. Gilbert are widely divergent from those that have been put forth in most works of geology, and suggest an interesting point in the physics of river erosion—the capacity of an overloaded stream or a stream of large volume to cut a course rapidly through hard rock and the inability of a smaller stream to effect what would appear its proportional amount of excavation. Thus, the Horseshoe Fall, which carries much water, has been receding (or lengthening the Niagara gorge) at an average rate during the last sixty-three years of somewhat more than five feet per annum, whereas the American Fall, which throws but a thin sheet of water over the brink, has been receding, during a period of seventy-eight years, at the average annual rate of less than three inches. In some parts of the American Fall absolutely no changes in contour can be detected in the period from 1855 to 1895. Mr. Gilbert makes no effort to use his data to determine the time required to cut the gorge for the six miles above Lewiston.

In the advance report, just issued, for the year 1906 of the chief of the Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, one of the most interesting problems is the reduction of the noxious rodents of the West, which work such havoc with the crops. It has been known for a long time that many of the small rodents are subject to epidemics. It was not until recent years that the nature of such epidemics and the possibility of utilizing the bacilli of disease for destroying animal pests have been appreciated. Such diseases appear often to be limited to particular species or to a group of closely related species, and hence are harmless to man and to domestic animals. The bacillus of a disease fatal to one of the above species was discovered some years ago by Prof. C. V. Piper and Dr. S. B. Nelson, then connected with the experiment station at Pullman, Washington; but the work was not completed, owing to lack of the necessary funds. The work has been taken up by the Biological Survey in coöperation with the State experiment station at Pullman, with every promise of successful results. "Confidence is felt that the discovery and isolation of the bacilli responsible for fatal diseases in the case of rabbits, prairie dogs, field mice, and other noxious rodents is entirely practicable."

Reports on late observations of terrestrial magnetism have been made by L. A. Bauer (inspector of magnetic work and chief of division of terrestrial magnetism, assistant, Coast and Geodetic Survey), and they appear as Appendices lii. and iv., 1906, Throughout the year, five magnetic observatories have been in constant operation—in Maryland, in Kansas, at Sitka, near Honolulu, and in Porto Rico. But observation is conducted in addition, in no less than forty-three States and Territories. From tables given the fact appears that the work of the year has been largely in those regions where magnetic data are most needed—west of the Mississippi, and in the Hawaiian Islands. From determinations of the three magnetic elements in many different localities, it has been possible to give a complete account, for the entire United States, of the secular change, and to map out the extent of the reversals noted in the report for last year. Observations at sea, already proved of value, have been continued on ships of the bureau (Commerce and Labor), chiefly the Bache, Patterson, and Explorer. In the Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific Ocean, the three magnetic elements were determined at forty-seven different points. Accompanying appendix iv. are an isogonic chart, and secular change tables. So many reliable and well-distributed determinations of the magnetic elements have been made by the Survey within the past seven or eight years, that very accurate magnetic maps of the United States are now possible, and this chart is the first of a new series. The last one, published in 1902, was in such demand that a second edition was required very soon, now nearly exhausted in its turn; so that the new chart is especially welcome. It is made from accurate observations at 3,500 widely distributed points in the United States. Considering the area involved (over 3,000,000 square miles, nearly one-sixteenth of all the land surface of the world), we now possess the most complete magnetic survey of any country.

During the present year but one periodic comet is due to return. This one, discovered by Giacobini at Nice on December 20, 1900, was at that time very faint, with a small, nebulous disk, and no tail. Its elements, calculated by Professor Kreutz, give its period as about seven years. Toward the end, then, of 1907, we may expect to discern once more this cosmic visitor, which passed its perihelion about December 3, 1900.

The New York Academy of Sciences is planning to celebrate the bi-centenary of the birthday of Linnæus, May 23.

The thirty-eighth general meeting of the German Anthropological Society will be held in Cologne in August, 1907. It is proposed that this meeting be constituted an International Congress, and the Cologne Anthropological Society has issued an invitation to persons interested in anthropology and archæology to attend the Congress. It is proposed to arrange a tour of two or three weeks in the Low Countries and France to take place after the Congress. A complete programme will be published soon.

Miss Agnes Mary Clerke, a scientific writer, died in London, January 20, at the age of sixty-four. An "astronomical correspondent," writes to the London *Times*:

During the last century two ladies only were elected honorary members of the Royal Astronomical Society—Caroline Herschel and Mrs. Somerville. The new century soon saw fresh honorary members elected, and among them Miss Agnes Clerke, whose last important work, "Problems in Astrophysics," was of such great scientific value that the Astronomical Society could no longer ignore her claims to public recognition by them.

She was born in Ireland in 1842, resided in Italy 1870 to 1877, and in 1877 began writing for the Edinburgh *Review*. She had travelled widely and had made observations at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope. Her list of published works includes: "A Popular History of Astronomy During the Nineteenth Century," 1885; "The System of the Stars," 1890; "Familiar Studies in Homer," 1892; "The Herschels and Modern Astronomy," 1895; "Problems in Astrophysics," 1903; "Modern Cosmogonies," 1906; and articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the "Dictionary of National Biography." In 1893 she was awarded the Actonian prize of one hundred guineas for her works in astronomy. On July 26, 1906, the *Nation* published a note on the second and completely revised edition of her "System of the Stars." The *Nation* reviewer remarked that Miss Clerke thoroughly understood "the work of observatories, their problems, and their methods"; and that a "well-worn copy" of her "Problems of Astrophysics" would be found in every observatory. The correspondent of the *Times*, referred to above, sums up as follows her position as a writer and critic of astronomical research:

Her keen insight into the true significance of observed physical facts was as wonderful as her fluency and command of language, so that both from the literary and scientific standpoints she must be ranked as a great scientific writer.

The death of Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendeléeff last Saturday at St. Petersburg removes the greatest of Russian chemists. Professor Mendeléeff was born at Tobolsk, Siberia, in 1834. At the age of twenty-two he was graduated at the University of St. Petersburg, where he remained as *privat-docent* for three years. He then went to Heidelberg, but returned to the Russian capital in 1861 as professor of chemistry at the Technological Institute, succeeding to the same chair at the university in 1864. His work was both practical and theoretical, and covered a wide field. But he will be remembered chiefly for his formulation of the Periodic Law, which had already been vaguely surmised by other scholars. He discovered that the atomic weight of the elements varies by definite proportions, corresponding to the variation in powers of combination. This theory, plainly valid for certain groups of the elements, has not yet been worked out through the whole system. It is, however, sufficiently practical to have led Mendeléeff, in 1871, to assert the existence of three elements, which were then unknown to experimental chemistry, but which were afterwards discovered and named gallium, scandium, and germanium. His "Principles of Chemistry," published in 1870, has been translated into a number of languages.

Dr. Émile Javal, the eminent specialist on the eye, has just died. Dr. Javal was himself blind for a number of years before

his death, and wrote a book which might be called a kind of *vade mecum* for the blind in the general conduct of life.

Finance.

Credit and Its Uses. By William A. Prendergast. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

This is the tenth volume in Appleton's Business Series, and is written by a "credit man" familiar with his subject in some of its practical bearings. Unfortunately, the author was not so well equipped to handle the theory of credit, and the result is a work serviceable at some points and altogether unsatisfactory at others.

Part I. deals with the functions and organization of credit. Mr. Prendergast considers it necessary to explain that credit is "one of the elements or branches of political economy" and to preface his volume with a brief disquisition upon the rise and progress of that science. He then assembles various extracts from common economic treatises, and, adding some desultory remarks of his own, offers the resulting mixture as a theory of credit. Incidentally he informs us that the Bank of Amsterdam was established during the Middle Ages (p. 7). The whole discussion should have been radically amended before publication, or should have been omitted. The author has more respect for economic science than familiarity with it, and might well have confined himself to his specialty.

Part II. treats of what Mr. Prendergast calls the "primary divisions of credit," viz., banking credit, capital credit, public credit, individual or personal credit, and commercial credit. The discussion of the last two divisions is reasonably satisfactory; the first three are very poorly handled. A competent "credit man" is not necessarily equipped to write upon banking, corporation securities, and public loans; and our author has not taken the task with sufficient seriousness. From either a theoretical or a practical standpoint, these three chapters are singularly barren, and it is hard to see how they can be of service to student, financier, or investor. That upon public credit, for instance, opens with the observations that the "different races of the earth are represented by many diverse forms of nationhood," that "high credit is indispensable in modern society," and that wherever "there is credit there is debt." It then offers some very general and commonplace considerations about public debts and expenditures, without treating a single topic incisively; and passes on to consider, almost at haphazard, bonds and treasury notes, President Cleveland's bond issues, and State and municipal indebtedness, without giving the least evidence that the author has fairly grappled with his subject. A fair sample of the substance and style of this chapter is the following passage, which contains about all that is said concerning the debts of our American States:

> The diversity of interests, agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and commercial, represented in the States imposes just as important considerations for the judgment of the statesman as do those of the Federal Government. The fact that in all matters of strictly local concern the State has a free hand under the Federal compact, makes the duty of each in advancing its own interests and maintaining its credit just as primal a necessity as if each State were an entirely independent principality and accountable to no one. The credit of the States has been subject to the same curses that have crept into other political organisms, and in some cases these abuses have taken the form of outright repudiation of obligations, from which the creditor is without relief. The national Government is a sovereign one; and in all matters where the Constitution does not define certain rights and duties as belonging exclusively to the Federal Government the sovereignty of the States has not been impaired. This rôle of sovereignty carries with it an element of danger to those who purchase the obligations of a nation or State so conditioned, for it means that they may be at any time repudiated. Venezuela has obligated itself to pay certain sums to England, France, Germany, and Italy, and the customs receipts have been mortgaged as security for the payment of the amounts awarded by the Hague Tribunal. But a war between many nations might bring about a condition of affairs whereby the effects of this decision would be entirely upset. Treaties between nations are binding until they are broken. . . .

How such a paragraph ever slipped by the editorial staff of a responsible publishing house, we find it hard to conjecture.

In Parts III. and IV. the author reaches topics with which he is reasonably familiar, and treats in a competent manner such subjects as credit departments, sources of information concerning the credit of individuals or companies, mercantile agencies, methods of analyzing and safeguarding credits, the credit man, collections, suspended accounts, and the like. He reinforces his discussion helpfully by reproducing copies of many of the forms and instruments employed in credit transactions, and this part of the volume is a convenient repository of information not readily obtainable elsewhere. Part V., in similar fashion, treats of bankruptcy, credit insurance, and various efforts to improve the organization and administration of credit. If the author had confined himself to these aspects of his subject, he would have served his readers well, and given no occasion for serious criticism.

The growth of commercial instruction has created an undoubted demand for books treating of practical business operations, and this opens a legitimate field for publishers' enterprise. Men of practical knowledge are certainly needed for the work; but if they are to produce anything more than technical treatises confined to the narrow fields of their various specialties, they should take their tasks seriously and equip themselves properly for dealing with the broader aspects of their subjects. Your "mere theorist" sometimes makes sad work of practical affairs, but his worst performances are as nothing compared with the havoc that a practical "credit man" can work with a systematic treatise upon credit.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute. Washington.
Annual Report of the Light-House Board. Washington.
Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Vol. XX., Part 1. Philadelphia.
Bacon's Essays. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
Baldwin's Revolutionary Journal. Bangor, Me.
Balzac's Pierrette. Edited by Theodora de Sélincourt. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.
Bancroft, Hubert H. Some Cities and San Francisco. The Bancroft Co.
Beaumont and Fletcher Works. Edited by A. R. Waller. Vol. IV. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
Bérard, Victor. La France et Guillaume II. Paris: Armand Colin.
Cervantes, Miguel de. Don Quixote of the Mancha. Translated by Thomas Shelton. Vols. I. and II. Scribners.
Cowley, Abrabam. Essays, Plays and Sundry Verses. Edited by A. R. Waller. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
Cunningham, W. The Wisdom of the Wise. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams. 60 cents.
Davies, T. R. French Romanticism and the Press. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
Davies, William Gilbert. Papers and Addresses. Robert Grier Cooke.
Die Weltwirtschaft. I. Jahrgang 1906: III. Teil. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner.
Dorsey, George A. The Pawnee Mythology (Part I). Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Draught of the Blue. Translated by F. W. Bain. Putnams. $1.50.
Du Bose, Horace M. Life and Memories of Rev. J. D. Barbee. Nasbville: Smith & Lamar. $1.
Dyhoski, Roman. Tennyson's Sprache und Stil. Wien: Wilbelm Braumüller.
Fletcher, S. W. Soils. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.
Fraser, W. A. The Lone Furrow. Appletons. $1.50.
Garmo, Charles de. Principles of Secondary Education. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Hamilton, John. Cosmus and Other Poems. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Hart, J. M. Standard English Speech. Henry Holt & Co.
Maartens, Maarten. The Woman's Victory. Appletons. $1.50.
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Morgan, G. Campbell. The Practice of Prayer. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents net.
Mott, Lawrence. The White Darkness. Outing Publisbing Co. $1.50.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Vol. XI. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Noble, E. L. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Patterson, Charles Brodie. The Will to Be Well. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.
Reports of the American Bar Association. 1906. Vol. XXIX., Part I. Philadelphia: Dando Printing and Publisbing Co.
Sanderson, Robert Louis. Through France and the French Syntax. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Scollard, Clinton. Easter-Song. Clinton, N. Y.: George William Browning. $1.25.
Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. The Kinsman. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Starrett, Harry Haisey. The Science of Saving.
Sun Almanac, 1907. Baltimore: A. S. Abell Co.
Thomas, William I. Sex and Society. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.
Todd, Charles Burr. The History of Redding, Connecticut. The Grafton Press.
Werder, Karl. The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Putnams.
Whitney, James Pounder. The Reformation. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Wilcox, Henry S. Frailties of the Jury. Chicago: Legal Literature Co.

William De Morgan's
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1907.

The Week.

President Roosevelt is reported as ready to fight anybody who urges him to fight Japan. Such an attitude is suggestive of the great responsibility, with the large power, that rests upon any public man who may give a slant to public opinion, for or against war. In this Japanese affair the Administration has shown excellent judgment. Secretary Root has refused to treat the newspaper alarums as anything but a joke. The Secretary of War, far from displaying any desire to pose as an organizer of victory, has said that he would resign rather than have a war at all. And the President has fought almost truculently for peace. The net effect has been to make the whole bent of the nation towards a peaceful settlement of the difficulty. Now, this general inclination for peace is half the battle against war. It is as easy to cultivate a peaceful as a belligerent disposition. Either the Swettenham blunder or the Japanese complication would have sufficed, if the American press had been of the inflammable and warlike temper of 1895 or 1898, to set the country by the ears with England or Japan; but the calm good sense exhibited this year has made it plain even to unscrupulous politicians that they have nothing to gain by yelling for war.

Woodrow Wilson's book on "Congressional Government" brought out the immense power of committees in shaping legislation. What the committee is to the whole House, a skilled and experienced chairman may be to the committee itself. We have probably never had a better illustration of this than in the case of Representative Theodore E. Burton, and the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. His long service and particular competence have given him great weight and authority. This was signalized in the long debate on this year's large bill, authorizing appropriations of over $80,000,000, in the course of which he was not defeated on a single point of any consequence. Nor was this due to want of hot attack. A powerful Congressional combination was formed to force the fourteen-foot Mississippi channel scheme as an amendment, and the champions of the thirty-five-foot channel in the Delaware were almost equally insistent. But Chairman Burton met and vanquished them all. He thus succeeded partly because of his established prestige. The House has learned to have confidence both in his fairness and sound judgment. But Mr. Burton also makes himself a master of his subject. The debate proved, for example, that he had a better grasp of the technical features of the Mississippi improvement than had its stoutest advocates. This was rather amusingly shown when he called upon Representative Bartholdt to name one engineer who did not hold that the fourteen-foot channel would require canalization. After some fumbling, Mr. Bartholdt adduced the "Business Men's League of St. Louis." Mr. Burton naturally laughed.

Perennial hopefulness that the Senate in extra session will be less protection ridden than in regular session, probably accounts for the announcement that Senators will be convened after March 4 to consider a treaty of reciprocity with Germany. That such an agreement is highly desirable, even urgent, cannot be denied. The application of the maximum rates of the new German tariff to our exports was put off for a year expressly with a view to giving this country time to make the requisite concessions on German imports. It is a matter of vital importance to our foreign trade. Of this, our tariff experts returning from Germany are convinced—protectionists that they are. The German Government, after doing so well in the elections, will be less than ever inclined to delay enforcing the higher rates against us. It is, indeed, a business that requireth haste, and the treaty cannot too soon be laid before the Senate. If it is to remain absolutely Bourbon in tariff matters, the country is entitled to know the fact at the earliest day possible.

The project for subsidizing international airship lines, to which Representative John Sharp Williams has given ear, is deserving, so far as we can see, by every test which nowadays is applied to legislation. It will *make work* for Americans, and when a project does that, it does not matter in the least who has to pay for it. Merely to fish the unlucky aeronauts out the Atlantic would require a force of men to which we could point with pride. But the great point is that here we may steal a march on all our rivals. Our ordinary floating marine was destroyed, as we all know, because other countries first hit upon the vitalizing idea of subsidy. The recent subsidy bills in Congress have been merely efforts to recover spilt milk. Why worry about water-ships when airships are soon to displace them? Let us rather take the lead at once in subsidizing airships. Of these, at the expenditure of a few millions a year, we can have the first and the biggest fleet in the world.

An interesting aftermath of last year's interstate commerce agitation, is the campaign for reduction of passenger rates now in progress in several Western and Southern States. From the side of the railroads themselves this is doubtless regarded as merely another manifestation of the unreasoning "hostility" which is crippling and shackling our great business enterprises. But there are aspects of this campaign which go to show the short-sightedness of such a view. We doubt if any unbiassed person can read the reports of debates in the Legislatures of Kansas, Missouri, and other States, or the proceedings before the Wisconsin and other State railroad commissions, without perceiving that there exists a very wide and genuine disposition to do full justice to the railroads, to treat them not only fairly, but generously. We have seen this especially in the proposals to discriminate between lines on the basis of a fair return. The old way of expressing popular wrath against extortion was to pass a law fixing a flat rate and to try to compel all roads under all conditions to conform thereto. In very much that way, the States which first created railroad commissions made it the duty of these bodies to settle all the rates under their jurisdiction at once. Of late, as Prof. Frank Haigh Dixon and others have pointed out, the tendency has been to create rate-making agencies that can allow for diverse and changing conditions. These are being recognized in the present work in actually fixing rates. In both Kansas and Missouri, for instance, the two-cent fare bills now pending give to branch and local lines the right to charge a higher rate per mile than the more important roads. In Wisconsin, where the Commission gave exhaustive hearings to the representatives of the railroads as well as the citizens and organizations urging lower fares, some of the lines made such a convincing demonstration of the fact that a two-cent rate in their cases would be unprofitable, that a recognition of the difference between roads advantageously situated and those which cannot afford to provide two-cent passenger transportation, is thought likely to be a permanent feature of the State's railroad policy.

For all of the month during which Gov. Hughes has now been in office, the politicians at Albany have been narrowly watching him in order to "get a line" on him. He was a new man in politics. How much did he understand of the

game? The great men of the party have stood about the Governor very much with the baffled air of the critics, as Dr. Holmes described them, standing about Emerson—pointer dogs in the presence of an unknown animal. But they, and the people of the State, are beginning to find out what manner of man the new Governor is. Mr. Hughes means to be Governor. With nothing theatric about him, he has made it plain that he is the head of his own Administration. He holds his consultation in the open. Sly party Nicodemuses no longer go to the Executive Chamber by night, or by subterranean passages and the back door. Mr. Hughes has also put it beyond doubt that he intends to strike hard for pure and efficient government. His prompt routing out of petty grafters and incapables from the Capitol is an earnest of the business-like. sense and reforming zeal which he brings to his office. Such an administration is a refreshing novelty in this State. The attitude which Gov. Hughes means to assume towards the Legislature has also been pretty clearly indicated. He said last week: "The time for the Governor to give his opinion of a bill is when it comes before him for either signature or veto." This is a general rule which is not only correct Constitutionally, but one calculated to save the Governor a great deal of time and worry. In the larger matters of constructive legislation, however, it is doubtful if the Governor will be able, or will desire, to maintain entire detachment. On some reform laws for the benefit of the people of the whole State he has set his heart. In their drafting he cannot fail to take a deep interest. But from the run of the work of the Legislature it is sound policy for him to keep his hands off. All in all, the new Governor acts like a man in a fair way to master the unfamiliar task set him by the people.

The presumption is generally against the multiplication of educational and other public and semi-public institutions when those we already have are so in need of money. But the proposed New York Observatory and Nautical Museum, which the Legislature has been asked to charter, makes out an exceptional case. New York is almost the only large city which possesses no astronomical observatory of any rank. Although the chief port of this country, we have no "institution devoted to the interests of the navigator, to the investigation of new methods and new discoveries in shipbuilding and ship-sailing; no museum where can be studied the development of the modern vessel, where can be found the charts and aids to the navigator." The need for study of tides and currents affecting the shipping of this port as well as for investigation of navigation problems generally, is doubtless great. An institution formed for these purposes would also have a secondary educational value to the general public and would shortly become one of the show-places of the city. The influential men who are promoting this enterprise are doing a real service to the city which gave the world the Clermont and the Monitor.

John D. Rockefeller's gift of $32,000,000 to the General Education Board—the largest of the kind ever made—is, we believe, money wisely spent. In the first place, all our institutions of learning are confronted with the serious problem of maintaining the efficiency of their teaching force. The recent rapid increase in the cost of living has pressed very hard on teachers of all grades, from the kindergarten to the professional school. Those who have already embarked on the career are keenly pinched; energetic and ambitious young men see little to attract them in a calling which does not promise fair support for a family. If, then, we are to keep our schools and colleges abreast of population and progress, we must raise salaries all round. Thus it is that, in spite of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and in spite of other generous donations to the cause, there has hardly been a time when gifts for educatiou were more needed. Moreover, Mr. Rockefeller's millions are placed in the hands of skilful administrators. The General Education Board is not, from the very nature of its work, a conspicuous institution. It has no building to catch the eye; it merely occupies such offices as a firm of lawyers might hire. But it has the advice of the best experts as to the investment of its funds and the expenditure of the income. Educators are aware that it has already amassed an enormous amount of exact and perfectly classified information in regard to the schools and colleges of this country. If you wish to know the status of any college—the attendance, the resources, the curriculum, the strength of the faculty, the standards of scholarship, the intellectual and moral conditions—the General Education Board can usually furnish the facts, so far as they are to be had. It has won a reputation for discretion and liberality that has warranted this colossal addition to its resources.

Prof. E. A. Kirkpatrick of the Fitchburg State Normal School has set forth in the *Popular Science Monthly* the results of an extensive test of the vocabularies of school children and college studeuts. With Webster's "Academic Dictionary" as his subject-matter, he selected one hundred words by taking the first, last, or other definitely placed word on every sixth page, submitting this list for the subject to mark with plus signs, minus signs, or question marks, and then setting down that person's vocabulary by applying the proportion known to the 28,000 words in the book. Children in the second grade, he finds, understand, on an average, 4,480 words apiece. In the eighth grade of the grammar school, the figure rises to 12,000—more than are in the Bible. In the freshman year of the high school the pupil's vocabulary reaches 15,640. In the senior year of the high school it passes the limit set by a Milton concordance, and stands at 18,720. Vocabularies among college students average 20,120 words, or about the number used by Shakespeare. Each number represents, be it remembered, "all words that you would not, as to their meaning, have to look up in a dictionary if you saw them in a sentence." Plainly, then, whatever may be the shortcomings of the rising generation, deficiency in vocabulary is not among them. As corroborative testimony, we have the tests ingeniously made by several well-known scholars on their own vocabularies. Three results of such inquiries, reported to us by a correspondent, were 33,500, 35,250, and 37,000 English words respectively. Nor would an inquiry among those of most meagre academic education be likely to show results so much inferior as might be supposed. Any one who has taken the trouble to examine the two most despised members of the literary family, the paper-bound thriller for boys and the paper-bound romance for young women—typified, say, by "Old King Brady" and "A Working Girl's Wrongs"—knows that, while the ideas and emotions conveyed are simple to absurdity, the language is not particularly easy. Both, perversely as it seems, are a good deal nearer the stilted diction of the eighteenth century than are the pages of a high-grade magazine.

Spanish America forges to the front in the news with reports of war threatened in Central America, an insurrection in Argentina, and another in preparation or already in being in Venezuela. In spite of last summer's outburst of enthusiasm over the Pan-American Conference and Secretary Root's missionary journey to the Latins, in spite of the absolute necessity of a ship subsidy enabling us to monopolize the trade of South America, it is a fact that we are little interested in the affairs of the republics to the south of us, and that their only chance of attracting notice is by raising a row. Thereupon we send dowu a white cruiser, on whose clean decks Central America makes peace and renews, with beautiful optimism, that ideal of a Central American federation and those numerous treaties of amity and arbitration which amuse the foreign concessionary on the hunt for timber lands. And yet it must be that the southern republics produce something

besides revolutions, nitre, and provincial cédulas. There is an intellectual life stirring. Chile has produced respectable historians; Argentina is ambitiously seeking to develop a new Latin civilization, largely on the French model. Evidently, they have an opera, for we hear now and then of Calvé coming from Buenos Ayres to New York, and a theatre, since Ermete Novelli, whom New York has not seen, comes to us from the south. How much of all that life do we know?

Germany presents the remarkable spectacle of both sides in a struggle rejoicing in victory. The Centre points, with justifiable pride, to its notable achievement in repelling the Government's attack and returning to the Reichstag with augmented strength. The Emperor rejoices over the downfall of the Socialists, whom he had not dreamt of overthrowing. He is the Cadi who ordered the tall dyer to be hanged in his own doorway, and when it was ascertained that the doorway was too low and the dyer too tall, gave orders that a short dyer be found and hanged instead. Complete figures for the new Reichstag indicate only a modest majority for the Government. Should Conservatives (59), Reichspartei (21), National Liberals (55), Radicals (46), Agrarians (23), Anti-Semites (6), and independents (10) rally to its support, it will count 220 votes against the 177 votes of the Centre (105), Socialists (43), Poles (20), Alsatians (7), Guelphs (1), and Danes (1) But, except on the specific German Southwest Africa budget, it is scarcely possible to conceive such an unholy alliance as one between Agrarians and *Freisinnige*. The election has robbed the Socialists of the gain which popular dissatisfaction with the Agrarian policy brought them in 1903, and something more. But the gain has gone for the greater part to the Centre and the Liberals, and the chronic difficulties of the Emperor with his Reichstag have not apparently been removed.

A treaty concluded a short time ago between Germany and Denmark offers confirmation of the truth that he who endures to the end in politics shall be saved. The agreement harks back to the old Schleswig-Holstein question, which has been responsible for more aching heads among historians than any other topic of ancient or modern times. The treaty of 1866 between Austria and Prussia provided that the northern districts of the duchy of Schleswig, which had been incorporated by Prussia after the Danish war, should be restored to Denmark after a plebiscite had been taken. Such a plebiscite the Prussian Government has carefully avoided taking, until Denmark in the present treaty has made formal acknowledgment of the *status quo*. In Germany the treaty is regarded with all the more satisfaction, because it puts an end to the anomalous position by which the children of Schleswig parents who, after the war of 1864, chose to remain Danish subjects, have been prevented from becoming either Danish or Prussian citizens owing to differences in the interpretation of the treaty of peace. There was thus created a class of men without a country (*Heimatslose*), whose unfortunate legal position was responsible for much of the discontent with which German rule has had to contend. Like the Poles, Hanoverians, and the French of Alsace-Lorraine, the Danes have been represented by a small faction in the Reichstag. In the latest election they have chosen one member. He, too, will probably disappear soon.

The Persians, who are often called the French of Asia, are displaying qualities which should entitle them rather to comparison with France's neighbors across the channel. It is one thing to win a Constitution from an autocrat by means of a carefully engineered popular uprising; it is another to maintain popular unity after the initial success, and to continue extorting concessions without resorting to terror. The Russian liberals, for example, have not yet learned how. The late Shah was brought to promise constitutional government a few months ago by a general secession among the middle and upper classes of Teheran, who abandoned the capital and established a new "tent city" in the grounds of the British legation. Admirable order was preserved then, and order seems to prevail now in the conduct of the Parliament's campaign against the Shah. The latter has probably been forced to yield because of the support which the liberal movement draws from Persia's two sworn friends and protectors—Great Britain and Russia. The attitude of the former is indicated by the incident we have cited. The influence of Russian conditions, if not of the Government itself, is discernible in the disturbances reported to have occurred at Tabriz, which, situated not far from the Caucasian border, has undoubtedly experienced the revolutionary fever.

That the English Liberals are nettled at their thwarting by the Lords is undoubted, but that they have decided that "the House of Lords must go," we may well question. The Attorney-General's speech to that effect last Friday was admittedly more rhetorical than official. So daring and important a party programme would scarcely be announced by anybody but the Prime Minister. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it is true, held pretty stern language about the upper House, at the time of its slaughter of the innocent Education Bill; and Winston Churchill has talked of a possible dissolution in 1908 on the issue of the supremacy of the Commons. But presumably all this looks more to party strategy than a fixed party policy. If the Liberals are expecting the Lords to throw out some popular bill and so give them a fine chance to appeal to the country, they will find, we believe, that the Lords will take precious good care not to accommodate them. Hence the cry against the Lords is not to be taken as going very much beyond *Punch's* version of it: "Mr. Birrell says he will give the Lords *one more chance*, and then! Why, then, he'll give them another." Furthermore, we may be pretty sure that nothing will be done, or even decided upon, until after the London County Council elections early in March. If the Liberals lose as heavily as they did in the recent borough elections in London, they will not have the stomach to attack the Lords very savagely.

Within the span of W. H. Russell's life, now ended, the world saw the beginning and the high development of war correspondence. Before the Crimean War it could scarcely be said to have existed. Such information as newspapers got from the seat of war was haphazard and irregular. But after Russell's remarkable work in 1854-56, giving as it did to the English people a flood of light upon the organization and maladministration of the army, as well as accounts of military operations, the war correspondent has been almost as much of a necessity as the commander-in-chief. He may be an affliction to the officers in charge: Gen. Sherman wanted the whole genus hanged; but at least in all wars waged by democratic countries, he is a fixture. The people who raise and pay for the armies will insist upon having news from the front. Japan was able in her last war to keep the correspondents at a distance from the firing line, and to suppress news until after knowledge of it had ceased to be an advantage to the enemy; but even Japan, as she becomes more democratized, will be compelled to meet the public demand for information about battles. Russell was not merely an extraordinary war correspondent, with a keen eye for strategy and a signal mastery of details; he was a great traveller and shrewd observer. His account of Bull Run raised a loud outcry in this country; but more noteworthy every way was his "Diary," recording his observations in the South on the eve of the Civil War. With every prepossession in favor of his friends and hosts in that region, he was yet compelled to set down his conviction that their system was an anachronism. The economic blunder as well as the moral wrong of slavery was demonstrated by Russell with something of the precision of Olmsted.

LIMITING MONEY IN ELECTIONS.

William R. Hearst, shocked by the discovery that somebody paid as much as $250,000 as a candidate for Governor of New York, is again calling attention to the need of a law limiting expenditures in elections. He does not, however, approve of the recommendation of Gov. Hughes, that the sum beyond which a candidate may not lawfully go, should be fixed by statute. That would be all wrong, Mr. Hearst argues, since it would "prevent any financial independence on the part of candidates." But it would also prevent any one with a degree of financial independence as high as Mr. Hearst's, and political scrupulousness as low as his, from buying nominations and personally conducting a campaign with his own check-book.

This subject however, is one that should be discussed without reference to personalities. Indeed, we are free to say that one of Mr. Hearst's points seems to us well taken. This is that a limitation should be put upon the amount that may be expended by anybody, candidate or committeee, in elections. Our corrupt-practices laws have been largely tentative. We have been feeling our way. In this State we now have an act forbidding corporations to contribute to campaign funds; and Congress has passed, and the President signed, a bill to prevent in the future such scandalous diversions of the funds of insurance companies as were made to aid in the election of Mr. Roosevelt. But with these old sources of supply now cut off, will not the resulting tendency be to turn to candidates able and willing to pay for their own campaigns? This danger was clearly exemplified in the case of Hearst. His being made a candidate for the Governorship was undoubtedly due in part to the fact that he stood ready to spend large sums to secure the nomination, and at least a quarter of a million to further his election. This startling illustration of what a rich man might do with his purse to gratify his political ambition, clearly had much to do with the proposal to restrict the amount which candidates for office may pay out. This, we think, should be done; but something also should be done to limit the cost of an electoral canvass, in whatever way the sinews of war may be obtained.

When we set about in earnest the strengthening of our corrupt-practices legislation, we shall not be too proud to take a leaf out of English experience. English elections, a hundred and fifty years ago, or even seventy-five years ago, were more corrupt than American elections have ever been. Franklin's description of British electoral methods as he observed them—tainted with bribery throughout—has been often quoted. The tax on candidates for Parliament long continued onerous—the heavy expense necessarily being in good part corrupt. Lord Durham's biographer records the fact that one of his contested elections cost him $150,000. The buying of votes was open. Reform was slow in coming. Indeed, there died at Oxford last year an old man who lived so much in the past that it was his habit, in the good old early Victorian fashion, to sally forth and unblushingly try to purchase votes for his favorite candidate for Parliament. As this practice has now become sufficient to unseat a successful candidate, the old gentleman's support was, naturally, considered as a thing to be afraid of even while duly grateful for.

When, however, English reformers went to work to extirpate electoral corruption, so far as legislation could do so, they made a thorough job of it. Various ballot acts and election commissioners acts led up at last to the Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act of 1883. Its full text shows it to be extraordinarily minute and sweeping. Every conceivable activity of a candidate or his agent is foreseen and regulated. Directly to our present purpose, there is rigid limitation of election expenses. The date when they legally begin to run in any constituency; the persons by whom they may be made; the forms of declaring them under oath—all is provided for with the utmost detail. Finally, there is the fixing of the "Maximum Scale." This determines the amounts that may lawfully be expended in a Parliamentary election in the different constituencies. The sum varies, both with locality and the number of voters. In a borough election, where the number of electors on the register does not exceed 2,000, the maximum amount that may be legally expended is £350; above 2,000 the sum is put at £380, with an additional £30 for "every complete 1,000 electors above 2,000." In a county, where it is presumably more difficult to "get out the vote," the permitted expenses run higher—£650 for a register not exceeding 2,000, with an additional £60 for each 1,000 voters more. There is a lower rate, in all cases, for Irish constituencies.

The testimony is conclusive that this law, enforced as it is by the courts, has been the means of rendering English elections very much purer than they used to be. The time has come for us in the United States to proceed, by similar legislation, against the great evils of the use of money, almost certainly corrupt when too lavish, in our elections.

RUSSIAN FREEDOM AND FAMINE.

In the London *Times* there is an appeal for aid in behalf of the famine-stricken peasants of Russia, signed by Nikolai Shishkoff, a member of the Zemstvo Relief Association of the Government of Samara. This is his third experience in the task of combating starvation. He was in the great famine of 1891-92, in the lesser visitation of 1899, and he declares that the present famine "bids fair to become one of the most awful calamities that even Russia has ever witnessed." There has been destitution for several months; actual starvation was ushered in with the new year; but the floodtide of misery is expected to come about the end of March or the beginning of April.

Conditions are described by Mr. Shishkoff with mathematical precision, varied by comments on local conditions. In twenty-five provinces the crops have been far below the average, and in eight or ten there has been a total failure. In Samara the grain harvested has been less than half the amount sown. As far back as the middle of last November, one-fourth of the horses and cattle had perished. Cottages are being demolished for fuel; clothes, utensils, cattle, future crops, and labor are being sold; the last supplies of rye flour or millet are mixed with bran, grass seed, chaff, and even straw; and thousands have been living for months on acorns. When relief-kitchens are established, many of the poorest cannot come, because they dare not face the cold without clothes and shoes. And the present winter is the bitterest the Continent has known for many years. Says M. Shishkoff:

> I have myself seen a peasant carry one of his children, wrapped up in the remnants of a sheepskin cloak, to our kitchen, put the child down, perfectly naked, on a bench, and take away the rag of a cloak to bring his other child in.

What are the causes that have made such conditions chronic? In the simplest terms, the population to feed has been rapidly growing, while resources—land, working capital, and intelligence among the cultivators of the soil—have been either at a standstill or actually declining. According to Prof. Vladmir G. Simkhovitch, writing in the *Political Science Quarterly*, the average number of dessiatines of land for each male peasant in the fifty governments of European Russia (the dessiatine equals 2.7 acres) has declined from 4.8 in 1860 to 2.6 in 1900, or almost one-half, while farm stock has sunk from 1,456 per 1,000 of the population in 1870, to 1,026 in 1900, and horses from 169 to 145. Professor Simkhovitch adds:

> Small as these peasant land-holdings are, they might have been sufficient in a country where education, self-reliance, and honest work are encouraged. But not so in the Empire of the Czar, where almost every educated man is suspected as a political criminal, and where the education of the peasant has been systematically suppressed.

And if there be human grit and industry to overcome even such obstacles, there are the Imperial taxes. The land-

tax ranges anywhere from 100 to over 200 per cent. (counting in the accumulated arrears) of the possible land-income, while indirect taxes amount to 45 rubles in an annual peasant budget of 100 rubles. Whether owing to lack of land, unscientific methods of cultivation, or exacting contributions to the state, famine, in the last interpretation, spells absolutism.

The Government has not failed to recognize the state of affairs. Famine in a time of revolutionary upheaval calls for attention, and the peasants have accordingly received a succession of favors. Their acquisition of land has been facilitated. But the Stolypin Ministry has chosen to find the main root of the evil in the communal system under which the peasants have held their land since emancipation, and has set to work to do away with it. Emancipation found the Russian peasants dwelling in village-communities (the *mir*), on land belonging to private owners or the Crown, whose serfs they were. Emancipation liberated them from their masters and gave them land to cultivate; but as a guarantee for the payment of the redemption money advanced by the state to the commune, the submission of the peasant to the *mir* was emphasized. Wherever he went, he carried his peasant status with him. At home he cultivated his share of the land allotted him periodically by the commune. As an artisan in the city, he was still responsible for the debts and taxes of his village.

This exceptional status of the peasant the Government has now done away with. In the full light which terrorism casts upon a throne, it was discovered that it had been the original intent of the Czar Liberator to introduce, with emancipation, an individualist régime, and that the communal system, as we have said, had been made use of as a financial expedient. The term of forty-nine years had been fixed for the redemption of the peasants' debts to the state. What more simple than to hasten the process? Accordingly, a ukase of November 16, 1905, declared that from January 1, 1907, the peasant debts would be considered extinguished, and therewith the *raison d'être* of the commune was done away with. There followed various concessions in the form of land grants, till the ukase of November 25, 1906, crowned the work by decreeing for every peasant liberty to dissociate himself from his commune, with a claim of personal proprietorship in the assignment of land he had enjoyed within the *mir*.

The action of the Government has been characterized as a sop to the peasants, whom it would charm away from the arms of the revolutionists. But it is more than that. It is a direct blow at one of the main pillars of the ideal edifice erected by the Russian Social Revolutionaries, who undoubtedly sway the vast mass of peasant opinion. From their revolutionary ancestors of the reign of Alexander II. they had inherited the belief that, with its rural communal system, Russia offered an unparalleled field for social reconstruction. The *mir* was an essentially socialistic organization that might be improved upon, but was so much ready gain as it stood. Thus the dissolution of the *mir* is undoubtedly intended to cut the ground from under the Revolutionaries.

EXPLORATION AND NATIONAL ADVERTISING.

Reports of noted geographical achievements come thick and fast nowadays. We have scarcely, so to speak, warmed up to Commander Peary when a message reaches us from Sven Hedin of Stockholm, Tibet, and the Pamir. In Europe exploration at present enjoys the patronage of the "very best people." A royal lecturer in the person of the Duke of the Abruzzi addresses royal audiences in Rome and London on his latest work in Africa, and King Edward VII. rises to move the customary vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening. The French Academy of Sciences assembles to consider the report of the Prince of Monaco's discoveries in Spitzbergen. From Belgium we are informed that a national expedition is soon to be dispatched to the Antarctic, whence another great national expedition, the British under Capt. Scott, has only recently returned.

If to the Duke of the Abruzzi and the Prince of Monaco we add the Duke of Orleans, who in 1905 added his name to the list of Arctic explorers by sailing his Belgica up the east coast of Greenland to a "farthest north" at 78° 16′, we face the interesting fact that princely blood is coming to the front in a field of commendable activity. In a sense, kings, thrones, and principalities have always been zealous in encouraging geographical enterprise, from old Hatasu, who dispatched her Egyptian admiral for spices to the land of Punt, through another queen who sent her admiral westward in search of souls more precious than spices, and Prince Henry the Navigator, to Leopold of Belgium sending Stanley to Africa, and Oscar II. of Sweden, who has backed Sven Hedin's ventures in Central Asia. But it is one thing to unroll unknown continents by deputy, like Mark Twain's climbing the Matterhorn through a telescope, and another to assume the actual dangers and hardships of exploration. This our modern princes of discovery have begun to do, as admirably exemplified in the case of Luigi of the house of Savoy. He has brought to the work not only the courage and devotion of his crusading ancestors, but modesty and a spirit of *noblesse oblige* which has allowed his companions to enjoy their full share of the labor and the resulting glory.

Commander Peary has repeatedly appealed to our sense of patriotism in the matter of the conquest of the Pole. The same fervent national sentiments characterize the Duke of the Abruzzi's speeches. It is valuable work, this sliding and floating and climbing, painstaking, disinterested, scientific work, but it is also work for the glory of *il rè* and *la patria*. Nor is the feeling one that we can call mere patriotic vanity. With it, consciously or unconsciously, dwells the conviction that such triumphs of the flag redound to the material welfare of the fatherland by enhancing its dignity and spreading abroad its name among the nations. Especially is this true of the smaller states or the countries that, by themselves, would not be reckoned as first-class Powers. The empires of the earth can hold a place in the first rank by armies and many ships; the weaker members must seek to gain eminence in more peaceful ways. Literature is one field where they may win against the force of numbers; witness Norway's Ibsen and Björnson or Denmark's Brandes. Geographical exploration is another. Thus, to go back to Italy one more, we cannot see how one can read Commander Cagni's account of the famous dash for 86° 33′, so modestly and simply told, without gaining in admiration for a Mediterranean race that could cope successfully with the terrors of the Arctic. Before such proof, Anglo-Saxon ideas as to Latin "softness" should vanish; and though the initiated may have known before this of the intrepid industry of the Italian day laborer and the skill of Italian engineers, professional men, and scientists, it needed a hair-raising performance to proclaim the fact to the world.

Some such conviction of the value of geographical exploration as an advertising medium undoubtedly underlies a venture like the proposed Belgian Antarctic expedition. Belgium needs no colonies even if they are only ice and seawater; at present she has all the difficulties she cares for with Congo and with the King. But Belgium is an aggressive, a "live" country, and it cannot fight because it is small and neutralized. Moreover, it has vast manufacturing interests and large stores of capital to invest, and as a capitalist and a producer it needs advertising. A signal *coup* in the scientific world would increase Belgian prestige in Russia, in Japan, in other parts of the Far East. To her the Antarctic Circle is a vast Hackensack Meadows, on which she has sent her devoted sons to smear in letters a degree of latitude wide, "Use Charleroi Coal," or "Katanga Rubber—the Best," or "Kaffirs Cry for Liège Refrigerators." There is no intention here of imputing selfish motives to a scientific undertaking by which all the world

must profit. The point made is only that in this form of activity national well-being seeks to realize itself no less than in actual war for customers and colonies.

Rich men in our own country have not been slow in following the example set by royal explorers of Europe. It is a blessed thing to own a roomy steam-yacht. It is more blessed to clap a party of scientists and photographers on board and run them up to the Bering Sea in summer, where they map and sound and botanize and zoölogize for the benefit of human knowledge, and to the greater glory of the owner of the boat. It is a sport that can never be vulgarized, and it appeals to primal instincts. We have no monsters now whom one can fight except the Trusts, and no swamps to drain except politics. Only the unmapped ice-field, the unscaled mountain, and the uncrossed desert hold forth opportunities for the spirit of the conquistador.

AUTOMOBILE RACING.

Is automobile racing on the wane? The question is being widely asked in consequence of the evident falling off in public interest in the race week at Ormond, Florida. The last Vanderbilt Cup race did, it is true, attract greater crowds than ever before, but the conditions were so unsatisfactory as to make the contestants themselves say it would probably be the last on the Long Island course. The projectors of the Long Island Motor Parkway propose to run their special dustless automobile highway down through the island under what would be ideal conditions for straight-road racing. So far as we are aware, they are not yet concerning themselves with such contests, but are merely preparing an exclusive automobile road on which the motorist proper may travel as fast as he pleases without fear of the country constable. For the spectators, a race over a long, straight road, like the beach at Ormond, has obvious disadvantages; they can only witness the start or a lightning finish—a half-minute's enjoyment hardly worth travelling far to get.

As yet there is no proposal to build in this country an elaborate motor-race track similar to that now being constructed within twenty miles of London, in the heather and pine region of Surrey, by the Brooklands Motor Racing Club. This organization, duly authorized by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, is laying out an elliptical track two and three-quarters miles in length, the sharper ends of the ellipse banked up to great heights for reasons of safety. For some distance the outside edge of the track is to be twenty-six feet higher than the inside edge—if we may trust the London *Spectator's* figures. Throughout the summer and autumn there are to be held a number of races for valuable cups and trophies, for which the entrance-fees will range from $80 to $260; and it is confidently expected that the races will be so exciting as to attract sight-seers from the Continent, as well as from all over Great Britain. So far as possible, the language and customs of horse-racing will be adhered to; even handicap contests are looked forward to when once the season is well under way, and the track has been tried out.

Naturally, this elaborate plan for motor racing has led to considerable inquiry as to whether it is likely to help or hinder a sane development of the sport. Since road-racing in England no longer attracts any attention, the argument that the new track will tend to end the use of public roads for racing does not carry much weight. As the *Spectator* points out, English manufacturers have in the last few years been endeavoring chiefly to produce strong, comfortable, quiet, and simple cars, which are at the same time good hill-climbers and reasonably cheap. In this development speed has not played the main part, and as a result the makers have met with great success in giving the public the car it wants. Any such thing as a craze for racing which would hinder this progress along sound and conservative lines ought to be severely frowned upon. The manufacturers, it is true, might like a track on which to try their cars. But the question of safety is also to be considered. With all its precautions, the Brooklands Club can give no assurance that there will not be terrible accidents.

Had the *Spectator* wished to quote an English racing expert, it could have turned to Charles Jarrott's new book on motor-racing, called "Ten Years with Motor Cars." Speaking of the value of racing to the industry, this famous driver declares:

> I am personally of the opinion that a speed race, pure and simple, without other conditions, is not now as beneficial to the industry as it was two or three years ago. It is very difficult to define the line where horsepower becomes abnormal, but nevertheless I cannot help thinking that cars containing engines developing 150 horsepower are not the vehicles which we are wanting, or which are necessary to teach us the valuable lessons I have set forth. . . .
>
> Speed, pure and simple, now teaches us nothing. Speed was never necessary for sport, and its sole value at the present moment is the assistance it gives to the quick elimination of the competitors through accidents. The problem should be efficiency for given size and weight. As the sporting side of racing is now practically non-existent, the driving factor and the individual skill of the driver should be put at the biggest discount possible, and every facility given for a decision to be arrived at on the efficiency, or otherwise, of the vehicle itself. The only justification for motor-racing at the present time is that it benefits the industry, and when the time comes, as come it must, that it does not benefit the industry, that very day racing will be finished.

At the same time, Jarrott thinks that the debt the industry owes to the sport ought not to be overlooked. He is afraid that the next generation of automobilists will be unable to remember that the great speed-racing which took place between 1896 and 1906 had much to do with the perfecting of well-designed and carefully made cars. Undoubtedly, Mr. Jarrott is right in saying that the early racing established the reputation of some of the great French automobiles, like the Panhard-Levassor and the Dietrich. Our own American manufacturers, who have made such wonderful strides of late years, are careful to advertise any racing successes that they now achieve; but, after all, they would, we think, prefer to dwell more upon the endurance tests, which are growing in frequency. We may be wrong in thinking that the craze for speed is subsiding even with those who are buying their first cars, and that more and more people are satisfied with moderate horse-power where they once looked for forty or fifty. But whether right or wrong about this, we are certain that more and more intending purchasers look to tests like the Glidden tour when making up their minds what to buy. Nor does it seem to us likely that, even if there is a cessation of racing, there will be any falling off in the remarkable progress of the American car.

LAPPONI ON SPIRITISM.

The late Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi's book on "Hypnotism and Spiritism," which made such a stir at Rome—coming as it did from a man who had been medical adviser to two Popes—has now been translated into both German and French. It will be read with interest by the curious, and may afford some satisfaction to the credulous. It is not, however, as was reported, an unconditional endorsement of spiritualism. In discussing hypotism, he traverses ground already made familiar by the investigations of Charcot and his school, of Bernheim, Liègeois, and Pierre Janet. That part of the book which deals with spiritualism is, however, a strange mixture of caution and superstition. It shows how easily a man of scientific training may lose his footing when a fixed idea takes possession of his mind.

Dr. Lapponi writes of the "Facts of Spiritism," but among them he includes reports of unusual phenomena which are far from being well authenticated. He nowhere relates his own experiences; all these "facts" are reported at second hand. He cites the famous Crookes case as if the account were beyond question; and tells of the Indian

maiden who appeared to the Crookes household in a cloud, and spent the day with them, thus enabling the English investigator to test her reality by taking her photograph and temperature. Dr. Lapponi also accepts the narrative of the Pansini family, which was vouched for by an Italian archbishop, a bishop, an archdeacon, a Protestant minister, and some politicians. Two children in this family lived miraculous lives; one of them was a clairvoyant, and both of them had the power of disappearing mysteriously, and of reappearing, in a comparatively short time, at distant places.

Though Dr. Lapponi admits freely that there have been many instances of self-deception and fraud, he seems, on the whole, to have had few misgivings about "spiritistic" phenomena. He gives a list of great men who have been "the best known witnesses and partisans of spiritism." It must be said that his list is somewhat surprising, and does not add to the confidence which one feels in Dr. Lapponi's statements and conclusions. Among these "witnesses and partisans" are numbered Walter Scott and Victor Hugo, Gladstone and Lincoln, Humphry Davy and Tyndall, Lombroso and Oliver Lodge.

Dr. Lapponi rejects certain hypotheses which have been constructed to explain the facts reported. They are not, in his opinion, phenomena of a diseased brain, for "a great number of extraordinary manifestations of spiritism are concerned with purely physical facts which modify the natural conditions of objects or of material instruments without any interposition of intelligence or of human volition." He prefers a supernatural explanation, and describes all animate nature as a hierarchy. As man is above the lower animals, so there are beings superior to man both in intelligence and physical power. They form a series on a scale of gradually increasing perfection. These superior beings have the power to interfere in human affairs; but they are not always accessible, and may not always come when invoked. He writes:

> I affirm that the most severe modern criticism, which is now called *hypercriticism*, cannot deny the existence of a certain number, however small it may be, of real spiritualistic phenomena, unless it refuses to be logical and sincere in accordance with its general methods of investigation, unless it prefers to close its eyes to the full light of the sun.

That is, after all allowances and deductions, there is still a residuum of facts which point unmistakably toward spiritualism.

When a man of science takes such a position, the proper inquiry to be made is not so much how the occurrences can be explained, as why he believes that such occurrences have taken place. No doubt, a natural history of those who profess to have observed these extraordinary phenomena would throw much light upon the trustworthiness of their reports. Many become spiritualists upon what they suppose is sufficient evidence, and in this number are to be included all those who are deceived either by themselves or by others. It seems strange, however, that Dr. Lapponi should not have reasoned about such phenomena as he would have done had they been ordinary natural occurrences. Given a great number of unusual events, if in a majority of cases they can be proved to have been illusory, the probability, scientifically speaking, is overwhelming that any remaining phenomena which cannot at present be explained are yet capable of a natural explanation.

Those who regard spiritualism as a religion will be grieved at Dr. Lapponi's estimate of its ethical value:

> Spiritism is always dangerous, baleful, immoral, and should be forbidden and condemned unrestrictedly, in all degrees, under all forms, and in all its possible manifestations. At most, there may be some excuse in special cases for a study of spiritistic phenomena, by authorized persons of acknowledged competence, provided they have no part in producing the phenomena which they investigate.

This conclusion seems to mean that spiritualism, although not necessarily fraudulent, is diabolic. Familiar spirits should not be summoned from the unseen world, but if some misguided Saul sees fit to invoke a Witch of Endor, those who are properly qualified may test the reality of the apparition. A loophole is thus furnished for "psychical researchers"; of course, they are "authorized persons of acknowledged competence."

THE PROFESSION OF BOOK-AGENT.

Book-agents, as they themselves confess, enjoy none too high a repute. The word calls up a vision of the amiable college-boy who spends his vacation in trying to persuade the lawyer, the doctor, and the minister of a country village to buy Ridpath's "Cyclopædia of Universal History" or Talmage's "From Manger to Throne." No one wants the books, but every one subscribes in order to help the poor fellow out. He is an object of charity. Then, there is the leering person who tries to render dull and decorous works attractive by labelling them "Court Memoirs," and assuring you that they must be kept out of reach of the children. His prototype it was who sold hundreds of copies of Young's "Night Thoughts" to virtuous farmers by pretending that this portentously pious poem was naughty. More disagreeable still is the aggressive woman with sets of standard authors which every gentleman must buy or write himself down an ignoramus. And finally we have those book-agents who have recently been sued in this city for unloading on rich and silly persons, at fabulous prices, so-called *éditions de luxe* of Shakespeare, Thackeray, Roosevelt, and other classics. Only last month we noted the pathetic case of a woman who gave $6,250 each for sets of Shakespeare and Thackeray, and $6,000 for Roosevelt. When she had paid her money, she found she had got merely "well-known and easily procurable copies" of these authors—tricked out with special title-pages, "certain illustrations of showy character, but intrinsically of little value," and gaudy bindings. These several types of book-agent, who bulk large in the eye of the public, have blackened the name of the whole tribe.

And yet there are book-agents whose skill in a field which demands fine intelligence entitles them to rank in the learned professions. We described last week the extraordinary library of William C. Van Antwerp of the New York Stock Exchange. Mr. Van Antwerp, like J. Pierpont Morgan, Robert Hoe, and other collectors, is doubtless well informed as to the "points" of rare books; but neither he nor any other man could get together such a library without the help of experts in this country and London. He must consult them as to prices, provenience, and the minutiæ of bibliographical knowledge. These literary *cognoscenti* seem as reluctant as orthodox physicians to advertise themselves. They are few in number: Boston, New York, and Philadelphia may not contain, all told, more than five or six. If, however, the fashion of book-collecting spreads, there may be room for one or two more. The calling is not one which we urge young men to enter; for it may easily become overcrowded.

The agent of whom we speak must in the first place know books from the collector's point of view—and that is to know a great deal. A competent clerk in any bookshop can tell you all about the current issues—publishers, number of volumes, styles of binding, prices, dates of various editions, and much else besides. If you inquire for Barnes Newcome's "Lectures on the Poetry of the Affections," he does not spend half an hour in vainly hunting through "The Publishers' Trade List Annual," but he informs you offhand that those lectures were, according to Thackeray, delivered at the Newcome Athenæum, though, unhappily, never published. This clerk can also enlighten you as to the merits and defects of such editions of standard authors as are often on the market. He, of course, remembers that in 1860 there were two issues of the first edition of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," the second with the additional "Conclusion" occupying four pages. But for your expert this is a mere beginning. He is familiar with the rarities. He can show you

all the words which were changed in the second edition of "The Scarlet Letter," and the reset printer's imprint on the verso of the title; he can enumerate and distinguish the nine different title-pages of the first edition of "Paradise Lost," and so on through the whole range of English literature—and perhaps one or two foreign literatures as well. He must be versed in prices also; what First Folios and Second Folios of Shakespeare brought at the London auctions ten years ago; what present values are. He must also be acquainted with the stocks of Quaritch and other great dealers; with the offerings at auction; with the contents of the best collections, public and private, here and abroad; and with the tastes of the principal collectors. Many of these facts are duly recorded in works of reference; but in order to use such authorities your expert must bring to them a mass of information of his own, extraordinarily copious and exact.

With this knowledge as a basis, he can, if he possess sufficient tact as a negotiator, build up a legitimate and profitable business as agent and as consultant for either seller or buyer, as the case may be. He learns, for example, that an English duke is forced to dispose of his library containing some Shakespeare quartos. He is also aware that Marsden J. Perry of Providence is the man who wants them; and he may thus very properly act as go-between, give each man sound advice as to the value of the property, and effect a sale. He sees in a catalogue a presentation copy of Lamb's "Tale of Rosamund Gray," and he brings it to the attention of a certain Massachusetts jurist whose hobby is presentation copies from famous authors. He bids at auctions for buyers who prefer to remain unknown, and who trust to his skill and honesty in purchases involving thousands of dollars.

Nor is this book-agent, with all his specialization, deficient in general culture. Indeed, he enjoys unusual and by no means neglected opportunities to cultivate a taste for literature. The collector is often ridiculed as the man who buys but never reads. When Frederick Locker-Lampson, he of the Rowfant Library, protested to Bedford, the famous bookbinder, that a volume did not shut properly, Bedford retorted, "Why, bless me, sir, you've been *reading* it!" Mr. Locker-Lampson is not, we incline to believe, an exception in that he actually had ventured to look into the book. Even in verifying errata and seeing if the misprints accord with the specifications, the collector must do some desultory reading. And the expert on whom the collector relies must, in his wide ranging through the best books, inevitably acquire something more than a mere tincture of literature. He cannot, any more than his brother-in-blood, the connoisseur in art, dwell on mere externals.

THE AIM OF WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

The progress of education has developed the boast that no girl has so little money that she cannot go to college. Scholarships, personal helps of many kinds, and opportunities for self-support open the portals to all those who are ambitious enough and clever enough to enter in. But an even prouder boast is its counterpart, that no girl is so rich that she cannot go to college. A girl born to comfort and ease, who presumably will always be supported from the family funds unless she is supported by a husband, and who has no compelling personal inclination toward some definite form of work, can claim her four years of college life without losing her harmonious connection with her native surroundings. Some people may think her foolish or "queer," but as large a number of equally "nice" people either think her wise or forget to make any remarks whatever. Even in those centres where in more ways than one fashion sets its face against the intellectual, no girl loses caste by choosing to educate herself. She may have to struggle against family prejudices to gain her wish, but she can later return to her old haunts and be received as unquestioningly as if she had never passed the flaming ramparts of her little world. To urge upon girls who do not need to support themselves, or who have no definite careers in view, the desirability of going to college, has grown to be comfortably superfluous. It is with just such girls that many of our colleges are now being filled. Natural and obvious forces will steadily increase the number, until, within another generation or two, the girl who does not go to college will be the exception, about whom will gather those statistical and apologetic explanations with which men seem ever irresistibly impelled to honor our simple and candid sex.

The colleges and the young women of the country no longer ask either our briefs or our prayers. They have found each other out to their mutual satisfaction and contentment. But we ourselves, the outside observers, are still too restless to leave the subject. Our curiosity is still unsated, our approval is still limited or misapplied, and our disapproval still raises an annoying dust from battered straw, or honestly confuses diverse issues.

Some arguments against a college education for girls have grown gray in the service, while the answers to them have more and more assumed the lively shape of patent facts, from the contemplation of which only the wilfully blind are excluded. That college women can be, as they certainly ought to be, well and easily domesticated, any one with eyes may see. But there are arguments for a college education which are too intangible to be called patent facts, and which yet contain the substance of things hoped for in building up a righteous nation. To deal with them is to leave tabulated figures behind us and to open our minds to the freshening consideration of our deepest convictions.

But before making positive statements it may be well to interpolate two negations as a guard against some favorite misunderstandings.

In the first place, in claiming that a college education yields certain large benefits, no one wishes to assert that colleges are the only means by which these advantages may be gained, or to deny the fact that some people who have no college degree are much better educated than some people who have several degrees. The only fair claim is that as education is now planned and as society is now constituted, the easiest and quickest way for a girl of this generation to obtain the best intellectual training and the most effective discipline is to go through a college course.

In the second place, the world in looking on should not expect colleges within their own walled orchards to display all fruits in a complete state of mellow ripeness. We should not deny every benefit of a college education because at times we see students graduated without certain important attributes. The college cannot (nor can any school) in four years make up for all possible deficiencies in inheritance, environment, or home training. Because some college graduates have uncultivated voices or walk awkwardly or dress badly or lack the gentlest manners or fail to respond quickly to all the canons of good taste, many people lose patience with the colleges and say that the education they offer is of no avail. But it is only the home or a large experience in the world (a sorry but possible substitute) which can give the training that results in perfect breeding. Some American girls, rich as often as poor, must rely upon experience rather than upon their homes. But such experience cannot be their full possession at twenty. To blame the colleges for the crudeness of their youth is an obvious injustice.

What a college can accomplish, although of commanding importance, may be put into three very simple paragraphs:

By its curriculum and its instruction, the college stores "young and ductile" minds with important and useful information, and also, which is far better, trains the reasoning power and gives to young girls the princely inheritance of rational and thinking beings. It furthermore quickens their imaginations, cultivates their æsthetic sense, and prepares them to be sensitive to the future influences of a wider and maturer culture.

Again, the college by its varied student life, with its athletic, dramatic, and musical interests, with its delicious pleasures and its finely serious quests, promotes health of body, gayety of spirit, and skill in the use of social powers. Girls with a background find new channels of desirable experience. Girls with none begin to paint in admirable foregrounds—inheritable as backgrounds for the next generation.

And, most important and inclusive of all, the college by the union of its many complex forces gives to young girls large interests and a comprehension of universal rather than personal standards. Whether they marry or not (and the reasons why certain women with and without college degrees do not marry, being the last stronghold of their reserve, are likely to remain impregnable against the beleaguering statistician or the

raging foe of "higher education"), whether they undertake definite occupations or not, they will become the kind of women who are interesting to their fellow human beings, skilful in meeting the multiform needs of a society staggering under its load of problems, generous and large in all their dealings. The misery of the world comes as much from the petty natures, the limited outlook, the misdirected wills of women as from the vice and selfishness of men. A woman whose centre of thought has been shifted from herself to the universe will probably command beneficent powers throughout her life and do her part toward saving the republic.

In a world where the new problem is still the old one of overcoming evil with good, it is essential that women, for their part, should be wise and self-controlled and charming and cheerful. It is because colleges can help to make them so that we may believe in college education. Such women do not endanger the domestic or the social life of America. Rather will they found admirable homes and purify social standards. In performing these two functions, however secondarily useful other occupations may be, college women do their college training the greatest honor.

In the face of such high possibilities it is extraordinary that some people believe that a college education is useful only as a professional training of women who are obliged to be wage-earners. But perhaps this should be treated as one of those sins of ignorance which, since they are to be winked at, prove such a strain on the charitable eye.

Where charity has no place is in our judgment of the colleges themselves, when they make the equally fatal, if different, mistake of losing sight of the ultimate issues and working toward particular ends. The principle is the same whether the college recognizes self-support as the particular end of some students, or the details of domestic life as the particular end of others. That technical education in separate institutions or in added years may be a desirable supplement to college training, we are not interested in denying. But that the four precious years of "liberal pursuits" should be intruded upon is an educational blunder of the first magnitude. Yet the intrusion is stealthily made. Sweetness and light are unmarketable commodities. Pedagogy, household economics, and other lo heres and lo theres, if we but heed them, will make us "practical." Poetry, they tell us, does not remove the microbes of the pantry, neither does philosophy ventilate a school room. Therefore let literature and metaphysics be abandoned, while good housekeepers and good teachers are evolved.

It is a significant fact that the separate colleges for women raise this cry less persistently than the women's colleges connected with men's universities, or than the coeducational universities. Among men the tendency toward an utilitarian conception of education is obvious. Perhaps they exercise a late revenge in offering the apple of "practical knowledge" to the Eves in their garden.

A more idealistic plea does not disregard the fact that many girls in this vast country will need later to apply their powers to self-support. Neither does it disregard the fact that society must be efficiently served or homes well managed by tho women who are to have no technical occupations, but are to be engaged in a work that is without money and without price. It rather seeks to cleave through the pedagogical fallacies that ideas should be applied coincidently with their acquisition, or that second-rate ideas can result in first-rate activities; and to urge the sacred truth that life in whatever form it is handled is greater than an easy matter of methods and of facts. The world itself, for all its clamor, unconsciously demands something better than mechanical equipment, for it gives its largest prizes, whether of position or of favor, to those who possess a personal power that is not the outcome of "practical courses." How much more clearly, then, should colleges see from the mountain peak what is only dimly surmised in the valley!

For women's colleges—the colleges proper as distinguished from the graduate schools—to resolve themselves into technical schools for the turning out of teachers or any other professionals; to become stages whereon in tinsel costume students go through a dress rehearsal of any salaried or unsalaried rôles they may play later in the economic or the domestic drama; to attempt to furnish anything but the "prepotent energy," the glorious impulse of movement toward the next conquest, is to lower themselves to the standards of the market place, and to talk the coarsened language of barter and exchange. The college is not a workshop for the fashioning of drills and derricks. It is rather a hostelry on the highroad where travellers are

Marching to fortune, not surprised by her.

There one has always found good food and inspiriting music, the encouragement of comrades, and imperishable defences against the difficulties of the widening road. May the colleges permit no alien intrusions, for they have in their keeping pearls of great price!

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, January 29.

"Vanité," the new novel by the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte, aims to be a human document from a society given over soul and body to money and the satisfactions which money procures. The brothers are not masters of style like Anatole France; that would interfere with the directness of their aim. Nor are they preachers, although they marshal their facts in moral battle array. They tell their story in a rough, swift, matter-of-fact way, sure to interest and impress you, if only you are open-minded. Pierre Brevier, founder and half-owner of the great "department store" of the Quatre Saisons, has a wife and two daughters variously adapted to the flow of his millions. The wife, penniless when he married her, fulfils the whole duty of the rich woman by spending as much money as possible in social ostentation. The elder daughter, Raymonde, owns a husband not too exacting. Alice Brevier, the highly marriageable daughter, is an attempt at realizing an ideal under difficulties. Left to herself as a woman and not a millionaire's daughter, she would marry Michel Lorin, poor relation and struggling doctor, with bar sinister. Pierre Brevier is carried off by angina pectoris after a great dinner, when his partner telephones that he has ruined them both and is committing suicide. This *Krach* of new fortunes is told with a realism due to recent Paris tragedies. Madame Brevier stoops to heritage-hunting from a cynical aunt, who rewards virtue by dying and leaving her new millions. Raymonde feathers her own nest anew by driving her husband to divorce and selling herself to another. Alice, a decided misfit in such a family, marries the poor Michel Lorin—and refuses all inheritance from the new millions left by her mother, who dies before enjoying them. This attitude toward tainted millions is made the occasion for a favorite contrast of these authors between Anglo-Saxon honesty and French honor. Miss Smolett, Alice's English friend, vainly points out what vast sums might be distributed in charity. Alice and Michel will not soil their hands and hearts with the "vanity" of such riches—which must therefore go to Raymonde!

The Société des Conférences, which furnished a hall for the lectures of Brunetière on the Encyclopedists, when the Government excluded him from university buildings, has taken Jules Lemaître this year. He continues—but with mental and moral difference—the general subject with a series of lectures on Jean Jacques Rousseau, documented, up to date in erudition, and full of the sunny philosophy and style of the lecturer. They are doubtless the forerunner of an approaching book of great value.

S. D.

Correspondence.

OPEN SHELVES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read, with an ever-increasing desire to take part in it, the correspondence in your paper in regard to the open-shelf system in American libraries. I have hesitated to speak, as my library is in a town of but 25,000 inhabitants, and the circulation of books is but 140,000 a year. As it has, however, one of the largest open-shelf collections, our experience may prove that all American librarians have not yet so definitely owned the system a failure as you seem to think. I am very sorry that the *Nation* should take so pessimistic view of a system which is helping to make public libraries into more effective forces in our towns and cities. While we who have faced the difficulties of free access are trying to convince others that the system (with proper protective measures) is the only enlightened one for a library to adopt in this twentieth century, is it not a pity for you to make our task the harder by saying that we have already acknowledged it a failure?

Since 1899, this library has had its entire collection, which now numbers 65,000 volumes, on open shelves, and the public is so appreciative of its privileges that we should no more think of shutting the doors to them now, than of chaining each book to its place, after the fashion of still earlier days. So important a part of our system do the trustees consider open

shelves to be that in planning for a new building they have made a large book-room, with alcoves, the central feature of the whole library. With an annual circulation of about 140,000 volumes, we have lost an average of 79 books a year. This figure includes the losses from two deposit stations in stores, where the books are on the most unguarded of open shelves, as well as from the main library. During the year 1906 the total loss of books was 84, of which number 53 were lost from the children's department, 20 from the open shelves in the delivery room and from the deposit stations, and 11 from the main library. These figures would seem to indicate that careful supervision is desirable in children's rooms, but certainly not that the general public has abused the confidence placed in it, nor that the open-shelf system has yet proved itself a failure in this public library.

Mr. Wilson is certainly right in saying that the keenest opponents of the system are those that have not given it a trial. They are perhaps those who are more interested in being able to report at the end of the year "the loss of one volume, subsequently found" than in a measure of usefulness wholly impossible with the old fashion of shelves closed to the public, to whom, after all, the public library really does belong. LOUISA M. HOOPER.

Public Library, Brookline, Mass., February 11.

THE CASE FOR THE RAILWAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Greed is the excess or perversion of the legitimate love of money or wealth. In every bargain there is a dollar which buyer and seller both want, and in general their desire for that dollar, whether legitimate or not, is essentially the same thing, both legally and morally. The all-powerful community of interest between buyer and seller to make the bargain awards fifty cents to each in the grand average of cases. Human freedom means not merely such personal liberty as the social state permits, but includes the inalienable right of free contract, as an essential feature of the institution of property. The greed of the people and their representatives is to-day a menace to our free institutions, which might become more alarming and dangerous than all the trusts in the country, including even the Standard Oil Trust, and the labor Trusts. The greed of the railroads might become as nothing to that of its passengers and shippers, or of the community through which it runs. Railroad service has been steadily improved and cheapened. The legitimate reward for this immense public service should be a great continuous and permanent enhancement in the capital value of the railroad, involving recognition of stockholders' rights to subscribe to new capital on advantageous terms, and the right to earn and pay dividends on the present values, and not upon obsolete par values. This policy would simply put railroads on a parity with other property, and with the country as a whole. The only alternative is the "dead line" of limited dividends and value of stock. If a railroad is strictly limited to 8 per cent. dividends, and is compelled to issue new stock at market value (say $200 per share, as a very high figure to-day), the "dead line" is established; all motive for further development is taken away; stockholders occupy the position of mere mortgagees and naturally seek a lease to guarantee what they have left. This has been the fruit of the unjust, unenlightened policy of Massachusetts. It has cost Massachusetts her backbone, the Boston and Albany Railroad, and $130,000,000 capital (the American Telephone and Telegraph Company) driven out of the State to New York, to say nothing of other losses, large and small.

The truth is that most of our railroads run through seas of watered farms. If every farmer were allowed to earn only 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. on the original or par value of his farm, there would indeed be a saving for the people. Yet it is the railroad which has made the farms worth ten, twenty, or fifty times their par value. If the railroads were destroyed, the country would be little more than a quivering jellyfish. Railroad rates will always be governed by the law of supply and demand, and they have declined thus far. Let us trust in this great natural law of trade, accord to the railroad the justice and freedom accorded to other property, and not stultify ourselves by an exhibition of greed that is worse than what we can accuse even the Standard Oil Company of, after it has reduced the price of oil, say 90 per cent. Let us regulate justly, but not paralyze and destroy.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, February 8.

Notes.

Messrs Scribner announce the following: Mrs. Wharton's "Madame de Treymes," with illustrations in color by Alonzo Kimball; "Poison Island," a novel by Quiller-Couch; "The Veiled Lady and Other Men and Women," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Studies in Pictures," by John C. Van Dyke; "The Peter Pan Alphabet," by Oliver Herford; "Abelard and Héloise," a drama in blank verse by Ridgely Torrence; a new edition of Baedeker's Egypt, and the second and final volume of Dr. Briggs's "Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Psalms."

Next week the Macmillan Company publishes a story by Owen Wister called "How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee Impruv Each Shining Ower." The same firm announces for February 20 the first volume of the "Cyclopedia of American Agriculture," edited by Prof. L. H. Bailey.

Doubleday, Page & Co., who seem to be making a specialty of northern seas, mountains, and all strenuous out-of-door things, will publish this spring Dr. Frederick Cook's "To the Top of the Continent," an account of the scaling of Mt. McKinley.

Next month G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish A. C. Benson's "Beside Still Waters," the reflections and uneventful life of a young man who goes into the country to write.

We note the announcement of several English books which, we believe, are not yet on the list of any New York publisher: "A Literary History of the Arabs," by R. A. Nicholson; "The Story of Port Royal," by Mrs. Romanes, an attempt to show that the Port Royalists from 1601 to 1709 were loyal Catholics; "Life and Flowers," new essays of Maeterlinck translated by A. T. de Mattos; "England and America, 1764 to 1783," by Mrs. Alfred Marks; and "The House of Rest," a novel by the author of "Hazel of Hazeldean."

The Boston Athenæum is about to publish a volume commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of its foundation. It will contain sketches, historical and bibliographical, a complete list of proprietors and officers, and a valuable series of illustrations. From the librarian's annual report we learn that the number of volumes now in the library is 226,489. During the year significant additions have been made to the collection of manuscripts and early editions of the works of New England authors. During the present year a special effort will be made to secure works on Central and South America.

The Honorable Society of Cymmrodorion (64 Chancery Lane, London) asks for subscriptions to the "Lives of the British Saints," by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the Rev. John Fisher. This work, to be published in four volumes if sufficient subscribers are obtained, is the result of long study of MS. material in Welsh libraries and elsewhere.

"The Complete Automobile Instructor" (John Wiley & Sons), by Benjamin R. Tillson, is put in the form of six hundred and more questions and answers, covering the principles, the operation, and the care of gasolene automobiles.

The "Records of the Church of Christ at Cambridge in New England, 1632-1830," copied and edited by Stephen Paschall Sharples, will be serviceable to genealogical students. The volume is published by Eben Putnam of Boston.

The six volumes of the Tudor and Stuart Library already issued at the Clarendon Press promise a series of books of unusual value. The reprints are not only literal, but in types actually produced from matrices given to Oxford University by Bishop Fell in 1660. The paper, too, is old-fashioned in that it is made of pure linen rag. The covers, imitation vellum, have at least the virtue of keeping the price of the books at a reasonable figure (5s. net; $1.75 each). Several volumes of the series have already been noticed in these columns, but two new issues deserve special mention. One is Fulke Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," from the edition of 1652, edited by Nowell Smith; the other is Peacham's "Compleat Gentleman" (from the enlarged edition of 1634), with an Introduction by G. S. Gordon, one of the many works of courtesy published in those years, with, however, a certain originality in the combination of Cavalier and schoolmaster shown by the author. Greville's "Philip Sidney" has been twice before reprinted, once by Sir Egerton Brydges in 1816, and again by the indefatigable but not too careful Dr. A. B. Grosart. The accuracy of the present reprint can be gauged only by those who have at command the original edition of the MS. at Trinity College, but the work bears evidences of care both in the collation of the texts and in the annotations. Of the interest of the work itself, with its heroic picture of Sidney and its general reflections on government, nothing need be said.

Two useful reprints from the press of Henry Frowde are William Cobbett's "English Grammar" and "Advice to Young Men." The "Grammar," first published ninety years ago, and frequently reissued, remains the most interesting treatise we have on the subject. A few of the usages which Cobbett recommends are now obsolete or obsolescent, but the book as a whole is sound and still worth reading, even by those who regard themselves as experts in grammar. A brief introduction by H. L. Stephen, judge of the high court of Calcutta, supplies whatever is needful in the way of comment on Cobbett's career and on the book itself. The "Advice to Young Men" is still more entertaining. Such didactic works, from Solomon to Senator Beveridge, are as a rule platitudinous and arid. This criticism, however, cannot be passed upon Cobbett's production. The subtitle should be "Illustrated with Numerous Anecdotes of My Own Exemplary Behavior." He is frankly autobiographic, and he displays his colossal egotism with a naïveté that has few parallels in our literature. No one who wishes to understand Cobbett either as a man or a political agitator, can neglect this compendium of advice. Mr. Frowde will, we hope, follow these two books with Cobbett's "Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine" and "Rural Rides."

From the Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons, American agents) come two beautiful reprints: Bacon's "Essays" and Milton's "Comus and Other Poems." The editions are limited to 250 copies each, of which only 225 are placed on sale in England and America. They are printed from "Cambridge type" — large, clear, and black—on hand-made paper, and the binding is blue boards and parchment back. The "Essays" follow the text of 1625, including spelling, italics, and capitals; and the fragment of an essay "Of Fame," first printed in Rawley's "Resuscitatio," 1657, is added. The poems of Milton are from the texts of 1645 and 1673, and the facsimile of the autograph manuscript of the minor poems. In both volumes the old titles are reproduced.

As an example of useful work in collecting materials for the study of comparative literature, we may mention a monograph on "The Influence of Solomon Gessner Upon English Literature," by Bertha Reed, published by the Americana Germanica Press. Extracts from English criticism of Gessner are given, and also parallel passages from Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Byron. It would appear that Coleridge at least did not hesitate now and then to borrow a line from the German idyllist.

"Some Irish Yesterdays," by E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross, illustrated by E. Œ. Somerville, is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co. The authors of that classic piece of humor, "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.," have not rested on their laurels. But they have never quite equalled those sketches. Over them one has seen those who know nothing of the life described laugh to the verge of tears, and the initiated follow with resentful admiration the tale of [illegible] that their eyes, too, had seen, yet [illegible] seen through. "Martin Ross" never [illegible]es in the exaggeration and caricature [illegible] alienate the Irish reader from Lev[illegible]vels. Lever, after all, was of the [illegible] and country life in Ireland can be understood and revealed only by those who are born and bred on the bog. The Anglo-Irish landowner, who knows it all, but finds more annoyance than amusement in the vagaries of the peasants whom he employs, must smile sometimes with alien lips at these clever portraits of him and his, which, though not quite satire, leave him a little absurd and out of place. Only the Irish can take Ireland with unfailing humor—the unbroken wet, "heavy showers and showers between," the dirt and squalor due to lack of sun, the incalculable that, on all sides, makes routine impossible in Irish life. "Martin Ross" can so depict life in a Galway lodging-house that one feels that not to have shared her experience is to have left one's knowledge of the cities and manners of men lamentably incomplete, and she can so describe a picnic consisting of two men and forty women that, man or woman, one might pine to have been there. This latest volume comes near in fidelity and freshness to the work that brought her fame. She has pushed her record of the west coast as far now as the Aran Islands, and she gives a vivid picture of that isolated community, where men and women alike never put anything on their feet except "pampooties"—slippers of raw cow-hide, with the hair outside—and take to the rocks in panic flight when the rare tourist tries to snatch a photograph or a sketch. For in Aran to be photographed is to die before the year is out. Miss Somerville's illustrations of her cousin's book are, as usual, excellent, full of humor and life, and of the pathos of those ragged coasts and low gray skies.

In "Italian Days and Ways," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton (J. B. Lippincott Co.), we have another book on Italy written in the form of letters. It combines travel along beaten tracks, personal experience made entertaining by a redeeming, if not a saving, sense of humor, and a background of fiction too dim to distract the reader's attention, but with enough of Italian coloring to add to the general effect of the picture. The three women—one young, the others uncertainly older—who land at Genoa and travel through the highways of Italy *à la* American tourist, have many amusing experiences. They are too obviously *forestieri*, with note-book and Baedeker, not to become the tempting and easily duped prey of astute *vetturini* and unscrupulous boy venders of *grilli*. But the situations, all taken with a good grace and told with a light touch, make diverting reading. There is a tendency to enlarge upon trifling incidents, which produces the effect of padding; but the spirit of enthusiastic enjoyment gives a fresh view to old scenes. The letters from Rome during Easter week, and the description of the Gregorian ceremonial, are the most interesting of the volume.

In "Rome as Described by Great Writers," edited by Esther Singleton (Dodd, Mead & Co.), the preface avers that the purpose of the volume, as of others in the same serics, "is to give the traveller or stay-at-home reader a general and comprehensive view of the great cities of the world." Except for Gibbon, Dickens, Hawthorne, and Zola, and a few others who, like F. Marion Crawford, are at least popular, the writers who are laid under contribution cannot be called great. Dickens's spirited descriptions, especially of the Carnival as it was once but is no longer, were well worth quoting, and are by all odds the most interesting reading in the whole book. Nor will Mr. Crawford's competence to write a chapter on Roman Life and Character be questioned. But although no one will deny that Hawthorne was a great writer, it is only an enemy of his fame who will wittingly propagate the nonsense he wrote about Italian art. Unfortunately the text is carelessly handled and misstatements in the writers quoted are allowed to go uncorrected. At page 300, for example, Hawthorne and his wife are made to perform a remarkable feat. They started out at about nine o'clock in the evening to see Rome by moonlight, and after a description of the Colosseum and the Fountain of Trevi, the following paragraph proceeds: "We next ascended an amazing height of staircases, and walked along I don't know what extent of passages till we reached the picture gallery of the Vatican." Staircases and passages which should lead from the Trevi Fountain to the Vatican must needs be extensive, since they would have to traverse a good half of Rome. Consulting the "French and Italian Notebooks," we find that our editor has combined without asterisks two extracts from the article dated April 25, 1858, which are separated by three pages in the original text. At page 319 Dr. Reinhold Schoener transports the Villa Mattei from the Cælian to the slopes of the Pincian Hill; and a number of similar errors might be noted were there space for such corrections. The proofreading, too, is inexcusably careless. We cite three instances by way of illustration: Anio Vestus for Anio Vetus, p. 16; Rospighosi for Rospigliosi, p. 43; and S. Maria Vallicella for S. Maria della navicella, p. 320. The book is not a credit either to editor or publisher.

D. H. Macgregor's "Industrial Combination" (The Macmillan Co.) is probably the most careful scientific study which has yet been made in this field of investigation. Its most valuable part is the first four chapters, which deal with "the factors of competing strength." These factors, according to Mr. Macgregor, are productive efficiency, risk, bargaining strength, and resource. Avoiding all confusion between the phenomena of industrial concentration and those of large-scale production, he investigates the influence of combination upon the competing strength of "representative firms." Subsequent chapters deal with the conditions which occasion combination, the relation of aggregations of capital to aggregations of labor, the "national effects" of the combination movement, and the public policy which should be pursued with reference thereto. Mr. Macgregor's conclusions are generally as sane as his methods of procedure are correct. The chief, if not the only, ground for criticism is his disposition to take too seriously "official" material dealing with the Trust movement in the United States. Thus the preposterous answers concerning export prices which the Industrial Commission gathered from protected manufacturers are solemnly cited (p. 211) as scientific evidence that most of the Trusts

do not look with great favor upon the policy of selling to foreigners at lower prices than are charged domestic consumers. This is, however, a common failing with European students, who accept with childlike simplicity anything labelled "official," and have been victimized wholesale by the outgivings of the Industrial Commission.

"International Law, with Illustrative Cases" (F. H. Thomas Law Book Co.), by Prof. Edwin Maxey of the University of West Virginia, is a book of which we cannot imagine the use. Its chief merit is asserted to be that it combines a treatise with a collection of cases, but as the treatise and the collection are equally poor, their alliance profits nothing. The choicest specimen of the author's style is this comment on the Panama incident (p. 53):

> Viewed in the light of Colombia's past indifference towards the welfare of the Isthmian provinces, it seems entirely natural that . . . the people of the Isthmus should have done exactly what they did, viz., dissolve the political bond which kept them from rendering the service and reaping the benefit which God and nature intended they should. . . . Not to have manifested a determination that their great natural resources due to their situation be used to their own and the benefit of mankind, rather than senselessly wasted, would have been unmistakable evidence of an imperative need for the appointment of a commission of lunacy.

After this, nothing can surprise us, not even the entire omission—except in the case of the North Sea convention—of all controversies growing out of the Russo-Japanese war. On the whole, the work is inaccurate and ill-digested.

In "Roman Private Law" (The Macmillan Co.) R. W. Leage merely aims "to give as simply as possible the subject matter of the Institutes of Gaius and Justinian." This he does, not by translating or commenting on the original texts, but by describing clearly and concisely the substance of the law revealed to us by those texts. The historical point of view is omitted, except so far as it is necessarily involved in recording the fact (*c. g.*) that the forms of execution in use under the Antonines were different from those employed under Justinian. The work is admirably done, and should prove useful, not only to elementary students, but to any one who wishes to be saved the trouble of referring to the original Institutes. Why the Roman technical terms, which to our mind look best in italics, should be printed partly thus and partly in ordinary type, is a mystery that we have not solved.

"The Army in 1906: A Policy and a Vindication," by H. O. Arnold-Forster, M.P. (E P. Dutton & Co.), is avowedly a defence of his administration of the British War Office, which ended early in 1906 with the coming in of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry, and he is happy to quote on the title-page of his book from a speech made by his successor, Mr. Haldane, in July, 1906:

> Never before this time have we had such good material in the Army. The morale both of officers and men is higher than it was. The Army is in a condition in which I do not think it has been before, both in point of quantity and quality.

But while ready to cite Mr. Haldane in his defence, Mr. Arnold-Forster is bent also on proving that Mr. Haldane's own policy is all wrong, since in Mr. Arnold-Forster's opinion it weakens the army, makes it less efficient, does not provide for its expansion in time of war, adds to the cost, and finally "destroys the good and retains the bad." Public opinion is not with Mr. Arnold-Forster; hence perhaps this excellently printed and well-got-up book, the value of which is further enhanced by the summaries of the points made, printed at the end of each chapter. There are not many Americans who have been able to follow the kaleidoscopic changes in the process of reforming the British Army which have taken place every six months or so since the Boer war. But those civilians and military men who are endeavoring to study the various schemes should not fail to add Mr. Arnold-Forster's book to their libraries—special pleading though it be for a régime and policy of the past.

"The Life of Sir George Williams," founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, by J. E. Hodder Williams (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is the story of a career which began in a lonely farmhouse in the Lorna Doone country and ended in St. Paul's Cathedral. Born in 1821, he came to London when twenty years old, and secured a position in a draper's shop at $4 a week. The condition of shopmen in those days was "little removed from that of a slave." During the busiest part of the year it was a common thing for these young men to be penned in the unhealthy atmosphere of the shop from six or seven in the morning until ten or eleven at night. Under the prevailing "living-in" system they were housed together, five or six in a single room. The moral and physical welfare of the young men was contemptuously ignored by employers. An overwhelming desire to help his associates was awakened in the country lad at the outset of his London life, and actuated him to its close, sixty-four years later. A little devotional gathering in his bedroom led to the formation of the Young Men's Christian Association; and to the untiring and eminently judicious labors of Sir George more than to those of any other man is due the fact that the original band of twelve drapers' assistants has grown into an international body of 7,773 associations, with 722,000 members, and owning buildings valued at $34,000,000. The larger part of the memoir is naturally devoted to an account of his work as a philanthropist. But his remarkable success in this direction was not "the crowning wonder" of his life, according to his biographer, and the readers of the life-story will agree with him. It was the fact that he was a thorough business man from the beginning, and was for many years at the head of a great establishment, "keeping in constant touch with every detail, watching every turn and trend of one of the most complicated and exacting of trades." He demonstrated the truth of his own conviction that "the men of God, other things—natural ability and education and knowledge—being equal, are the best men of business." It was to this unique combination of ardent love for evangelistic and philanthropic work with devotion to business that he owed the honors conferred upon him, knighthood, the freedom of the city, and a tomb in St. Paul's. The illustrations are ten portraits of Sir George and several of the original members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and pictures of places referred to in the memoir.

Mark Twain's "Christian Science, with Notes Containing Corrections to Date," just issued by Harper & Brothers, is distinctly disappointing. It contains a good picture of Mr. Clemens, taken last year, pictures of two Christian Science churches, and some passages of caustic humor, but as an exposition or exposure of Christian Science and its fallacies or of Mrs. Eddy's ecclesiastical polity, it does not get anywhere. It is perhaps most successful in laying bare the elaborate system by which Mrs. Eddy centres in her own hands all the powers of the organization. We do not labor under the delusion that people who are persuaded by Mrs. Eddy's style of writing will be in the least moved by an array of evidence or by logical inference. Webster himself could not construct an argument that would make the slightest impression on the average Christian Scientist. But, granting all this, we see no reason for putting on the market such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff as is here bundled together. The book is without beginning, middle, or end; it is extremely repetitious. It cannot be regarded as either a serious or a humorous contribution to the discussion.

Students of theology may remember the suggestive Ely lectures on "The Evidence of Christian Experience" delivered some fifteen years ago by Lewis French Stearns, then professor at Bangor Theological Seminary and since deceased. One is reminded of Professor Stearns's essay by the recently published "Realities of Christian Theology," by Clarence Augustine Beckwith, who was also professor at Bangor and is now connected with the Chicago Theological Seminary (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Professor Beckwith endeavors to reach the realities of religious doctrine through experience, and the sub-title of his work is "An Interpretation of Christian Experience." The method proposed is to proceed from the life recognized as Christian, which is assumed to be the same in all ages, to the truths to which the life bears witness. In the work itself, however, this method is often lost sight of, and the realities which come to view are not particularly substantial or veritable. The principal themes of the usual doctrinal systems appear in the discussion, but it can hardly be said that new light is thrown upon them.

The Theological Translation Library, which has done so much to extend the knowledge of the best German criticism among English readers, now reaches its twenty-second volume in a translation of the first part of Dr. Otto Pfleiderer's "Urchristentum" (Primitive Christianity: its Writings and Teachings in their Historical Connections. Translated by W. Montgomery. Vol. I. G. P. Putnam's Sons). It is strange that a work of such recognized value on the beginnings of Christianity should not have been made accessible in English more promptly. The scholarship and ability of the author have long been conceded, in England and America as well as on the Continent. His wide studies in the field of comparative religion give him peculiar advantage as a writer on the New Testament. The discussion of the writings and theology of Paul occupy the larger part of the present volume, and the completion of the translation may be awaited with interest.

An entirely new literary find, a work of Irenæus, who died in the last decade of the second century, has just been published under the care of Professor Adolf Harnack. Some months ago, it was reported that an Armenian translation of the Greek work of Irenæus, quoted by Eusebeus as εἰς ἐπίδειξιν τοῦ ἀποστολικοῦ κηρύγματος, and generally known as the "Apostolic Proclamation," had been discovered, and that an edition would be forthcoming. This now appears as Heft. I of the first volume of the third series of the "Texte und Untersuchungen," edited by A. Harnack and C. Schmidt (Leipzig: Hinrichs). The Armenian text was discovered, edited, and translated into German by the two Armenian scholars, Dr. Karapet Ter-Mekertishan and Lic. Dr. Erwand Ter-Minassiantz, the text and translation being revised by Dr. Franz Finck, a *privat-docent* of the Berlin University, while the Introduction and the Notes are the work of Harnack. The manuscript was found in the Mother of God Church in Eriwan, and dates from the second half of the thirteenth century. There seems to be no doubt that the work is genuine, especially as the author quotes in chapter 99 his famous work against heresies as a production of his own pen. The book, conveniently divided by Harnack into one hundred chapters, does not possess the sensational novelty of the Didache and the Apocryphal Gospel of Peter, but it is of exceptional value, as the editor declares, for study of the Church's faith at the time it was written. It is an exposition of the orthodox doctrine as expounded by the Bishop of Lyons, and is intended for a certain Marcian, who was evidently a layman. Its chief value will consist in the data it furnishes for the development of Christian doctrine at a time when the great theological and Christological controversies were in preparation.

At a sale held by Knight, Frank & Rutley of London, January 24, the 1481 edition of Dante's "Commedia," with Landino's commentary, brought £19; and Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1632, £13.

Henry Francis Pelham, president of Trinity College, Oxford, England, since 1897, died on Tuesday at the age of sixty-one. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity; and soon after taking his degree he became a tutor in Exeter College. In 1889 he was appointed Camden professor of ancient history in the University of Oxford, and in 1892 curator of the Bodleian Library. Among his publications are "Outlines of Roman History," 1890; "The Imperial Domains and the Colonate," 1890; "The Roman Frontier System," 1895; and numerous articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities."

Sir William Howard Russell, the noted war correspondent, died in London last Sunday. He was born near Dublin in 1821, studied at Trinity College, married a daughter of Peter Burrowes in 1846, and was called to the English bar from the Middle Temple in 1850. During O'Connell's agitation for the Repeal of the Union, the London *Times*, for which he had written occasionally, engaged him to describe the great mass-meetings, and this he did so effectively that soon afterward he was offered a permanent engagement on the staff. His first foreign service was in Schleswig-Holstein in 1850. In 1854 he was sent to Malta with the advance guard of the British Expedition to the East, on the declaration of war with Russia. From Malta he proceeded in due course to Bulgaria and the Crimea, where he remained till the evacuation of the Chersonese by the Allied Army in 1856. In 1857 he reported the campaign of the Indian mutiny. In 1858 he established the *Army and Navy Gazette*, of which thereafter he remained the chief proprietor and editor. On the outbreak of civil war in the United States, in 1861, he made a tour of the South. In course of time he joined McDowell's army, and described the battle of Bull Run in a spirit so hostile to the Northern army as to gain for himself much unenviable notoriety, and the title of "Bull Run Russell," which clung to him ever after. In 1866 he reported the war between Austria and Prussia; and he was again to the front during the Franco-Prussian war. When the Great Eastern laid the first Atlantic cable, in 1866, he was a member of the expedition, and he attended the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. In 1875 he accompanied the then Prince of Wales to India, after which he was once more summoned to the field, this time with Lord Wolseley in the Zulu expedition. Later he accompanied the same general in the campaign which led to the occupation of Egypt and the reëstablishment of the Khedive at Cairo. He received his knighthood in 1895. As a writer he was master of a style which was at once fluent, forcible, and picturesque, and he generally manifested an astonishing grasp of all the vital details of his subject. Among his voluminous publications are "Letters from the Crimea," "Diary in India," "My Diary North and South," "Rifle Clubs and Volunteer Corps," "Canada: Its Defences," "My Diary in the East."

The Right Hon. George Joachim Goschen (Viscount Goschen) died February 7. He was born in 1831, and had a distinguished public career. He was chancellor of the exchequer in Lord Salisbury's second Administration, and afterwards was first lord of admiralty. He had been lord rector of Edinburgh and Aberdeen Universities, and had written much on economics and finance. Among his publications are: "The Theory of the Foreign Exchange," and "Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions."

BRUMMAGEM ECONOMICS.

The Wheel of Wealth, being a Reconstruction of the Science and Art of Political Economy on the Lines of Modern Evolution. By John Beattie Crozier. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.60.

Some years ago Mr. Crozier discovered a "New Organon," by the aid of which he undertook to "reconstruct" the sum total of human knowledge. From the comprehensive, though modest, character of his enterprise it was evident from the very start that, unless some more ambitious project claimed his attention, he would sooner or later fall foul of political economy. The first volume of the "History of Intellectual Development," indeed, got no further than the reconstruction of the wit and wisdom of the Hindus, Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and early Church Fathers; and it seemed that the "dismal science" was safe for a number of years to come. But when, leaping over the intervening time and space, the next volume reconstructed "the politics of England, France, and America for the twentieth century," it became clear that Mr. Crozier was about to close with the pretended science of Smith, Ricardo, and Mill—not to mention the other impostors.

The reconstruction of political economy has long been a favorite pastime with amateurs, but there is nothing amateurish about the "Wheel of Wealth." Its author is an experienced reconstructor, and from start to finish his policy is "Thorough." He reconstructs political economy more comprehensively and pitilessly than we should have considered humanly possible—reconstructs it, science and art, root and branch, body and soul; production, exchange, distribution, consumption, and public finance. When the task is completed, the most abject devotee of the accursed science would never recognize the object of his devotions. Moreover, the work is done expeditiously, and as a mere incident in the larger task of rewriting the whole circle of sciences dealing with human life, "Religion, Government, Philosophy, Psychology, Ethics, History," and the rest. All alike are pronounced unreliable because they have not yet found common support in a general science of civilization by which they would be "coördinated and reduced to harmony." Hegel, Comte, Buckle, and Spencer have, indeed, appreciated the need of such a comprehensive social philosophy; but their efforts to supply it failed because each of them emphasized unduly one or another of the factors in the problem. In his "Civilization and Progress" Mr. Crozier has already found the key to the riddle. The progressive development of higher moral codes and ideals is the fundamental principle needed to unify the sciences that deal with man; and political economy, like the others, stands condemned because it has not reconstructed itself upon "the lines of Modern Evolution."

A true system of political economy, according to Mr. Crozier, ought to be "first, a pure science; secondly, an art, or applied science, and, thirdly, a polity; the pure science being the inner core of the doctrine, as it were, while the art and the polity form the general material, political, and social framework in which it is embodied, and in and through which it has to work." The pure science of political economy should explain and interpret not merely the economics of modern capitalism, but also the economics of every other stage of industrial development; and our author maintains that the orthodox school, by narrowing its investigations to the stage of modern capitalism, has made the science "an illegitimate academic specialism."

Such a pure science Mr. Crozier develops in a single chapter which is all of six pages in length, the transformation being wrought by his miraculous Wheel of Wealth. All the factors involved in industrial processes are four in number: production, consumption, the powers of nature, and the powers of man. Production is constantly passing into consumption, and consumption, in turn, into production; so that any one can see that the two combined form a revolving Wheel, of which production constitutes one-half and consumption the other. This Wheel revolves "along the highway of time,"

through a medium "thick with powers of nature of all kinds," and with the "powers of man" ever hovering near to give the needed push. In a late chapter we learn that bankers and speculators, all the while, manage to stand on the "centre or axle," watching, like Helen's Babies, to see the Wheel go round. From this conception, Mr. Crozier passes to the two "fundamental propositions mathematically deducible" from it. In the first place, he shows that any check applied to one-half of the Wheel inevitably retards the progress of the other. He fails, however, to notice what the consequences of such a jolt must be to the bankers or speculators who have been endeavoring to preserve their balance upon the axle, and thereby loses an admirable opportunity to elaborate a new theory of commercial panics. The second fundamental proposition is that, "just as the distance covered by a running wheel in a given time is in proportion to the speed of its revolutions, so in the Wheel of wealth-production, the increase of wealth is also in proportion to the speed of its revolutions in a given time." If these discoveries do not make the "academic specialialists" betake themselves to the tall timber as speedily as possible, we shall know that the impostors are as devoid of shame as they are of scientific insight.

As many as eight chapters are needed to reconstruct the applied science of political economy, but the work is accomplished within the moderate compass of eighty pages. The chief discovery in this field is not thrown off by the Wheel of Wealth, but is borrowed almost bodily from Robertson's "Fallacy of Saving." It seems that of the two parts of the Wheel the motive power always comes from consumption, which at every point controls and limits production. The increase of production depends, then, upon consumption, not upon the growth of capital, as Mill and other miscreants affirmed; and "saving," by limiting consumption, tends, so far forth, to check production (p. 92). It is consumption, therefore, that makes the Wheel go; and rents, profits, and wages rise or fall together, according as the revolutions are accelerated or retarded.

Having constructed, or rather reconstructed, his pure and applied sciences, Mr. Crozier sets off in quest of his polity. As our readers may have begun to suspect, this is "Tariff Reform" of the Chamberlain variety. Foreign exchanges, to be beneficial, must be in "complementary," not in competing, goods; since the importation of the latter destroys domestic industries, and, if unrestrained, will strip weaker countries of their population and wealth. Such, he gravely informs his readers, has been the effect of free trade between the various States of the American Union; and such, he predicts, will be the fate of Great Britain if she does not throw herself into the arms of the Birmingham screw-maker. The classical doctrine of comparative cost arouses him to the highest pitch of frenzied verbosity, and the theory that gold exports tend automatically to regulate themselves he ridicules as a "perpetual-motion scheme." Protectionism, therefore, is the only polity for nations living in the twentieth century.

The reader may have begun to wonder why such a reconstruction of political economy should have been called reconstruction "on the lines of modern evolution." The Wheel of Wealth would seem to be a mechanical rather than a biological conception, and the reversion to protectionism suggests not evolution, but atavism. But two-thirds through his volume our author suddenly recalls that he is writing "from the standpoint of evolution," and undertakes to make performance square with profession. The matter is simple enough, after all:

> If there is one thing more certain than another in the general ground-plan on which the world is constructed, it is the determination that each race of creatures, as well as the different races of mankind, shall be protected in its own individuality by all the exclusive agencies in the armory of Nature—sexual selection, physiological selection, prepotency, mental, physical, and sentimental repulsion and affinities, national and racial self-centredness.

Social and economic evolution, therefore, must proceed upon the line of national exclusiveness; Chamberlainism is clearly seen to accord with fundamental cosmic law; and political economy cannot be reconstructed upon evolutionary principles until thoroughly imbued with the gospel of protectionism. From Manchester, then, we must turn to Birmingham if we would place our science upon a modern evolutionary basis; and the antediluvian doctrines of the Manchester school must be finally abandoned for up-to-date Brummagem economics.

In a work which reconstructs an entire science at a single stroke, it is an ungrateful task to call attention to such minor defects as errors of fact and inference; and in a single number of the *Nation* it would be impossible to chronicle more than a small part of Mr. Crozier's mistakes. His assertion that free trade between the States of the American Union has drained entire sections of their industries, population, and wealth, is a fair example of his regard for economic facts; and his allusion to Boehm-Bawerk as the "pupil" (p. 394) and "disciple" (p. 425) of Jevons—of Menger he seems never to have heard—is sufficiently indicative of his acquaintance with economic literature. But, after all, what would you have of your universal philosopher? Why not leave facts to the grovelling specialist, and allow your philosopher to philosophize—with facts, if possible, but without them when necessary? That, at any rate, is the opinion of the reviewer; and over Mr. Crozier's various mistakes he has no desire to make merry for the edification of the groundlings. In conclusion, it is only fair to say that the "Wheel of Wealth," like the author's preceding works, is entertainingly written, and is an interesting, if not successful, addition to the books that have undertaken to reform the unregenerate science of political economy.

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

Parties and Slavery, 1850-1859. By Theodore Clarke Smith. [The American Nation, Vol. XVIII.]. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

With the present volume the "American Nation" enters the period already covered by the monumental work of James Ford Rhodes. Taken as a whole, Professor Smith's volume stands the comparison very well, notwithstanding some fundamental differences in method and spirit. Mr. Rhodes's work is preëminent for its breadth of view, its leisureliness, and its sympathetic appreciation of contemporary tone and feeling. Professor Smith, on the other hand, covering in one small volume a period to which Mr. Rhodes devotes parts of three large ones, moves rapidly, sketches his outlines with a few bold strokes, chooses only indispensable incidents, and eschews reflection. The material used by both writers is the same, though Professor Smith has made some independent use of newspapers, particularly those of the central west.

Since the facts presented are for the most part familiar, criticism must concern itself principally with the selection of topics and the general handling. As the title indicates, the volume has for its main subject the history of party politics and slavery in the decade following 1850. It is with the national aspect of both these topics that Professor Smith chiefly concerns himself, the course of State politics receiving only incidental notice. Such matters, for example, as the development of party machinery in the North and the lack of bosses in the South; the action of State nominating conventions and the results of State elections; the growth of cities in the North and West; the political attitude of the non-slaveholding class in the planter States; and the political sympathies of the new foreign population are elements of political growth of which Professor Smith does not, perhaps from lack of space, take much account. As a whole, his narrative leaves little to be desired, but the predominant attention to national affairs is, we think, a defect of some importance, especially as regards the South, where politics formed an appreciably larger part of life than in the North or West, and where State independence and personal leadership afforded a basis for national party allegiance somewhat different from that elsewhere. To deal intelligently, in moderate compass, with State politics is obviously difficult, and Professor Smith is not a sinner in this respect above his fellows; but the growth of political opinion within State lines needs more attention from the historian who would explain the why as well as the what of political action.

It is in Professor Smith's treatment of the Kansas episode, however, that we find most to complain of. So far as choice of incident goes, to be sure, as well as in the coördination of the subject with the general course of the period, there is admirable balance; but in sympathy, in fundamental appreciation of a social point of view, the narrative is weak where that of Mr. Rhodes is strong. One gets from Professor Smith's condensed pages hardly more than an interesting intimation of the actual influences at work in Kansas, of the attitude of leaders and factions, or of the intense and almost savage conviction with which the Free State men fought against their proslavery antagonists. John Brown and the Pottawatomie massacre are dismissed in ten lines, the struggle between Robinson and Lane in twenty. Here, again, attention to national interests has led to neglect of one of the most interesting political struggles in our history.

On the other hand, the chapter on "Social Ferment in the North," with its skilfully compressed story of social changes, philanthropic and reform movements, and literary development, is a welcome feature in a series which thus far has dealt but scantily with economic or social history. For the rest, we are given an adequate survey of the diplomatic events of the decade, and informing chapters on the growth of railroads and the panic of 1857. The readableness of Professor Smith's pages merits particular commendation.

Mémoires et documents publiés par la Société de l'École des Chartes. Vol. VI. Essai sur les Sources de l'Histoire des Antilles Françaises (1492-1664). Par Jacques de Dampierre. Paris: A. Picard et fils.

Bibliography, instead of being the servant at the portal to historical knowledge, has in many American institutions threatened to turn out of doors those who believe that their real quest is the meaning of events. It is so much easier to list old titles than to concoct a new one, to turn pages than to read what is on them, to summarize an author's views than to decide whether his opinions are right or wrong, that many an overworked pedagogue has inevitably drifted with his pupils into the doldrums of "bibliographical preparation." The search for other men's notions leads to many an interesting goal, but it is not history. The École des Chartes performed a service of great importance to all who concern themselves with methods of historical investigation, when it set one of its students to work on a subject of modern times. The danger of such an experiment was great, for it would have been natural if the results had exhibited the worst faults of the unintelligent desire for exhaustiveness. The unequalled traditions of the École des Chartes, with its close and detailed study of every scrap of available material, and with its long practice with the scanty remains of the period for the accurate understanding of whose events it may be necessary to consider deliberately the nature of an ink spot or the character of the surface of a sheet of parchment—this kind of research calls for thoroughness first of all; whereas those who are concerned with the altered conditions brought about by the printing press must be prepared to guess at the truth concealed in each parcel of partisan misstatements. Opposed as are the standards and the methods of the workers in these two fields, each has much to teach the other. To bring them together is the task upon which the École des Chartes has embarked.

M. Dampierre, to whom was assigned the initial experiment, chose for his subject the French Antilles from 1492 to 1664. His book is likely to be of much value to students of the West Indies, but its usefulness will be far greater as an object lesson in the proper method of approaching and handling the complex masses of material which confront the student of modern history. It makes no pretence of being a "guide," and it does not tell the investigator how to go to work. It even takes for granted on the part of the reader a certain amount of common sense, as well as of training. It is merely an illustration of how to deal with books and manuscripts, so as to get at their real contents, and sift out what is valuable or useful.

The thing that first impresses an American student in working with M. Dampierre's book is the inevitable difficulty which a student in one country has in finding out what his fellow-workers elsewhere have been doing. The volume is full of blunders and omissions which would mark a worker in an American library as the most careless of beginners. In the Bibliothèque Nationale, however, it is quite possible that the cataloguers have done little with the voyages of Thévenot since the days of Camus. The fathering of Goldsmid's bastard edition of Hakluyt's "Voyages" upon the Hakluyt Society, in the introductory pages, makes one skeptical almost to the point of refusing to go further with such a gossiping guide. In almost every section there are statements whose bibliographical inaccuracy could be proved in any one of a half-dozen American libraries. But he who undertook the proving would be very likely to miss the much more important fact that M. Dampierre, after doing the best he could with the material available at the Bibliothèque Nationale, looked into the books and manuscripts with which he was dealing. He established their position as sources for information regarding the French West Indies. He does not pretend to be an authority on the history of the Antilles, but he has been trained to get at what is in a book. He identifies the authors of anonymous accounts, locates the elements of prejudice or partisanship, and picks out the necessary precipitant to separate fact from imagination; he suggests the effect of literary style on truthfulness, he sifts out what has been appropriated from the residuum of personal information. The student who has made this sort of preliminary study, is ready to go on with the preparation of a contribution to real history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Kinsman. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is an amusing and well-sustained bit of comedy, which we fancy might be easily convertible into a taking play. It is, to be sure, no more than another pleasant variation upon the ancient theme of the Two Dromios; this time the action turns upon the sudden meeting of two long-lost second cousins, and the confusion resulting from their temporary exchange of property, and from other circumstances. Their brother-grandsires were, we learn, of gentle birth, though both younger sons, and, therefore, compelled to shift for themselves. One goes to Australia, makes his fortune, marries property, and naturally has a gentleman for his grandson. The other becomes a London tradesman, marries an 'Arriet, prospers ill, and inevitably has an 'Arry for *his* grandson. Equally in the nature of things these two look exactly alike—or as much alike as a gentleman and a cad are permitted by the laws of fiction. It remains to bring them together in the wild spot where once stood their ancestral halls. How they come to change places, and what complications ensue, constitute the game, and we may not fairly spy upon the author's hand.

If some of the cards are marked, the fact is as evident to us as to her. Here, for example, appears that familiar fraud, the English country gentleman, whose only fault is a determination to sacrifice his beloved daughter in marriage to a cad who happens to be heir by the law of entail. Most useful of all laws to the novel-writing Briton, what parallel asset has the scribbling American to boast? Each high-bred incumbent is determined that his grandson at least shall inherit the broad acres. It is a daughter's duty, since she did not see fit to be a son, to wed whatever casual heir may be provided by fate and the English Constitution. There are, of course, the highest precedents for this kind of thing, and we do not mean to look too solemnly at our comedy-writer because she makes somewhat broad use of her privilege. It is an innocent game, by which nobody really loses anything. "The Kinsman" is just conventional enough, foolish enough, pleasant enough, to be an excellent thing of its kind.

The Lone Furrow. By W. A. Fraser. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The writer, well known for his Indian tales, here presents a rather long-drawn-out sketch of life in a Scotch-Canadian village of Ontario. With its leisureliness, its element of mystery (in the vulgar sense), and its prevailing atmosphere of religious inquiry, it recalls some of the later stories of George Macdonald. It is not a story that irresistibly made itself. The people in it are rather types than persons, and it contains no really continuous action. Indeed, it is hardly more than a vigorous statement of an interesting situation, followed by a prolonged and rambling commentary upon that situation.

The "meenister" of the local church has passed his earliest years of endeavor in India. Of naturally frail physique, he has had recourse to opium at a moment of great stress. Later, he has removed to a Canadian parish, where his liberality of creed and strictness of principle have got him into difficulties with his hard-praying, hard-drinking parishioners. At the beginning of the story the minister has suddenly and inexplicably disappeared, leaving not only his parish, but his young wife, who is for the first time pregnant. There is suspicion of foul play, involving the village ne'er-do-weel, brother of the bereaved wife. This suspicion is falsified in the event: the scapegrace is reclaimed (after being nearly burned to death), the minister is found and brought home in time to hear the cry of his first-born. He has succumbed to his old enemy, and presently makes a permanent disappearance. Such a theme has possibilities enough, but it should not remain a theme. Nobody could pretend to prescribe an exact ratio of dialogue, narrative, and description, in treating such a topic; but here it is unfortunately clear that the talk's the thing. Consequently, the novelist fails to hold the attention which he has successfully engaged in the opening chapters. Even the Ancient Mariner proceeded to the point in time.

Pathological Aspects of Religions. By Joslah Moses. Worcester, Mass.: Clark University Press.

This volume (a doctor's dissertation) is the first of a series of monograph supplements to the *American Journal of Religious Psychology and Education,* to be issued by Clark University, contributions to the branch of psychological science to the study of which President G. Stanley Hall has given so decided an impetus. The author treats his subject under the three heads of the emotional element (love, hate, anger, fear, mysticism, symbolism, fetishism, interpretation); the intellectual element (opposition to science, skepticism); and the volitional element in religion (fanaticism, asceticism). Under each of these heads he cites numerous examples of abnormal experiences, beliefs, and procedures, and offers explanations of these phenomena. Love he regards as an "efflorescence of the sexual impulse" (p. 15, where the etymologies adopted were better omitted); mysticism he defines (pp. 125 ff.) as a kind of psychical rapture, in which the subject's self-consciousness melts into cosmic consciousness—an emotion akin to love, the love being sometimes Platonic, most frequently sensuous; abnormal beliefs, he holds, are largely irrational survivals of early crude views (ch. v.); adopting Prof. William James's analysis, he refers fanaticism to the instinct of self-preservation (p. 218), and asceticism (p. 233 ff.) to disgust with the world or fear of it. His collection of pathological phenomena is impressive, but his choice is not always discriminating. He gives great space to the crudities of Jewish and patristic Biblical interpretation, especially to the minute discussions and the vagaries of the Talmud. But a part of these discussions are simply legal—careful definitions of law such as are made every day in our courts of law; the absurd explanations of words are mostly academic devices for emphasizing principles; the allegorizing is partly an inheritance from the Greek critics of Alexandria, partly the result of the desire to bring out all the contents of an infallible text. To call such things pathological is to give a new sense to the term, to make it cover a history of errors of thought; it might include the author's opinion (with all due respect to him be it said) that Christianity very likely owes its birth to the degeneration of Judaism (p. 168).

For a proper estimate of crude beliefs and practices, Dr. Moses lays down the excellent canon (p. 66) that when they are congruous with the stage of development of a community they should not be called superstitions, and that they cannot be considered pathological unless they injure the mental, moral, and physical health of their adherents; only, this last clause must be interpreted cautiously, since anything wrong may be held to injure health, and not everything that injures health can be called pathological in the ordinary sense of that word. He seems, however, not to be faithful to his canon; in chapter two he treats as pathological Old Testament examples of human sacrifice, and certain late phallic observances, without perceiving that the practices in question are quite in accordance with the moral and intellectual plane of the communities in which they are found (p. 25 ff.). It is true that there were shameful practices in the religious customs of the civilized Greeks and Romans, but these, unfortunately, were far from being abnormal. Of certain savage licentious ceremonies Dr. Moses observes (p. 29) that they are engaged in by pure-minded men and women; that is, they are morally low, but the observance of them is based on reasoning that is normal and sane for the people concerned. The same thing is true of the rite of prelibation; this and some similar customs have come down from old tribal usages that were once a part of the civil organization and continue to be respected as ancient law. The cult of the phallus arose from the veneration felt for the mystery of generation—a bit of normal savage logic—and where it exists to-day it is ordinarily not connected with moral depravity in the worshippers.

The view, held by a number of recent writers, of the intimate relation between religion and love (that is, ultimately, the sexual instinct) is adopted by Dr. Moses; he rejects, however, the extreme position of certain writers, and holds (p. 19) that love is only one of the oldest sources of the religious sentiment. Such views of the origin of religion appear to rest on an ignoring of early history, and on a confusion of similarity with the relation of cause and effect. They go counter to the earliest known form of the religious sentiment (which is simply the desire to keep on good terms with preterhuman powers) and of religious usages; these latter have generally no sexual element, and, conversely, this element of social life is found without religious ceremonies. The similarities between the emotion of love and religious emotion are obvious (they have been well stated by Dr. Hall); both are strong nervous excitements, and one may pass over into the other, or rather one may be produced by the other. Love to the deity is a normal emotion, that, under favorable conditions, may become pathological. The examples of erotic emotion in religious persons are all taken from times of high culture; that they do not occur in early stages of civilization is evidence that such emotion is not related to religion as cause to effect.

The volume under consideration contains, besides its large mass of material, many excellent observations: its value is impaired by a number of misstatements of fact, and by the author's lack of training in historical research. The proof-reading, also, is very bad. As Dr. Moses's general points of view are good, we feel confident that he will be able to revise his book in such way as to bring out more clearly its fundamental idea.

The Nibelungenlied. Translated by John Storer Cobb. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Ninety years have passed since Lachmann first gave to the world his memorable text of the Nibelungenlied, and since then a vast library of interpretation has arisen concerning the German epic. Most of the books have been scholarly commentaries and microscopical examinations of the tattered originals; while but a minority of the works are translations into modern tongues. Few as these are, however, they represent about equally German and English literary workmanship, the translations of Lettsom (1850), Foster-Barham (1887), Birch (1887), and Needler (1904) setting off the versions of Simrock (1827), Freytag, and Bartsch. The last valuable translation into English was made by a Canadian, and the one before us is the work of an American. The author, however, is dead, and he did not finally revise his manuscript. It is difficult to tell, therefore, whether the occasional roughness in the verse is due to this incompleteness or to the knotty style of the original, almost defying, at times, a satisfactory rendering into our modern speech. All in all, this effort seems praiseworthy; but a comparison of the average of the verse with the Lachmann text shows more than one radical departure from the sense of the original, departures that other versions seem not to have required.

The Nibelungen strophe, of the beginning of the thirteenth century, includes four long lines, the second rhyming with the first, and the fourth with the third. Each line is halved by a definite cæsura; there are three accented syllables in each half of the first three lines and the first half of the fourth line, and there are four accented syllables in the second half of the fourth line. A syllable with a secondary accent ends the first half of each line, producing thereby a "klingende" cæsura, and it is the fixed number of accented syllables that conditions the metrical character of the Nibelungen strophe. Most of the feet are lambic, because usually an unaccented syllable precedes an accented one, but the unaccented syllable may at times be wanting, or two or three of them may bunch together. Perhaps Mr. Cobb, who clearly is no bungler, but rather an over-careful elaborator, had these facts in mind in cases where he allows himself great liberty. A fair strophe to cite is the opening one, with its complete cæsural rhyme; and how near Mr. Cobb has approached the German, and how his work compares with that of Foster-Barham and Needler the reader may judge for himself:

Uns ist in alten maeren, wunders vil geseit.
von heiden lobebæren, von grôzer kuonheit.
von fröuden hôchgeziten, von weinen und von klagen,
von küener reckenstriten, muget ir nu wunder hœren sagen.

Foster-Barham:

Traditions of the olden time of marvels in abundance tell;
Of heroes worth our utmost praise, of gallantry unspeakable,
Of grand festivities and joy, of bitter plaint and scalding tear,
Of bold assaults of warriors; and now these wonders you may hear.

Needler:

Many a wondrous story have the tales of old,
Of feats of knightly glory, and of the heroes bold,
Of the delights of feasting, of weeping and of wail,
Of noble deeds of daring; you may list strange things in my tale.

Cobb:

To us in olden story are wonders many told
Of heroes rich in glory, of trials manifold:
Of joy and festive greeting, of weeping and of woe,
Of keenest warriors meeting, shall ye now many a wonder know.

Still another extract may be offered to show Mr. Cobb's rendering:

Ez wuohs in Burgonden ein schœne magedîn,
daz in allen landen niht schœners mohte sîn.

Kriemhilt was si geheizen und was ein schœne wip.
dar umbe muosen degene vil verliesen den lip

In Burgundy there once grew up so excellent and fair a maid,
That not in any land on earth could greater beauty be displayed.
Kriemhilda was the name she bore, and she attained such loveliness,
That many a swordsman had for her his life and name to sacrifice.

The volume is attractive in typography, illustration, and binding, being embellished with a portrait of the translator. There is also a fragmentary Introduction written on his death-bed.

Ancient Law. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. With Introduction and Notes by Sir Frederick Pollock. Fourth American from the Tenth London Edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

Maine's "Ancient Law" appeared in 1861. Darwin's "Origin of Species" preceded it by little more than a year. Like that other epoch-making book, "Ancient Law" introduced new modes of thought and of language, provoked controversy, and won disciples. Phrases devised by Maine have become mere commonplaces. Who has not heard that in progressive societies there "has hitherto been a movement from Status to Contract"? Because of the impetus given by Maine to the historical and comparative study of legal systems, it has become necessary to prepare an annotated edition of his chief book—not in order to correct the few errors of the explorer who blazed the way, but in order to give to the reader those illustrations and developments of Maine's doctrines which have been made by later investigators. This unambitious but learned task has been undertaken by Sir Frederick Pollock; and it has been performed modestly and adequately, in a spirit filial, but not servile.

Maine's "Ancient Law" touches upon so many topics—archæology, history, politics, ethics, and metaphysics—that it would have been practicable to write several volumes by way of commentary. Hence it would be easy to point out interesting subjects upon which nothing is said in Sir Frederick Pollock's twelve pages of introduction and sixty pages of notes. But since the commentator's studies are known to have covered almost the same varied ground as the author's, the commentator's choice of subjects has obviously been guided not by lack of knowledge or of industry, but by a theory as to the relative importance of the materials. May one venture to say that a few more words as to Hammurabi would have been appreciated, and that students can make use of more numerous references to treatises, periodicals, and the proceedings of learned societies? The notes, like the text, are interesting to any reader with scholarly taste, whether a lawyer or not. Surely, any one of scholarly taste will enjoy what Sir Frederick Pollock says (in notes E, G, H, K, P, R, and S) as to the law of nature, the modern law of nations, the patriarchal theory, the village communities of India, contract in early law, and archaic procedure. Indeed, the book appeals to a public so wide that the publishers might well have ventured to throw aside the plates from which earlier editions of the text have been printed, and also to extend the index in such manner as to include Sir Frederick Pollock's commentary; but these shortcomings are overbalanced by the result that this edition sells for half the price of its predecessor; for it is no small matter that this brilliant and inspiring classic is now brought within the reach of every student.

The Fair Hills of Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn. With illustrations by Hugh Thomson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Mr. Gwynn might have styled his book "The Praise of Ireland." It is an exultant hymn to her loveliness, especially to those beauties which the careless stranger has neglected. In other words, he leaves the beaten tourist track, and has nothing to say of Killarney or the Giant's Causeway. He describes places that have really a more general human interest, and that have associations covering a great range in the story of the Irish race. This is not to say that the scenery of those districts is not charming. Even if Mr. Gwynn's vivid pen did not convince the reader of the contrary, the delicate, fairy-like sketches of Mr. Thomson would be a revelation of the beauty of many spots in Donegal and the south and west. But, however picturesque such a country may be, the imagination must also people it with historical and legendary associations. Mr. Gwynn relates many heroic deeds and legends.

Though he tries to make us realize Ireland both as she is and as she was, his prepossessions are in favor of the period when Irish genius produced its most effective work in literature and art—the seven centuries before the Norman invasion. We have descriptions of the monuments of these early days, accompanied by fine pictures of such magnificent ruins as Cashel of the Kings, Clonmacnoise and Mellifont. But Ireland has no longer builders like those who raised the ancient structures, whose work, where it has escaped mutilation, mocks in his opinion the incompetence of to-day. Still, this might be said of the modern architecture of a good many other European lands. Cashel, because of its picturesque situation on a rock, over three hundred feet high, dropped in the Golden Vale, the most luxuriant pasture-land in the British Islands, and because of the fairly good condition of some of the buildings after the wear and tear of more than a thousand years, is perhaps the noblest monument of ancient Irish culture remaining. Mr. Gwynn's accurate and eloquent picture should tempt many a tourist to visit this acropolis of Munster. Mr. Gwynn shows that the Stone of Destiny, carried away from Scotland by Edward I., and now beneath the royal throne in Westminster, is a sham *Lia fail.* The real thing is still at Tara. He might have strengthened his argument by adducing the well-known fact that the stone emitted a roaring sound when an usurper took his stand upon it, while the fraudulent affair in London has always been silent. There is, however, one drawback to the legends told by Mr. Gwynn. The orthography of the names of the heroes, and even of the heroines, is repulsive, and will always be an obstacle to the wide acceptance of these historical, semi-historical, and mythical romances. The words are not so much cacophonous, as, if an epithet may be coined for the occasion, cacographous. For instance, Duhhthach looks atrocious; but, as pronounced, Duffa, it is innocent and euphonious enough.

The tourist will find the book invaluable as a guide, especially if he be a fisherman; for Mr. Gwynn is an enthusiastic angler, and seems to know every trout and salmon stream in the kingdom.

Russia: Travels and Studies. By Annette M. B. Meakin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

"The first thing that struck us on our arrival at Kursk was a triumphal arch bearing the date 1823, erected in honor of Alexander I. when he visited Kursk on his way to the Crimea. The second thing that struck us was the high price asked for stale eggs and the impossibility of obtaining fresh ones." The thing that strikes the reader of Miss Meakin's "Russia" is a certain inconsequence of matter and style, of which our citation is typical. This is unfortunate, because the author, who is a member of the British Anthropological Institute and a noted traveller, has packed into her pages a really vast amount of information which is generally exact, even if it is not always new and is never profound. The book is a Baedeker on Russia, which it traverses from north to south, ending with a trip through the Crimea and the Caucasus. Like all Baedekers, it can scarcely be said to overflow with human interest; and it contains little that would prove of value to the reader who may look for light on the present political situation in the Czar's dominions. On the other hand, the book was never intended to answer such a purpose.

Miss Meakin's interests are in the fields of archæology and ethnology. To the former, in particular, she devotes almost three-fourths of her work, and in its minute and careful description of Russian antiquities, supplemented by copious, perhaps too copious, references to early Russian history, lies the chief value of the volume. We know of no popular book in English that deals so fully with the treasures of the Russian monasteries and museums, both public and private. It is indicative of the character and purpose of the book that Moscow, which is not rich in antiquarian associations, receives 13 pages, while Novgorod (not Nizhni) has 26 pages, and Pskoff 27. There are excellent chapters on the position and influence of the German colonists in the interior of Russia, on the Setukese Ests of the north, and on the Little Russians. There is the inevitable visit to Tolstoi, marked by that master's inevitable shattering of an idol or two. But the best part of the book for the reader without archæological tastes is the account of a wonderful trip through the lotus land of the Crimea, the beautiful Golden Chersonesus of mountain and blue water.

There is a regrettable weakness in the matter of the names of the Russian governments: Peterhoff (p. 58) is given for St. Petershurg; Riga (p. 176) for Livonia, and Semenoff (p. 221) for we do not know what.

Science.

PHYSICS AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

CAMBRIDGE, England, February 2.

This year there are about twenty research students in the Cavendish Laboratory, and room for little more than half as many. Fortunately the liberality of Lord Rayleigh, who gave his Nobel prize money for an extension of the laboratory, will remedy this congestion. The nucleus of this school is the knot of Cambridge men who stay on for research work after graduation; but the greater number are foreigners —picked men from the colonies, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa, who come up on exhibition scholarships, and men from Germany, Bohemia, France, America, Russia, and elsewhere. The head of the school is, of course, Prof. J. J. Thomson. He is not an experimental worker with his men, but rather the general who directs his army from his desk. For a parallel to this school of physics we have to go back to some of the mediæval schools where, about some noted scholar, students from distant places gathered. The same intensity in work and enthusiasm for the master, and perhaps also the same tendency to narrowness and lack of appreciation of the work of others, characterize both. But it should be remembered that while this limitation to a single subject, the nature of electricity, may not be the best training for the men who have grown up entirely in this atmosphere, yet it may be excellent for older men, especially those who have been educated in other universities. These come here to get first-hand knowledge of the corpuscular theories of matter and electricity. Instead of learning one or two problems, they are the sharers in the difficulties and triumphs of a score of similar ones.

The first impressions of the laboratory are not encouraging, as there seems to be a lack of appliances and apparatus. Later, however, we realize that there is a fairly good stock of apparatus for certain kinds of work, and that the laboratory has been adapted to meet a special end. About twelve years ago, following a hint given by Maxwell, that probably a study of the discharge of electricity through gases would be the best means of learning the mutual relations between matter and electricity, work was begun in this branch of physics. The problems encountered have absorbed the resources of the laboratory more and more, until to-day scarcely any other phenomena are investigated here. High potential cabinets, induction coils, and liquid-air machines are plentiful, while scarcely any appliances are to be found for work in sound, heat, light, etc. But the laboratory, if poor in apparatus, is extravagant in assistants and skilled artisans, to help in the vital matter of constructing new apparatus.

The terms of the university are, as all know, short; only about six months in the year being given to lectures. But the laboratories and libraries are open practically all the year, and research and honor men extend their work very considerably. Hours in the day, too, are not long for most of the men, and one notes a lack of the feverishness which seems to hang about American laboratories. Where at home should we find all quitting work at half-past four in order to have tea? Yet the chat and tea in Professor Thomson's office are refreshing, and tend wonderfully to draw the men closer together. Nor is it any sign of trifling, for turn to the journals and we shall find that the work done here is comparable in amount to that of all our great laboratories, taken together. And this more natural life prevents the mental dyspepsia which attacks our irritated and harried candidates for the Ph.D. There is no reason for these men to take two or three years to regain their elasticity of mind and to feel that an iron hand is not squeezing the intellectual blood out of the body.

In fact, it is a pity that more of our students do not choose England rather than Germany as a place for study. For the older men there is a chance to meet intimately the distinguished scholars of Cambridge, who show a hospitality quite unusual. Probably the principal reason why our men go elsewhere is because Cambridge cannot offer them the Ph.D. degree. But this drawback is more seeming than real. After two years of work, the foreign research student is eligible to the degree of bachelor of arts, and afterwards to those of master of arts and doctor of science, whether he remains in residence or not. And these degrees should carry as much weight as the ordinary Ph.D. of Germany, since they are given for the same kind of work. There is also another great advantage, in that an able man should obtain one of the numerous scholarships which are open to all. The authorities have not taken much pains to make the facilities of laboratories, libraries, and scholarships known to us, but it is quite evident that our coming is warmly welcomed. Those who avail themselves of the invitation will surely look back on their life here as one of the pleasantest of their experiences.

LOUIS TRENCHARD MORE.

In celebration of the bicentenary of the birth of Linnæus in this city on May 23, the American Museum of Natural History will place on exhibition specimens of the minerals and the American animals known to Linnæus; and the Botanical Garden will show trees and plants known to him. At the Garden the botanical writings and the portraits of Linnæus will also be exhibited. The Zoölogical Park, too, will have its share in showing animals; and in the Aquarium in Battery Park the features of marine life known to Linnæus will be set forth. At eleven in the morning, at the American Museum, Archer M. Huntington, president of the American Geographical Society, will deliver a lecture on "North American Geography in the Time of Linnæus"; and at 11:30 Dr. Joel A. Allen, curator of ornithology and mammology in the Museum, will speak on "Linnæus and American Zoölogy." At 2:45 Dr. Per Axel Rydberg, curator of the Garden Herbarium, will deliver at the Herbarium an address on "Linnæus and American Botany." This will be followed by an exhibition of lantern slides of flowers of North America. A bronze tablet commemorative of Linnæus, a gift to the city from the New York Academy of Sciences, will be unveiled, at 4:30, at the bridge over the Bronx River, in Pelham Parkway. On this occasion there will be several addresses. In the evening at the Brooklyn Institute there will also be addresses, including one by Prof. F. A. Lucas, on "Linnæus and American Natural History." The committee in charge of the celebration consists of Dr. N. L. Britton, director of the Botanical Garden; Dr. H. C. Bumpus, director of the American Museum; Prof. F. A. Lucas, director of the Museum of the Brooklyn Institute; William T. Hornaday, director of the Zoölogical Park; Charles H. Townsend, director of the Aquarium, and Prof. W. M. Wheeler, curator of invertebrate zoölogy in the American Museum.

The collection of *algæ* made during the last thirty years by E. M. Holmes, curator of the Pharmaceutical Society's Museum in Bloomsbury Square, London, has been acquired for the botanical department of the University of Birmingham. The collection includes about 13,000 specimens, and, apart from the national collections at the British Museum and Kew, is the best of its kind in Great Britain. The British portion includes three or four species which have been found but once.

The ninth international geographical congress will meet in Geneva from July 27 to August 6, with Prof. Arthur de Claparède of the Geneva Geographical Society as president. At the same time the semi-centennial of this latter association will be observed. More than fifty papers have already been announced.

Prof. William Clendenin Pickett, a well-known authority on nervous diseases, died in Philadelphia February 6. He was born in Meadville, Pa., in 1870, and was a graduate of Allegheny College. He studied medicine at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and was graduated in 1895. He was professor of nervous and mental diseases at the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, and was elected president of the Neurological Society in 1906. He was a contributor to the medical journals.

Drama.

"THE GOOD HOPE."

"The Good Hope," an English version by Christopher St. John from the Dutch of Heijermans, which was played in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, by Ellen Terry and her company, is interesting as a specimen of national drama by an obvious imitator of Ibsen, but it furnishes indifferent entertainment. It shows how dull mere realism can be without the saving grace of imagination. In some respects it is a good piece of work. It is sincere and vigorous, it is not deficient in either passion or pathos, and it is often very close to nature; but its insistence upon harrowing, familiar, and rather sordid incidents, its spineless construction, and its lack of humorous relief and genuine invention make it more than a little dull. Like "The Pillars of Society" it deals with the murderous shipowners who make money by sending ignorant sailors to sea in rotten ships which have been highly insured. Clemens Bos, the smack owner, is but an exaggerated Consul Bernick. Of real dra-

matic action there is very little, but there are a number of effective episodes.

The central character is a widow with two sons; the elder has been dismissed from the navy and sent to prison for insubordination, the younger has been a soldier, but has a terror of the sea. The former ships on the Good Hope, a rotten old craft, after a fierce and plainspoken encounter with her owner; the other is carried on board by the police after attempting to desert. Both are drowned, and in the last act the bereaved mother is sent away with a bowl of soup for consolation, while the owner of the sea-coffin pockets a heavy insurance. This is practically the whole of the story, but the bare outlines are filled in with a mass of detail, illustrative of the human wreckage wrought by the system, and much of this is very lifelike, if less often dramatic. Thus there are studies of old pauper fishermen, of widows, and of bereaved maidens, who ought to have been wives, all in contrast with the flourishing boat proprietor whose gain is in their loss. There are eloquent passages of futile rage and hopeless despair, and, occasionally, a climax of genuine dramatic force. In the hands of actors skilled in the elemental emotions and possessed of genuine tragic power, these might be deeply impressive. But Miss Terry's company proved quite incapable of reproducing the Dutch atmosphere or of rightfully interpreting the situations, while she herself, though she filled the part with a strange pathos and a charm wholly foreign to it, was completely out of her proper element in the character of the unhappy old mother. In this experiment she does justice neither to Heijermans nor to herself.

Signor Ermeti Novelli, the eminent Italian actor, will appear in this city early in the spring, supported by Signora Jinninni. He expects to play in "Louis XI." by Casimir Delavigne, "Papa Lebonnard" by Marie Aycard, "The Merchant of Venice," "King Lear," "Othello," "Hamlet," "Kean," "La Morte Civile," and "Povera Gente." It will, therefore, be possible to compare his work with that of Salvini and Rossi. Signor Novelli's Shylock is said to be one of his finest impersonations.

It is good news that W. S. Gilbert is once again writing for the stage. He is working on a new comedy, in partnership with Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, but the nature of it has not yet been made public.

Music.

FOUR-HAND PIANO PIECES.

The world is full of pianists eager for fame and fortune, yet not a dozen of them have won sufficient fame to enable them to win a fortune. Piano recitals are practically "played out"; newspaper readers would be astonished if the reports of recitals by even prominent performers included a frank statement as to how few attend them, and how many of those who do attend are deadheads. The pianoforte manufacturer is still responsible for most of these concerts; he is willing to bear the loss for the advertising he gets incidentally—the chance he has to point out that so and so uses only his instruments.

Probably the main reason for the neglect of pianoforte recitals lies in the monotony of the programmes, which is truly astounding. One would think, to judge by these stereotyped lists, that the pianistic repertory includes only a hundred available pieces, whereas there are thousands. The pianists do not make sufficient use of their brains. Just at present, for instance, there is a great desire (as revealed by the demand in the music stores) to hear the pieces of the unfortunate Edward MacDowell; but only one or two of the concert pianists have availed themselves of this opportunity to enrich their ropertory and do good at the same time, while enlarging the circle of their listeners. Nor has it apparently occurred to any of them that the public likes new ideas in concert-giving, as in other things. A new idea would be the combination of two eminent pianists for the purpose of giving concerts of four-hand pieces.

Here there is a field which remains almost entirely unharvested, although some of the greatest masters have tilled it. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, are to be named here, but above all, Schubert. In his admirable biography of the master, Richard Heuberger demonstrates how far Schubert went beyond his predecessors, including Beethoven, in divining the tonal splendors of the pianoforte of the future, and utilizing these possibilities in the shaping of his enchanting pieces. He dwells particularly on the fact that Schubert created a new art of writing four-hand pieces for the pianoforte, in which he utilized the varied tone colors of the modern pianoforte in an unprecedented, unique, infinitely enchanting manner. "Among the thousands of pieces for four hands written since Schubert's death," he goes on to say, "there is hardly one which even remotely reaches his works of this class in their genuine adaptation to the idiom of the pianoforte."

In the recent "Schubert Heft" of the Berlin periodical, *Die Musik*, another German scholar, Dr. Hermann Wetzel, sings the praises of these four-hand compositions, and voices his astonishment at their neglect by pianists, both public and private. In these pieces, he points out, we find at their very best all the qualities which have so endeared Schubert to music-lovers—his incessant flow of original melody, his new harmonies and ravishing modulations to remote keys, the novel tone colors he evokes from the instrument by the formation and distribution of his chords, his partial anticipation of the Lisztian art of producing orchestral effects with the pianoforte, yet without going beyond the limits of legitimate pianism. He makes no mention of some of the best of Schubert's four-hand pieces—the splendid marches—but dwells particularly on the "Divertissement à la Hongroise," and other more extended works, including the remarkably orchestral sonata in C, issued by Diabelli as "Grand Duo," concerning which Wetzel makes the very interesting suggestion that it may be an arrangement of the lost Schubert symphony, for which George Grove and others searched so persistently, but in vain.

Neither Heuberger nor Wetzel makes mention of the fact that there is a living master, Edvard Grieg, who has written four-hand pianoforte pieces which are as melodious and as idiomatic as Schubert's. Music-lovers who may be tempted by the foregoing remarks to explore this musical Klondike will find an excellent guide in Eschmann's "Wegweiser durch die Klavierliteratur," p. 259.

"Songs for Schools," compiled by Charles Hubert Farnsworth, with accompaniments written by Harvey Worthington Loomis and B. D. Allen (Macmillan Co.), is one of the best books of school music ever issued, and occupies a place of its own. It contains about a hundred numbers, Part I. being devoted to national, folk, and college songs; Part II. to sacred songs. The choice of songs was governed partly by the preferences of school children themselves—a somewhat risky policy which, however, has in this case led to no objectionable results. In the folk and college songs only the melody is given to the voices, to make the work of the singers more effective and avoid the many difficulties of part singing. The most admirable feature of this collection lies in the pianoforte parts written for the folk-songs by Mr. Loomis, who is not only one of the leading American composers, but who has shown unique skill in the art of emphasizing by his harmonies the national peculiarities inherent in the melodic and rhythmic features of folk-music. In "A Highland Lad" one would have welcomed a little more of the drone bass, but apart from this, it would be difficult to suggest a criticism.

Lovers of Hungarian folk music—of which Liszt gives specimens in his rhapsodies—will be interested in a collection of these tunes issued by Ladislaus Kun, who spent many years gathering them in villages and farmhouses. Three volumes have appeared so far, comprising 100 tunes each; the entire collection is to contain 1,000 numbers.

The Puccini cycle at the Metropolitan Opera House reached its climax on Monday evening when "Madama Butterfly" had its first performance there, with a cast including Mmes. Farrar and Homer, and Messrs. Caruso, Scotti, Reiss, and Mühlmann, and in presence of the composer, who had supervised the rehearsals. Many had hoped that he would conduct at least the first performance, but Mr. Puccini has no faith in himself as an orchestral leader. That he knows how to write for the orchestra, however, as eloquently as for the voice, is attested once more by this, his latest opera, which is on the whole his masterwork, even though his desire to make it fill out a whole evening led him to do violence to the pathetic and fascinating one-act play on which it is based. The great success achieved at the first performance, when there were countless recalls of the singers and the composer, makes it a matter of course that it will figure in the repertory in every city to be visited by the Conried company in April. It will doubtless add considerably to the fame of Puccini, as well as of Miss Farrar, whose Cho-Cho-San is perhaps her most notable achievement so far—an impersonation ranking with the best now to be seen on the operatic stage. It reveals the beauty of her voice in full, and gives her abundant opportunity to prove that of all opera singers Mme. Calvé is the only one who equals her in the art of sincerely and subtly expressing the whole gamut of emo-

tions, or at least as much of it as is comprised in the story of the Japanese maiden who is wooed and deserted by the American officer.

Carrying coals to Newcastle, the Pittsburgh Orchestra and the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto came to town this week for two concerts in Carnegie Hall. The Pittsburgh Orchestra had been heard here before, in the days when Victor Herbert was its conductor. It need hardly be said that neither it, nor its present conductor, Emil Paur, rose, in the most important work performed by them—Beethoven's Choral Symphony—to our highest standard; for New York is exceptionally strong in orchestral music. But of the Toronto Choir quite a different story must be told. We are so little used to first-class choral singing that the performances of this Canadian club came like a revelation; not so much in the choral parts of the Beethoven Symphony, however, when Mr. Paur was at the helm, as in the Thirteenth Psalm of Liszt, the motet "By Babylon's Wave," by Gounod, and Tchaikovsky's "Cherubim Song," in which the Mendelssohn Choir's own conductor, A. S. Vogt, presided. He secured a precision, a balance of tone, a richness of nuance, to which we are unaccustomed, and the result was a sensational success. The Gounod motet and the Liszt psalm, in particular, were sung with a contagious enthusiasm

Two important works, one of which is entirely new to New York, will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its next concerts in Carnegie Hall. On Thursday evening, February 21, the symphony will be Sibelius's in E minor, No. 1. This work, when played in Boston was regarded as in every respect more important than the composer's second symphony in D major, which is better known. On Saturday afternoon, February 23, the first number on the programme will be Richard Strauss's "Sinfonia Domestica," which has been played in New York but once, three years ago. Mme. Samaroff will be the soloist on Thursday evening, playing Tchaikovsky's concerto for piano in B flat minor. Ossip Gabrilowitch will be the soloist on Saturday afternoon, playing Brahms's concerto in E flat major, No. 2.

The Richard Wagner and Mozart festival performance will take place again the coming season at Munich. The "Ring" will be performed three times, "Tristan and Isolde" four times, and the "Meistersinger" and "Tannhäuser" twice each. Of Mozart operas there will be two performances each of "Don Juan," "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Abduction from the Seraglio."

Art.

EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE.

The twenty-second annual exhibition of the Architectural League of New York, now in progress in the galleries of the American Fine Arts building, is notable for the severe selection of exhibits. It is the smallest show for years, the catalogue including but 752 items. Even this means a considerable number of objects, but it also means that the overcrowded galleries which have long been characteristic of the League have for once become a thing of the past. Obviously this process of drastic rejection can be excused only by a corresponding gain in excellence. The exhibition can be readily seen, and this is a distinct improvement; but as a representative exhibit of the current work of our best architects—and the contributions are by no means limited to the members of the League—it manifestly falls far short of completeness. Of course, the busiest architects often have no time to prepare exhibition drawings; but the exhibitions of the League have so long aimed to include the best contemporary work that a change in policy must, again, be justified by the results.

The usual classification is still retained although considerably modified. The first gallery, as heretofore, is filled with color sketches and drawings; the little central gallery contains chiefly sculpture, mostly in small scale models; but the adjoining rooms are no longer limited to minor arts, and in their place are photographs and drawings of architectural objects, and some miscellaneous exhibits which only faintly recall the interesting decorative pieces of former years. The Vanderbilt Gallery is reserved for the architectural drawings, with which, however, are displayed some large pieces of sculpture and some color drawings. These, while undoubtedly enhancing the interest of the room make its contents more miscellaneous in character.

It is this gallery by which the exhibition, as an architectural display, may best be judged. Here presumably is the most important material. One notes with amazement, therefore, large areas of wall space given up to colored drawings of foreign buildings and designs by foreign architects. Vastly courteous this yielding up of the choicest spaces is, and the colored drawings of historical buildings in Europe are entertaining and delightful. But this plan hardly serves the traditional purpose of the League, to interest the public in architecture, especially that of this country.

It should immediately be added, however, that a survey of the gallery as a whole will strengthen one's respect for the ability and resources of our contemporary American architects. The average of the work shown is high, perhaps because there is so little of it. And this excellence is the more remarkable since there is absolutely no suggestion of unified progress, no movement in a single direction. But there is a firmer handling of ideas, a better use of precedents. This is particularly apparent in the Gothic designs—several churches and one or two commercial buildings—in which the mediæval forms have been studied afresh for modern use and translated into modern designs, which while frankly based on old *motifs* are genuinely alive.

In this respect, therefore, there is encouraging progress; but it is impossible to tell, from anything here shown, whether the buildings designed in 1906 are better than those produced earlier. In the matter of domestic architecture, indeed, the exhibition is positively discouraging. Here is the one point on which the exhibition ought to appeal successfully to the layman, and it is exactly here that it fails. Former shows have fallen short in this respect, but seldom have designs for private dwellings been so few as this year. The reason is not far to seek. Every American architect is consumed with an ambition to associate his name with the creation of a great public building, monumental in character. The private house is rarely so important that it can rank as a really notable structure. Yet a good private house, even of small size and low cost, is a most interesting structure; and while some of these are shown, the number is disappointing. The private house is the one building that particularly attracts the layman, since it is his own especial piece of architecture. Even when he has had it built for his own use by his own architect he cannot understand all the vagaries that are bound to enter into its construction. Here is an opportunity for public instruction which the Architectural League has long neglected, but which will afford limitless opportunities for all the energy it may command.

While the chief parts of the exhibition are confined to the main galleries, there are a few exhibits in the entrance corridor and a number of competition drawings in the League's own room upstairs. The hall of the National Sculpture Society contains students' drawings, entered in sundry competitions conducted by the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects. Most of these drawings are concerned with the intensely theoretical and impossible problems the followers of the French school delight in, and some of them, surely, are French enough in spirit and draftsmanship to afford unbounded delight to the admirers of this sort of thing.

BARR FERREE.

In spite of the prices his works fetch in the picture-market of to-day, it is hard for the student of art to take Sir Thomas Lawrence very seriously. He was the last survivor of a good school of painting at a time when painting had almost ceased to exist outside of England, and his prodigious success abroad as well as at home probably had a good deal to do with the direction taken by the romantic revival, although neither his influence nor that of Constable, of which we hear more, was as decisive as that of the exhibition in the Louvre of Napoleon's artistic plunder. Lawrence could draw better than either Reynolds or Gainsborough, but he did not choose to draw so well, and he sacrificed form to the fashion of the day as he sacrificed truth of color to glitter and brilliancy. He was jealous of Hoppner, who though a less able man, was a more sincere artist. Some of his earlier work convinces one that he might almost have been a great painter had he not preferred to be a fashionable one. His character, his accomplishments, and his good looks doubtless helped his success as much as his flashy and meretricious talent, and it is worth while to read George Soames Layard's book, called "Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter-bag" (Longmans, Green & Co.), to get, in the letters written to and by him, a picture of the eternal type of the fashionable portrait-painter. It is a type with much of good in it, and one finds one's self liking the man and, on the whole, pitying him.

It is a very different personality that is brought before us in Camille Mauclair's little book, in the Duckworth-Dutton Pop-

ular Library of Art, on Watteau: the professedly frivolous painter of *Fêtes galantes* —the great, the sincere, the melancholy master. We have all felt the sadness and the sentiment that underlie the apparent gayety of Watteau, the longing of a sick soul for pleasures that the flesh could never enjoy, but no one before M. Mauclair has so definitely labelled it. He associates the art of Watteau with that of Mozart, of Schubert, of Chopin, and of Keats, and a great part of his book reads like a dissertation on the psychology of consumption. A greater than Watteau, and an artist whose profound sentiment is more analogous to Watteau's than any other we know in painting, was also a precocious genius and destined to an early death. Giorgione died at thirty-four; as it used to be said, of a broken-heart, as we now know, of the plague. One wonders if the painter of the Partie Champêtre was a consumptive like the painter of the Embarquement pour Cythère?

In 1905 Theodore M. Davis of this city discovered at Thebes the tomb of the Egyptian Queen Teye. He has now made a more important discovery in the tomb and mummy of the Queen herself. Teye was the wife of Amen-hotep III., of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who reigned in the fifteenth century B. C. Her son was the famous Heretic King who, under the inspiration of his mother, attempted to do away with the old religion for an exclusive worship of the sun. Teye's tomb, a square chamber cut in the solid rock, shows signs of priestly revenge. But these fanatics, who erased the name of the Heretic King from every article in the sepulchre, left the coffin of the Queen intact, with all the jewelry and sheets of solid gold buried with her. On her head was still found the imperial golden crown representing a vulture, with a signet ring in either talon. The mummy itself had been reduced to pulp by the water which had percolated through the rock. It fell to pieces when examined by several Egyptologists on January 26.

The Belgian archæologist Graindor has laid bare the Poseidon temple on the island of Tenos, and in connection with it a magnificent hall of columns, a "round seat," or *exedra*, of marble well preserved, a series of sculptural remains, such as two dolphins in relief form, as also a number of inscriptions. These nearly all were gifts dedicated to Poseidon and Amphitrite. Thus one stone states that it was dedicated by the Rhodian navy, and contains the names of several captains; other stones contain the names of artists of an early date otherwise unknown. An interesting specimen is a large block of marble on which a sundial has been cut, giving also the directions of the wind, the course of the sun, and the seasons of the year. Considerable of this has been preserved, as also the epigram on the stone, which states that this astronomical work was modelled after that of Andronicus Kyrrhestes. Every visitor in Athens remembers the Tower of the Winds, one of the best preserved monuments of ancient Athens, concerning which Varro and Vitruvius have written. We now learn from this epigram that Andronicus was not a native of the Kyrrhos in Syria, as has been believed all along, but from the place of this name in Macedonia; also, that he was an interpreter of the astronomical poems of Aratus of Soloi, and that he studied the courses of the stars, predicting also the eclipses of the sun and of the moon. For the first time, then, we now have satisfactory information in reference to this man, famous in the history of astronomy. The paper of Graindor is found in the last issue of the report of the *Musée Belge*.

The International Archæological Congress will meet in Egypt April 10 to 21 under the presidency of Prof. G. C. C. Maspero. There will be sessions at Cairo, Alexandria and Thebes.

The exhibition of arts and crafts at Copley Hall, Boston, began last week Tuesday, and will remain open until February 26.

The seventh international exhibition of fine arts of Venice will be open from April 22 to October 31.

Paintings by Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell Cooper will be on exhibition till February 16 at Powell's gallery in this city. The most interesting of them are scenes on the New York streets. The same date will mark the close of an exhibition of work by Claude Monet at Durand-Ruel's gallery; of the Woman's Art Club at Clausen's; of landscapes by Paul Doherty at Macbeth's; of paintings by Miss Content Johnson at Fishel, Adler, and Schwartz's; and of portraits of children by Elliott Bouton Torrey at C. Klackner's. Till February 23 there will be a show of prints by old and modern masters at Wunderlich & Co.'s; and of landscapes by Charles Melville Dewey at Louis Katz's. Frederick Keppel & Co. exhibit till March 9 engravings by early German masters. Work is shown by Martin Schongauer, Israel van Meckenen, Lucas Cranach, Lucas Krug, Jacob Binck, Dirk van Staaren, Albrecht Dürer, Lucas of Leyden, Albrecht Altdorfer, Barthel and Hans Sebald Beham, Georg Pencz, Heinrich Aldegrever, and Daniel Hopfer.

The foreign mails bring news of the death of three well-known European painters. The first is Théodore Verstraete, a Belgian landscape artist, who was born at Ghent in 1850. He entered the Académie des Beaux-Arts at Antwerp, in 1867; and for many years his pictures of Flemish and Dutch landscapes were very popular. He was one of the founders of the Association des XX. A few years ago he broke down mentally. The second death is that of Félix Barrias, a French historical painter, prominent in the Second Empire. He was eighty-four years of age. Among his pictures are Cincinnatus recevant les Députés du Sénat, Les Exiles de Tibère, Dante à Ravenne, and Débarquement de l'Armée Française à Oldport. He illustrated the Firmin-Didot editions of Horace and Virgil. Wilhelm Amandus Beer, who died in his seventieth year, at Frankfort, was for many years professor at the Städelsche Kunstinstitut in that city. His scenes of Bavarian peasant life were popular, but his pictures of Russia are more widely known: The Fair in the Province of Smolensk, The Horse Fair, and the First Turkish Prisoners in a Russian Town.

Rudolphe Julian, founder of the school of painting in Paris bearing his name, died Tuesday, at the age of sixty-six. He was born at Paiud, in the Department of Vaucluse, came to Paris and studied at the Beaux-Arts School. He devoted several years to portrait painting, and finally opened a studio for pupils, many of whom were Americans.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF HIGHER FREIGHT RATES.

Railroad managers have lately been discussing an advance in rates on freight to compensate for the larger outlay for wages in 1907. Apparently the intention is to put out "feelers" to test public opinion; the movement has not yet gone very far beyond this point.

It is estimated that the railroad companies will this year pay out for labor at least $100,000,000 more than in 1906. Now the railroad companies will in 1907 haul not less than 200,000,000,000 of tons of freight one mile. Consequently, if they could manage to secure only one-half of a mill per ton per mile increase in rates, that increase would amount to $100,000,000, or the increase in the wages bill. Half a mill per ton per mile is only one cent per ton carried twenty miles; and as the average distance that each ton is carried is less than 140 miles, this increase would be only seven cents per ton of freight handled by the railroads. It looks very little indeed when stated in this way. But when it is remembered that (apart from dividends, which are rentals because guaranteed by lessee companies on the stocks of lessor companies) the total dividends paid on railroad stocks in the United States are only about $200,000,000, and that the surplus over these dividends is less than $150,000,000, and that a reduction of two mills per ton-mile in freight rates would sweep away the entire surplus and dividend fund and leave the railroads in default on their lease rentals and bonded interest—when all this is borne in mind, mills and half-mills per ton-mile assume a very decided importance, microscopic as they may seem from the ordinary point of view. The railroads will have to demonstrate the essential justice of this additional charge in no uncertain way—otherwise public opinion will not support them, and without the support of public opinion they cannot exact it.

No more difficult question has ever come up for popular discussion in this country. In the first place, there is no possibility of measuring the price of a certain kind of transportation sold to the public, as against the cost of furnishing it, with any degree of constant accuracy, so as to determine in advance the ratio of profit. In the equation of cost there are always so many factors which are uncertain that a definite result cannot be obtained. In the second place, the return on capital invested involves a question of what is "capital," and raises the question of "water" in stock—also the question of what is a fair return. In the third place, a railroad once laid and started must continue to do business; it cannot shut down, as does a foundry or a factory. In 1893 the mills could shut down, but the railroads were operated by receivers, and necessarily so, regardless of the return on capital originally invested. In the fourth place, the existing rate sched-

ules constitute a kind of spider's web covering the whole country, each part of which is closely interrelated with the other parts and helps to hold the entire web in equilibrium. A change of tension in one place throws the fabric out of equilibrium; and in the rate-web every change of rate is a change of tension at that particular place, the effect of which is to alter the strategic position of a particular region with reference to another region competing with it in some business, such as coal or grain.

The chief principle on which railroad managers make rates is: *the largest rate that will move the freight with due reference to competing railroads or regions.* It is seldom that railroads have refused to take freight because the rate was too low to pay. (The Norfolk and Western once did so when the rate on export grain from Chicago to the seaboard fell to something like two mills per ton-mile in the late nineties, but the case is almost unique.) A railroad is by virtue of its nature a monopoly so far as its own local business goes. In competition with other railroads there must in the long run be similar rates on competitive traffic. Thus the principle of "what the traffic will bear" and the principle of "non-competition in rates" govern in the making of railroad tariffs.

Several years ago the Eastern trunk lines, by agreement, contrived to advance rates on freight. This was done by what was euphemistically called a "reclassification" of commodities, the effect of which was to place on several hundred commodities a higher rate. At the same time rates on bituminous coal were advanced materially, but it is fair to note that these latter had previously been cut to a very low figure. From the discussion now proceeding it appears that something can be done towards securing a better ton-mile revenue by insisting upon a larger load for "car-load lots." This plan would have the double result of compelling better loading of cars, and of bringing under the higher rate-tariff for "less than car-load lots" a good deal of business now paying "car-load" rates. Against this method no possible objection could be raised on grounds of public policy, and it might accomplish much good from the point of view of the railway. A new "classification" is also talked of, but this would assuredly arouse strenuous opposition. Since the discussion of the rate bill was initiated the railways have, by eliminating rebates and concessions of various kinds, already succeeded in raising the average ton-mile revenue.

It is always asserted on behalf of the railroads in the United States that their rates on freight are the lowest in the world. This is probably true if the average ton-mile revenue be taken as a measure, but it must not be argued from this that these rates are too low. Ten years ago the average freight-train-mile revenue—*i. e.*, the sum of money received from the running of a freight train one mile—was $1.55 or thereabouts. Last year it was not less than $2.55, or one dollar more for each freight-train-mile run. The ton-mile revenue in 1897 was 0.797 cent—last year it was about 0.775 cent. The additional dollar was obtained by loading 145 tons more freight into the train. Obviously the cost of hauling 340 tons per train in 1906 was much less per ton than the cost per ton of hauling 195 tons per train in 1897; while the revenue per ton per mile in 1906 was only 3 per cent. less than in 1897. In other words, the profit per ton-mile hauled in 1906 was undoubtedly much more than the profit per ton-mile hauled in 1897. Moreover, if we assume the average ton-mile revenue as a sufficiently accurate measure of average railroad rates, we find that rates are appreciably higher now than they were a few years ago. In 1899, for example, the average revenue per ton-mile on United States railroads was 0.726 cent. In 1905 it was 0.784 cent, or almost six-tenths of a mill higher than in 1899. If the railroads in 1905 had hauled their freight at the same average revenue per ton-mile as in 1899 they would have earned about $108,000,000 less than they actually did earn—or, to put it in another way, the railroads in 1905 earned $108,000,000 more than they would have earned at the average ton-mile revenue of 1899 had that average "rate" of 1899 been applied to 1905 business. Curiously enough this is just about the amount of the increased wages bill which the companies are thinking of asking the public to pay by yet a further increase in rates.

On the whole, it is safe to say that if the question of railroad rates becomes a matter of public discussion there will be room for as many opinions as there are disputants. The differences of experts which developed in connection with the mail-pay question a few years ago are a sample of what may be expected if the whole question of rates is opened up. Meanwhile, it would seem that with an unbroken array of increased dividends confronting us in 1906 the burden of proof will be upon the railways.

"The Investments of Life Insurance Companies," by Lester W. Zartman (Henry Holt & Co.), is a valuable study in life-insurance finance. The author, who is instructor at Yale University, undertook this investigation in 1903, so that the volume is not a hasty product of the recent insurance scandals. He considers the character of the investments of life companies, the investment earnings, the cost of the investments, failures, legal regulation, the control of insurance assets, taxation, and the social effects of the accumulation of capital for insurance purposes. His method is rigorously scientific, and the result is a most useful contribution to the subject. In general he is opposed to State control of investments, though he favors thoroughgoing publicity which will enable policyholders and others to know what insurance managers are doing with the funds entrusted to their control. He appreciates the difficulty, even in mutual companies, of securing responsible management; but hopes that a reform of the "proxy" system and improvement in the methods of voting by mail will make it possible to solve the problem. The importance of this matter is fully realized by Mr. Zartman, who makes it clear that the recent disclosures may fail, just as previous ones have failed, to secure permanent reform in the large companies. He says:

> The old managements have been revealed in their misdeeds and forced out of the companies, new officials have been put in with many proclamations of future good service. With all due regard for the character of these particular individuals, it should be said that the same dangers are likely to arise again. There are still stock companies in which the policyholders have no control whatever; it remains to be seen whether under revised laws the policyholders are going to exercise any real control over their companies, and whether any system can be devised that will change the apathetic attitude which the insuring public has always taken towards insurance management, save at the time of some great agitation. Periodical investigations and temporary reforms will be the rule so long as policyholders do not exercise an active control in company affairs.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avenel, G. d'. Prêtres, Soldats et Juges sous Richelieu. Paris: Armand Colin.
Beeching, H. C. The Apostles' Creed. Dutton. $1 net.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. The Thread of Gold. Dutton. $2 net.
Bittinger, Lucy Forney. German Religions Life in Colonial Times. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Burrill, Katharine. Loose Beads. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Chadwick, H. Munro. The Origin of the English Nation. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams. 7s. 6d. net.
Crabbe's Poems. Edited by Adolphus W. Ward. Vol. III. London: Cambridge University Press. Putnams.
Cust, Lionel. Van Dyck. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Deane, Anthony. At the Master's Side. Dutton.
Fairbanks, Arthur. The Mythology of Greece and Rome. Appletons.
Gannett, Henry. Statistical Abstract of the World. John Wiley & Sons.
Grant, Mrs. Colquhoun. Queen and Cardinal. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Greenstone, Julius H. The Messiah Idea in Jewish History. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.
Greville's Life of Sir Philip Sidney. Edited by Nowell Smith. Clarendon Press. $1.75.
Hamlin, Charles S. The Act to Regulate Commerce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.50 net.
Henderson, W. J. Sea Yarns for Boys. Harpers. 60 cents.
Herr, Paul. Das moderne Amerikanische Besserungssystem. Berlin: W. Kohlhammer.
Inge, William Ralph. Truth and Falsehood in Religion. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Jowett, Benjamin. The Interpretation of Scripture. Dutton. $1 net.
Kephart, Horace. The Book of Camping and Woodcraft. Outing Publishing Co.
Lincoln, Abraham. Complete Works of. Edited by J. G. and J. Hay. Vols. XI. and XII. Francis D. Tandy Co.
Many-Sided Universe, The. By C. M. E. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Marchesini, Giovanni. La Vita e il Pensiero di Ardigo. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Montgomery, Edmund. Philosophical Problems in the Light of Vital Organization. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Peacham's Compleat Gentleman. Edited by G. S. Gordon. Clarendon Press. $1.75.
Postal Guide, 1907. Albany.
Richards, Ralph W. Synopsis of Mineral Characters. John Wiley & Sons. $1.25 net.
Rogers, Arthur Kenyon. The Religious Conception of the World. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Good Hunting. Harpers. $1.
Rosemary and Rue. Compiled by Eleanor K. Gordon. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Sélincourt, Hugh de. A Boy's Marriage. John Lane Co. $1.50.
Smyser, William Emory. Tennyson. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Snyder, Henry Nelson. Sidney Lanier. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Souvestre, Emile. Un Philosophe Sous Les Toits. Edited by W. H. Fraser. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Storr, Vernon F. Development and Divine Purpose. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Taylor, John W. The Coming of the Saints. Dutton. $3 net.
Theocritus. Translated by Charles Stuart Calverley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Turner, George Frederic. Frost and Friendship. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Twain, Mark. Christian Science. Harpers. $1.75.
Walpole, Sir Spencer. Studies in Biography. Dutton. $4 net.
Wright, Sir A. E. Principles of Microscopy. Macmillan Co.
Young, Stark. The Blind Man at the Window and Other Poems.—Guenevere: A Play. The Grafton Press. $1.25 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1907.

The Week.

If this country were to intrust the making of its tariffs to the Massachusetts Legislature, the Dingley law would have to go at once. The Governor, the presiding officers of both houses, and 222 out of the 280 members of the Legislature, only 75 of whom are Democrats, signed the tariff revision petition which was forwarded last week to the President. From the high protectionist point of view this is the basest of ingratitude. Massachusetts lies near the centre of that fortunate dumb-bell-shaped region which was pictured on the cover of the Republican campaign text-book in 1904, the "Manufacturing Section of U. S." Only two States, her immediate neighbors, Rhode Island and Connecticut, are more dependent on manufactures. She sells every year $360 worth of manufactured goods per capita, as against $290 for New York. Yet, instead of being grateful for a fiscal system designed solely to foster manufactures, Massachusetts is taking the lead in trying to destroy it. The policy of giving American manufacturers whatever they want has many advocates. Are there any of a policy which forces on them "aid" which they no longer desire?

Except as regards the Japanese, the immigration bill, as finally agreed upon, has become little more than a bundle of minor changes in details of the law. Instead of building a new wall, the Congressional carpenters are merely tinkering the old one. Of the new provisions, one, the increased requirement of air-space for steerage passengers, is in the interest of the immigrant, and should have been adopted long ago. Two—the provision for a Congressional commission to collect data, and the authorization of a conference to regulate immigration by international agreement—do not involve directly the general question of restriction. Fines are provided for the steamship companies bringing consumptives, idiots, or epileptics to this country. Since these persons are not allowed to land in any case, this fine may operate to save hardship and disappointment to some unfortunates. Prostitutes are added to the list of excluded classes. Aliens leaving our insular possessions for the United States must register, and the Panama Canal Zone is declared foreign territory for immigration purposes. Finally, $50,000 is appropriated for the enforcement of the contract labor laws; and the head-tax on immigrants is increased from $2 to $4. This last provision is hard to defend on logical grounds. If the immigrant is not wanted, he should be turned back; if he is wanted, he should not be taxed for entrance. It will exclude some immigrants, but not those whose entrance is least desirable. The head-tax will not exclude so many aliens as the educational qualification advocated by the Senate would have done, or the "low vitality" provision desired by Commissioner-General Sargent. Yet it will stand in the way of some thousands, and in that fact the restrictionists will find some comfort. They have tried harder during the present Congress than at any time within recent years to impose new and severe restrictions, but our historic policy of liberality has been practically unaltered. The sentiment against our present immigration is not wholly fictitious, though selfish interests are reported to have helped manufacture it. If the attempt to settle the problem by intelligent distribution of aliens fails to show results, the demand for arbitrary restriction is certain to arise again.

Though the currency bill reported from the Senate Finance Committee last week lacks spectacular features, its passage would be a considerable step toward an intelligent and consistent system. It illustrates, incidentally, the quiet and simple ways in which reforms like this can be made. Last year the House passed a bill providing for ten-dollar gold certificates (twenty had been the lowest denomination heretofore); and for one and two-dollar bills in place of the ten-dollar silver certificates. The Senate Committee has added the really significant amendment which abolishes the old and meaningless distinction between customs and other revenues, makes all national banks depositories of public moneys, and increases from $3,000,000 to $9,000,000 the aggregate of national bank notes that may be withdrawn in any one month. Senator N. W. Aldrich promises to press this bill to early consideration, and he professes hope of securing its passage; but it must be confessed that the chances of success are none too bright.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton of Ohio again proved his value as a public servant by his protest last Friday against the voting of two more battleships, to cost twenty millions of dollars —two-thirds the amount of John D. Rockefeller's recent magnificent gift to the General Education Board. Mr. Rockefeller's money will do a useful work for centuries to come. The twenty millions for battleships will probably have disappeared twenty years hence, together with several other millions for repairs and alterations. Mr. Burton also declined to be silent about what he regards as the real needs of the navy—the improvement of the personnel and its efficiency. But best of all is Mr. Burton's courage in opposing a policy he deems unwise even though it be that of the Administration. He spoke for common sense and humanity. The soundness of his position is emphasized by the utterance of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, which regards the present desire of the United States to maintain a huge navy as one of the chief difficulties in the way of a general agreement for disarmament at the approaching Hague Conference.

The President's message on the public land laws, taken in connection with his previous declarations on the same large topic, covers a system of radical reform which deserves the attention of the whole country. Owning originally tracts of mineral lands, timber lands, and grazing lands, our government began by virtually giving away whatever was asked for—neither insuring that each should be used for the greatest public benefit, nor that the possessor should always have a chance honestly to develop his legal holdings. For a long time no other system was considered; and the liberal policy undoubtedly acted as a powerful incentive to the development of new tracts. The President now lends his aid to those who believe that the time for this policy has passed. Instead of giving private interests the title outright to coal lands, our government should lease them. It should likewise lease the cattle ranges. It should sell standing timber, without losing control of the land. In short, it should eliminate, so far as possible, the speculative element in the use of public lands, and adopt a far-sighted business policy. How much of this programme can be secured at once is problematical. But some legislation along these lines must be ultimately adopted, if the natural resources still in the hands of the government are to be conserved for the use of future generations.

They are startled at Washington to find that we have a $2,000,000,000 Congress, but for a decade past it has been evident to the most casual observer that public charges were multiplying with great rapidity in the United States. By the latest instalment of the finance statistics of the Twelfth Census we are now able to measure the precise strength of the tendency which common observation had shown to exist. The data gathered by the Census are for the year 1902,

and admit of general comparison with the figures which the Eleventh Census compiled for 1890. The general movement of Federal, State, and local expenditures during this period of twelve years is shown by the following condensed table:

	1890.	1902.
Federal expenditures	$352,218,600	$617,530,100
State and local expenditures	563,735,400	1,156,429,200
Total	$915,954,000	$1,773 959,300

Here is an increase of about 94 per cent. in the total outlay in little more than a decade. Translated into per capita figures, the results are equally impressive:

	1890.	1902.
Federal expenditures	$5 62	$7 81
State and local expenditures	9 00	14 64
Total	$14 62	$22 45

It is customary to dismiss such matters with the complacent remark that this is a big country, and that its wealth is growing as fast as its expenditures. It happens, however, that the census figures of the total wealth of the United States do not show anything of the sort. From 1890 to 1904, according to the official guesses which pass current as statistics, the wealth of the country has advanced as follows:

1890	$65,037,000,000
1900	88,517,000,000
1904	107,104,000,000

From 1890 to 1904 the total wealth of the United States increased about 65 per cent.; but against this we can now set advances of 75 per cent. in Federal expenditures, 105 per cent. in State and local outlays, and 94 per cent. in the aggregate cost of government. Clearly, then, we can safely call the attention of our readers to the portentous growth of public expenses in the United States. Much more than the usual infusion of imagination and emotion will be needed to make the recent census figures yield the "satisfactory showing" which the popular statisticians usually extract from them.

Students of social and educational questions seem to agree that a Federal Bureau should be established for the collection of statistics as to the physical welfare of school children, truancy, mortality, child labor, etc. Opinions differ, however, as to whether the new bureau should be under the Commissioner of Education or be a new division of the Interior Department. Senator Crane of Massachusetts has introduced a bill making a separate bureau. This, to our minds, is the wrong way. These frequent additions to the machinery of our Federal Government are bad enough in themselves, but if we must have them, they should be dovetailed into existing departments wherever possible, if only for reasons of economy. And when, as in this case, there is a long-established force at work on similar problems, the argument for giving this undertaking to the Commissioner of Education seems irresistible. The proposed children's bureau, with its small budget of only $30,000, could do only a small part of the work it should cover. Moreover, if the Bureau of Education were made responsible for the statistics, it could at once enlist in this campaign an army of about half a million teachers. The new Commissioner, E. E. Brown, is vouched for as a man of executive ability; he would probably welcome the chance to show what he could do in this new and important field with a slight enlargement of his present force.

Otto Kelsey, New York State Superintendent of Insurance, now knows that he made the mistake of his life in not resigning quietly when Gov. Hughes first asked him. With a fatuity which is itself sufficient proof of his incapacity, Kelsey chose to resist and rally his friends for a fight. The first blow struck by Hughes reveals Kelsey as pathetically incompetent. By his own confession, extorted in Gov. Hughes's severe cross-examination, Kelsey is ignorant of the details of the insurance investigation, is ignorant of the abuses that flourished under his present subordinates, is ignorant of the shortcomings of these men, and has made no effort to reorganize his department and conduct it on a business basis. Kelsey's own words convict him of being a complete failure. The press is practically unanimous in demanding his dismissal. No disinterested man can offer the slightest excuse for retaining him in a position which he is obviously unfit to occupy. In the eyes of the people of this State, the incident has strengthened rather than weakened Gov. Hughes by affording him opportunity for the display of power and courage hardly matched in the history of New York politics.

The abolition of the South Carolina State dispensary, after an existence of thirteen years, does not restore the saloon to the State. The private liquor dealer cannot conduct his business legally there without a Constitutional amendment for his benefit. The local option now provided gives to every county the choice between prohibition and a dispensary of its own, conducted by responsible local officials. There was a way, even under the old law, of keeping the dispensary out of a county, and, though the process was cumbersome and difficult, as many as fourteen counties, we believe, had taken this action. It is conceded that the first result of the State dispensary repeal will be a large increase in the "dry" territory. Of Senator Tillman's pet institution, the Charleston *News and Courier*, not, perhaps, an unbiassed critic, writes by way of obituary that "for thirteen years it has been the controlling influence in South Carolina, and brought only shame and disgrace to the State." Pervasive scandals were disclosed by the official investigations of last year, such as to discredit hopelessly this remarkable experiment in dealing with the liquor traffic. If the State must go into trade, it meets difficulties enough without meddling with a business which is of bad repute to begin with.

A. B. Stickney of the Chicago Great Western Railway has long had the reputation of being a sort of *enfant terrible* among railway presidents, and his frank defence of stock-watering last week, at the investigation by the Minnesota Legislature, was wholly in character. Like another Luther at Worms, he took his stand upon the proposition that railways are entitled to "all the interest and dividends they can get, provided reasonable rates are charged." Yes, but the reasonableness of rates depends upon the return they yield on capital actually invested. If profit on one-half water is reasonable, why not upon nine-tenths? Besides, since the Trans-Missouri decision by the Supreme Court, the unreasonableness of an act of Congress directed against railroads can no longer be pleaded as sufficient ground for setting it aside. So if it comes down to the assertion of stark power, without regard to fairness or sound public policy, the railroads will find themselves in an unequal contest. Even Mr. Stickney's fiat would not have quite the force of a law of the land.

The opinion has been recently expressed that the American picture market is suffering from stagnation induced by the excessive prices which painters demand. How great the overcharge has been cannot, of course, be given with mathematical precision, but from the scale of reductions suggested it would appear that our artists have indeed been killing the golden millionaire that buys landscapes and *genre* studies for his reception hall or the museum of his native city. But as a matter of fact is it true that the artist's services are exempt from the workings of the law of supply and demand, which is generally accepted as determining price in the economic exchange of commodities and services? We find a reply to this question in a paper in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by the Vicomte Georges d'Avenel, dealing historically with the remuneration of painters and sculptors for the last seven hundred years. He holds that art, no less than industry, is subject to the iron law which declares that the price that is, is right, and that a successful paint-

er is entitled to what he can get. His argument runs thus:

> This last fact [the very large income enjoyed by successful painters] has nothing to do with the intrinsic merits of their work—they surely will not claim superiority to Titian, Velasquez, or Rembrandt—any more than the high fees exacted by our physicians and surgeons are based on their superiority to their predecessors. It depends on the number of the rich, who by their competing demands augment the cost of rare works of rare talents. The surgeon who is a lover of art and who receives five or ten thousand francs for an operation will not hesitate to give that sum for a design by Albrecht Dürer sold in 1521 for 24 francs, which was just the fee the artist paid, in turn, to his physician for a single visit to his sick wife.

The wealth acquired by an artist's labor depends, therefore, on the existing demand for his works, which depends in part on the general wealth of the community, in part on his vogue in the market, and in part on his rate of production. If paintings by Winslow Homer or John S. Sargent are eagerly sought by persons of unlimited wealth, and if these artists turn out but few pictures each year, their work, like a cornered railway stock, will command a correspondingly higher price. They can practically charge what they please.

Far more significant than vague mutterings against the House of Lords, is the clear announcement in the House of Commons that the Government will bring in a bill for Irish Home Rule. The new Secretary for Ireland, Augustine Birrell, explicitly stated that the Ministry believed that nothing would give satisfaction to the majority of the people in Ireland, but "what is generally called a home rule Parliament," and that the Prime Minister would "never make himself responsible for any measure which might obstruct the fulfilment of those hopes." The full text of the bill will be eagerly awaited. It is bound to propose a great enlargement of Irish control over purely Irish affairs. The Tories themselves have gone many steps that way since Gladstone's time. Having conceded a degree of local government in Irish counties, it is difficult to see how they can logically combat an extension of that power to the counties united. Nor can they allege that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is forced to placate the Irish in order to sustain himself in office. He has a clear and large majority without them. Hence it is not political expediency which is moving him, but loyalty to pledges and to the Liberal tradition, with the desire to see all the people throughout the British Empire governed by their own consent.

The situation in France is reassuring, but anomalous. Peace between the Government and the bishops seems almost certain, but within the Government all is not harmony, in spite of the formal reconciliation between Premier Clemenceau and his ambitious Minister of Public Instruction. Like many a family scandal which is hushed up from the outer world for the sake of "the children," the French Cabinet has adopted a domestic *modus vivendi* in order to assure some sort of a future to the favorite child of the Republican *bloc*—Separation of Church and State. Clemenceau may disagree with Briand as to the advantageous nature of the arrangement, but that is a matter to be disposed of *en famille*. As to the outcome, the chances distinctly favor Briand. Clemenceau is too easy-going, too many-sided, too fond of a good joke, even when it is against himself, to carry on a policy of inflexible resolution. He has the *élan* that will gain him a brilliant cavalry victory, but will stand him in little stead against the slow sapping and mining tactics of M. Briand.

The fact that the Constitutional Democrats have made a clean sweep in the Moscow elections for the second Duma, will not please the extreme radicals, who would have preferred a victory for the Socialist Revolutionaries, or their nearest allies, the Social Democrats; but with such an event removed from the realm of the possible by the Government's rigorous watch over the polls, it is satisfactory to see the reactionary element overthrown. The signs seem to point to coöperation in the Duma between the Left and the Cadets on the basis of a more conciliatory policy than that adopted by the Opposition last year. Alexei Alyadin, peasant leader in the first Duma, and now a visitor to this country, was by far the most violent member in his denunciation of the Government. We must, therefore, find a certain significance in the following extract from an article he wrote for the London *Times* on the eve of the present elections:

> And last, but not least, the Hotspurs. They, too, have learnt by bitter experience that the glory of a direct charge does not always lead to victory; a flank movement, aye, and slower methods still, may bring surer profit in the end, without such sacrifice of their best and bravest. Their enthusiasm is not damped; but the last months have brought harmony into their working—a fact which may prove of some moment in the coming struggle.

If we do not err in our interpretation of Hotspur Alyadin's words, the chances for progress this year are not discouraging.

The comparatively full summary of Gen. Kuropatkin's "History of the Russo-Japanese War," supplied by the Associated Press, raises the desire for more details. Nothing but the complete story of the man who knows most about the Russian *débâcle*, and who is apparently honest enough to tell all he knows, will enable us fully to grasp the nature of an epic struggle between inert matter and alert spirit, between chaos and ordered mind, which seems to carry us back to the gray days of the heroes of sun myth. It is easy enough to be wise after the event, but in the light of Kuropatkin's revelations, what chance did the Russians ever stand at any moment of the struggle? Preponderance of fighting force, incomparably better preparation for action in a mountainous country, more youthful vigor, lighter equipment, plentiful mountain artillery and pack trains, extreme patriotic spirit, energetic and capable officers—all these were ranged against unpreparedness, "insufficient warlike spirit of our own troops in consequence of the obscurity surrounding the objects and causes of the war," and officers whose inability was tragic in its results. No wonder that Luck, too, cast her lot with the Japanese. One can see how Gen. Kuropatkin's three volumes can be turned into an incomparable argument for peace—by emphasizing the horrible fact that the lives of tens of thousands are the price that is being paid, not for a leader's error, which is conceivably pardonable, but for a leader's inexcusable neglect and incapacity.

The suspension of the Berlin *Nation*, conducted for twenty-four years by Dr. Theodor Barth, will be regretted far beyond the bounds of the German Empire. Avowedly modelled after the New York *Nation*, it has contended for many of the same causes. Free trade, free speech, and individual freedom have been its ideals; and its discussions of home and foreign affairs have been the soundest that have appeared in all Germany. For international peace Dr. Barth has striven day in and day out; and when the German journalists went on their peace mission to London last summer, he was naturally spokesman for the delegation. That he has not found men to whom he can turn over the burden he has so long carried, is an ominous sign for German Liberalism. Indeed, the suspension of the paper immediately after the last election shows that whatever encouragement the balloting has brought to the Emperor and the Chancellor, it has put but little heart into the Liberals, who stand for progress along democratic lines, as opposed to advances in the direction of Socialism. By the reactionaries, the Clericals, and especially by the Agrarians and the Prussian *Junker*, the death of the *Nation* will be regarded as a blessing. But it goes down with a record of long and unswerving devotion to high principles,

FROM CITIZENSHIP TO EXCLUSION.

If Japan, on the one hand, and the second great Power involved, the San Francisco Board of Education, on the other, assent to the "solution" of the question of Japanese immigration devised at Washington, an end of the controversy is reached for the time being. Pleased as we must be to have allayed, even momentarily, international irritation, we are not bound to approve the makeshift legislation by which Congress dodges responsihility and leaves everything to the President. When he "shall be satisfied" that the coming of the Japanese is to the "detriment of labor conditions," then he may exclude them. But it is only our "continental territory" that is to be saved. To the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, to Porto Rico and the Canal Zone, the contaminating Japanese are to be allowed to go freely. In those negligible possessions of the United States there are no "labor conditions" to be safeguarded — which, being interpreted, means that they have no labor vote with which to terrify politicians. And, of course, the President will have the right to exclude also the thousands of Portuguese in the Hawaiian Islands, the Spaniards at Panama, or Italians in any of our non-continental territory. This is a tremendous power to lodge in any President. If we should ever get one who was not absolutely wise, just, and infallible, he might use his authority, for example, to make himself popular on the Pacific Coast, or to curry favor with demagogues.

Our doubts about the method of settlement are strengthened by the puzzling course of the President himself in this affair. In his message of last December he held the Japanese up to admiration as among the finest people on earth. So desirable was their company in the United States, that Mr. Roosevelt said: "I recommend to the Congress that an act be passed specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese." Nor can it be said that, when the President wrote his message, he had in mind only Japanese artists and university men. He spoke of the "unworthy feeling" that had been shown against Japanese in San Francisco, and the "mutterings against them in one or two other places," "because of their efficiency as workers." That could have meant only the laboring classes among the Japanese immigrants, whose efficiency obviously made them a valuable element in our population. The President's emphatic words about the folly and wickedness of race prejudices and hatreds were cabled round the world as a new and impressive chapter in international morality. He demanded fair treatment for the Japanese—classing them, by name, with Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, and Italians. Nor was this limited to the higher classes of Japan:

> We must treat with justice and good will all *immigrants* who come here under the law. . . . Whether they come from England or Germany, Russia, Japan or Italy, matters nothing.

He even spoke of his determination to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States, if necessary, in order to compel San Francisco to be just to the Japanese. No assertion of principle could be loftier or more sweeping. Yet within two months the President has turned his back upon it, dropped his test cases to establish the treaty rights of the Japanese in this country, and is doing everything in his power to satisfy the demand of the Pacific Coast that the Japanese not only be denied naturalization, but be entirely excluded.

The exclusion policy may conceivably be justified, but it is hard to justify the President for being both against it and for it. Having warmly praised his former attitude, we cannot also praise his right-about-face. Nor can we believe that his round affirmations regarding the true rules of international courtesy and fair dealing were inconsiderately made. We have no doubt that his heart was in them—at the time. Why the great change? Why has this majestic nation, conscious of right and dignity, and determined to observe high-minded justice in all international relations, no matter how some disaffected locality might cry out—why has it fallen to dickering with an indicted mayor, and given in to that "hostility towards the Japanese in this country" which the President said in December was "most discreditable to us as a people," and might be "fraught with the gravest consequences"? We know of no satisfactory explanation. The President declared the anti-Japanese agitation to be "limited to a very few places." He has found that it infects a large part of the Pacific Coast. From Puget Sound to the Mexican border he has been denounced. The press has been outspoken against him; Legislatures have passed resolutions attacking him. We dislike to think that the President has shrunk from unpopularity in standing for a principle, but we wish some one would tell us his real reason for running away from it.

The position of the President is rendered still more humiliating, the "solution" of the difficulty still less defensible, by the long statement given out on Monday by Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. His words read like a studied insult to the President. Mr. Roosevelt's contention that the action of the San Francisco authorities was in violation of our treaty with Japan, Mayor Schmitz puts aside scornfully:

> We have not conceded and do not concede or intend to concede that our action was in violation of any of the stipulations of the treaty.

Moreover, the Mayor of San Francisco states that he made it "a condition" with the President of the United States that the suits brought to determine the scope of the treaty "be dismissed forthwith." Finally, the triumphant Mayor says that the agreement he has consented to is only "temporary," and that "President Roosevelt has given us direct and positive assurances that he will at once begin negotiations with Japan for a treaty that will exclude Japanese laborers, skilled and unskilled." We should have expected Mr. Roosevelt to resent such an utterance with his customary vigor and wrath. Instead, we get this from the White House:

> A copy of Mayor Schmitz's statement was submitted to President Roosevelt and Secretary Root, and is entirely satisfactory to them.

SALVATION BY LECTURES.

William Hurrell Mallock's series of lectures in this city on Socialism promise to make a pleasant book. His literary reputation had, of course, preceded him to this country, and he was certain to receive a welcome and to find good audiences. It may be doubted, however, if even his acute analysis of the old problems will let him deeper into their heart than previous probers have gone; and it may especially be doubted if any very profound impression on the public mind can be made by his lectures on the fallacies of Socialism —or, for that matter, by anybody's.

Those who invited Mr. Mallock to speak here are understood to have entertained a hope that he might help us raise a bulwark against the inrushing socialistic flood. With all sorts of theories and illusions in our air, it was apparently felt that a clear-headed Englishman, with an attractive style, might bear valuable testimony, and persuade some among us from the evil of their ways. In this attitude there was a simple faith that is not a little touching. It is like the feeling of many good people that if only the discontented classes could be got to sit out a sermon every Sunday night, their discontent would vanish. Of course, such a belief as that in the power of hortatory address is a frequent manifestation of the oratorical instinct. Gladstone had it in a marked degree. As Bagehot pointed out, he always was sincerely convinced that, if he could get at his most dogged opponent, and thunder and lighten at him for two or three hours, he could surely convert him. Such zeal and hope may animate the breasts of some lecturers. It would be cruel to dash their ardors; yet in the case of large social and political movements, where the passions of

men are enlisted more than their reason, it is well for all of us to look at the exact ways in which public opinion is formed, and to observe how small a part lecturing plays in the business. On the eve of the Civil War, Edward Everett went about the country delivering his lecture on the virtues of Washington. It is not recorded, however, that the rose-water put out the conflagration.

A study of the way in which Socialism steals upon a people would, we think, yield the best hints as to the means by which it will be likely to go away. Emphatically, it cometh not by observation. No single great book, no forceful agitator or individual prophet, can be pointed to as the efficient cause of what is, after all, a subtle mental attitude of great masses of people. Suddenly the day comes when it is said, "We are all Socialists now." That cynical remark of Sir William Harcourt's did not mean that the whole world was going in for a community of goods. It implied, simply, that a great change had quietly made its way; that people found themselves, they did not know how or why, looking differently at a large range of social questions—taxation, the condition of the working classes, the rewards of capital, the humane functions of government, and so on. Nobody had converted these men. They had merely been caught up in a silent but irresistible tendency of their times.

Godlike reason, looking before and after, has less to do with these alterations of the general point of view than we like to imagine. There is no proof, for example, that English cities went into their socialistic experiments, or even their schemes of municipal trading, in any spirit of cool calculation. Rather, they drifted in. The good old Anglo-Saxon rule of thumb had its way. It was not logic, but experiment; and there are many signs to-day that the experiment is turning out badly. If it does, and if the old Sphinx-question, "Who will pay the bills of Socialism?" remains unanswered even by the great increase in the rates, then we may look for a serious reaction in the movement. Englishmen will begin to say, "That thing has been overdone." But here, again, it will not be so much a reasoned conviction, wrought by any book or newspaper, any orator or lecturer, as a sort of subconscious change, which is the result of forces too secret and elusive to be grasped with the hand.

This is what is called being "in for" this or the other movement. We in the United States are undoubtedly in for a great many things that have been known as socialistic. Citizens are calling upon their governments to do more for them in the way of providing added comforts and conveniences. That infallibly means higher taxes, but by such a consideration the people are not, as yet, checked. They look at corporations in a wholly new light. Like a thief in the night, an entirely different way of regarding great accumulations of capital has stolen upon them. They think about the working classes as they never did before. Now, this is not the direct result of socialistic preaching or organization. As H. G. Wells, himself the most thorough-going of Socialists, has said, "all the socialist societies and leagues and federations seem to me no more than the rustling hem of the garment of advancing Socialism." He adds:

> To make a fairly complete intimation of the nature of socialism to an average, decent, middle-aged, middle-class person would be to arouse emotions of unspeakable terror, if the whole project didn't also naturally clothe itself in a quality of incredibility.

Yet these same middle-class people are going, in their honest, floundering fashion, into various socialistic ventures, and all the warning lectures under heaven will not stop them.

Yet they may, any day, pull up sharply, and go in the other direction. There are clear indications in England that a lurch away from Socialism is imminent. It may show itself in this country at any time. Somehow, a drift asserts itself in such matters. Incalculable but coöperating elements go to establish it. All you can say is that the popular mind has completely changed. You may see Socialism coming in like a flood, and may say bitterly with Herbert Spencer at Biarritz, pointing to the advancing waves, that it is impossible to resist it by argument; yet you may be sure that, if you keep your head and live long enough, you will see it go out again as fated as the tide.

THE EXPOSURE OF VICE.

Widely diverse opinions about the reporting of the Thaw trial are evidently held. In several distant cities women's organizations have protested against publication of the details. Federal officials have moved to exclude from the mails evidence given that is grossly indecent. On the other hand, a Ministers' Association in Providence, after a debate last week, unanimously approved the printing of every feature of the testimony, on the ground that the trial is furnishing the "greatest moral lesson of the age." Thus the matter is plainly one for careful discrimination.

We thoroughly agree that the recurring demonstration of the wages of sin, in the persons of the deliberately and defiantly immoral, is wholesome. It is a part of the continuing moral education of mankind. People will not so seriously consider or so implicitly accept the truth about the inexorable working of the moral law, when it is a question of maxims in a book, as they will when it is a living example. To show that God is not mocked to-day, any more than in Bible times, and that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, is a part of the justification of criminal trials, and of the uncovering by legal process of the foul lives of fair-seeming men. So far we are ready to go with those who see in the revelations of the Thaw trial a means of quickening the moral impulses that keep the world from falling into the pit. Not John Knox or Savonarola or St. Paul himself could preach a more powerful sermon on those things the end whereof is death, than has been this disclosure of the secret ways and the sure and dread punishment of vice cloaked by wealth.

When it comes, however, to the form in which the great moral is conveyed, another class of considerations must be brought in. Shall we, in striking at corruption, ourselves corrupt? In exposing indecency, shall we be indecent? These questions suggest the real objection to printing all the "disgusting details" of the Thaw trial. It is not that they run perilously close to the statute prohibiting the distribution of obscene publications through the mails, or offering them for sale. The danger lies deeper. It is lest, in attempting to create horror at iniquity, you provoke a morbid curiosity about it; excite prurient imaginations; sow seeds of evil in innocent minds; and find yourself in the position, not of a stern moral teacher, but of a purveyor of salacious and demoralizing minutiæ of vice. From the newspaper point of view—and it is that which is mainly at issue—there is no need of going into all the unspeakable details. As an English journalist has said, it is perfectly possible to give a just impression of the total effect of the evidence in the Thaw trial, without touching upon matters which decent people agree not to mention. That should be the newspaper rule. The facts in such a case as this notorious murder trial ought to be given to the public. They are of immense interest, psychologic and moral and criminal. But as regards the nauseating form in which they are told by witnesses, that, surely, is a place at which the scrupulous editor would wish to draw the line. He would feel, with the Apostle, that "it is a shame even to speak of those things which are done of them in secret."

It must be remembered that the warning and preventive value of such a public trial, and public reporting of it, apply, after all, to but a limited class. Most of the innocent, the well-taught, the guarded, the wholesomely occupied, are scarcely affected. They simply shudder and pass by. As for the ignorant or credulous, the dabblers in evil, many of them, it is to be hoped, will be shocked into a realization of what they are about, and will be under a new restraint. But those far down the path of dalliance

are not so to be checked. It is an appalling thought, but it is doubtless true, that hundreds of men in this city are going, in their fashion, the course of the man who was shot in the Madison Square Roof Garden last June, and that they will not be in the least deterred by his fate. "Oh," they will say, "*he* was too reckless, too imprudent. *He* took too many chances. It was certain that could not go on. But *we* will observe every precaution; will be astute where he was careless; and no one shall ever know the hidden life of pleasure we lead." Such delusions are of the very essence of the power of immorality over its victims, and are not to be dissipated by any amount of published evidence of kindred folly. And when the day comes for the next man to find his pleasant vices twisted into a thong to scourge him, he, too, will be astonished to discover that the moral law is no respecter of persons, and has a way of piercing through the most elaborate disguises.

It is, indeed, an awful reflection that men whom one meets in office or street or club, may yet be hiding another life of unspeakable corruption. But let no one think that such men go unpunished, even if unexposed. In assenting to the public importance of exposure, we must not forget the automatic recording of the punishment of vice, in the heart and soul of the vicious man, which goes on remorselessly even when there is no exposure. One form of this punishment is a fearful sense of satiety. It seems to have eaten into both the men prominent in the Thaw trial. After having resorted to every expedient that money or ingenuity could supply to flog jaded sensibilities to a new thrill, they yet wore the air of men walking benighted under the midday sun, themselves their own dungeons. When all is said about the "greatest moral lesson of the age" in the unflinching exposure of vice, it is just as well to bear in mind that the moral order of the universe, and the stuff of which human nature is made, remain sterner and more infallible messengers of justice than any which man can devise.

ENGLISH RULE IN EGYPT.

So many flattering pictures of the British administration of Egypt have appeared of late years that it is rather startling to run across a pamphlet by an Englishman, called "Atrocities of Justice Under British Rule in Egypt." This is the title of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's monograph, and he has, it must be admitted, produced facts that make the whole record seem radically different from that glowingly described by Viscount Milner, whose standard "England in Egypt" has just reached its eleventh edition. Yet what Milner, and a later writer, Sir Auckland Colvin, say about the material development of Egypt is not exaggerated. Lord Cromer has accomplished wonders, besides abolishing enforced labor and the lash; and, all in all, Egypt may still be cited as the most successful example of the government of a "backward" people by Anglo-Saxons or Teutons.

But just because British rule has achieved so many material reforms, we have the right to inquire whether it has also made the natives contented and happy; whether it stands for absolute justice; and, finally, whether the natives are being allowed to come into their own as rapidly as possible. For if the plan were to keep the Egyptians permanently in tutelage, it would be idle to ask whether the people are happy and content. There was a strong national feeling in 1882, when the British defeated the nationalist movement under Arabi Pasha; and the party whose cry is "Egypt for the Egyptians" was markedly strengthened by the wave of hostility to the British which swept over the country from 1893 to 1898. That there have recently been signs of a recrudescence of this desire to be free from a foreign yoke is well known; the fear of a religious crusade against Christians has filled pages in the English and Continental press. The Denshawai incident itself has been frequently mentioned as proof that the Egyptians are on the verge of open hostility against their rulers.

What this "incident" really was, Mr. Blunt explains at length, and revolting reading the story makes. The judgment as printed in the official Blue Book, he declares "one of the most disgraceful documents ever issued, as their deliberate summing up of a case and sentence by civilized judges. It is self-contradictory, slovenly, and its language truculent and absurd." This accusation is hardly too strong, for in one paragraph the court says the crime was "committed against officers who had surrendered their arms and were defenceless," and in the next it says, "the officers could have shot the aggressors as they did the pigeons." While the judgment did not ascribe murder to the natives, it yet sentenced four villagers to death, two to life imprisonment, and bestowed minor punishments upon fifteen others, of whom eight received fifty lashes apiece. These sentences were barbarously executed. The French newspaper, the *Journal du Caire*, said of the horrors perpetrated in the name of justice:

> Here we see the Middle Age punishments as the order of the day—gallows, pillory, iron collar, judge, executioner, torturer—nothing wanting but the wheel and the stake for burning.

It is impossible to read the details without being satisfied that this affair must always be a stain upon Lord Cromer's reputation. He plainly lost his head, and in order to overawe his subjects permitted ferocities recalling those of the Mahdi in the Sudan.

This is the worst of the atrocities which Mr. Blunt, himself a resident of Cairo, reports; but the effect of it has been heightened by other inexcusable miscarriages of justice. Apparently, the theory is that he who touches the hair of an Englishman's head dies like a dog. And then, the British public is amazed because the Egyptian does not adore every red-coat from Alexandria to Khartum, and express on every corner his appreciation of the invader's beneficence.

As a matter of fact, the Egyptian has also grounds for complaint in the slowness with which he is permitted to share in his government. Even a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who treats of the Egyptian problem at length in the January issue from a distinctly pro-British point of view, admits this cause of discontent, and urges that there be a further development of self-governing municipalities in which the Egyptian may learn to direct his own affairs. As for further political powers, it would be "folly," in his opinion, to bestow these until the Egyptians have learned to exercise "with discretion and intelligence those they already possess." Discretion and intelligence are words which must sound charming to the Egyptians as they think of the gibbets and lashes of Denshawai.

The value of a government which so plainly rests on bayonets must ever be questioned. Its success is not to be judged by an increase in per capita wealth or by the placing of fellaheen and pasha on the same footing in the courts. Should the English withdraw, their customs and reforms would be objects of suspicion and dislike merely by reason of the hate they have engendered. Final judgment, too, cannot be passed for decades, perhaps centuries, to come. Meanwhile the cant of the conqueror as to "discretion and intelligence," or the denunciation of the Young Egyptians as crude, shallow, and dangerous agitators, helps not at all. Even the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* admits there is a new stirring in Egypt, a new problem before Lord Cromer, and that discontent is bound to grow as the Egyptians become better educated. This very fact is proof enough that overlordship by Anglo-Saxons is at best a fleeting thing, and at worst a tyranny that is more deeply resented as the intelligence of the people increases.

IMPROVING THE PIANO.

About 300,000 new pianos were, according to the official figures, made last year by American manufacturers. Obviously, nothing could have been more futile than the fears that this industry would be damaged by the automo-

bile mania or the great output of musical phonographs. No doubt these had their effect; but it was more than counterbalanced by the vast number of instruments needed to go with the mechanical "piano players," the demand for which is now being supplied by more than seventy rival makers. There are many thousands of persons who would never have thought of buying a piano had not the application of the perforated-roll principle enabled them, after an hour's experience, to play pieces which, by the old method, would have required years of daily drudgery.

It is with some degree of amusement that we read the complaint of Ernst Fauer, written a quarter of a century ago, that the escape-movement and other improvements in the mechanism of the keyboard had lessened the earnest study on the part of the player which was formerly necessary for the production of tone and for securing a smooth execution. He would have been doubtless scandalized at the present-day "piano player," which relieves the performer of all finger work, leaving his hands and his mind free to attend to the expression alone. He would have good ground for contending that heretofore the mechanical players have left much to be desired in the production of tone and in the matter of accenting the melody. The tone problem still remains, no real substitute for the touch of the fingers having been found as yet; but recent ingenious inventions make it possible to emphasize the melody in a way which places such instruments on a much higher artistic level. The touch problem seems invincible; yet it is unsafe to prophesy, in view of the marvels already achieved. There are "players" which enable the performer to reproduce minutely all the details of phrasing and shading in the interpretations of masterworks by great pianists; others, which require no retracing performer at all, but give reproductions of the style of the great pianists as exact as the camera's copies of their faces. The very latest of the marvels is the promised conveyance, by electric wire, of a musician's performance to hundreds of homes, hundreds of miles apart, thus filling the "long-felt want" of having music on tap, like gas or water.

The popularization of the pianoforte (forty years ago the annual output was only about 25,000) has had as an inevitable result the cheapening of the instruments in quality as well as in price. The best pianos in the world are undoubtedly made in the United States, but only a very few firms can claim the credit. The average American piano is not equal to the average English, French, or German instrument; very often, indeed, it is so flimsy in construction as to be a fraud on the purchaser at any price. Fortunately, not only is a vigorous war being waged against the "stencil" piano, but a large number of firms are at this very moment raising their prices again, to avoid further lowering in quality, or to keep pace with the increased cost of production. It is only by a resolute move in this direction that American firms can hope ever to compete with the Germans in supplying satisfactory instruments for export to South America, Africa, Australia, India, and other countries with tropical climates. The German makers are credited with an income of several million dollars a year from such export sales.

So far as tone is concerned, the best American piano is a noble work of art, equal in its way to the violins of the old Italian makers. But the best piano, when we look at it from other points of view, is far from perfection. Compared with the clavichords and the harpsichords of the time of Bach and Handel, with their thin, brief, small tone, incapable of variation in loudness, the modern pianoforte is indeed a marvel of progress. Even Beethoven and Schubert had no premonition of the luscious beauty of tone, and the power of sustaining it which we enjoy. But in one respect the pianoforte is still far inferior to the voice, the violin, and the wind instruments: it lacks the power of increasing or decreasing the loudness of a tone or a chord after it has been struck, which is one of the most powerful media of musical emotion. Some judges hold that the individuality of the pianoforte would be marred if this defect and the comparative evanescence of its tone were overcome; yet it is difficult to see why this should be so. Its distinctive qualities would remain, but there would be added new aids to expression. A number of inventors have been at work on the problem of securing a crescendo and decrescendo for the pianoforte tone; and it is asserted that in one electric piano remarkable tone results have been achieved.

In one respect the makers of modern pianofortes are surprisingly and exasperatingly conservative. There can be no doubt that the keyboard of the instrument is capable of improvements which would make it much easier to overcome the technical difficulties of performance. As long ago as 1882 an Hungarian musician named Janko invented a new keyboard—or rather a set of keyboards—on which a single player can perform pieces that, on the ordinary keyboard, require two performers. It stands to that keyboard in the relation of the typewriter to the pen; yet it has been strangely neglected by builders and players alike, although there can be no doubt that it —or something similar—will have to be adopted by the virtuoso if he is to keep up with the mechanical "players" in the matter of technical brilliancy.

THE CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW.

This is not the time, when the celebration of Longfellow's birth is taking on the form of a national *agapë*, to dwell heavily on his poetic shortcomings; if, indeed, it were ever time to deal so with the most beloved poet of our age. Let us grant what criticism has found to censure. We may rightly feel incensed at such churlish ignorance as that of Francis Gribble in *Putnam's* and the *Fortnightly*, to whom Longfellow was merely a "prig," who "had no characteristic" habit except that of "decorating his person," a "poet of the obvious and the humdrum," a man "equally devoid of humor and of passion," whose "intellectual outfit consists of a 'store suit' from a theological emporium." We have a right to be incensed at any magazine for printing so uncritical a diatribe. But, waiving this foolishness of conceit, we may still allow that Longfellow glozed the more intricate problems of life, and that his self-restraint in the face of passion was of a kind almost to argue some lack of depth in his emotional nature. Let us admit that his poetry was largely derivative. I do not mean that he was guilty of bald plagiarism, as Poe and some others have tried to show—for, as a matter of fact, greater poets than he have taken their own where they found it with a more royally predatory hand—but that kind of suggestiveness in his lines which continually recalls the same image or rhetorical device used by some earlier writer to other and better effect. Thus, we read in Longfellow:

> God sent his singers upon earth
> With songs of sadness and of mirth,
> That they might touch the hearts of men,
> And bring them back to heaven again—

and immediately we remember Keats:

> Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
> Ye have left your souls on earth!
> Have ye souls in heaven too,
> Double-lived in regions new?

It is too certainly true that an envious critic might fill columns of the *Nation* with parallels of this kind, where the similarity is just sufficient to draw attention to the comparative commonplace that runs through so much of Longfellow's writing. And yet withal he retains his hold in the affection of readers, cultivated and uncultivated alike. In fact one might even say that the failure to love and esteem his muse is a sign of that vitiated taste which cannot distinguish between the vulgar and the common, between what is flat and what is graciously simple.

For there is a gracious sweetness in Longfellow, which has rightly endeared him to the world. The quality is not equally present in all his work; its power increases for the most part in direct proportion to the difficulty of the rhythmical form he adopts. The weakness in his genius, as in that of the New England school generally to which he belonged, was an absence of resistance. There is a significant entry in Longfellow's Diary, under the date March 22, 1848: "He [Lowell] says he means never to write any more poetry—at least for many years; he 'cannot write slowly enough.'" One feels this lack of the inward check in much of Longfellow; the lines flow from him too smoothly and fluently; they have not been held back long enough to be steeped in the deeper and more obstinate emotions of the breast. When the proper

resistance came to him, it was commonly the result of some check imposed by the difficulties of form, rather than of his own artistic inhibition. Thus of all his poems, the dramas in blank verse are probably the flattest, and as a rule his power increases with the intricacy of the rhymes employed. The rule is, of course, not without exceptions. To some readers the easy flow of the trochees in "Hiawatha" have the charm of a singing brook that bubbles over its pebbles all a summer's day. And occasionally in those free quatrains, whose secret he learned from Heine, and which seem so easy, but are really so difficult, he strikes a note that is rare enough in English. So, one sleepless night, he jots down in his Diary: "Nahant, September 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning," and then turns the words into verse:

Four by the clock! and yet not day;
But the great world rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be!

Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.

When reading these lines, it is easy to understand why Kipling reckoned Longfellow among the few poets who really knew the sea. No one who has spent much of his time on our Atlantic Coast can fail to be struck by the magic evocation of that second stanza—the night-bound shore, the single light low on the water, the sleepy wash of the waves. And it is in such evocations as these that we discover Longfellow's true part in the Teutonizing and romanticizing—if the word may be passed—of New England culture. From sources of German metaphysics, whether directly or indirectly from Fichte and Schelling and Schleiermacher, Emerson brought in his transcendental philosophy; from the same romantic school came the impulse that strengthened Hawthorne in his love of the weird and the strange, as also his peculiar isolation in the world; there Thoreau got his mystic nature cult—always, it need not be added, with differences caused by other surroundings and traditions. Longfellow brought from Germany the ideal of a world literature which should absorb the best of all lands; but more than that he imported into Cambridge the sentimental note that runs through German literature. He gave to our literature the romantic *Empfindsamkeit*, refined and qualified indeed by the purity and sweetness and strength of his own nature.

Such triumphs Longfellow wins now and then in the least resistant of metres, but his greater work, that on which his artistic fame will depend, is in the more elaborate forms, particularly the sonnet. Prof. C. E. Norton, who speaks of Longfellow with the authority of a friend and a critic, has prepared a sketch of Longfellow's life, with a selection of his autobiographic poems.* It is an excellent book for the occasion, but one could wish that he had, instead, brought together all the sonnets, with a study of Longfellow as an artist. For ripeness of style and imagery such a volume would stand easily at the head of American poetry; it would place Longfellow as a peer among the great sonnet writers of England. It would make but a slender volume—there are in all only seventy-seven sonnets, all, by the way, in the Italian form—but of what richness and variety of scope! Here would be those six magnificent sonnets prefixed to the translation of Dante, together with those on Shakespeare and Chaucer and Milton. For personal emotion we should have his single love-poem, the sonnet to "My morning and my evening star of love"; and that on "The Cross of Snow," written eighteen years after the burning of his wife and discovered in his portfolio after his death. Here, in the sonnets to Agassiz and Felton and Sumner, the long friendships of his life would find expression. His tender solicitude for children speaks in "A Shadow"; nature and the sea inspire others; his reserved, yet earnest, part in the abolition movement and the war gives pathetic dignity to "A Nameless Grave," which Howells has signalized for its perfect grace and ease; his reminiscences of European travel give color to "Venice," "The River Rhone," and half-a-dozen others; the sad fortitude of his old age finds utterance in this last sonnet he was to write, his farewell inscribed to "My Books":

Sadly, as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half-concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my former self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

These are but glimpses of the riches in little room that a book of Longfellow's sonnets would offer. They would set forth to unbelievers an artist of rare tact and power, and they would be the best commemoration of the sweetest character that ever revealed itself in rhymes.

P. E. M.

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Sketch of his Life. By Charles Eliot Norton. Together with Longfellow's Chief Autobiographical Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI.

I.

Giosuè Carducci died at Bologna on February 15, after an illness of several years, which had latterly almost completely darkened his many-sided and brilliant genius. Since the death of Tennyson he had been the most eminent lyric poet in Europe—a poet still unduly neglected outside of his own country, too robust to be made the idol of a fashionable cult, too disdainful and too exacting to be contented with troops of pliant disciples.

Carducci was born July 27, 1836, at Valdicastello, Tuscany, his father being a country physician, his mother a Florentine who could trace her ancestry back to a gonfaloniere in the days of the republic. The boy passed his early years in the Maremma, and then removed with his parents to Florence, where he studied in the College of the Scolopian Brothers. He seems also to have attended the University at Pisa for a while, after which he undertook to support himself by teaching and by editing the Italian classics for Barbèra. He soon attracted notice, and Mamiani, minister of education, being impressed by his ability, appointed him, in 1860, professor of Italian literature in the University of Bologna. That post he held for over forty years, until, owing to failing health, he reluctantly accepted a special pension from the Government. Of such a career the real events are the intellectual campaigns and the books, the ideas sown in the minds of receptive pupils, the slowly broadening influence, and the ultimate triumph.

Never was there a professor less pedantic than Carducci, never one better fitted to be the interpreter of literature. He was a scholar of the best German type; one who pored over texts and codices; who was familiar with all the apparatus of the philologian; a tireless ransacker for the last fact, the elusive final link, to complete a chain of evidence; an insatiable reader; a stickler for perfection in line and word and comma. Yet all this was but the beginning. His pupils in the classroom met a critic of sure taste and contagious enthusiasm, a poet whose genius etherealized his stores of information, and who dreaded lest mere erudition become "a funeral shroud." Since Schiller taught at Jena no such poet had sat in a professor's chair; but Carducci was, what Schiller was not, a profound and careful scholar as well as a great poet.

In person, Carducci was short, and in later years stout; but he had a massive, shapely head, large enough for a man of heroic size, very impressive with its wealth of hair and beard, and most noticeable for the eyes, which fastened on the person or object before them as if they would literally grasp and penetrate and absorb. Carducci had an astonishing capacity for work—he could toil eight or ten hours at a stretch; could even take recreation in reading proofs for an hour, and then go back to his main task. He cultivated his naturally strong memory, so that he knew almost all of Virgil and Horace, Tibullus and Catullus, by heart, not to speak of Dante, Petrarch, and the later Italian poets. He had a thorough acquaintance with French literature, and a sympathetic knowledge of German, although over the alcove containing his German books he put the sign, "I Barbari." English, also, he read fluently, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of Shelley, on whom he wrote a brief but penetrating critique. He had a very responsive nature—witness that story of his bursting into tears after Pescarella read him some sonnets on Rome. He was quick and sometimes petulant, but forgiving and ready to ask forgiveness. And in spite of the immense respect he enjoyed in his last years, he seems to have kept himself unspoiled by either fame or flattery.

II.

In his professorship Carducci set himself several important tasks. First, he insisted on scholarship; surface impressions of books, dilettante likes and dislikes, would not do for him. Next, he laid stress on taste, the cultivation of the critical faculty through acquaintance with the abiding elements in literature. Finally, he never ceased to apply literature to life, to show that its usefulness and its glory depend upon its power to represent life; that it shall not merely reproduce, after the fashion of the photographic camera, the facts visible to the outward eye, but embody the passions and hopes, the consecration and the poet's dream.

The most scrupulous of artists himself, he scorned the formula "Art for art's sake," behind which lurk now the vacuous and the conventional, and now the lubricious, the shameless, and the obscene. He applauded Manzoni for having by "truth" renewed the literary and civic conscience of Italy. "And since *truth*," he said, "conceived under all its aspects by a great and serene intellect, by a lofty and pure nature, becomes of itself *ideality*, I applaud the art of Alessandro Manzoni in its wholeness"—a single sentence which sums up an entire creed.

Carducci as a professor became popular, but not through condescension or the shallow, genial arts by which teachers sometimes try to win the favor of their classes. He was brusque: he tolerated no slackness in work, no slipshod behavior. "This is very bad," was often his remark in handing back a thesis: but then he would go on to soften the effect of his condemnation by pointing out the better way; and he never failed to discern real merit or to give it generous encouragement. So the flower of Italian youth went to sit under him, and to hear not only what was for Italy a new and compelling gospel of literature and criticism, but fiery outpourings on manhood and patriotism and life. "Let not the weak, the anemic, the skeptical, come to provoke us," he exclaimed in an address to the students of Padua; "let them not come to deprive us of the Ideal, to deprive us of God. Recreants! The Ideal was so stored up in our fathers' souls and in ours that, merely in freeing itself and confounding the false prophets, it revealed a people to itself, renewed a nation, determined the fate of an historic epoch. The God of love and of sacrifice, the God of life and of the future, the God of the people, and of humanity, is in us, with us, and for us."

At another time he uttered this solemn appeal:

> Young men of Italy, your fathers and your brothers gave their soul and their blood to their country: you give your talents. A melancholy rumor is abroad—and even among us lips but not hearts repeat it—that tells of the decline and eclipse of the Latin races. Oh, we desire neither to be quenched nor to rot! Rally in your hearts, O youth, the constancy and the glory of the mighty sires who made the revolution of the Communes and the Renaissance, who discovered new continents for human industry, new fields for art, new methods for science. Love art and science, love them with a true love: love them for themselves, much more than for the gains they may bear you, much more than for the praise they may procure you: love them as the exercise and the manifestation in which the nobility of man is most apparent, in which the worth of the nations perpetuates itself forever. Be good and have faith: have faith in love, in virtue, in justice: have faith in the high destinies of the human race, which mounts, glorious, along the ways of its ideal transformation. And it shall surely come to pass that science shall fortify you, that art shall comfort you, that your country shall bless you.

This was a message which the youth of Italy needed to hear even more than literary criticism. No wonder that Carducci became their leader and prophet; the greater wonder is, seeing how seldom the miracle is performed in academic experience, that his preaching in nowise interfered with his scholarly exactions. He dared to rhapsodize without harboring the ignoble fear that some pedantic colleague would whisper against him the damning epithet "popular." In the large sense he was not and is not popular; but like Matthew Arnold he diffused his ideas through a body of sympathetic pupils, who in turn have distributed them far and wide. During the last twenty years of his life he had the satisfaction of knowing that no line of poetry and no page of criticism worthy of attention was written in Italy that did not bear the trace of his influence. Other schools, other movements, other fashions have come forward, but they all acknowledge his presence, by what they reject, if not by what they adopt.

III.

Carducci's prose, which fills ten or twelve volumes, consists first of formal studies in literary criticism—such, for instance, are his work on "The Evolution of National Literature," the study of the Ode, and the remarkable survey of the literature of the Risorgimento; next, there are essays, half-critical, half-biographical, on great literary figures—Dante, Muratori, Metastasio, Manzoni; then there are commemorative addresses; and, finally, what we may call personal confessions on politics, art, criticism, and conduct, called forth by inquiry or by attack. On any scale, Carducci will rank among the few master critics of the age. He has insight as well as knowledge, taste as well as comprehensiveness. He understands not only the historic position, but the intrinsic value of the makers of literature, and so he infallibly reaches the human residue in every author and in every book. Critics who stop short of that, palm off on us easy formulas of heredity and environment to explain the mysteries of genius.

In nothing does Carducci's generous nature display itself more attractively than in his commemorative eulogies. He has the courage of his enthusiasms, and his pages glow with admiration and affection for Aurelio Saffi and Goffredo Mameli, for Garibaldi and Manzoni and Victor Hugo, for Leopardi and Shelley, for Alberto Mario and Maria Gozzadini. His rhapsody on Garibaldi—a gem of Romanticism—written at a sitting, has become classic in Italy, and may stand as a model of that sort of eloquence. In English, our growing distrust of rhetoric has put such flights out of vogue. Shelley in his "Defence of Poetry" is perhaps the last Englishman whose sustained achievement cannot be questioned, although Ruskin, still later, soared sunward in many a magnificent passage; but too often the rhetorical flyers have only the wings of Icarus, and meet his fate. Carducci, however, just because he was a poet and an Italian, to whom it was natural to give expression to burning emotions in burning phrase, made even his prose dithyrambs genuine.

His personal confessions, though frequently of vital importance on the autobiographic side, have the least permanent literary interest. He indulged in sarcasm that was too subtle, and in allusions or parallels that were too remote. More than once—as when, in 1868, he hurled scorn at those who wished to banish him from the university for political reasons, or when, in 1881, he replied to the critics of his "Levia Gravia"—he missed the opportunity of matching Shelley's rejoinder to Lord Ellenborough or Mazzini's crushing invective against De Tocqueville and Falloux. On such occasions the literary artificer in him seemed to get the upper hand: indeed, although he had a strong man's capacity for indignation and scorn, he spoke most naturally and most victoriously when love, friendship, and ideals moved him.

IV.

But great as he is as prose writer, critic, and leader, it is as poet that he holds the supreme place in modern Italy; it is as poet that his fame will endure, and that he will become more than a name outside of Italy. He began to write verse at the age of eleven, and during his boyhood he printed fugitive pieces. He grew up in the fifties in the heyday of Romanticism. The struggle for Italian independence, borne forward on the great wave of Liberalism, found its true spokesman among the Romanticists. But although Carducci was fired by patriotism, his intellectual and æsthetic elements recoiled from Romanticism. He devoured the masters of Latin literature, studied Latin religion and history, and revelled in the Renaissance with its apparent reproduction of Paganism. In 1858 he edited, together with other young enthusiasts, a journal which they called *Il Poliziano*—after the typical Humanist—and which they made the vehicle of a recall to Classicism. Its chief result was Carducci himself. His poems, inspired more and more by Pagan or Humanistic ideals, made their way slowly. Not until 1865, when he published the "Hymn to Satan," did he reach the general public. The "Hymn" created a scandal, was hotly denounced, and generally misunderstood; for the Satan glorified by Carducci is not the Principle of Evil, but a latter-day Prometheus, the implacable adversary of sullen and joyless creeds, of worn-out deities and corrupt ecclesiasticism. In 1871 Carducci issued his "Levia Gravia," which marks another stage in his progress towards the complete repudiation of Romanticist form and Christian substance. Finally, in 1878, he brought out the first series of "Odi Barbare," in which he attempted to revolutionize Italian prosody. Abandoning rhyme and the traditional metres of his country, he imitated the verse-forms of Horace, taking care that his themes should be treated from the classic point of view. A storm of criticism burst upon him. It was easy to point out that the Latin, with its more solid word-units, its quantity, and its inflections, is a very different metrical instrument from the Italian, with its more plastic word-units, its accent, and its looser construction. The battle raged for many years, and was renewed when Carducci flung a second and third series of "Odi Barbare" into the arena. It can hardly be said that the question has been settled yet. Few foreigners, certainly, find pleasure in the metrical intricacies of the "Odi," and no Italians, although they have been trying for a quarter of a century to imitate them, have succeeded in equalling Carducci. If we may hazard a temporary verdict, we may say that a remarkable genius, with extraordinary finesse as a metricist, achieved a success which proved his genius, but not his theory. The poems themselves are often very beautiful, and are among the most precious poetic treasures of the age; but like the best poems of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," the world accepts them because they are genuine poetry, and not

because they illustrate a new doctrine in prosody.

As to the content of Carducci's poetry, its Humanism, Paganism, Hellenism—for it has each of these qualities—we cannot speak at length here. It is a fine theme, awaiting the properly equipped critic. Classicism, or "the classic spirit," is one of the most abused terms in literary criticism. It is applied alike to Keats's "Endymion," to Landor's "Hellenics," and to Swinburne's mongrel Greek dramas. In the case of Carducci we should ask not only, Has he fumigated his mind of all Christian-Romanticist instincts and prepossessions? but also, Has he really attained the Pagan outlook? Can a man of the nineteenth century, by whatever conscious effort or unconscious affinity, be able to see life as Horace or Catullus saw it—no more, no less—unalloyed by the least hint of the tremendous experience which eighteen hundred years have graven into the memory of the race?

To understand modern Italy one must remember the four historical layers which underlie it. First, there is the Italic, or Pagan; next, the Mediæval Christian, of which Dante is the consummate representative; third, the Renaissance; and, last, the National-Patriotic. You can usually classify Italians according as one or another of these strains predominates. The singular fact about Carducci is, that, although he voluntarily planted himself in the first, he could not exile himself from the others. Few men have ever felt more powerfully Dante's spell; few critics have ever written more illuminatingly about the "Divine Comedy" and the "Canzoniere" than the Humanist who rejected the religion in which Dante found final truth. Patriotism was for Carducci almost a religion, and it is doubtless the many patriotic poems, some of them magnificent in form and message, which have endeared him to masses of his countrymen who cared little about technical disputes over his "Odi Barbare." A fervent disciple of Mazzini, Carducci clung to his early republican ideals until long after the unification of Italy; then he accepted the monarchy, and consented to be appointed a Senator, not because he had fallen a victim, as some irreconcilables gossiped, to court blandishments, but because he set the union and independence of Italy above partisan claims, and saw that, for the present at least, it is the monarchy and not the republic which can best serve Italy's needs.

Carducci never flattered any one; least of all would he have flattered those in power. He spared no criticism of politics or education or literature or social standards. He scourged the "Byzantinism" of his countrymen, who seemed to settle back, after their splendid achievement of unity, into a self-complacent, materialistic existence. He held ever before them the ideal Italy, for which they must strive. And they ended by admiring him. He brought to them the example of vigor, the shining gifts of genius, the daily stimulus of character. As professor he had been neglected, as critic derided, as poet attacked—yet he kept on his way unshaken: little by little he saw the tide turn, and he lived to be honored by an entire nation. The Italians, obeying a wise intuition, would place him beside Cavour and Mazzini, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel: first, the heroes who do, then the poet, who immortalizes the heroic deeds. Whatever estimate posterity may set on Carducci's works, there can be no dispute as to his life; in him genius and character were perfectly blended.

William Roscoe Thayer.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

To celebrate the removal of the Royal Library at Copenhagen to its new quarters, its chief librarian, H. O. Lange, has issued a volume of bibliographical essays entitled "Analecta Bibliographica," in which he traces the steps of some of the earliest printers in Denmark. The art was introduced into that kingdom by Johan Snell, a North German if Lange's conjecture is right, a Hollander if we follow Chr. Brunn and G. E. Klemming. The only book that is known to bear his name in a Danish imprint is Caorsin's "Obsidio Rhodiana," which he printed in Odense in 1482. The type with which it is printed is found to be one of the two used in the "Breviarium Othinense," of which only an incomplete copy is known; the other "Breviarium" type is identical with that used in some other books and broadsides, all in Latin, and printed during the years 1480 to 1482. The "Breviarium" has hitherto been ascribed to an unknown printer in Lübeck; most of the other books have been unknown, until Lange discovered them. He shows conclusively that all these must be ascribed to Snell, and that, while he printed the others somewhere in North Germany, presumably in Lübeck, the "Breviarium Othinense" undoubtedly was printed in Odense. Another printer treated in the volume before us is Govaerts van Ghemen, who printed in Holland from 1486 to 1488, and in Copenhagen between 1490 and 1510.

The Merwin-Clayton Sales Company will hold its most important auction so far this season on February 26, 27, and 28. The catalogue, made up of rarities from various sources, includes the library of Dr. H. S. Fuller of Hartford, Conn. The one book which stands preëminent is a thin little volume with the interesting title: "Des Sauvages, ou, Voyage de Samuel Champlain du Brovage, fait en la France nouvelle," without date on title, but with "privilege" dated November 15, 1603. This, the first issue of Champlain's first printed work, is one of the rarest of books. Robert Hoe owns a copy, and there are copies in the John Carter Brown and Lenox libraries and in the British Museum, but no copy seems ever before to have been offered at public sale. There is a second issue, made up apparently from the same sheets, but differing slightly in the preliminary leaves. The title-page of that second issue bears the date 1604. A dated copy which brought $400 in the Ives sale in 1891 is now owned by J. Pierpont Morgan. Among items of Americana of less importance may be noted Peters's "General History of Connecticut," 1781, the first edition; Pownall's "Topographical Description of North America," 1776, with the large map; Sprengel's little "Historisches Taschenbuch" for 1784, containing an account of the Revolutionary war in America, and illustrated with a series of eighteen little engravings by Chodowiecki, as well as several colored plates. The four editions of Ptolemy's Geography are notable. The Ulm edition of 1482 contains the earliest engraved map showing the configuration of Greenland. Murphy's copy brought $85 in 1884, and a copy at Sotheby's in 1901 brought £68. The edition of 1511 has a large general map (printed separately and not found in all copies) which shows "Terra Laboratorus" as a large island, and shows also Hispaniola, Cuba, and part of South America. Murphy's copy sold in 1884 for $95, and Barlow's in 1890 for $115. The edition of 1513 is also important, as the "Tabula Terre Nove" which it contains is one of the earliest printed maps devoted entirely to the New World. Murphy's copy brought $110 in 1884, and Barlow's $150 in 1890. The fourth Ptolemy is a late edition, Basle, 1552, and of less interest. The sale includes a long series of old English quarto plays, mostly of the Restoration period, no less than 140 lots. In the list are works by Beaumont and Fletcher, Thomas Carew, Sir William Davenant, John Dennis, Dryden, Tom Durfey, Sir George Etherege, Nathaniel Lee, Marlowe, Massinger, Otway, Shadwell, Vanbrugh, Wycherley, and others. Among early English books, not dramatic, are Allot's "England's Parnassus, or the Choysest Flowers of our Modern Poets," 1600; Gower's "Confessione Amantis," Berthelet's edition, 1554; Chalkhill's "Thealma and Clearchus," 1683; Bancroft's "Two Books of Epigrammes," 1639; Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," two editions, 1648 and 1658; "All the Works of John Taylor, the Water Poet," 1630, with the rare engraved title by T. Cockson. Among the more modern books are Keats's "Endymion," 1818, and "Lamia, Isabella and the Eve of St. Agnes," 1820; Lamb's "Elia," 1823, second issue, but in immaculate condition, in original boards, uncut, and, except for one signature, unopened; a set of the four numbers of that famous Pre-Raphaelite periodical, the *Germ*, a presentation copy from W. M. Rossetti; a nearly complete set of the publications of the Grolier Club, publications of the Bibliophile Society, and sets of the works of various standard authors on large paper.

Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia will offer at auction on February 22 and 23 a collection of autograph letters and historical documents. The catalogue enumerates diaries, letters, and documents of Washington; letters of Revolutionary officers, of Presidents and their Cabinets, signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Old Congress, American and British authors, crowned heads, and prominent men of Colonial times. There is also an interesting lot of papers relating to Wyoming.

The date for the Van Antwerp sale at Sotheby's has been fixed as March 22 and 23. Catalogues will be in the hands of American bidders in a day or two.

Correspondence.

OPEN SHELVES AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for February 7, N. D. C. Hodges of the Public Library of Cincinnati expresses surprise at what you said January 10, to the effect that the "open shelves" hobby of a few years ago was fall-

ing into disrepute in American libraries; that is, the larger libraries. I, in turn, am surprised at Mr. Hodges.

Does he take an annual inventory? Business men do, a library should. I find no mention of such inventory in his latest received report, although he speaks casually of 105 books lost. If that is all a thorough inventory would show, he is certainly very fortunate, for the Providence, R. I., Public Library, with open shelves, reports, "with lamentations and loud moans," 1,796 volumes stolen in two years—forty-five volumes stolen in three months from one small department, the Industrial Library, alone; and "it has been impossible to discover the thief or check the thieving." (See Report for December 31, 1905.) The Boston Public Library, in its annual report for 1905, gives 1,200 volumes stolen in that year, and, like the Providence library, is at a loss to know what to do. These are but two cases; there are others in plenty—a growing number.

In the case of small libraries where all books are under the immediate supervision of the assistants, the open shelf system will, no doubt, continue to be followed as it always has been.

I venture to inclose my views on the subject—in a paper read before the Illinois State Library Association at East St. Louis, February 22, 1900—when the hurrah for open shelves first broke out with violence; and later experience confirms what I then said.

E. S. Willcox.

Public Library, Peoria, Ill., February 9.

Notes.

The following books are on the list of E. P. Dutton & Co. for immediate publication: "The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop)," "A Vision of India," by Sidney Low; "The Old Country," by Henry Newbolt; "The Return to the Land," by Senator Jules Méline, with preface by Justin McCarthy; "Studies in Seven Arts," by Arthur Symons; "Richard III.: His Life and Character in the Light of Recent Research," by Sir Clements R. Markham; "The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands: A Political and Economic History and a Study in Practical Statesmanship," by J. Ellis Barker; "Heidelberg: Its Princes and Its Palaces," by Elizabeth Godfrey.

L. C. Page & Co. announce the following books for this spring: "The Italian Lakes," by W. D. McCrackan; "Prisoners of Fortune," by R. P. Smith; "The Rome Express," by Major Arthur Griffiths; "The Morning Glory Club," by G. A. Kyle; "Hunters of the Silences," by C. G. D. Roberts; "Mystery Island," by Harry Hurst; "The Flying Cloud," by Morley Roberts; "The Lady of the Blue Motor," by Sidney Paternoster, and "Tenants of the Trees," by Clarence Hawkes.

The biography of Frederick A. Douglass, by Booker T. Washington, will be published this month by George W. Jacobs & Co.

About the end of the month, Henry Holt & Co. will have ready a biography of Julie de Lespinasse, by the Marquis de Ségur, who has just been elected a member of the French Academy. The book is said to give a good deal of new information in regard to that heroine of passion, and to refute many of the calumnies that have clung to her name.

A fourth edition (Paul Elder & Co.) of Edward Robeson Taylor's "Sonnets from the Trophies of José-Maria de Heredia" proves both the interest of Heredia for English readers and the vitality of Mr. Taylor's translation.

Crabbe's Poems, edited by A. W. Ward, are now completed by a third volume in the Cambridge English Classics (Putnams), which contains nearly a hundred pages in small type of verse hitherto unpublished. Dr. Ward has had access not only to the five MS. books now in the possession of the Cambridge University Press, but to other material of the same nature. Hence these new poems, mostly fragmentary and unfinished, and, to be honest, of no particular value, but tempting to all lovers of the poet, whose reputation, we suspect, is steadily rising to-day, despite Professor Woodberry's patronizing "We have done with Crabbe"—or words to that effect published long ago in the *Atlantic*. For those, if any such there be, who wish to study Crabbe minutely, Dr. Ward's carefully collated text, bibliography, and fresh material will be indispensable. And to the general reader, also, who does not own the eight-volume edition of 1834, or one of the other early editions issued by John Murray, the present publication offers Crabbe in the most comfortable form.

The army of Omar versions still grows, and the last, by George Roe, has a fairer claim than most to consideration. ("Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam"; A. C. McClurg & Co.). For one thing, it is honest. His one hundred and fourteen quatrains are really made from Persian texts and are conscientious renderings. An elaborate array of marginal references gives all the texts in which each is found and the translators who have previously rendered each. The foot-notes are not the usual banalities of Omarians, but give various readings, double meanings, and Oriental comments. The "differentia" of the translation is an attempt neither to sacrifice good sense to literality nor the meaning of the Persian to picturesqueness. It is really successful; but the question may rise whether the real Omar has not vanished under it—not the Omar who died at Nishapur A. D., 1123, but the mystical Omar, forever reborn in the hearts of men, whose form is illusion and whose substance mutability. To the philosophical astronomer all this would only give thoughts on the mystery of personality and identity, and perhaps some quips on the eccentricity of the sphere. But if any wish to hold the temporary in the eternal, he will find help in Mr. Roe's workmanlike little book.

"Reminiscences of a Sportsman," by J. Parker Whitney, is published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., New York. Just why either author or publisher should allow nearly five hundred pages of exceedingly interesting reminiscences to go forth without any division into chapters, any table of contents, any index, or even any topical headlines over the single pages, is a problem of which we can imagine no solution. To this external defect must be added unusually careless proofreading, and a tendency in the author to a needless lawlessness in choice (or, rather, creation) of words and forms of expression. The reader soon forgets these defects, however, in his interest in the intensely active and varied life which Mr. Whitney has led. Mr. Whitney's own career nicely illustrates the ethical development of sportsmanship during the past half-century. In his early life he could take several hundred trout in one day with no qualms of conscience, but he finds it impossible to relate the story of those days now without frequent apologies and assertions of his adherence to the higher standards which thoughtful sportsmen are trying to establish. His early adventures gave him a taste of pioneer life in California, Colorado, and New Mexico. His interest in the mineral development of Colorado led to his appointment as Commissioner for Colorado to the Paris Exposition of 1867. His visits to New Mexico brought him into frequent contact with Tucker, the famous sheriff of Grant County, who was a whole vigilance committee in himself during the period of transition from unmitigated border outlawry to conditions which would admit of the safe development of the Territory's resources. In New Mexico Mr. Whitney made the acquaintance of Gen. Grant and Lew Wallace. Indeed, one of the most interesting features of his reminiscences is the wide range of personal acquaintances and friendships which it came in his way to form, not only in this country, but across the water as well. As a sportsman, the rod is his choice rather than the gun, and he has little to say of other game fishes in comparison with the brook trout and the salmon. He is an old devotee of the Rangeley lake region, claiming for the Rangeley trout a decided superiority over all competitors. In salmon angling he is credited with the original introduction of sportsmanlike methods of taking the Pacific salmon in the sea, with light rod and fine line, performing a service somewhat similar to that of C. F. Holder in the capture of the leaping tuna.

The second volume of the "Records of the Virginia Company of London" (Library of Congress) is issued, and brings the story down to the practical confiscation of the records by the King. The colonizing venture had not proved very successful, and the money returns were not sufficient to quiet the shareholders, some of whom organized an opposition and provoked the King's interference. The text now appears in full for the first time, and all the excellences noted in the first volume are continued in the second. The index is, unfortunately, entirely inadequate, and it is difficult to see on what plan it was prepared.

The sixth volume of Gaillard Hunt's "Writings of James Madison" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) covers the years 1790 to 1802. Madison becomes the partisan, breaking from his Federalist connections and falling under the absolute sway of Jefferson. In the early years he is active in criticising and opposing Hamilton's plans, and in 1801 he accepts the office of Secretary of State in Jefferson's Administration. As a critic he was not strong, and his controversial writings are somewhat dull reading; but his letters and essays throw much light upon the course of national politics, and mark his progress in republicanism. Mr. Hunt has been obliged to omit much of

Madison's correspondence, and thus the Rives edition is still necessary to the student. But, in compensation, Mr. Hunt has given a more accurate text, has placed the newspaper writings in their proper locations, and, best of all, has drawn largely upon Madison's official papers while Secretary of State, a field almost wholly neglected by previous editors. The printing of so many speeches is of doubtful utility, as the reporting of that day was notoriously defective, and these summaries can only be comprehended from their context in the "Annals." The space thus occupied could have been better employed by including more of the correspondence, and especially the letters to Jefferson. The notes of the editor are judicious and accurate. He borrows from Conway the erroneous statement that Paine was urged for a "Cabinet" position. The postmaster-general was not then a Cabinet officer.

It is a pleasure to welcome a tenth edition of Professor Holland's classic work, "The Elements of Jurisprudence." The ninth edition was but a reprint of that of 1896, but the author has now had time to revise the work with care, and to add, especially in the notes, much new material. For instance, he often refers to the German Empire's "Bürgerliches Gesetzbuch" and to Edward Jenks's "Digest of English Civil Law," of which the first book came out in 1905. Fortunate is the *magnum opus* which can be revised and brought up to date by the hand which produced it twenty-seven years ago!

"Land Reform" (Longmans, Green & Co.), by Jesse Collings, M. P., the well-known supporter of Mr. Chamberlain and president of the Rural Laborers' League, is a book of which certain parts are extremely interesting, though they appear in somewhat confused array. The work was finished in 1905, and, as its publication was delayed for a year, some of its statements are already slightly out of date. It opens with a discussion of the principles of the Purchase of Land bill, introduced into the House of Commons by the author two years ago. Next follow seven excellent chapters containing a fairly full history of the origin and growth of the present English land system, and particularly of the gradual disappearance of peasant proprietorship. Lastly, a third division of nine chapters sets forth the arguments for and against the various proposals which have been made for the revival of British agriculture and the encouragement of small holdings. The question of "fiscal reform," *i. e.*, protection, is dealt with in two chapters. A special interest is given to the writer's views by the fact, often referred to in the notes, that he is himself the son of an English peasant. Notwithstanding his somewhat pessimistic opinions, it is remarkable how much, even in the case of women workers, England has already done to bring the population back to the land. The present Government may safely be counted upon to encourage that movement.

John Reichert, for over twenty years clerk of the vestry of St. George's Church, New York, and secretary of the former rector, the Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, has made a complete compilation, with the cooperation of Dean George Hodges of Cambridge, of the methods of administration of the manifold activities of St. George's parish ("The Administration of an Institutional Church." Harper & Bros.). Everything connected with the work of the church—the buildings, system of records, services and societies for different classes of parishioners, charitable activities, financial methods—is carefully described and well illustrated.

A critic of theological books has often to inquire with astonishment what principles or sentiments have governed churches in the selection of their heretics. Not infrequently one runs across a treatise, orthodox to the point of dulness, which bears on its title the name of some divine who has been disciplined for wrong opinion. For example, the Rev. Joseph Agar Beet, who fell under the ban of the English Methodists some years ago, issues "A Manual of Theology" (A. C. Armstrong & Son), which is wearisome with proof texts and which would certainly seem to defend enough of accepted doctrine to entitle its author to full rights and privileges in the company of conservative theologians. One discerns on every page the gentle spirit of a man truly devout and open-minded, but it is none the less evident that the author is altogether in the bonds of outgrown theological method. In view of this general attitude Dr. Beet's slight aberrations in the matter of an intermediate state after death, which come to light again in this volume, appear almost negligible. The range of subjects is somewhat larger than in most manuals of doctrinal theology, and topics connected with the future life are treated with special fulness.

Prof. Carl Hilty has a peculiar position among German writers as a preacher of what may be called religious culture—a culture, that is, which should be based first on knowledge of the classics as the best discipline for the young, and after that on Christianity as the best guide for the mature. His "Happiness" has already been presented to English readers, and now a second volume of essays on "The Steps of Life" has been translated by Melvin Brandow and published, with an introduction by Prof. F. G. Peabody of Harvard, by the Macmillan Company.

Prof. Luigi Fontana-Russo's "Trattato di Politica Commerciale" (Milan: U. Hoepli) is a well-considered treatise which combines, as Italian economic writing not infrequently does, German thoroughness with French appreciation of form. The first book treats excellently the theory of international trade, the second deals with the theory of commercial policy, and the third considers the technique of commercial regulation. A long review would be needed to do justice to the skill with which the author has executed his task. In his theoretical chapters the treatment of the doctrine of comparative cost is particularly noteworthy, and the discussion of the practical question of free trade versus protection is marked by fairness and sound judgment. The work is decidedly solid, abounding in helpful information skilfully combined with theoretical discussion; and it will be indispensable to the careful student of the subject.

The writers of Italy, on January 21 last, presented an inscribed shield of gold to the veteran novelist, journalist, and poet, Anton Giulio Barrili. His own city of Genoa has paid him the distinguished honor of a two days' fête. Honorary citizenships have been showered upon him by many municipalities. Perhaps no author of our times has been more sympathetic to the entire Italian people. Of an admirable simplicity, whether as soldier, journalist, or man of letters, Barrili has written very frankly to amuse himself and others. The eighty volumes which he has produced almost without artistic preoccupation, are not of the sort that make for permanent fame. They constitute, however, a winning record of much that is best in modern Italian life. To paralliel so sturdy and valuable a chronicle of the middle class of a nation, one must go back to Trollope. To a foreign reader Barrili's books differ singularly little from each other in glory. All give a faithful if slightly sentimentalized picture of the little world, all present the grace, curiously rare in contemporary Italian letters, of a rich and abundant humor. Patriotism has been implicit in all his work, and he is giving his later years to the assembling and rewriting of such history and legend as he feels best express the soul of his race. In all he is an eminently genial and Italian figure—a wholesome contrast to the rather depressing cosmopolitanism that prevails below the Alps.

Through the death of Graziadio Isaia Ascoli, at Milan, January 22, Italy loses her most famous philologist. He was born in Gorizia, Friuli—whose dialect he assiduously studied—July 16, 1829. From 1861 until a few years ago he had taught the comparative philology of the classic and neo-Latin tongues, at the Accademia Scientifico-Litterario, Milan, occupying the first chair of the science of language established in Italy. Like most scholars in his branch, his success in viva-voce instruction was small. His impressive personality and his proverbial severity repelled all except the most serious students. Through his writings, however, and his own review, *Archivio Glottologico*, founded in 1873, he exercised a potent influence upon linguistic study in Italy, turning it towards phonetics. In 1854, under the title *Studii Orientali e Linguistici*, he attempted to start a philological review. It stopped, to be sure, at the second issue, but enough had appeared to give him recognition beyond the Alps. On assuming his chair in 1861, he put forth the first volume of "Studii Critici," the second following in 1877. In 1870 he collected many of his academic lectures under the caption "Corsi di Glottologia." The sub-title, "Fonologia Comparata del Sanscrito, del Greco, e del Latino," gives a better idea of the scope of his most important work. In it he attacked and upset the consecrated theory of Pott that the Indo-European language had a very limited scale of vowels and consonants. Pott's view, based on the overappreciation of Sanscrit, has, it is needless to say, been long abandoned. In the early volumes of the *Archivio* were printed those specimens of Italian dialects, "Saggi Ladini," which forecast the modern tendency to emphasize the philological value of the popular dialects, as throwing light upon the history and processes of development of a language. Ascoli's anticipation of the course of philology for the generation just passed must be reckoned among those notable examples of in-

tuition in which Italian scholarship has always abounded. Its weakness is discursiveness and inaccuracy, defects from which Ascoli was by no means free. He spent much time on such unfruitful researches as the relations of the Semitic and Indo-European language. He was a Celticist and burrowed in the shifting sands of Romany. Scholars of German training would probably regard him as much of a dilettante in spite of his prodigious learning and indubitable insight. This would be doing him scant justice, for his insight, considering his isolated position, amounted to genius. Until his old age he lacked the stimulus of association with his equals and the support of a compact corps of disciples. His death, at the ripe age of seventy-seven, removes one of the most venerated figures in the academic life of Italy.

The death last Thursday of Dr. Franz J. von Rottenburg, at Bonn, Germany, removes another statesman of Prince Bismarck's generation. Dr. von Rottenburg was born at Danzig, Prussia, in 1845, and studied at Heidelberg. After holding various offices, he became in 1881 chief of the Imperial Chancery, and, as confidential adviser to Prince Bismarck, he exerted a powerful influence upon German politics for nearly ten years. In 1896, on account of ill-health, he resigned from the service of the state and became curator of the University of Bonn, an office which he occupied until his death. He was the author of a study on "The Theory of the State," published in 1877, and of essays on the French Ultramontane Movement, and the French Revolution, which were printed anonymously. Eight years ago he came to this country to receive the degree of LL.D. from Yale.

Last Thursday the French Academy elected two new immortals: Maurice Donnay and the Marquis de Ségur in place of Albert Sorel and Edmond Rousse, deceased. Donnay is a dramatic writer who has long been a favorite with the public, and represents the wit and sentiment of the Boulevards. Ségur is an historian of distinction, whose latest work will be found announced elsewhere in the *Nation* to-day.

MODERN ENGLAND.

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. Volume V. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

With this fifth volume Mr. Paul brings to an end his history of England in our own time. We have already, in reviewing the earlier volumes, sufficiently described the character of his historical method and his literary execution. That execution has some evident merits. The writing is always bright, keen, often epigrammatic. The narrative moves briskly along. The judgments are delivered clearly and with a positiveness which leaves the reader in no doubt about the author's view. Though Mr. Paul has decided opinions, he tries to be impartial—as impartial as a man can well be who is discussing events and persons which still excite feeling, things over which we have rejoiced or sorrowed at the moment of their happening, persons whom we have praised or blamed as we watched their behavior.

As regards method, the book deals more with the outward aspect than with the underlying significance and permanent import of events. True, no doubt, it is that the difficulty of dealing with such principles and results becomes doubly great when one writes about one's own time. Much of what has befallen England during the last forty years cannot yet be fairly judged, not merely because many of the necessary materials are still unpublished, but also because events have not yet fallen into their true perspective. Thus much at least, however, it is already possible to assert—that the last forty years have been for England a period of entrancing interest, full of dramatic situations and of changes fateful for the fortunes both of the English people and of their empire in the world. We cannot here attempt to discuss more than a few of the many remarkable features of that period, but upon three of them a few words may be said.

Mr. Gladstone was from 1865, when Lord Palmerston died, till 1894, when he himself retired from Parliament, by far the most conspicuous and striking figure in British public life. Disraeli was his chief antagonist down till 1881, as Lord Salisbury was thereafter. But neither Disraeli nor Lord Salisbury approached him either in popularity, or in force, or in personal charm. Disraeli's influence was chiefly due to the curiosity he excited, and to the wonder everybody felt that a man weighted with the drawbacks of Jewish birth, of a foreign name, and of a whole string of youthful eccentricities and affectations, all singularly un-English, should have come to be the leader of the English landed aristocracy and the official defender of the Established Church. Disraeli never had any real hold on the masses, and before he disappeared he had ceased to be a really potent factor. The glamour that surrounded him was largely the creation of the literary and journalistic class, who were in a way proud of him as one of themselves, and who, being somewhat cynically minded, disliked the effusive earnestness of Mr. Gladstone and sought to disparage the latter by their praises of his rival.

Lord Salisbury was a man of a type different from both. No life of him has yet appeared, and so few of his letters have been published, so little of his intimate relations with his colleagues has leaked out, that it is not safe to speak positively about him. Few prominent English statesmen seem to have been so imperfectly known to their contemporaries. People were not even aware who his friends were, or indeed whether he had any friends outside his own family. He was a powerful speaker, heavy and even monotonous in manner, but with a remarkable command of English—nobody knew better how to find the exactly right word—and with a no less remarkable clearness and precision in his ideas. Whether the vigor of his language and the exactness of his thought found corresponding expression in his conduct was much disputed. Some thought him weak, and the way in which he submitted to Disraeli, after having for a time resisted him, lent color to this view. A German diplomatist was reported to have called him "a lath painted to look like iron." Yet there were moments at which he did show firmness; nor did he waver in the general lines of his policy as Prime Minister during three terms of office, any more than is inevitable when a minister has to take account of the varying currents of opinion. No one advertised himself less, no one showed a haughtier indifference to the comments of the press. But he never touched either the popular imagination or the popular heart. He seemed to take little interest in any good cause or any great cause, and effected nothing for any cause whatever. His intellect was eminently critical, his mental attitude usually cynical and never sympathetic. Such tastes as he showed outside politics lay in the direction not of letters but of natural science. But he could handle the pen with incisive power, and in his earlier days wrote much and well for weekly and quarterly organs. Though he was Foreign Secretary of State for twelve years, succeeded in keeping his country out of any European war, and made himself respected by the other Powers, he would hardly seem to have won either in Europe or at home the fame of a great foreign minister, a fame which, to be sure, is rarely won by any one.

That both Disraeli and Salisbury were overtopped by Mr. Gladstone, goes without saying. The same might be affirmed of all English statesmen since William Pitt and Charles James Fox. So far as the interest of the last forty years is a personal interest, it centres in that of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary personality. About him much remains to be said, although much has been said already. The period included in the volume that lies before us contains the narrative of the last phase of his public life—the effort he made to create a separate legislature in and for Ireland. It was the last great enterprise of his life, and in many ways the most remarkable, for in it he showed even more than his wonted courage and far less than his usual skill. He launched it so suddenly as to startle all and alienate many of his oldest friends and comrades. He pressed it forward with a haste and impatience which went far to injure its chances of success, because the English people did not like to be hurried and hustled. He threw himself into it with a passion which hardly recked of obstacles, and which made it hard for him to appreciate the honest objections which some of his opponents felt. Though he had passed seventy-five years of age, he fought for it on platforms and in the Parliament with the energy of a man of thirty. For nine years (December, 1885, till March, 1894), his mind was full of Ireland, to the almost total exclusion of other topics. His efforts failed, for the first Home Rule bill (1886) was defeated in the House of Commons and the second (1893) thrown out by the House of Lords. Yet this last phase of his career was in a sense the most brilliant. If it was a failure, it was also a triumph. Never did he display so splendid a courage as when he took up the unpopular cause of Irish nationality and urged it upon the reluctant English. Never did his amazing intellectual resource shine out more brightly than in planning and defending his scheme. Never was he more plainly actuated by the highest sense of duty and the most conscientious convictions. Had victory depended on himself alone, it seems possible that he might have won the battle, and carried his second bill. But the fall of Parnell and the revul-

sion of popular feeling which that fall caused in England, made the attempt hopeless.

It was just before he ventured out into this stormy Irish sea that Mr. Gladstone made his second great contribution to what has been the most momentous constitutional change in modern England, viz., that extension of the suffrage which has turned the government of the country into a democracy. His first act as leader of the House of Commons after Lord Palmerston's death was to bring in a bill for lowering the electoral franchise in boroughs. The bill did not pass, but it led to the passing in the following year (1867) of a measure which lowered that franchise still further, and admitted to voting rights nearly the whole of the working class. The same principles were applied by him to the counties in 1884—in England the qualifications for voting in boroughs and in counties had from time immemorial been different—and in 1885 a redistribution of seats, also carried by his Ministry, took away members from many small towns to bestow them on large cities and populous county districts. Thus, since 1885 voting power has completely passed from the richer to the poorer classes. The former retain, of course, such influence as belongs to wealth and education; but the workingmen are, by the immense numerical preponderance of their votes, masters of the situation in nearly every electoral district, whether of town or country.

Three remarkable characteristics of this constitutional revolution deserve to be noted. The first is that it was a peaceful revolution. The really less important change effected by the Reform Act of 1832 was passionately demanded, and was resisted with an obstinacy that brought England to the verge of civil war. But the extensions of the suffrage carried in 1867 and 1884 were neither eagerly called for by the working class nor fiercely opposed by the richer class. That of 1867 was actually carried through by a Tory Ministry. That of 1884 was passed by a compromise between the two parties.

The second feature was that the consequences of the change were at first scarcely perceptible. Very few working men entered Parliament from 1867 till 1885; few even after 1885 down till 1905. The character of legislation did begin to become more favorable to the poorer sections of the people, but the rights of property were not (except to some extent in Ireland) seriously infringed upon. The masses had not learned their power, and were still content to follow the lead of the classes, to whom the direction of the state had theretofore belonged. Thus the alarms with which persons of a conservative turn of mind had regarded the extension of the suffrage in 1867 had in 1884 almost disappeared, and men of property failed to realize how unstable their control had become.

The third feature was the coincidence with the passing of the act of 1884 of a great movement of opinion towards what is roughly and vaguely called Socialism. The principles of Socialism were already old in Continental Europe, and the principles of Anarchism also had raised their grisly head there. These principles had terrified France in 1848-1849, and had laid hold of Germany long before 1880. Anarchism is still practically unknown among native Englishmen. But the doctrines of Collectivism (as it is now called) sprang up in England about 1884, and advanced rapidly during the following twenty years. Their growth there was almost exactly contemporaneous with their diffusion in America, though in America it was chiefly among new immigrants from Europe that they spread, while in England they were more of a home product, and took the form, partly of so-called Municipal Socialism, partly of demands for legislation in favor of trades' unions, and of the interests of labor generally. This movement of opinion, strongest among the workingmen, though not confined to them, supplied the motive power to the machinery which the extensions of the suffrage had placed at the disposal of the masses. More workingmen began to be elected to the House of Commons—there are now at least forty—and the demand for drastic legislation increased in vehemence and in scope. It seems now more likely to have its way in England than in America. There is already a Labor party in the British Parliament which keeps itself aloof from the old legitimate Whigs and Tories, and aims at holding the balance between them. It has grown fast and may grow further. The English seem, as the result of these extensions of the suffrage which both parties approved, to be entering on a difficult piece of political navigation, in which they must often wish they could have the experience and skill of an old pilot like Mr. Gladstone, in whom, Liberal though he was, there had remained a great deal of the cautious conservatism he learned from Sir Robert Peel.

GREAT BRITAIN IN AFRICA.

Great Britain in Modern Africa. By Edgar Sanderson. With Portraits. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75 net.

A volume which gathers into easy compass the history and geography of all the present divisions and governments of Africa ought certainly to find a place for itself. Such a work is Mr. Sanderson's "Great Britain in Modern Africa." He might almost have named it "Modern Africa"; for he treats of Germany, France, Portugal, and Italy in Africa, as well as of Great Britain. The only parts left untouched are the western countries on the Mediterranean—Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli. The Congo Free State is mentioned, but little of its story is given. With these exceptions Mr. Sanderson's volume is a handbook of information concerning Africa, including statistics of imports and exports, revenue, population, and other matters usually found in such works as "The Statesman's Year Book" or "Whitaker's Almanac."

Mr. Sanderson's history—largely accounts of campaigns and battles, often slaughters of ill-armed but gallant natives—is told with vivacity and exact detail. The material has apparently been gathered from the best of the war correspondence in newspapers, fortified by thorough knowledge of topography and climate. The heroism of early explorers and of leaders of small expeditions into savage fastnesses is duly set forth. Confidence in the work, however, is somewhat shaken by the ultra-Imperialistic tone. Not all readers will agree with his verdict concerning the last stages of the Boer war—the concentration camps and the system of blockhouses—that "the whole history of war contains in this class nothing finer or more effective"; or that Lord Milner, by his constructive work after the war, won "the highest reputation as a statesman in the opinion of the majority of his countrymen." The same ultra-British feeling also affects Mr. Sanderson's attitude towards other European nations who dared to rival Great Britain in taking slices of the Dark Continent. English explorers are always heroes; but when Dr. Karl Peters followed the British example, he was a "very pushing personage"; and the native chiefs making treaties with him were "deluded into putting their marks on documents of whose contents they knew little or nothing." The pro-British tone is as evident in what is omitted as in what is said. In the story of the Sudan one looks in vain for any hint of the killing of the wounded in the battle of Omdurman, or of the desecration of the Mahdi's tomb at Khartum.

Making due allowance for Mr. Sanderson's Tory Imperialism, high praise can be given to the story of Great Britain in Egypt, which reads like a romance; and to the narrative of British conquest in the barbarous and pestilential regions of West Africa. These portions of the book are less open to objection than the accounts of the Boer war and the South African colonies. The portraits of Kitchener, Earl Cromer, Gordon, and Rhodes are excellent; but for use as a handbook the index is altogether insufficient.

The First Annexation of the Transvaal. By W. J. Leyds. New York: A. Wessels & Co. $6.30.

A work on the relations of the English and Dutch in South Africa by the late Secretary of State of the Transvaal almost inevitably exhibits some bias. Mr. Leyds, while not a native of the South African Republic, was notable during the war of 1899-1902 and the negotiations at its close for his irreconcilable attitude. After the annexation of the Transvaal he retired to Holland, where he is preparing his version of history in South Africa, of which the present volume is the first instalment. Unfortunately it is easy to make out a case against the policy pursued by the English in South Africa since Cape Colony definitely became part of the British Empire in 1814. Writers by no means unfavorable to British rule have frankly acknowledged the evils that have arisen from the vacillation and the ignorance of the Home Government; the readiness of Ministers and Parliament to listen to prejudiced statements unfavorable to the Boers, and their unwillingness to be guided by the advice of men on the spot, who understood the needs of the colonies and the character of their Boer neighbors. In his early history Mr. Leyds adds little to what has been told in a much calmer and more dispassionate manner by Theal, who shows warm sympathy with the Boer point of view. Indeed even so prejudiced an Imperialist as the most recent historian of Great Britain in Modern Africa, Edgar Sanderson, whose book is published almost simultaneously with that of Dr. Leyds, is scarcely more favorable in his judgment of British policy than Dr. Leyds himself. The first half of

Dr. Leyds's book is therefore occupied with "flogging a dead horse."

There is more to be said for the later chapters. By careful study of blue books and reports, Dr. Leyds is able to strengthen to some degree the case for the Boers at the time of the first annexation of the Transvaal in 1877; and he endeavors to repel some accusations against the Boers, which have shown undeserved vitality. The tone of the book is, however, so bitter that he damages rather than strengthens his cause. His readers are asked to believe that, while the Boer farmers were all models of patience, honesty, kindliness, hospitality, and truthfulness, the British displayed only perfidy, incapacity, and an insane prejudice against their irreproachable neighbors. Even for the quiescence of the English from 1852 to 1870 Dr. Leyds must find a sinister motive. Instead of studying the trend of English political thought during these years when the pendulum was swinging away from the conception and burden of Empire, Dr. Leyds paints the English as desiring to encroach on the South African Republic, but as restrained by fear—fear of Louis Napoleon, fear of Russia, fear of the United States, fear of Irish Fenians.

From the point of view of those who from first to last consistently opposed the Boer War, the publication of this book can be nothing but a matter of regret. The future of South Africa is now to be sought, not in stirring up strife between the two white races, but in hearty coöperation in the working of the new Constitution. This instrument, though not granting full liberty, gives a large instalment of self-government to the white inhabitants of the Transvaal and opens up to the Boers the opportunity of showing their patience and statesmanship by building up a country which their tenacity, combined with British progressiveness, may make the dominant State of the South African Federation.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By George Edward Woodberry. [English Men of Letters.] New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

In our opinion this is the best of the American volumes that have so far appeared in the series, and it is about the best work of its author. Professor Woodberry is a lover of rhythmical phrases, and there are those who think that the cadence of a sentence is sometimes as important to him as its meaning. Such was the impression produced by his monograph on Swinburne, and by some of his earlier work; but in the present case he seems to us to have grappled more closely than usual with his subject, and to have been less carried away by the fury of sound. His rhetoric has subsided into style.

Naturally in dealing with such an author as Emerson the critical chapters rather overbalance the narrative, but by no means the least satisfactory portion of Professor Woodberry's book is that which deals with the boyhood of Emerson and his life in Concord. More particularly the analysis of the influences that surrounded the child and youth is better than anything else of the sort we recall in the lives of our New England geniuses. From this to the analysis of Emerson's own character is but a step, and here again Professor Woodberry has in the main been notably successful. He dwells a good deal, and effectively, we think, on a certain sluggishness in Emerson's nature, which was at once a safeguard against the early nervous exhaustion that threatened the family and a temperamental limitation in his writing. "The slowness of his temperament," runs the text, "was a primary fact in his life; he was slow in all ways: in his motions, in his speech, in his mental process and maturing; and his incapacity to mix with the company, to give himself in friendship, to enter actively into practical affairs except under protest." And this sluggishness was a part of his practical philosophy: "he exercised, so to speak, a constant inhibition of the particular part of life with the aim thereby to reconcentrate force in the unconfined soul which is the source and master of all life." To preach this act of self-concentration, of withdrawal from the particular act of energy for more complete absorption in the central springs of energy, was his particular business in the world; and this method he followed steadily to the end. The gradual fading out of personality in his character, the pathetic shadow of his end, is only another phase of this temperamental withdrawal.

Contrary to expectation, the criticism of Emerson's philosophy is rather better than the chapter on the Poems, in which Professor Woodberry does not seem to us to have shown an entirely discriminating taste. As a little thing, for example, he fails to bring into relief the perfect lucidity and Hellenic beauty of "Days," whereas he finds extraordinary "refinement and sublimation" in the lines from "Monadnock":

> And that these gray crags
> Not on crags are hung,
> But beads are of a rosary
> On prayer and music strung.

This is merely to fall into the ditch that ever yawns before the ultra-romantic. In philosophic criticism, on the contrary—always, that is, with the limits of his knowledge—he moves much more surely. The analysis of the master ideas that underlie the fluctuating thought of the essays is singularly clear and sound. It makes for a wiser and profounder understanding of Emerson.

But if the book as a whole deserves high praise, there are still grave reservations to be made. There is altogether too much repetition; certain ideas, such as Emerson's relation to the clergy and the pulpit, come up with needless frequency. And again, there are a few apparent contradictions that call for reconciliation, such as the varying portraiture of Emerson now as practical and now as unpractical. Graver than these are the lapses in scholarship. Fortunately, no law exists, compelling a critic to read German metaphysics; but neither is a critic compelled to write on New England transcendentalism, which, without some knowledge of the sources, is an inexplicable phantom of the air. Professor Woodberry more than once alludes to the kinship of Emerson to the early Greek philosophers, and the comparison is pretty, if not very helpful; but this only emphasizes his silence on the more important matter. Thus, he dwells at length on the function of Nature in unfolding the soul. "It does this by virtue of the perfect correspondence of Nature to the soul," etc., etc. All this, according to Professor Woodberry, "astonishes and perplexes the mind," although one may find "copious illustrations" of the theory "in mystical writers." Has Professor Woodberry ever heard of Schelling? This surprise at Emerson's nature-philosophy, and this magnificent allusion to "mystical writers," with apparently not the least acquaintance with the *Identitätsphilosophie*, is not creditable to American scholarship. Nor are other lapses, though of less seriousness, wanting. Thus: "He [Emerson] knew as little of Persian as he knew of Buddhism; but his half-knowledge gave to literature 'Saadi' in one case and 'Bramah' in the other," where the error is double. Emerson knew through translations a good deal more of Oriental literature than is to be inferred from such a statement—enough, at least, to save him from saying that a poem on *Brahma* could be written from knowledge of *Buddhism*.

Der Yankee Heiland. Ein Beitrag zur modernen Religions-geschichte. Von Eduard Bertz. Dresden: Carl Reissner.

One of the latest contributions to Whitman literature in Germany is entitled "The Yankee Messiah." It is curious that a renunciation of allegiance so frequently turns into a denunciation of its object. The case of Nietzsche vs. Wagner is recalled on reading this presentation of the case of Bertz vs. Whitman. In 1889 Dr. Bertz began an article in the *Deutsche Presse* with the statement:

> As the greatest gain during my sojourn in America, and indeed as one of the happiest incidents of my life, I prize my acquaintance with the writings of the most individual and profound of American poets.

This same man now offers a revised opinion of Whitman, which makes the latter appear a charlatan. Dr. Bertz wishes his change to be regarded essentially as a protest against the exaggerated enthusiasm with which Johannes Schlaf and other German writers have acclaimed Whitman the protagonist of our time. Though much in the attitude of the inner circle of Whitman disciples might justify that protest, the denunciations of Dr. Bertz are even less justifiable. They can be best explained by a view which taints all criticism coming from a certain German school. Since Dr. Bertz first came across "Leaves of Grass," a group of scholars has arisen, who, taking their cue from Krafft-Ebing, Nordau, and Lombroso, trace pedigrees, pry into private lives, and publish half-truths in a year-book devoted to speculations and investigations of hereditary taint, psychopathic conditions, and perverse instincts. This book, unfortunately not restricted to the medical profession, but circulated freely among the mature and the immature, not long ago contained a study of Whitman by Dr. Bertz, which called forth a scathing reply from Johannes Schlaf.

Dr. Bertz sets out with the theory that Whitman regarded himself as the Messiah of a new humanity, renascent in America, and by cunning, prevarication, and persistent self-advertisement, actually made himself the idol of a sect. The author dwells at length upon the physical decadence of the male members of the Whitman family, denies that the poet was at any time as healthy and as muscular as he liked to describe himself, and doubts that

his invalidism in old age was the result of strenuous hospital service. He does not even forget to mention that Whitman's hair turned gray at thirty, which "science considers a symptom of degeneracy." He refers to Nordau and Lombroso as authorities for his belief that Whitman's mind was unbalanced, as evidenced by his frequent change of occupation. Whitman was, moreover, "kin of soul to his compatriot Barnum." The climax of this characterization is reached at the end of the chapter, when Dr. Bertz classes Whitman with the "demagogical geniuses" of the world. The part of the book entitled "The Christ Myth" begins with the bold announcement that O'Connor's comparison of Whitman with the Nazarene was inspired by Whitman himself. Dr. Bertz quotes O'Connor, Bucke, Binns, Le Gallienne, Julian Hawthorne, Triggs, Traubel, Federn, Schlaf, and Dr. O. E. Lessing to prove that they regarded Whitman as a prophet bringing fulfilment, a Messiah. A whole chapter is devoted to Whitman apostates, particularly to Swinburne and Gosse.

The most violent opposition is likely to be aroused by the chapter which accuses Whitman of secretly indulging in a pessimism quite irreconcilable with his public teaching. Dr. Bertz disputes Prof. William James's assertion, that the joy of life pulsated through the veins of Whitman to the exclusion of every other feeling, and laboriously quotes passage upon passage to show that his much-applauded optimism was only a pose. Not satisfied with denying Whitman's sincerity on this most essential point, he proceeds to deny the originality of his gospel of democracy, while the ideal of comradeship is reduced to pathological tendencies. In summing up his grievances against the fanatics who exaggerate the importance of Whitman, he declares that he by no means intended to contradict the "peculiar prophet," but merely to protest against the preposterous claim to infallibility with which that "curious Yankee gospel" is propounded by its apostles. He credits Whitman with being the greatest master of *Stimmung* of all ages, and admits that the "over-force" of his language acts with a powerful suggestiveness upon susceptible souls. In this very charm lies the danger of Whitman's art, which is, according to Dr. Bertz, that of a demagogue and hypnotist.

Silanus the Christian. By Edwin A. Abbott. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.

The avowed purpose of this interesting little book is to show that belief in Jesus Christ and disbelief in miracles are not incompatible. The method employed is characteristic of the author. It is a far cry from Thomas à Becket to Gospel criticism, but in his fascinating work on the great archbishop and martyr he made a contribution of first-rate importance to an understanding of the growth of legend in connection with Christ's life. Similar ingenuity is displayed in the present book, which contains an elaborate discussion of questions of New Testament scholarship, in the form of a story of a young Roman of the time of Hadrian. Silanus, the hero of the tale, is an attendant upon the lectures of Epictetus, and, happening to fall in with the writings of Paul and the Evangelists, is finally converted to Christianity. The account of the process by which he is led to become a Christian disciple gives the author an opportunity to take up all sorts of questions, such as the institution of the Lord's Supper, the relation of the genealogies in Matthew and Luke, Jesus's supernatural birth and resurrection, the relative value of the Synoptic Gospels, and their relation to John's Gospel. Innumerable matters of this kind are discussed, nearly always in an illuminating way, and often fresh suggestions are offered of considerable value. In fact, to consider the New Testament writings exclusively in the light of the thought of that age, as the author attempts everywhere to do, is an important step in the right direction.

The most interesting part of the book is the comparison of Epictetus and Christ. The principles and methods of Epictetus are delineated with vividness, and full justice is done to the noble teaching of the Stoic; but the human needs which he failed to meet, and the way in which Christianity came to the rescue, are effectively shown through the experience of the hero himself, and one of his friends. The author even goes so far as to make the Gospel of John an answer to Epictetus at more than one point. The author's discussion of this gospel is particularly useful, and in spite of much that is unsatisfactory in his treatment, for instance, the allegorical interpretation of certain parts, his general view of it is commendably sane, while he appreciates to the full, its spiritual value. A passage toward the close of the discussion is perhaps worth quoting. One of the characters is represented as saying:

> I can forgive John almost all his faults—ambiguities, artificialities, statements of non-fact as fact, I can condone them all as Orientalisms or Alexandrian Judaisms—for the sake of this one truth, that we cannot know the greatest of the departed great, save through a human being that has loved him and has been loved by him.

The great majority of the questions raised in the book may seem to have little to do with the purpose stated in the preface and referred to above, but the net result of the discussion must be to promote the conviction that the miraculous element in the life of Jesus, for which tradition stands, is not of the essence of the matter, and that its repudiation need not in the least affect the grip of his personality upon the hearts and lives of men. Anything which serves to make that clear is well worth while.

The Syllogistic Philosophy or Prolegomena to Science. By Francis Ellingwood Abbott. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.

"At the opening of the twentieth century I conceive it to be the supreme need of the human spirit to understand that the mechanical philosophy of mere evolution—the evolution without involution, which is the half-truth more dangerous than a lie—is but a step towards the organic philosophy of evolution through involution, as itself but a step towards the spiritual philosophy of the identity in difference of evolution and involution as the continuity of Being in the Absolute Ethical I." This philosophy is to be grounded in the absolute nature of the syllogism, and is, therefore, called "syllogistic philosophy." The author hopes that this book will "help the world, taught at last to be heedful and not heedless, to tread the path of the only possible salvation from its own follies and sins—the path of self-moralization in the Absolute Ethical I." These things we learn from the preface. After reading the book we must admit that we cannot share the author's hope. We confess that we have found in his work little to clarify the problems of philosophy, and nothing besides his own earnestness and enthusiasm which we can call uplifting. In no way does the book appear to us to be a prolegomena to science or an important contribution to philosophy. It appears rather to be an assertion, at times expressed in a very eccentric manner, of the author's conviction that the universe is essentially a unity of many differences, and that this "identity in difference" has moral and religious significance.

A student of the varieties of human intellect would doubtless find the book illustrative of an interesting type. The reviewer recalls the great satisfaction a friend of his received from the proposition, "The evidence of the Creator is the thing created." It solved the universe for him. This it did, not by leading him to understand the world in which he lived or to order its events after any coherent manner, but by giving him a phrase admirably adapted to inhibit further thinking. It invited him to dwell content in the aptness and see all creatures triumphantly giving evidence of their creator. Now some minds appear to be peculiarly susceptible to the action of apt phrases. Mr. Abbott frequently tells us: "Whatever is evolved as consequent must be involved as antecedent." Under the spell of such an apt and evident proposition he accepts the universe. The phrase becomes a form in which events may be cast. Children are evolved from parents, and therefore parents involve children. This is obvious. Thought is evolved from being, and therefore being involves thought. This is profound. So on page 288 of the second volume we read:

> Expressed in terms of human thinking, the Absolute Syllogism of the World as the Living God may be thus set down:
> i. WE ARE in I AM.
> ii. I AM in WE ARE.
> iii. Therefore, I AM in I AM.

In all seriousness we may say that this is undoubtedly true, but it is not a solution of problems. The world wherever Mr. Abbott has turned has simply waked in his mind repeated variations of the phrase, Whatever is evolved as consequent must be involved as antecedent. And genuine thinking has been inhibited.

The Hibeh Papyri. Part I. Edited by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt. London: Egypt Exploration Fund (Græco-Roman Branch).

This single volume, not much larger than some of its annual predecessors, covers the two years 1904-06. It contains the text of papyri from mummy-cartonnage discovered by the editors in their excavations of the Ptolemaic necropolis of El-Hibeh in the spring of 1902. With these are included certain other papyri of the same provenience, bought by them from a

dealer while they were excavating in the Fayûm. Indeed, it was this fortunate purchase that directed their attention to the new site. Already, in 1895-6, an Arab trader from the Pyramids had dug over the large necropolis for scarabs, ushabtis, statuettes, vases, and the like, and had thrown away as useless large quantities of the papyrus-cartonnage from the mummies. The presence of many literary fragments indicates that the papyri used for the cartonnage of a number of the mummies came from a library of classical literature, probably belonging to some Greek settler at Oxyrhyncus, the town a few miles farther up the river, where Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have conducted their most successful excavations.

The eighteen new classical fragments, or groups of fragments, here published contain several cruelly mutilated bits from what Prof. F. W. Blass suggested must be the "Tyro" of Sophocles. They would not be so comminuted had not the breastplece of the cartonnage from which they came been decorated by cutting into it an open-work pattern. Certain small fragments from an Attic comedy are identified by an interesting process of reasoning as probably written by Philemon, and as forming part of the play on which the "Aulularia" of Plautus was based. The first point is established chiefly by comparing a fragment consisting of only a few letters at the beginning of some half-a-dozen consecutive lines, with the quotation by Eustathius, in his commentary on Homer, of a single line from Philemon, Κροίσῳ λαλῶ σοι καὶ Μίδᾳ καὶ Ταντάλῳ (Kock. *fr.* 189). This is the only place in Attic comedy where Crœsus is known to be mentioned. But the first line of the fragment referred to above also begins κροισ . . .; and, furthermore, the other fragments tell various machinations of a slave Strobilus, and also harmonize well with the "Aulularia" in other respects. (It should be noted that so eminent an authority as Fr. Les, in *Hermes* 41, p. 629, vigorously demurs.) Bits of a manuscript of "Choice Selections" include the beginnings of four iambic verses, of which the last is evidently the "Evil communications corrupt good manners," quoted by St. Paul (1 Cor. xv. 33)—ascribed to both Euripides and Menander, and perhaps occurring in both authors. A fragment of thirty-four nearly perfect lines gives apparently the opening of a discourse on music. Blass thinks it may be from the pen of the sophist Hippias, a contemporary of Socrates. In subject it is not untimely; for it combats the theory held, among others, by Plato, that different sorts of music produce different moral effects in the listeners. It also ridicules the pretensions of the musicians, who profess to picture in their strains the qualitles ot natural objects.

Among the fragments of extant classical authors found at El-Hibeh are a number from Homer's "Iliad," which show the now familiar divergence of text from the vulgate, and one fragment from the "Odyssey" (xx. 41-68), in which similar divergence occurs. This is the first early Ptolemaic fragment of the "Odyssey" to be discovered. The editors take occasion to uphold at some length, in view of this new evidence, and in face of recent attack (chiefly by A. Ludwich), their earlier theory that the vulgate text of Homer did not indeed originate with the Alexandrians, but certainly was not the prevalent text in Egypt until some time between 150 and 30 B. C. Its final acceptance, they think, must have been due in some measure to the influence of the museum scholars. A sentence deserves quotation in full:

> A comparison of the papyri of extant Greek authors with the corresponding portions of the mediæval MSS. shows that the early texts hardly ever favor in a marked degree any one of the later MSS. or families of MSS., while in the case of some authors, *e. g.*, Xenophon, the papyri show that modern critics have often gone too far in preferring one family of MSS. to another, and prove clearly, what is apt to be sometimes forgotten, that the proper guiding principle in the reconstruction of the text of any ancient author is a judicious eclecticism.

That last clause is sufficiently sweeping. We fancy it will be challenged by many of the scholars who hold no brief for the papyri.

A few fragments of the "Iphigenia in Tauris" of Euripides are interesting because the date of the writing (c. 280-240 B. C.) carries them well back toward the life of the poet. The text agrees with two conjectures of Reiske and Bothe (vv. 252 and 618), and almost with another of Maehly (v. 621), and furnishes a new reading in v. 587 that was not anticipated.

Among the non-literary fragments are found, as in the other volumes, many that throw new light upon the life and administration of the region under the Ptolemies. Among them may be noted here four bail-bonds that are by far the oldest examples of such formulas thus far known (263—c. 250 B. C.); and particularly an account of a royal post office, wherein note is made of the day and hour of the arrival of each messenger, of his name and the name of the clerk who received his packets from him, of the number of the packets and the addresses upon them, and of the names of the messengers to whom they were entrusted for further conveyance.

Three appendices of importance follow the texts. One is on the relation between the Macedonian and Egyptian calendars, the second on the systems of dating by the years of the king, and the third on the eponymous priesthoods from 301—221 B. C. The usual good indices and ten excellent plates of facsimiles close the volume.

Science.

A History of Chemistry. By Ernest von Meyer. Translated by George McGovern. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.25 net.

This is a third edition; but great pains and no little ability have been used in bringing it to date. It is decidedly the most useful history of chemistry, though Ladenburg's smaller book carries more weight as an authority. The author has undertaken little more research than that of a faithful compiler, guided by good sense. He intends to give very brief, but generally fair, notices of the most interesting controversies, whether chemical or personal; and has aimed to narrate the whole history of chemistry so far as one volume could include it, without wasting one line upon any facts extraneous to the science, merely for the sake of holding a reader's interest. Three quarters of the volume are devoted, as was proper, to the modern period, when every theory has been subjected to quantitative tests. It is divided into two chapters, the one a survey of the advances toward an understanding of chemical combinations generally; the other, somewhat longer, going into particulars, with separate sections on analytical, inorganic, organic, physical, mineralogical, physiological, technical, and pedagogical chemistry.

The book begins with a short history of the chemistry of the ancients. Many excellent special works on this subject, some of which are named, absolved the author from a longer account of it. We note that the word "bronze," from βροντήσιον, may he of Persian origin. The name "Nubia" is thought to be from the Egyptian word for gold, "nub"; and we read that the gold mines of that country yielded, under Ramses II., no less than £125,000,000 annually. The remainder of the first quarter of the hook is composed of three chapters, on alchemy, on the chemistry of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, George Agricola, and their contemporaries, and on the chemistry of the age of phlogiston from Boyle to Black and Priestley. The services of Western alchemists are exaggerated, as they usually have been. Science is enriched by those whose nature is to aspire after truth, not by those who are goaded on by naught but gold-greed.

The section of the work that deals with organic chemistry should be the best, not merely because it is the field in which chemical research proper, as distinguished from chemical physics, has met with its greatest, perhaps its only signal, successes, but also because we read on the title-page, "Being also an Introduction to the Study of the Science." Now in organic chemistry every group of bodies has presented a prohlem, the problem of the constitution of those bodies; and in every case, as the science now stands, this problem either has already been worked out, or is approaching that end, by the thorny, but interesting and instructive, path of alternate reflection and experimentation. What we find is that, at the bottom of each page, Professor Von Meyer has cited, on the average, four or five memoirs. The dates are seldom given; merely the authors' names, the titles of the journals (of which there are forty or more), numbers of the volumes, which run up into the hundreds, and the numbers of the pages. If, however, the young student does not read those memoirs, there is nothing in Von Meyer's pages to give him any clear idea of the course of chemical thought, unless in its very first essays. All he will find is only a very general iudication of what each memoir contains, expressed in technical terms, with vague comments about each, such as a chemist whose memory was rather hazy concerning a memoir might make in conversation with a hrother chemist. Take, for example, one of the most important and long puzzling matters, upon which a vast deal of reasoning and laboratory work was spent by a dozen leading chemists, as well as by many others. We refer to what is called Perkin's Reaction. On this subject Von Meyer begins with this vague remark:

> The beautiful synthesis, by W. H. Perkin, sr., of unsaturated acids from the aldehydes and the salts of the fatty acids, has made these compounds more easy to

come hy, and therefore to investigate, and has thus helped to elucidate their constitution.

He goes on for a dozen lines of such matter, which, even if a beginner could understand it, would give him no idea of the thought that has been expended upon the phenomenon. Not one word is vouchsafed in regard to the successive intensely interesting researches which were believed to throw light upon the rationale of the reaction. The memoirs cited at the foot of the page may refer to them. He does say that "the systematic researches of Fittig and his pupils have contributed to round off and deepen our knowledge of this class of compounds"; but is not that a bit vague? We find no mention in text or notes of the names of Bertagnini, Genther, and Hühners, who before Perkin had severally published pertinent facts; or of the paper of Conrad and Bischoff, which corrected an error in Perkin's formula.

In short, the work is convenient, because there is no better one (except Ladenburg's, which is too small), and in spite of its numerous inconveniences. Among these is its avoidance of dates, for which the word "recent," in a highly elastic sense, and relative to the first, second, or third edition, is made to do duty far too often. As to the book's serving as an "Introduction" to chemistry, we do not understand in what sense it can have been so regarded. A volume far more explanatory, from the same publishing house, Lachman's "Spirit of Organic Chemistry," begins, "This book is intended primarily as a supplement to text-books of organic chemistry." Even that book could not be understood by a beginner in the subject, though it might introduce a more advanced student to the practice of reading the memoirs. Nobody can be a scientific man of any kind who has not that habit. Chemists of this continent, quite unintentionally no doubt, have received signally less than justice at Von Meyer's hands, except Mallet, Sterry Hunt, and one or two others.

The next volume in the New Knowledge Series, edited by Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan and published by A. S. Barnes & Co., will be "The Nature and Origin of Life," by Prof. Felix le Dantec of the Faculty of Sciences at the Sorbonne.

"Birds and Flowers About Concord, New Hampshire," is a little book of some one hundred and twenty pages, by Miss Frances M. Abbott. She presents a short list of nature books, twelve short essays embracing notes upon the two hundred and one species of birds observed by herself and others in the township, and similar essays on the five hundred and forty species of flowers. Every city and larger town should have an inexpensive hand-book such as this, but with clearer descriptions and a comprehensive index. It would have a ready sale in the schools and houses of the vicinity, and would be of great value to the ubiquitous summer boarder. If such books were printed with interleaved blank pages local students would be encouraged to increase the lists and thereby make the work ultimately of considerable scientific value.

In the Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society of London for 1906, R. Shelford presents a significant discovery relating to flying snakes in Borneo. Two of these belong to the genus *Chrysopelea*, while the third is *Dendrophis pictus*. The reptile crawls out along some horizontal branch, and, gaining impetus, launches itself into the air. Instead of falling in writhing coils straight to earth, it becomes rigid as a stick, and glides downward in an oblique line, landing lightly either in the water or upon the bare ground. Mr. Shelford discovered the peculiar structure which made this feat possible. The reptile has the power, by a forcible muscular contraction, of changing the shape of its body (considered as a section view) from almost a circle to a deep concave below. Mr. Shelford compares this to two pieces of bamboo, one of which is entire, and therefore circular in outline, while the other is bisected so that it is a hemicircle in section. When dropped from a height the former will fall like a stone, while the split piece will glide obliquely downwards, and even describe a slightly upward swoop just before it reaches the ground. It was found that the snakes fell helplessly if merely thrown out into the air. They had to have somewhat of a flying start to assume properly the convexity and rigidity of their parachute pose.

Teachers of astronomy in secondary schools and small colleges who have felt unable to buy the costly but magnificent photographs of the moon taken at the Paris observatory, may be glad to know that the set, full-size and well-printed, is appearing in the *Bulletin* of the Société Belge d'Astronomie, accompanied with extended descriptive notes by Loewy and Puiseux. Plate 46 appeared in the November number. The *Bulletin* is sent free to all members of the society, and the dues are very low.

The January number of the *Bulletin of the American Geographical Society*, in an article on the "Topographic Surveys in the United States," by H. M. Wilson, summarizes the work of the topographic branch of the United States Geological Survey for the year 1906, and briefly reviews the past activities of this branch of service. From this review it would appear that for several years the average annual rate of completed topographic survey has been 35,000 square miles, or an area nearly equal to that of the State of Indiana. Despite this progress the total surveyed area of the United States is at this time hardly one-third (1,025,000 square miles) of its full area. The mapping of the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and the Indian Territory is now completed, and that of West Virginia will be completed, it is confidently expected, by the close of this year.

The American Alpine Club, an association organized for the study of the high mountain regions of the Western Hemisphere and of other tracts having Alpine characteristics, has just issued in a small folio of 16 pages Number 1 of *Alpina Americana*. The number contains a single article, "The High Sierra of California," by Prof. Joseph N. Le Conte, of the University of California. The paper deals with the geographical, geological, zoölogical, and botanical features of the more imposing sections of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Considerable space is devoted to a description of the King's River basin, of which the King's River Cañon is the most conspicuous scenic feature. Prof. Le Conte enumerates fifty-nine summits of the Sierra Nevada which exceed 13,000 feet in elevation, and of these twelve surpass 14,000 feet, the loftiest being Mount Whitney, with an altitude of 14,499 feet. It will be of interest to mountain climbers to know that this peak, but little inferior in height to the Matterhorn, has now a horse-trail to the summit. The initial number of *Alpina Americana* is attractively illustrated, and its value is further enhanced by the addition of a large folded map.

Drama.

SOME THEATRICAL CONDITIONS.

The dramatic season has now advanced to a point where it is possible to review it as a whole, summarize its accomplishment, and speculate on the outcome of existing theatrical conditions. The prospect cannot be called brilliant, but, on the other hand, it is by no means discouraging. There are signs of an impending change in the general direction of theatrical affairs, but they are scarcely definite enough as yet to warrant predictions. The power of the original theatrical trust, though still predominant, has been weakened by opposition and may be expected to diminish—by the natural growth of a competition now successfully started—whether the legal attack upon its methods be defeated or not. This is one of the most hopeful features of the situation. Not that the so-called independent movement is in itself altogether a good thing. The organizers of it, in a large degree at all events, have adopted the mischievous policy of their opponents. They too are building up a system of stars revolving around a perpetual circuit, in almost endless runs, on principles which are primarily commercial. The claim that they fight under the banner of art alone rests upon the flimsiest of foundations. But they have demonstrated the possibility of competition and by partly upsetting a monopoly have begun a process of disintegration out of which something like free trade in drama may ultimately come.

Although most of the season's plays have been trivial and foolish, there can be no doubt that the average quality of the winter's entertainment has been raised considerably above that of recent years by an uncommon number of really meritorious productions. Some of these were distinguished by both literary and dramatic excellence, others by serious purpose, ingenious fancy, or sparkling humor. In the first category may be placed Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca" and Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," both of high quality. The plays with a solid purpose include George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse" (now more than a year old), and Henry Arthur Jones's "The Hypocrites," a remarkably well-made piece. William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," with its vividly contrasted types and its conflict of characters, stands in a class by itself in its indisputable if rather crude dramatic power. A. W. Pinero's "His House in Order," with all its artificiality and trickiness, is a model of artistic con-

struction. "The Shulamite" again, by Messrs. Knoblauch and Askew, though an unpleasant, is a very strong play in spite of its feeble ending. "The Road to Yesterday," of Beulah Marie Dix and Greenleaf Sutherland, is full of a spirited and satirical fancy; nor must the witty "Cæsar and Cleopatra" of George Bernard Shaw be forgotten. In addition to all these must be noted the creditable Shakespeare revivals of E. H. Sothern (to whom we are indebted also for "Joan of Arc"), and Henry Miller's presentation of "Pippa Passes." Next week Richard Mansfield is to give us "Peer Gynt." This is a notable list.

It seems then that in Mr. Mackaye, Mr. Moody, Mr. Klein, Mr. Knoblauch, Miss Dix, Mrs. Sutherland, and the rest we have the advance guard of the new dramatists for whom we have been waiting so long; and that the doors of both syndicate and independent theatres are open to them. Unfortunately, there are no signs as yet of the appearance of a new crop of good actors. The only new star of the first brilliancy is Alla Nazimova, and her dimensions cannot be determined exactly, until she has appeared in some characters of nobler mould than those of Ibsen's heroines. It is this dearth of first-rate actors, both male and female, which is one of the most ominous of theatrical symptoms. More than one promising play has failed lately because of inadequate interpretation. And the state of affairs is likely to be worse before it is better. There are no longer any good schools in which young players can learn their business. The notion that valuable instruction can be obtained in the so-called stock companies, which give two performances a day, and a fresh play every week is utterly fallacious. Most of these organizations are on the same artistic plane as the vaudeville shows with which they are more or less affiliated.

The connection, indeed, between the regular stage and the vaudeville houses appears to be growing closer every day. In England the theatrical managers have succeeded pretty well in preventing the music halls from giving dramatic performances, but in this country regular plays and variety "specialties" often form part of the same programme. Superannuated or incompetent players become dramatic stars in the halls. Sometimes they drift back to the regular stage to exhibit their vaudeville antics in what is called musical comedy, but is only another form of what is practically "continuous variety." Thus the two institutions are gradually undergoing a process of merger. In London the music hall proprietors argued that if they were permitted to give short plays, a highly specialized type of character actors like those to be found in some of the minor Paris theatres would be developed, but nothing of this sort has happened in practice. Nothing is more certain than that humor, to be popular in the music halls, must degenerate into buffoonery and pathos into maudlin sentimentality, and the same rule applies almost equally to the cheap stock company houses in which thousands of actors are daily acquiring irremediably bad habits.

From many points of view, it is desirable that the music hall and the theatre should be kept apart, and it is disquieting therefore to hear that some of the theatrical syndicate managers are about to extend their operations to the vaudeville field. Their motive is sufficiently plain. They see that enormous profits are to be made by providing cheap, nonsensical, and often coarse entertainment for the million, and mean to have their share of the harvest. This conviction, almost inevitably, will exert influence upon the management of the regular theatres which they control, and the misnamed comic operas will, we fear, be more abundant, and more like the variety shows than ever.

But a reduction in the number of first-class theatres devoted to the regular drama might, in the long run, prove rather beneficial than otherwise to the cause of theatrical art. The line between the houses in which rational or irrational entertainment is to be sought would be more strictly marked then than it is at present. In the course of a few years we might again have one or more theatres with a reputation such as Wallack's had twenty-five years ago. Many signs, as has been said, point to a coming reorganization in the theatrical world. Already some permanent companies are in existence (there is no allusion here, of course, to the pseudo-stock companies previously spoken of), and one or two more are promised for next season. There are now two hostile syndicates. By and by there will be more and thus the monopolistic system will crumble. Out of the ruins the new, free, competitive, artistic theatre will have a chance to arise.

Dr. Furness is now seeing through the press of the J. B. Lippincott Co., the fifteenth volume of his Variorum Shakespeare, which will contain "Antony and Cleopatra."

On February 25, Richard Mansfield begins his annual engagement in this city at the New Amsterdam Theatre. He will present Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," in which he has had great success in other cities.

Harrison Grey Fiske has signed a contract with Percy Mackaye for a new play which is intended for the use of Bertha Kalich. The work is to be a poetic tragedy, differing in form, however, from Mr. Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," which E. H. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are presenting this season. According to the agreement the manuscript is to be completed by May 1.

There are several societies in England whose object is the popularization of the better sort of drama. One of these, the English Drama Society, has just begun a series of Shakespearean performances in some of the poorest and most densely populated districts in London. Their representations are given in the so-called Elizabethan fashion—that is to say, without scenery, but with rich costumes. Their stage is provided only with hangings, and is easily erected in any large hall. Their prices are fifty cents for the most aristocratic seats, twenty-five cents for the next best, and six cents for all the others. William Archer, who witnessed a representation of "The Merchant of Venice," describes it as a very creditable achievement.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Carlo Goldoni, the reformer of the Italian stage, which occurs in the present year, is to be marked by exceptional honors to his memory. All his works are to be republished in an edition of twenty-four volumes, limited to 500 copies. In Paris, where he spent the last years of his life, a monument will be erected to him.

Music.

The Indebtedness of Handel to Works of Other Composers. By Sedley Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

In 1808 the eminent English organ-player Samuel Wesley wrote a letter to a friend in which he made the following startling remarks about the musical idol of the English people:

Salomon [a celebrated German violinist] has said truly and shrewdly enough, that the English know very little of the Works of the German Masters, Handel excepted, who (as he observes) came over hither when there was a great dearth of good Musick, and here he remained (these are his words) establishing a Reputation wholly constituted *upon the spoils of the Continent.* This would nettle the Handelians desperately, however it is the strict truth, for we all know how he has pilfered from all manner of Authors whence he could filch anything like a thought worth embodying.

Twenty-three years later Professor William Crotch of Oxford published a list of twenty-nine composers whose works he asserted had been laid under contribution by Handel; and since that time Handel's borrowing propensities have been made the subject of frequent comment. Dr. Friedrich Chrysander, the erudite biographer and worshipper of Handel, did not try to dodge or minimize this point; on the contrary, he brought out five volumes of supplements to his biography, in which he embodied compositions to which Handel was principally indebted. Other German and English scholars, particularly Dr. Max Seiffert and Prof. Ebenezer Prout, supplied evidence from year to year, but there was still room for a monograph devoted to this whole question, which interests moralists as well as musicians. Such a volume has now been prepared by Sedley Taylor, formerly fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Taylor not only brings together between two covers the opinions of the scholars who have written on this subject, but also the pages of music which demonstrate to the eye Handel's method of pilfering. About three-fourths of the book are given over to these examples in musical type, illustrating borrowings from nine composers—Clari, Graun, Habermann, Keiser, Kerl, Lotti, Muffat, Stradella, and Urio—and also some of those cases where Handel took music which he had previously written to extremely secular words and reset it to words of a strongly sacred character. To this latter procedure there could be no serious objection in view of the circumstances. Music is in itself neither secular nor religious; both may be solemn or jubilant, and it is usually the association with words that makes a composition seem either sacred or secular. Very few of Handel's works were in print before he died, and it was therefore natural that, writing in haste, he should now and then secure a fresh hearing for an old melody by means

of a new text. Even Bach did this; but he never robbed other composers, as his colleague did by wholesale.

Handel's mental attitude regarding this procedure has heretofore been a good deal of a mystery, which Mr. Taylor has not quite succeeded in solving. If he had simply taken other men's ideas and Handelized them, transforming them into new products of genius, he would have been in a class with Shakespeare and Molière; but he did much more than that, copying, bar by bar and page by page, whole tracts of other composers' music. He did this, too, with magnificent audacity, borrowing from well-known contemporaries as well as from forgotten predecessors. There can be no doubt that such pilfering was considered dishonorable in England at that time, for Buononcini, for a single flagrant offence, was practically compelled to leave the country. Handel had not a few bitter enemies, who, one may presume, would have made a great outcry had they detected him. Probably it was a mere accident, and the scarcity of printed music for comparison, that prevented the "Grand Old Thief," as Professor Prout has called him, from being found out.

Dr. Chrysander holds that Handel's practice of employing as models and material existing pieces of his own or others, was in him not an affair of accident, but of principle, and that it pervades all his writings. Dr. Chrysander excuses this on the ground that Handel was guided by an artistic impulse to save from destruction valuable musical ideas doomed to oblivion. Another apologist, the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, declares in regard to the composers Handel honored with his attentions that he "has not cheated them *out of* their due meed of fame, he has cheated them *into* it." But, as Mr. Taylor suggests, this remark loses some of its force if we remember that these appropriations were invariably made without acknowledgment. In the minds of those who read the articles on Handel's pilferings, the names of his victims are brought up, but the audiences give Handel credit for everything they hear.

Mr. Taylor neglects his opportunity for saying that all this pother might have been avoided if there had been in music something analogous to quotation marks in literature. But would Handel have used them? The facts seem to indicate he would not. For all that, he remains one of the great masters—how great one realizes anew on reading our author's long chapter on "Israel in Egypt," which is a glimpse of the workshop of genius, illustrating Handel's "quite astonishing power of seizing on older music, his own or that of others, raising it to a far higher level, and transfusing it with a nobler life."

The Metropolitan Opera Company will begin its tour on March 25 at Baltimore. The other cities to be visited are Washington, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, and probably St. Louis, the number of performances to be given in these cities being forty-four. The company will include all of the leading singers except Sembrich and Rousselière, and the list of operas to be sung includes "Madame Butterfly," "Aïda," "Tosca," "La Bohême," "Faust," "L'Africaine," "I Pagliacci," "Haensel and Gretel," "Salome," and four of Wagner's operas, including "Tristan."

A new edition of "The Yale Song Book" has been brought out by G. Schirmer. There are eighty-nine songs, compiled from "Yale Songs," "Yale Glees," and "Yale Melodies." The selections are judicious, but one misses what university students surely would be interested in—a few pages of notes telling the source and origin of the songs, which touch on the domain of Italian opera, German student life, the Southern plantation, and many other fields. Editors are apt to forget that some time in life everybody has to learn what everybody is supposed to know. It seems rather odd that the first song in the book, entitled "Dear Old Yale," should prove to be nothing else than "The Watch on the Rhine."

Art.

ARTS AND CRAFTS IN BOSTON.

BOSTON, February 18.

"Invicta Roma," in every department of American art. Perhaps the most vivid impression made by the exhibition in Boston, February 5-26, in celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Society of Arts and Crafts, is one of the triumphant Gallic and classic influence in a movement that was originally romantic, Gothic, and reactionary; and one that is still so, in the main, in the land of its origin.

For such a condition in the rejuvenated handicrafts of this country the Parisian art schools are, without doubt, responsible. We dream of a new artisanship that shall restore something of the glory of mediæval workmanship, of the days when unknown stone-cutters, toiling on the fronts of Chartres or Notre Dame, were artists scarcely inferior in intellect and technical equipment to those who assisted Phidias in his work of beautifying the Acropolis; and we speculate how such a consummation may be brought about. In the meantime our architects, painters, and sculptors —practical and sometimes commercialized men, with almost limitless opportunities to advise wealthy clients as to ways of spending money effectively rather than extravagantly—are creating a little revival of artisanship of their own by hiring, under favorable working conditions—as favorable, at least, as the labor unions will permit—wood-carvers, silversmiths, leather workers, potters, and tile-makers, glass window designers, and all the others of the army of allied service. This employment, however, is for the most part under men who learned their *métier* in France or in American schools where the French influence is dominant. We have, to be sure, our picturesque "Gothic camp" among the architects, our little handful of painters and sculptors who follow, *non æquis passibus*, it must be confessed, the romanticists and reactionaries of Europe. Yet in nine cases out of ten the handicraftsman who to-day secures professional work of consequence discovers quickly that he is responsible to a man who was trained at the Beaux-Arts or at Julian's, and in so far as he is able he adapts his manner, even if he was trained in another school, to suit his employer's requirements.

Accordingly, throughout the range of handicrafts in the Boston exhibition, which is thoroughly national in scope, the Romanizing forces are very apparent. In the printing art the best current practice, though starting from William Morris, and with full acknowledgment of its indebtedness to him, has, nevertheless, arrived at results which Morris would almost certainly have deprecated. The progression has been entirely in the direction of the typography of the Italian Renaissance, and even more markedly in the direction of the better commercial practice of to-day. The black-faced pages produced by heavy northern type, which a decade ago were more popular than readable, have been succeeded by light pages with type and decorative designs derived from the very sources which most of the "art" printers until recently repudiated. The result, if one prizes avoidance of eccentricity over effort to be original, has been a happy one. The archaic look of book pages, believed by their makers to be beautiful beyond the generality of printed pages, is disappearing. The intention of securing harmony between type and decoration, of considering with half-closed eyes the balance of gray spots on the white and deckle-edged pages of the open book—this has remained; but the mannerisms, the eccentricities, are being dropped. The printing art, even as practised for its own sake by enthusiasts, is in process of normalization. It would rather be right than bizarre. It no longer aims to differ from its own kind, but rather to be the best of its kind.

In practically every other of the handicrafts, the same tendency is observable, particularly if any considerable number of its practitioners are employed professionally. The woodworking arts furnish a striking illustration. Wood-carvers in the United States are mostly foreigners, immigrants from countries where the Gothic traditions are most persistent, as from Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia. Upon this body of workers, whose craft has been inherited from the great carvers of Freiburg and Nuremberg, the taste of American artists who are throwing them each year an increasing number of commissions for fine workmanship, have just as certainly become a great compelling force, making for restraint, sobriety, logic, style; making away from realistic representation in very high relief of flowers and fruit forms, of portrait heads. Whenever, furthermore, a specialized branch of sculpture in wood is developed here—as in the now-popular individual treatment of the picture frame and the mirror frame—the artist's resort for inspiration and example is generally to the works of the Italian and Spanish frame-makers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and hardly at all to the carvings of the Germans and Flemings. In the art, again, of glass-blowing, which, outside of its ordinary commercial applications, is still pursued by a few men of distinct artistic feeling, the present ideal is one of simplicity, with consequent freedom from profuse ornamentation, and with a severity of line, which is even more Florentine than Venetian, more Hellenic than Hellenistic. Potters are being steadily turned in Italianate direc-

tions; the vogue of pottery suitable for landscape gardening is one of several factors helping that tendency along. Silversmiths are more and more looking for models to Renaissance, and, curiously enough, to American colonial work —often to Paul Revere and his contemporaries, whose design reflected the classicism popular in the eighteenth century. Even such an art as the decoration of china, justly perhaps fallen into disrepute through a perversion of the Gothic principle of free adaptation of natural forms, has been somewhat restored to dignity and standing by ceramic workers who depend for their success on color and surface, together with sparing use of a little formal design, usually of classic derivation.

How is this modern classicism to be explained? There is something so distinctly usable about nearly all the art-forms which antiquity developed that a busy age may easily be pardoned for basing its handicraft upon them. The classic orders and elements of design are not properly a substitute for thinking—although often improperly so used—but they are in any case a great help to thinking. The modern finds his work partly done. A little skilful adapting and readapting, and, presto! you have a State capitol, a great public library, a neatly bound little volume, a picture painted in accordance with a definite scheme of composition and values, a simple pot upon which the same sort of care may be lavished which created the hopelessly perfect lines of the best amphoræ and lekethi. Upon a platform of catholicity of the kind with which the Roman of the early empire regarded the derived artistic forms which his architects and engineers employed in the erection of vast public and private works, the dominant Americanism of to-day has come to stand as regards all the arts, including those which, in an age of narrow parochialism, were unhappily labelled the "minor arts." The handicraft movement is, therefore, rapidly detaching itself from its original impetus. Operated upon by national forces, its present trend is in the direction of classicism, which the trinity of the fine arts has already taken.

The "Hokusai" of Edward F. Strange, in the Langham Art Monographs (Charles Scribner's Sons), gives a clear enough picture of the place of that artist in the art of Japan, but it is difficult to accept altogether the judgment which ranks him with "the masters of the world's art." Mr. Strange compares Hokusai, felicitously enough, with Daumier; but until we are ready to place Daumier above Raphael and Titian we should hardly presume to reverse the judgment of the Japanese themselves, who are rather contemptuous of our Western laudation of one who is to them relatively inconsiderable—a clever maker of popular prints, but far from a great classic master. Of course there are those who would so rank Daumier, and even those who would not may admire his genius. But what should we think of a judgment of Western art based on an almost exclusive knowledge of Daumier? That is the position that most of us are in with regard to Japanese art. Even Whistler, the refined, the aristocratic, the dainty epicure of line and color, knew no other name but that of Hokusai, and uses it as synonymous with the art of Japan.

The presence in the same series of "Oxford," by H. J. L. J. Massé, is hard to understand, for there is a little about everything but art in the volume. It is as unreadable as a guide-book, and more like one than anything else, yet we imagine it would be an inefficient guide. For those who love desiccated information it may have its place, but its place is not in a series of Art Monographs.

Last autumn Corrado Ricci, chairman of the new Commissione Centrale per le antichità e le belle arti, proposed to the Ministry of Public Instruction a monthly review to continue and replace the more imposing series Gallerie Nazionali Italiane. The intention was to publish promptly all matters relating to the national collections, news of discoveries, restorations, etc., as well as the proceedings of the newly formed Commissione Centrale. This project is handsomely realized in the first number of the *Bollettino d'Arte* del Ministero della P. Istruzione. The leading article is a discussion and reconstruction of the Discobolus unearthed last year at Castel Porziano, and given by the King to the National Museum at Rome. Professor Giulio Emmanuele Rizzo effects the restoration of this splendid marble, by using the Discobolus head of the Louvre, and the fragmentary right arm of the Casa Buonarotti. Naturally these additions have been made, not to the marble itself, but to a cast. The result is highly pleasing and credible enough. The ministerial committee on the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan reports the painting as rapidly peeling from the wall, owing to the disparate materials—including oils, tempera, and even encaustic—with which the original work and the restorations have been executed; and as well to the exudation of nitre from the damp wall. The report contains a complete account of the restorations and inquests of which this ill-fated masterpiece has been the subject for nearly two centuries. It is recommended that the work be committed to the famous restorer Cavenaghi, whose plan, already tested for several years on a portion of the painting, is, after careful cleaning, to fix the fragments to the wall with resinous gums impervious to water. We can only note in passing that there are many other items of interest. This periodical will be most useful to serious students of Itallan art. The illustrations are of good quality, but one must regret that the only photogravure was given, not to the original marble, but to the plaster reconstruction of the new Discobolus. The price of the *Bollettino* is 2.5 francs for Italy, 3 for other countries; the annual subscription similarly 25 and 30 francs. The publisher is E. Calzone, Corso Umberto I., No. 307, Rome.

The site of Grecian Herculaneum is discussed by Prof. dall' Osso of the Naples Museum in the *Tribuna* (Rome) for January 29. He believes that it was a Hippodamean city, square upon a side of not more than 400 metres. Its three avenues ran parallel from the southeast to northwest, cutting the intramural precinct into ranges of four building blocks from side to side. The entire city would thus consist of possibly twenty such blocks, each something less than a hundred metres by sixty. Of these blocks six have been superficially excavated, enough to prove the orientation and length of the main porticoed street and the existence of its western parallel avenue. Recent excavations on the land of the Marchese del Bisogno have uncovered a bit of the pavement of the eastern avenue, proving to Prof. dall' Osso's satisfaction that the city was square, and much smaller than has been supposed. He recalls pertinently that Petronius Arbiter regarded it as an *oppidulum*. If the excavations under the Waldstein project were to be confined to the Greek town, the area involved would be relatively small. But there remains the probability that the finest objects of art are not within the walls, but in the Roman villas outside. It was one such villa, that of the Papyri, which yielded the splendid bronzes now at Naples. It seems that, however the digging is conducted, a large element of chance must enter into the work. Such a restriction of the scheme as is hinted at in Prof. dall' Osso's theory may at least save unpromising reconnaissances beyond the probable limits of either the urban or villa sections.

Boston's development and improvement is the subject of an interesting report of a committee of architects, published at the joint expense of eight business organizations of the city. In its preparation careful study has been made of what has been done in this direction in other cities in this country and in Europe, especially in Hamburg. The suggestions include the construction of two encircling boulevards to render communication easier, and an island in the Charles River. From a purely business point of view the concluding section is the most important, with its suggestions for the improvement of the railroad and dock facilities. The report is in quarto form, and is profusely illustrated with plans and pictures of suggested improvements in New York, Washington,

Art.

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Cleveland, and St. Louis, as well as striking scenes in several European cities.

The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts has secured six pictures, with money given by George A. Hearn of this city. These hang in Gallery 13, devoted to the American school. They are: George de Forest Brush, In the Garden; Frank W. Benson, Portrait of a Lady; W. M. Chase, Seventeenth Century Lady; William Sergeant Rendall, The Seer; Douglas Volk, The Young Pioneer, and Frederick Ballard Williams, L'Allegro. From the income of the Rogers Fund the Museum has purchased a Nativity, by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo (about 1440, died after 1521). His paintings may be found in Berlin, Madrid, and Perugia. The acquisition of our Museum is a not very large canvas, the Virgin and Joseph adoring the infant Christ. An ox and ass are in the cave behind, while above are worshipping angels. To the right is a shepherd piping to a flock. A section of a city on the heights is in this part of the picture; to the left is an angel in the sky and another shepherd with his flock. An Umbrian landscape is clear in the background. The composition has the naïveté of its times. The Museum has also received from J. Pierpont Morgan five Burgundian tapestries of the fourteenth century. According to the annual report of the trustees the attendance for the year was 761,476.

The Munich art exhibition of 1907 will, as heretofore, open June 1, closing at the end of October. There will be a number of collective exhibitions from various art societies.

A collection of twenty water-colors and seventy-four oils, the property of A. Augustus Healy of Brooklyn, was offered at auction by the American Art Galleries in this city last Friday night. The collection sold for $75,975. The highest price paid for a water-color was $2,600 for Jacob Maris's View of Dordrecht. Among the prices for the oils were the following: Jacob Maris, Holland Landscape, $1,000; Henri Harpignies, The Birches, $2,100; A Summer Day, $2,000; Charles François Daubigny, Banks of the Marne, $7,900; A Showery Day in Spring, $6,000; Springtime, $1,100; Josef Israëls, Waiting for His Master, $1,700; A Dutch Interior, $2,600; Théodore Rousseau, The Plain of Barbizon at Twilight, $1,225; Jean Charles Cazin, Le Dernier Quartier, $4,500; T. H. de Bock, Autumn, $1,150; Jacob Simon Hendrik Kever, Playmates, $1,350; François Pieter Ter Meulen, A Shepherd and His Flock—Winter, $1,000; Constant Troyon, The Ferry, $1,050; Willem Maris, Under the Willows, $5,100.

At an auction at Christie's, London, on February 2, the sum of £210 was paid for Sir Peter Lely's Portrait of a Lady, in red dress and brown scarf. At the Christie sale of February 5, the following prices were paid for engravings: After Romney: Nature (Lady Hamilton), by H. Meyer, first state, before any letters, £462; another copy, printed in colors, £210; after Reynolds: The Snake in the Grass, by W. Ward, £252; after W. Hamilton: The Months, by Bartolozzi and Gardiner, set of twelve, £220; after Morland: The Story of Letitia, by J. R. Smith, £210; after Lawrence: Master Lambton, by S. Cousins, first state, £162; Countess of Derby, by Bartolozzi, £178.

A collection of paintings belonging to Eugène Fischhof of Paris and New York will be sold at auction in the ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria, on the nights of February 22 and 23. The paintings, now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, comprise works by old and new masters.

The death is announced of Henry Cros, the sculptor. Born in Narbonne in 1840, he studied under Jouffroy, Étex, and the painter Valadon; and for many years he exhibited at the Salon. Among his better known works are busts of Mlle. Jeannine Dumas and Adolphe Guérouet, and bas reliefs Ascagne endormi and Les Druidesses. He made many experiments in *polychromie* and *cire colorée*. He collaborated with Charles Henry in a technical book entitled, "L'Encaustique et les autres procédés de peinture chez les Anciens."

Finance.

STERLING EXCHANGE.

Two or three weeks ago "investment" in "long sterling" was noted as a feature of the exchange and money markets of this city. "Long sterling" is the name given to drafts on London that have sixty to ninety days to run before maturity. This investment movement was the first instance of the kind in several years. It was the direct result of the fact that the London discount rate was at the moment higher and therefore more attractive to borrowers than the money rate in New York.

It is generally true that commercial exports from the United States are financed originally by the issue of bills of exchange of "usance" other than "sight" or eight days. The commonest form of usances is for sixty and ninety days. Inasmuch as the shipper as a rule needs his money when he ships his goods or shortly thereafter, and the buyer naturally does not pay for them until he has received them—and usually not for some time thereafter—somebody must find the money to pay the shipper, and whoever does so must await repayment until the buyer is ready to pay. This interval is covered by the sixty and ninety-day bills of exchange, which have to be sold by the shippers at such a discount, as compared with a "sight" draft, as will give the buyer interest on his money at the local rate for the term of maturity of the bill.

London is the great market for acceptances of this kind, and London by discounting these "long bills," furnishes the money necessary to transport produce from original shipper to ultimate buyer. The London discount rate fixes the discount on "long" sterling as against "sight" sterling. It is precisely the performance of functions of this kind that characterizes a "world's money centre." Ordinarily, there is a continuous stream of bills of exchange at sixty or ninety days from New York to London for acceptance and discount. In other words, the bills do not, as a rule, rest in the portfolios of New York bankers, but go forward as fast as they are made. London "finances" the crop movement of which these bills are the result. Several years ago, however, it so happened that New York was suffering from a plethora of money at a time when exchange was tending strongly against London; that is, when New York claims against London exceeded in amount the claims of London against New York. New York bankers were able to buy "long" sterling on terms which gave a minimum return on their investment larger than they could obtain in any other safe way in the New York money market. Consequently, New York bankers started to do their own "discounting" of these "long" bills, and, instead of discounting them in London, simply held them until they became "sight" drafts, when they were presented for payment. It was estimated that there was thus "in storage" at one time in New York something like twenty million pounds sterling of "long" bills, and the estimate is not so unreasonable as it looks.

With "sight" sterling at about $4.84½ for the pound, an investor risks nothing in buying "long bills" so far as exchange movements are concerned; for with normal monetary conditions—that is, with the movement of gold not impeded, and the interest on money not prohibitive—remittances from London to New York can be made as cheaply in gold as in bills of exchange. Under ordinary circumstances, as described above, the investor in "long bills" cannot lose. Exchange can rise from this level, and he can make a profit thereby, but loss is virtually out of the question, because he can always take his gold at maturity of the bill and close his transaction.

It is hardly likely that there will be

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much "investment" in sterling exchange by our bankers under present conditions. While it is true that our "finance bill" position has been cleared up by sales of railroad notes and that we are not in debit on strictly "current account" at present, it seems improbable that our time money rates will recede very far from the present level in the near future, whereas the cream of the "long" bill as an investment has disappeared with the reduction of the London discount rate by one per cent. Certainly nothing like the accumulation of several years ago is to be expected, unless, indeed, we were to have so sudden and violent a contraction in business as to produce an immediate and large decline in rates for money.

Nevertheless, that our bankers should be "investing" at all in sterling exchange in February, 1907, after having caused Europe to shudder for months over our "finance bill" borrowings in 1906, is surely as good an example of the extraordinary power of the United States to "about-face" as any one could wish to see.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allan, Brant. Poems. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Arnold, W. T. Roman Provincial Administration. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare. Edited by Appleton Morgan and Willis Vickery. The Shakespeare Press.
Barker, J. Ellis. The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Bearne, Mrs. Heroines of French Society. Dutton. $3 net.
Bell, Gertrude Lowthian. The Desert and the Sown. Dutton. $5 net.
Beynon, J. Herrington. Alluria. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Bindloss, Harold. The Dust of Conflict. F. A. Stokes Co.
Blanchan, Neltje. Birds Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
Blewett, George John. The Study of Nature and the Vision of God. Toronto: William Briggs.
Bourgeois, Emile, and E. Clermont. Rome et Napoleon III. Paris: Armand Colin.
Castellane's Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire. Edited by G. W. Hartog. Henry Frowde.
Childe, Charles P. The Control of a Scourge. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Clouston, T. S. The Hygiene of Mind. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Commander, Lydia K. The American Idea. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Connolly, James. The Jewels of King Art. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Dudley, G. Wilson. The Dream of Hell. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Earle, Mrs. C. W. Letters to Young and Old. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Evans, E. P. The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Everyman's Library: F. W. Robertson's Sermons, 3 vols.; John Wesley's Journal, 4 vols.; F. D. Maurice's Kingdom of Christ, 2 vols.; Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion; William Law's Serious Call; Hugh Latimer's Sermons; Principal Lindsay's New Testament; Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici. Dutton. 50 cents per vol.
Facts on Immigration. National Civic Federation. 25 cents.
Fehlandt, August F. A Century of Drink Reform in the United States. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Finot, Jean. Race Prejudice. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. Dutton. $3 net.
Fischer, George Alexander. This Labyrinthine Life. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Gordon, George. The Processional: A Poem. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Gorst, Sir John E. The Children of the Nation. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hilty, Carl. The Steps of Life. Translated by Melvin Brandow. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Hogg, Ethel M. Quintin Hogg. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hosmer, James Kendall. Outcome of the Civil War. Harpers. $2 net.
Hudson, Henry N. Essays on English Studies. Edited by A. J. George. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75 cents.
Kenny, Courtney Stanhope. Outlines of Criminal Law. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Knox, George William. The Development of Religion in Japan. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Labor and Industries of New Jersey, Twenty-ninth Annual Report of. Camden, N. J.
Lysaght, Sidney Royse. Her Majesty's Rebels. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Mair, David. A School Course of Mathematics. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.
Memoirs of "Malakoff." Edited by R. M. Johnston. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.
Newman, George. Infant Mortality. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Noble, Edward. The Issue. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
North, Leigh. Predecessors of Cleopatra. Broadway Publishing Co.
Norton, Charles Eliot. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Ober, Frederick A. Amerigo Vespucci. Harpers. $1 net.
Ovidio, Francesco d'. Nuovi Studii Danteschi. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Plumb, Charles S. Types and Breeds of Farm Animals. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Randall, John. The Sweetest Solace. Dutton. $1.50.
Repass, E. A. The Importance of Home Training; or Family Discipline. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 10 cents.
Royer, Newton H. The Advantages of a Settled Pastorate. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 10 cents.
Schultz, J. W. My Life as an Indian. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.
Slicer, Thomas R. The Way to Happiness. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Smith, Goldwin. Labour and Capital. Macmillan Co. 50 cents net.
Smith, Ruel Perley. Prisoners of Fortune. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Snyder, Carl. The World Machine. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Sonnets of Heredia. Translated by Edward R. Taylor. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net.
Souter, Alexander. The Commentary of Pelagius on the Epistles of Paul. Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d.
Statutes and Constitutional Documents Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. Henry Frowde.
Stendhal's Racine et Shakespeare. Edited by Leon Delbos. Henry Frowde.
Stoddart, Jane T. The Life of the Empress Eugenie. Dutton. $3 net.
Super, Charles William. A Liberal Education. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Swedenborg, Emanuel. The Proprium. Edited by John Bigelow. New Church Board of Publication.
Swect, Louis Matthews. The Birth and Infancy of Christ. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press.
Tower, William Lawrence. An Investigation of Evolution in Chrysomelid Beetles of the Genus Leptinotarsa. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Wilcox, Henry S. Frailties of the Jury. Chicago: Legal Literature Co.

Hobhouse's Morals in Evolution

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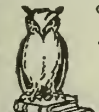

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1907.

The Week.

Into his formal speech presenting his letter of credence as British Ambassador, Mr. Bryce injected a characterization of the American people. He is, of course, aware that he is as truly an Ambassador to them as to our Government. Speaking as if directly to them, he said that he had learned to appreciate their "devotion to the cause of moral and social progress," and their "passionate desire to make the lives of the people worthy of the material blessings which Providence has bestowed upon them with so bountiful a hand." This was not intended as empty compliment. Mr. Bryce would not stoop to that. It is to be taken, rather, as the deliberate estimate of a calm observer who has had the advantage, in studying America, of both intimate acquaintance and a distant perspective. He had satisfied himself as to the evidence upon which his judgment was based. For our part, we believe that Mr. Bryce has accurately hit off the motive and aim, as distinguished from actual achievement, of the political and social agitation of the day in this country. They sweep up into themselves much that is unworthy, much that is blind and false and selfish; but on the whole, they do witness to a dominant desire for betterment in all humane ways. Whatever of compliment there may be in Mr. Bryce's remarks, it is directed to our purpose and the goal of our striving, and so should fill us, not so much with complacency, as with fresh resolve.

Comparison of the Dominican treaty, ratified by the Senate on Monday, with the corresponding treaty upon which President Roosevelt told the Senate, on February 15, 1905, that there was "urgent need of prompt action," shows that the two documents are radically different. What Mr. Roosevelt proposed two years ago was, practically, a protectorate over Santo Domingo; now the United States is simply to name a "General Receiver of Dominican Customs." In the treaty of 1905, it was set forth: "The United States Government agrees to attempt the adjustment of all the obligations of the Dominican Government, foreign as well as domestic." The treaty of to-day starts out by reciting that "the Dominican Government has now effected a conditional adjustment and settlement of said debts and claims." The ambitious plan of Mr. Roosevelt two years ago was to "grant" to the Dominican Government "such other assistance as the former [*i. e.*, the Government of the United States] may deem proper to restore the credit, preserve the order, increase the efficiency of the civil administration, and advance the material progress and welfare of the Dominican Republic." All that perilous stuff has now been stricken out. So much for intelligent discussion.

If anything were needed further to discredit the ship-subsidy bill in Congress, it would be this trick of holding it back until the very last days of the session. Evidently, there is to be an effort to whip it through at the final moment, with all sorts of dubious agreements and hidden jobs coming out of the conference between the two houses, and struggling for acceptance in the clamor and confusion of the dying hours of Congress. There is large and weighty Republican opposition to the bill, which bids fair to be able to strike out some of its inexcusable features, if not to defeat it entirely, when the vote comes on Friday. We hope the stoutest kind of fight will be made, in both House and Senate. The bill is pushed under the most suspicious patronage—may be described, in a word, as the last despairing effort of the subsidy-jobbers, headed by Gen. Grosvenor, with less than a week of official life before him. If ever there was a measure which sober and honest Republicans, with an eye to the future of their party, should oppose uncompromisingly, it is this proposal to pay a subsidy of $700,000 a year to J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman.

Our happy-go-lucky way of making up the national budget was illustrated last Thursday, when Chairman Tawney implored the House to be "patriotic" and not swell the appropriations so enormously. He forgot that the real patriotism is to go in for the old flag and an appropriation. He is, however, justifiably alarmed by the totals already in sight. On his own showing, Congress will have appropriated upwards of $1,000,000,000 for the fiscal year 1907-08. And Mr. Tawney warned the House that the revenues must not only remain at their present abnormally high level, but must actually rise higher, if there is not to be a deficit. He said that the chances were in favor of a deficit of $100,000,000 by the close of the fiscal year 1908. That would fall just after the Presidential nominations had been made, and could scarcely be thought a good Republican campaign argument. But the appeals of the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations fall upon deaf ears, so long as he has no real power to enforce them. With one set of men to raise the revenue, and quite another to spend it, coördination between our national income and outgo is not to be expected. We have floundered along for years with this Micawber system, which has not yet brought us to bankruptcy; but some day we shall have to follow the practice of other nations and have an actual budget—revenue carefully provided and expense regulated to fit it by a single authority.

There were twenty-eight Senators who voted to unseat Senator Smoot in spite of the fact that he was not a polygamist or an apologist for polygamy, and ten of them belonged to his own party. That was really more than the proponents of so weak a case had a right to expect. The simple fact was that an application of the reasoning on which the anti-Smoot agitation was based, to matters other than religious, would have created havoc in the Senate membership. If a man is disqualified for Senatorial honors by serving on a church governing board with polygamists, what was to be said of Senators who sit on boards of directors along with reputed corruptionists and financial pirates, or others who have taken orders from irresponsible bosses? The Mormon Senator has nearly completed the fourth year of his term, but the decision of last week quiets any anxiety as to the remaining two.

Prof. Hannis Taylor, in an address, "The Relation of the South to Pending Problems," delivered at Johns Hopkins on Washington's Birthday, made a notable plea for the bestowal of suffrage upon colored men as they become qualified by education or property, or both. Many other well-wishers of the negro in the Southern States advocate this plan. Only in a very few communities, however, is the educated and property-owning negro welcomed at the polls. Many of the leaders of the race do not dare to go to the booths for fear lest something happen to them or their property. Yet, as Professor Taylor says, intelligent and responsible minorities could never menace the political superiority of the white race. He speaks of the whites as being "endowed with a genius for domination." When demagogues like Hoke Smith insist upon the necessity of total disfranchisement, many people feel that the white race in the South has no confidence in its genius for domination. But whether the whites fear the latent possibilities of the negro or not, it is refreshing when an intellectual Southerner like Hannis Taylor calls for the suffrage for the qualified, and urges "an earnest effort to advance through

public education." Just now in the far South there is a fixed determination on the part of the States to do nothing more for the schools of the colored—even if, as in Atlanta to-day, one in every three colored children must roam the streets for lack of school sittings.

Our announced policy of excluding the Japanese seems based on the assumption that the American intellect has become Dingleyized. What we mean may be seen by comparing Japan's way of fronting the modern world, and our own. The marvellous story of Japanese progress during the past fifty years is essentially that of a nation stripping to meet the competition of all comers. Japan sent her sons abroad to suck the learning and the science of foreign nations. From Germany and France and England and the United States they brought back the best they could anywhere find. And at home they threw their doors wide to foreigners. Any stranger who could show them any new thing, or do for them any useful work, was welcome—were it building railroads, or setting up a postal system, or introducing modern methods into their universities. Her old theory of a shut-in and jealously guarded national existence once abandoned, Japan turned with amazing energy and success to the task of beating "civilized" nations with their own weapons. To the Japanese mind, the way to win is to be more efficient, more painstaking, more resourceful, more enduring than your rivals. The idea of asking odds, or demanding a handicap, in the shape of legislation discriminating against foreigners, is to the intellect of a modern Japanese equivalent to giving up the contest in advance, admitting that the struggle is too hard for your feeble thews. Contrast with this the strengthening tendency of our politicians and legislators to cry out at everything foreign, to feel or feign alarm at the thought of Americans having to stand up and match their brains with the best that the world can show. For that is what all these schemes of "protection" amount to—an admission that we cannot hold our own, that we are too dull or lazy or selfish to bestir ourselves and make our products as good and cheap as any that can be made anywhere. The labor unions would build a wall of exclusion about themselves, to prevent their efficiency from heing tested by that of free labor, and would club or kill any workingman who tries to climb over it. This is the unworthy and shrinking spirit which comes to the front in all this outcry, artificially worked up, for Japanese exclusion. We crave an unfair advantage in the struggle. If anybody is too "efficient" for us, we propose to shut him out.

In a speech at the Harvard Union last Saturday President Roosevelt heartily defended rough sports in general and football in particular. The topic was a delicate one to handle because the Harvard Overseers now have under consideration the whole question of intercollegiate contests. Moreover, President Eliot's objection to football and to other games in which there is a strong temptation to be brutal or tricky is well known. President Roosevelt declares that he does not want to see Harvard "turn out mollycoddles." The proposal to abolish football he curtly characterizes as "simple nonsense, a mere confession of weakness." He adds:

> We cannot afford to turn out of college men who shrink from physical effort or from a little physical pain. In any republic courage is a prime necessity for the average citizen if he is to be a good citizen, and he needs physical courage no less than moral courage, the courage that dares as well as the courage that endures, the courage that will fight valiantly alike against the foes of the soul and the foes of the body. Athletics are good, especially in their rougher forms, because they tend to develop such courage.

We may remind President Roosevelt, however, that physical valor antedates football. It is easier to face an enemy in the heat and exaltation of battle than to face the knife of the surgeon. Yet every year thousands of women who have had no experience of brutality or even roughness walk unflinchingly into the Valley of the Shadow. It is not practice in throttling and kicking that nerves their tender souls for the ordeal. And does President Roosevelt remember the solemn inscriptions on the walls of Memorial Hall? There is the muster-roll of hundreds of Harvard youth, who, when their country called, gladly laid down their lives on Southern battlefield, in hospital, and in prison. It was the heroism of these very men of Harvard which first brought home to Carlyle the ideals for which the North poured out its blood. And does any one suppose that in such a crisis men's hearts were of the pitiful stuff that needs to be steeled by the roughness of a boy's game? Every name on those marble tablets is a protest against that superficial view.

President Roosevelt's recommendation that the Lee Centennial should be marked by the establishment of a memorial to Lee at some representative Southern institution of learning, has, of course, been received with enthusiasm throughout the South. The spectacle of a Northern President urging a memorial to the "Traitor Lee" of 1861 is by itself sufficiently remarkable. But Southern writers are to-day realizing that Lee was even greater after the war than during it, and have come to recognize the immense service he rendered when he mounted Traveller, his old war-horse, and rode over the hills to the struggling little Washington College. That growing and vigorous institution, distinguished for freedom of thought and speech, is now Washington and Lee University. Naturally, this place—the scene of Lee's labors and his death—is specially appropriate for the proposed memorial.

The statistics of this country's material output are the commonplaces of our patriotism. We are expected to know our balance of trade at any given moment, as we know the readings of our thermometers. But we are not so well informed as to America's intellectual product. There exists only a general impression that each person who is not illiterate produces something like a book annually. As a matter of fact the last report of the Librarian of Congress in conjunction with the Statistical Abstract, shows that even our output of crude steel has not increased faster than that of copyrighted works of literature and art. The report of the register of copyrights reveals a steady increase in the number of entries of title from 92,978 in 1901-2 to 117,704 in 1905-6, or a growth in five years of 26 per cent. We regret that a short-sighted Government has failed to provide for the proper subdivision of these totals. It ought to be made possible to plot the curve of the historical romance, watch the rise and fall of the nature book, and record the sudden, almost volcanic, eruption and subsidence of the books called "The Something of Somebody," which threatened a few years ago to drive all other titles out of the market. In the year after the last census was taken, one out of every 6,000 persons who could read and write copyrighted a book or pamphlet. Since that time the population may have increased 15 per cent.; the number of books copyrighted has increased 90 per cent. The old reproach that this is not a musical and artistic nation must have been based upon some theorist's notions about quality. We hold up in the face of Paris and Barbizon and Vienna and Bayreuth and all the rest these two triumphant facts: There were more musical compositions copyrighted by Americans last year than works of any other class whatever, while the largest increases in five years—excepting only books—were in the classes of "engravings, cuts, and prints" and "chromos and lithographs" respectively. Many of these increases, of course, merely indicate that new classes of producers, who have been at work without interruption, have found protection in the copyright laws. In other cases—books, for instance—the figures on their face ought to be trustworthy. Their real significance is in the demonstration that so

much miscellaneous work has been found worth protecting.

In one of his whimsical stories, Stockton described the sensations of the members of a fashionable archery club, trained in all the conventions of their elegant sport, when their annual tournament was won by a competitor who shot with his bow held horizontally opposite his waist-line. That sort of thing happens more frequently in literature than in sport. Writers who pay no attention to the rules of the game persist in hitting the bull's eye of popularity. Just twenty years ago appeared "Mr. Barnes of New York," the first of the "Gunter books." It violated more than literary canons. It did not really have even a publisher, but was printed at the author's expense and circulated through a news company. The meanest critic might riddle every page of it. Yet the book and the play made from it have lived. A million copies have been sold; and it is safe to say that no other American book two decades old can today be bought at any well-regulated railway news-stand. The reasons are not far to seek. Archibald Clavering Gunter, who died last Saturday, gave to the world thirty-nine novels and a half-dozen plays. No man who wrote for a public above that of the dime novel ever insisted more strongly than Mr. Gunter on movement and incident at any cost. Except on the lips of his characters, there is not a past tense between the covers of "Mr. Barnes." Everything *is* happening, and it was the novelist's avowed rule to make something new happen in every five hundred words. Conforming to these principles, a tale might be faulty in a hundred ways, but it could never drag. Of course, it took a man of exceptional gifts to live up to these ideals. Mr. Gunter's ingenuity was astonishing, but it was spent chiefly on plot and incident. Every emotion, passion, and motive is plain as a pikestaff. The heroines are without exception ineffably lovely, the heroes brave and masterful; the comic characters go straight to fun-making. The whole illusion, of which the uninterrupted present tense is the symbol, consists in the conviction that the author himself does not know what is coming. His report seems to be written "page by page," as the events themselves are happening, and before the final outcome is guessed. It has been said that the best description of the bombardment of Alexandria is contained in the opening chapters of "Mr. Potter of Texas." If that be true, it is because the pages read, for all their crudeness, as if the author felt that a stray bombshell might make every sentence his last.

The recent report of the British Royal Commission appointed to investigate the relations of bovine to human tuberculosis confirms the conclusions arrived at earlier by the United States Department of Agriculture. The new experiments show that tubercle bacilli from human beings may give rise, in inoculated cattle, to a condition which appears identical with common bovine tuberculosis. Further, the milk of tuberculous cows causes tuberculosis in apes, and the Commission infers that it might easily do so in children. Thus the investigators, both in the United States and Great Britain, reject the theory advanced by Koch a few years ago, that human and bovine tuberculosis are two distinct diseases, and that neither is transmissible from one species to the other. This subject is of especial interest at present in New York, in view of the projects that are under consideration to insure a pure milk supply. Only two plans have been proposed: One is the inspection of the dairies, and prohibition of the sale of any milk produced in unhygienic surroundings. This plan would confine the milk supply to so-called "model farms." The other proposal is to pasteurize all the milk destined for the city's consumption. This process kills any harmful bacteria present, but does not otherwise correct deficiencies in the quality of the milk. It is evident that while either method is desirable in itself, either would pretty surely result in increasing the price of milk. The burden will be most felt by the poor. Any one acquainted with the ignorance and misery of the tenements will understand the consequences of an increase in the price of milk, Infants will be fed on bread and tea or bread and beer—no uncommon diet for such children—if milk is beyond the means of the parents.

Judged by the cabled summary, Secretary Haldane's plan for the betterment of the British army is by all odds the best of the dozen or so schemes which have been formulated since the Boer war revealed the necessity of a thoroughgoing reorganization. Primarily, he provides the field force of regulars long desired for immediate striking purposes, but in larger numbers than had been hoped—160,000. To this body he would add in war time 80,000 men as a special contingent from the territorial forces. These men are to perform the semi-civilian and detached duties which so greatly weaken an army by drawing from its strength for running ammunition trains, doing railway work, recruiting, etc. Even more striking is the War Minister's proposal to unite all the present auxiliary forces, volunteers, yeomanry, and militia, into one homogeneous body, trained according to regular models and reinforced by regular artillery. Many Secretaries for War and military men have dreamed of something like this; Mr. Haldane is the first to submit a really comprehensive plan. Indubitably, the Secretary will meet with much opposition, perhaps even from the leaders of the volunteers and yeomanry. But now that the taxpayer knows that the principle of voluntary enlistments will be adhered to, and that Mr. Haldane proposes a saving of $10,000,000 in the cost of the regulars, together with greatly increased efficiency, the most influential classes will be on his side.

Orientally benighted Persia persists in showing the way to occidental Russia in the matter of working a new legislative system. From occasional dispatches we learn that there is a good deal of quarrelling and manœuvring at Teheran, but on the whole no more than is to be expected from a healthy young Parliament which must make a trial of its strength. The Shah seems to be acting in good faith. His conduct, indeed, presents a marked contrast to the futile waverings and hesitations of his royal brother, Nicholas II. It is customary to excuse the latter on the ground that the sovereign is helpless when surrounded by a camarilla of self-seeking politicians. Yet the same difficulties confronted the new Shah, who met them with manly resolution. Would not a firm stand by Russia's ruler do away at once with the reactionary camarilla? The first real working Constitution which Islam has known embodies the classic features of every liberal parliamentary system. The Constitution recognizes the sovereign power as vested in the dynasty of the Khajars. The rulers must govern, however, in coöperation with the representatives of the nation, and in conformity with its laws. The executive power is exercised by the Shah through his ministers. Whether the latter are to hold office at the pleasure of the Parliament, is one of the mooted questions. The legislative power is vested in a popular Chamber, elected for two years and comprising at present 162 members, a number which may be increased to 200; and a Senate of 60 members, of whom half are elected and half nominated. Laws may be originated by Parliament or by the Administration, and after being passed by both houses receive the royal sanction. This would appear to be a formality, since the right of veto is not conceded. Financial bills may originate only in the Chamber. The Shah may dissolve the lower house in case of conflict with the Senate, but the consent of two-thirds of the latter body is necessary to such action, and it may be exercised only once in two years. New elections must follow within a month, and the Chamber assembles immediately after the close of the elections, irrespective of the absence of members from the more distant provinces. Freedom of the press is guaranteed.

THE UNION PACIFIC INQUIRY.

The preliminary inquiry of the Interstate Commerce Commission, seven weeks ago, into the Union Pacific Railway's financial operations gave ground for expecting important developments when the investigation was resumed Monday morning with E. H. Harriman on the stand. It was established last month that, between June 30, 1906, and the end of the year, the Union Pacific had purchased upwards of $100,000,000, par value, in the shares of other railways. In one of these purchases the stock was bought from members of the Union Pacific directorate. It was well known in financial circles, though last month's inquiry did not take up the question, that the credit of Union Pacific had been used, some two years ago, to purchase stock of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. In this transaction the sellers were, in several instances, financiers identified with the Union Pacific management, who had already, through recapitalization of the Alton and a very peculiar operation in its bonds, extracted an abnormally large profit from the "deal." These facts pointed out clearly enough the direction which the inquiry when resumed would have to follow. The Alton operation would necessarily be unearthed. The nature of the Union Pacific's position, in that and other purchases, would be inquired into. Finally, the personal relations of the Union Pacific's directors to these purchases would inevitably be a matter for investigation.

Monday's examination of Mr. Harriman abundantly justified the Commission in entering on this inquiry. The witness frankly admitted, first, that in 1901 the Union Pacific shareholders were induced to authorize its directors to issue $100,000,000 convertible bonds, the proceeds of which the directors were to use for such purposes as they saw fit; next, that the management sold in its discretion stocks bought with that and other similar funds, and reinvested in other stocks, within six months, the $131,000,000 resultant capital; next, that directors of Union Pacific were engaged in the "Alton deal," whereby 3 per cent. bonds, issued to "insiders" at the price of 65, were in large part resold, a few months later, to the friendly New York Life Insurance Company at 96, Union Pacific taking a good slice of the stock. It was when this part of the inquiry was reached, involving the personality of the sellers, that the witness's recollection first became vague, then failed entirely. Finally, he refused to answer, by advice of counsel.

This refusal, and the arguments of Mr. Harriman's counsel, John G Milburn, that inquiry into the personal transactions of railway directors, under this or other circumstances, was beyond the powers of the Commission, went to the root of the present situation. Mr. Milburn's contention in objecting to the question whether Harriman personally owned any of the Alton stock sold to the Union Pacific, was that such an inquiry did not concern interstate commerce, and hence was not within the scope of permissible investigation. The answer of the opposing counsel was, in brief, that reasonableness of railway rates is largely based on reasonableness of capitalization; that this in turn depends on the reasonableness of the price paid by the company for its investments; and that the question whether or not the person who had power to fix that price acted both as seller and buyer, was highly material to the question of reasonable charges.

Whatever the decision of the courts upon this point, we certainly do not see how Mr. Harriman's attitude can fail to prejudice his position in the eyes of the interested public. The point of the whole present inquiry is the personal relation of railway directors to these extraordinary railway "deals." C. A. Severance, counsel for the Commission, forcibly pointed out that these inquiries, novel in an Interstate Commerce Commission hearing, had become essential because the situation presented was novel. Railway companies, to use the Wall Street expression, have been going into the banking and investment business. For that purpose they have been using the credit based on their position and earnings as railroads, and disaster incurred in the investment undertaking would inevitably injure or jeopardize the railroad enterprise itself. Under such circumstances, the public generally will support the Commission's efforts to settle this question of the personal relation of railway directors to the financial management of their companies. If the right of inquiry were denied to the Interstate Commission, we may rest assured that Congress or the States or the courts will find other means of exacting the information.

There is, in our judgment, nothing unreasonable or inquisitorial in the inquiries. The time has come when the facts regarding this free-and-easy handling of hundred-million-dollar investment funds by a single group of financiers must be made absolutely clear. If the relations of these financiers to the operations in question have been proper and disinterested, it is they who should welcome publicity on the very lines adopted by the Commission. If their performances cannot bear the light, it is high time the public should be made aware of the truth. People will remember that similar indignant protests against "inquisitorial methods" were made in the early stages of the life insurance inquiry. They were not heard after Mr. Hughes's cross-examination had shown how the companies' surpluses were being used. When a railway reports, as the Union Pacific did at the close of the fiscal year 1906, a larger amount of ready cash on hand than was held by any of the great life companies three years ago, and when it is admitted that these enormous sums are used in buying or selling stocks which are active in Wall Street speculation, it is a reasonable demand that Union Pacific shareholders, with the general public, shall learn in what manner the new and extraordinary powers are being employed.

PREVENTION OF RAILWAY DISASTERS.

What can be done to prevent these appalling railway disasters? No question is, we believe, more frequently asked by the public to-day. Americans are not inclined to worry over little risks, but when the number of accidents steadily grows; when the Interstate Commerce Commission records an increased deathroll during the last period for which it has compiled statistics, there is undeniable cause for amazement, indignation, and anxiety. Have all the able men gone into the financial side of railroading to the detriment of the operating branch? Are the labor unions responsible for the slackness of discipline on certain lines? Is the congestion of traffic the real reason for so many disatsers? Have the more than questionable financial methods of our railroad managers affected their subordinates? These are some of the questions heard on every side.

According to an obviously incomplete record, 173 persons have been killed and 413 injured since January first—two months—in wrecks large and small. Seven accidents on five railways—the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, the "Big Four," the Rock Island, and the Boston and Maine—account for 123 killed and 313 injured. Just before the beginning of the new year we had the accident on the Southern, in which President Spencer lost his life, and the frightful disaster at Terra Cotta, just outside of Washington. According to the latest bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission for July, August, and September, 1906, 123 more employees and passengers were killed in 1906 than in the same three months of the previous year. Of 44 prominent accidents during this period of 1906, 32 were collisions, in which 66 persons were killed and 226 injured, entailing damages to rolling stock and roadway of $256,559. Twelve were derailments, killing 25 people and injuring 240. Nearly all of these collisions were due to the errors or carelessness of employees or the failure of the signals to work. A confusion in orders and heedlessness in a block-tower were responsible for two of the worst calamities.

It will be said at once that no legis-

lation and no amount of executive ability can eliminate the human factor; that so long as men are what they are, some blunders are bound to occur. In this explanation there is a modicum of truth, but the greater the efficiency and the better the discipline of a road, the nearer will the irreducible minimum of accidents be approached. If firemen and engineers do about as they please without fear of more than a rebuke, accidents are inevitable. Or if, as in one case reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the signalman sets both signals at a crossing at clear, and then goes off for a social evening, a collision may also be expected in the natural order of things. Moreover, it is not surprising that when an engineer, twenty-one years of age, is on duty 39 hours and 25 minutes at a stretch, he should wind-up by failing to read an order and by running into the train ahead. "Extraordinary carelessness in running a heavy freight train down a steep grade, relying only on hand-brakes," is another kind of recklessness for which operating officers may properly be held accountable. For such accidents and many like them, the best cure is their characterization as crimes, and the rigid punishment of all who are responsible, directly or indirectly. Unfortunately, it is impossible for the Interstate Commerce Commission to tell what punishments are awarded or how many guilty men get off scot free. We New Yorkers, however, know by experience with the New York Central that in general nobody is ever punished; not even in such clear cases as that of the brakeman who permitted the Hastings collision in 1891, through criminal negligence.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has another remedy to suggest: the enforced use of the block system. To this end a bill drawn by the Commission was submitted to Congress in 1904. But even the passage of such a law will not touch one grave evil. According to James J. Hill of the Great Northern, the block signals are regularly disregarded the country over, so that he wonders every time he steps on a train whether it will be the last time or not. Now, if he and other railroad presidents are unable to make their engineers obey signals, the time is ripe for a law punishing every engineman who runs into a closed block, whether an accident occurs or not. Some railroad men of experience have advocated such a measure as necessary, unless the block system is to be rendered useless.

Another excellent suggestion of the Commission is a law authorizing an official investigation of train accidents by competent men, as in England and on the Continent. The current issue of the *Railroad Gazette* also calls for an accident investigation bureau in the following language:

> News of a killing railroad disaster comes by telephone and telegraph to five authorities—the railroad staff; the coroner; the district attorney; the State Railroad Commission, and the newspapers. While the railroad officers and men are caring for the hurt and dead, clearing the wreck, rebuilding the line, and searching for the cause, the four higher authorities are competing in independent investigations. The evidence is not collated, it is separated. . . . The establishment by Congressional action of a bureau for investigating and making public the causes of important train accidents seems to be inevitable, and, if it is wisely planned and officered, should be not only inevitable but beneficent.

In this suggestion we heartily concur; but the conclusions of such a board will be of slight value if there is never to be any punishment of the guilty, whether track-walkers, brakemen, engineers, superintendents, or directors.

THE LIBERAL REVIVAL IN EUROPE.

In his inaugural address before the French Academy, Cardinal Mathieu, who took his seat in that body a few days ago as the successor of Cardinal Perraud, naturally made allusion to the present controversy between the Government and the Church. The manner in which the essentials of the Catholic argument were suggested—it was nothing more than a deft suggestion—was certainly what his compatriots would call *spirituel*. He told the story about the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV., and about his tutors, Fénelon and the Duc de Villeroy. The former succeeded in "putting the fear of God" into the heart of the passionate lad whose outbursts of fury were often those of a madman, and taught him that kings were responsible to a higher Power for the due performance of their trust. Villeroy, on the other hand, like an accomplished courtier, fed his pupil's vanity by dwelling on the absolute authority that inhered in princes as against all rights on the part of their subjects. "We have a dauphin now in France," Cardinal Mathieu went on to say. "He attains his majority at twenty-one, he numbers many millions, and he, too, persuaded by interested politicians of his absolute power, needs a Fénelon to put the fear of a higher Power into his heart. The voice of the people is only sometimes the voice of God."

Here we have an unmistakable expression of the distrust in democracy which constitutes the great weakness of the Church in France. The Cardinal practically asserted that principle of ecclesiastical supremacy which we are accustomed to regard as an obsolete, mediæval doctrine. This is an extreme position, and it is inevitably opposed by an equally extreme anti-clerical and partly anti-religious movement. There is no escaping the conclusion that a large fraction of the Government support in the French Chamber of Deputies entertains anti-Christian sentiments, and that to a certain extent the Vatican is right in describing the Extreme Left as waging war, not on the Catholic Church, but on religion. Against democratic and socialistic free-thinkers and materialists the Church has asserted, therefore, the principle of authority as embodied in its hierarchy. M. Combes has declared frankly that, in view of its historic mission, the Church could not have acted otherwise, and he drew the conclusion that the battle must be fought out till one principle or the other had succumbed.

This assertion by M. Combes seems likely to be nullified, however, by a settlement of the Separation question on the basis of a compromise by which neither of the extreme parties shall win. Separation has been effected, but persecution of the Church is out of the question. The political influence of the clergy has been diminished, but henceforth they should be free to pursue their ends in the open, and without exposing themselves to unjust suspicion. In other words, France is entering on a condition of freedom, of secular politics and education, of liberty of thought for Catholic and Materialist alike—all principles which we are used to associate with Liberalism. Last week's overwhelming majority in the Chamber for M. Briand's conciliatory Church measure may be taken as a good index to the temper of the nation. The Blacks had things largely their own way up to 1899, when Waldeck-Rousseau took charge of affairs. The Reds have had their innings since then. We are apparently reaching now a state of Liberal equilibrium.

In Germany, the tide seems to be setting in the same direction. There we may take as the two extremist forces Conservative-Agrarian junkerdom, stimulated by Imperial support on the one hand, and the Social Democracy on the other. Up to the last election, the National Liberals, and the various radical parties to a less extent, were regarded as moribund. Progress by degrees, constitutionalism, the encouragement of secular education, the democratization of the army, the reform of the ballot—these were all the vague dreams of namby-pamby theorists. The spirit of the times seemed to favor the militant, the man who stood for all or nothing. It was either reaction, with its battle-cry of God, Emperor, army, country, *and* a high tariff, or Social Democracy with a gospel of complete social reconstruction. The last election, therefore, was highly significant, in that it showed a Liberal and Radical gain actually and proportionately far higher than that of any other party. Socialism has received a setback. The Conservative forces, in spite of an appreciable increase in their numbers, can hardly be said to

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have gained in influence when we think of the prestige that has fallen to Colonial Director Dernburg, hated of bureaucrats and Junkers. The Emperor often speaks vehemently, but there is ground for believing that, in spite of threats about riding down his enemies, he will be forced to recognize the presence of more than 100 Liberals and Radicals in the Reichstag.

Great Britain, of course, shows the triumph of Liberal principles in full form. The Campbell-Bannerman Ministry came only after fifteen years, practically, of Conservative ascendency. It has been a little over a year in power, and we seem to be breathing an atmosphere totally different from the days when Balfour was consul. Substantial self-government for Ireland, self-government for the Transvaal, rumors of the beginnings of self-government for India, the partial or complete secularization of public instruction, the reduction of naval expenditure, and, finally—the ultimate achievement—the reconstruction of the House of Lords on a more representative basis—Liberalism has marshalled here quite enough of principle and project to lend it character and keep it busy for years to come. Nor has the party of Gladstone come into its own as against the Conservatives solely. It was threatened for a time, as some thought, by Socialism as embodied in the powerful Labor party; but late events have shown that radical Socialism has reached its culminating point in England, no less than in France and Germany. Undoubtedly, the Liberal party has taken on a more radical tinge as a result of its Labor affiliations; but it stands, nevertheless, as the party of progress that is peaceful and measured.

THE SCIENCE OF LITERATURE.

Not long ago an American student made a long and elaborate comparison between—let us say—Vanbrugh's "Confederacy" and Dancourt's "Les Bourgeoises à la mode," which Vanbrugh followed very closely. The parallelisms were conveniently presented in a table, French in one column, English in another. Sometimes Vanbrugh appropriated a word, sometimes a sentence, sometimes more; but everything, to the minutest detail, was painstakingly set down according to the most approved fashion of what our stimulating teachers of literature call "source-study." The man who had done all this hard work innocently supposed that the facts were worth getting at, that they signified something, threw some light on Vanbrugh's intellectual constitution and habits of composition. He purposed, therefore, to embody in an introduction to his endless and tedious tables a series of deductions embodied in a readable essay. But a friend, trained after the most straitest sect of German researchers, protested: "That would not be scientific. You have the precious facts. Let them stand as their own explanation and justification."

Against this theory of literary research and its results we have more than once protested; but at the risk of wearying our readers we return to the topic. The immediate provocation is a solid volume of nearly six hundred pages, "Tennyson's Sprache und Stil," by Dr. Phil. Roman Dyboski, Band 25 of Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie. Tennyson's diction and style are worth studying, in Vienna as well as in New York and London; but Dr. Dyboski's book seems to us a monument to misguided industry. His labors have been enormous; the mere task of reading his proofs would appall the stoutest heart; but after all is said and done, after the poems of Tennyson have been raked with a fine-toothed comb, after vast masses of words and constructions have been classified and sub-classified, we seem to reach the conclusion—Dr. Dyboski himself carefully abstains from drawing it—that Tennyson employed many familiar English idioms, and that he was also fond of words and turns of speech that are more characteristic of poetry than of prose.

Dr. Dyboski begins with thirty pages outlining Tennyson's life and enumerating his works. He then plunges into *Syntaktisches*, and considers the two ways of joining clauses—by subordination and coördination. He discovers that Tennyson uses "and," "or," "nor," and "but" where other connectives might, in Dr. Dyboski's opinion, be more precise. In order to show how a scientist can make of Tennyson a *corpus vile* for dissection, we quote a few of Dr. Dyboski's citations from the poems:

> Or else we loved the man, and prized his work (=or else we prized the work only because we loved the man).
>
> She was happy enough and shook it off (für: To shake it off).
>
> Ida stood nor spoke (=without speaking).
>
> Airing a snowy hand and signet gem (= with . . . on it).

After enough examples of this kind, we proceed to Tennyson's use of participles:

> Balin the stillness of a minute broke, saying (d. h.: Balin was still for a minute, then said).

Then we have the myriad uses of adjectives meticulously set down:

> A happy change=change to happiness.
>
> Brake into woman tears (=womanly).

And so on—more than five hundred pages packed with little examples, with now and then a few sentences of explanation from Dr. Dyboski.

We are aware that the intending teacher of English literature—especially if he looks for a college position—must have a doctor's degree. The letters are proof at least of his attempt at preparation; they also look well after his name in the annual catalogue—so well that many college presidents virtually hang out a sign, "None but doctors of philosophy need apply." Now, in order to get an inexhaustible supply of these doctors, the requirements for the degree must be calculated for the man of average intelligence—or less. To this end of putting the degree within reach of mediocrity, the plan of a machine-made thesis, followed by Dr. Dyboski, is perfectly adapted. It enables the dullest person, provided he will only keep at it, to kill the prescribed two or three years of time, and to make, in the form of a bulky book, an "original contribution to the sum of human knowledge." It is well to choose Tennyson, Browning, and Milton as the subjects for research, for these names on the title of the thesis suggest an acquaintance with literature; but for the purpose of acquiring literary culture, the *Gelehrte* might almost as well give his days and nights to putting into new and meaningless tables the material of the "Statistical Abstract" issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

The Ph.D. is now so firmly established a staple in the academic market, the factories for producing it are now so well equipped, that we cannot hope to check the industry for at least a decade to come. We are hoping, however, that within a generation there may be a reaction in favor of men who have been better employed than in puttering over such doctors' theses as we have been discussing—men who have read widely and reflected on their reading, men who have ideas or who at least might recognize an idea if they saw it. Prof. Irving Babbitt of Harvard has twice within a year urged in our columns a new degree that should lay stress on this very discipline that makes for culture, because, as he justly says, the acceptance of our present Ph.D. as proof of fitness for a chair of literature "is doing more than any one thing to dehumanize literary study and fix in our colleges a philological despotism."

The new degree for which Professor Babbitt contends might help us somewhat. The letters of it would bulk as large in the eye of college administrators and the public, and very properly; for they would be a testimonial of arduous and well-directed study. But degrees alone cannot save us. We must go back of the degree to the conception of scholarship, of which the degree is the mere outward visible sign. When we have overturned that false conception, the degree will take care of itself. The first step on the road to salvation is to persuade a large group of men who pose as scholars to abandon the notion that all facts are of equal value, and that skill in juggling disconnected words is æsthetic appreciation of literature.

LITERARY NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, February 12.

With holiday books out of the way the flow of new literature begins again. Perhaps the most important book should be classed as history with a tendency—"Rome et Napoléon III.," by Émile Bourgeois and E. Clermont, prefaced by the veteran Protestant historian Gabriel Monod. It is a book of *normalicns*, as the preciseness of style and order and the sureness of method would show without the authors' names. M. Monod says that it establishes "the duplicity and brutality of French policy with regard to the Roman Republic in 1849, its blindness and incoherence in 1869 and 1870, when it launched forth into a fearful war without allies." The thesis is known: If France had handed over Rome to United Italy, Victor Emanuel and Austria would have stood in the way of Germany's vanquishing and mutilating France.

An announcement of prime importance is an initial volume of "Mémoires et Souvenirs sur la Révolution et l'Empire," with its unpublished documents, edited by that incomparable master of localities and personalities who signs himself G. Lenôtre. This first book deals with the Massacres of September, from the account of Weber, foster-brother of Marie Antoinette, down to the minutes of the Exhumation in 1867, with the official *dossier des massacreurs*. Lovers of Saint-Denis and its perplexing tombs of the kings will be glad to have Max Billard's "Les Tombeaux des Rois sous la Terreur." Professor Esmein of the Paris Faculty of Law has translated and edited with great care and valuable original notes and appreciations the memoirs of Gouverneur Morris as published by the family in English—"Un Témoin Américain de la Révolution Française." Ed. Bonnal has found in the Archives of the French War Ministry the material of two volumes of history not without pungency in the present battle of "Vive-l'Armée" at one extreme and Anti-Militarism at the other. "Les Royalistes contre l'Armée" shows how the Restoration punished Napoleon's army and his marshals.

In the "Nouvelle Collection de Mémoires Historiques," M. Vitrac of the Bibliothèque Nationale and M. Galopin profess to give a complete examination of the still vexed question of the fate of Louis XVII.; their bibliographic indications are of great interest and they conclude that the poor Dauphin certainly died in his prison.

George Picot, the Conservative member of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, publishes two volumes of those full, grave, philosophic historical notices consecrated by that learned body to past glories. Among the most interesting papers are those concerning Jules Simon, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Léon Say, Paul Janet, and Gladstone.

An extremely readable and even moving book of campaign and prison experiences is "1870—Feuilles de Route," by Paul Déroulède, the Quixotic nephew of Émile Augier. Victor Bérard, who shone out as a specialist for the Algeciras Conference, has a serious volume, "La France et Guillaume II."

Professor Strowski of the faculty of Bordeaux pursues his studies in the history of religious sentiment in France in the seventeenth century by the first part of a noteworthy work on "Pascal et son Temps"; the present instalment reaches from Montaigne to Pascal. Perhaps the author, like Prof. William James, is too much inclined to regard Pascal's religious experience as a common phase of Catholic spirituality, instead of being peculiar to an *intellectuel*. A new writer, too enthusiastic but painstaking, Jean Baruzi, studies the origin and character of the religious convictions of a philosopher who has perhaps influenced humanity more and more healthily than Pascal himself—"Leibniz et l'Organisation Religieuse de la Terre." Maurice Masson, professor at the Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland—an institution which, in spite of the ban of German universities on the score of inevitable lack of intellectual freedom, has produced already several notable historians—gives an authentic edition of unpublished letters of Fénelon to Madame Guyon (1688-1699), precisely those which were found so unexplainably in the possession of a Protestant pastor in the eighteenth century. The Vicomte G. d'Avenel adds another to his many half-statistical volumes on the social organization of France through the ages in "Prêtres, Soldats et Juges sous Richelieu"; it has a chapter on the organization of early French Protestantism.

In lighter nineteenth-century themes, Henri Maréchal gives his personal "Souvenirs d'un Musicien" from the fifties to 1870, about Léo Delibes, Victor Massé, Auber, Bizet, Berlioz, and others; and the veteran Ernest Reyer, in a preface, writes gayly his reminiscences of Liszt at Rome. Prof. Albert Cassagne, in his "Théorie de l'Art pour l'Art," goes into the history of the last Romantics and first Realists. Maurice Wilmotte of the University of Liège treats of "Trois Semeurs d'Idées," of whom two—Agénor de Gasparin and Émile de Laveleye—were once well known to American readers, while the third—the very living Émile Faguet—deserves to have his ideas known. M. Faguet, of the Sorbonne and French Academy, is out with yet another scholarly, popular book of controversy, "Le Socialisme en 1907."

The second volume of the works of Bakunin contains pamphlets of this prophet of anarchy which had become all but lost, in spite of their influence on his notable disciples of the time. The preface, biography, and notes by James Guillaume, an intimate friend of Bakunin, are singularly enlightening concerning the intellectual origins of the movement.

In that literary field, so peculiarly French, which is cultivated by university professors when they present a finished and polished book for their doctor's thesis, we have "Un Poète Réaliste Anglais: George Crabbe (1754-1832)," by Prof. R. Huchon of Nancy; and by François Benoit, "Blake le Visionnaire," an attempt at a complete study of William Blake, man, *intellectuel*, artist.

René Schneider, already favorably known for his book on Umbria, has now "Rome, complexité et harmonie"—the impressions of a humanist who is on terms of intimacy with sites and scenes, buildings and art monuments of antiquity, Christianity and the Renaissance. Of a man more of the modern world, one who knows his history even in its anecdotes, are the "Promenades dans Paris" of Georges Cain, curator of the City of Paris Museum. The erudite Gustave Schlumberger pursues his historical studies in that half-Byzantine, half-Crusading age of which all readers of Gibbon like to know: "Campagnes du Roi Amaury Ier de Jérusalem" in Egypt of the twelfth century.

An exotic book, not in Loti's style, but flashing with color, is Maurice Maindron's "Dans l'Inde du Sud," a part of India which even Englishmen have not brought much into literature. The Marquis de la Mazelière, who has done good work for the history of India, now publishes three volumes on "Japon: Histoire et Civilisation," covering the ancient and feudal ages and the Tokugawa. Considering the place Japan is taking in human thought, the book is a valuable in spite of its length.

The death of Victor Henry, professor of Sanskrit at the Sorbonne for nearly twenty years, should not pass unnoticed. Born in 1850, he obtained his doctor's degree in 1883 with a thesis, "Étude sur l'analogie en général et les formations analogiques de la langue grècque." Besides the immense mass of writings known to scholars the world over, he published ideal manuals of the literature of India and the Parsees, readable by all the intelligent; and his students have carried everywhere his learning and his tolerance.

Madame Blanc also is dead, at the age of sixty-six—the lady who under the pseudonym of Th. Bentzon had made the French public best acquainted with American women as they are. She was born and lived in France, although connected with New Orleans. She contributed frequently to the *Revue Politique et Littéraire* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Her first novel, "Le Roman d'un Muet," appeared in 1868, and she had written many other stories. In her last days Government recognized her lifetime of literature, from her girlhood's friendship with George Sand, by the Legion of Honor.

S. D.

A FLORENTINE BOOKSELLER.

FLORENCE, February 10.

Probably few bookish persons have passed through Florence in the last forty years without making some acquaintance with Pietro Franceschini, whom death has removed in his seventieth year. He was a bookseller of the tribe of Dodsley, more a friend of the learned than a tradesman, and more an author in his own right than either. Those who know their Florence will not fail to recall his most famous shop on the Borgo dei Greci. It was a spacious place, literally heaped with books. There were rarely catalogues to aid the visitor, and to a casual customer Franceschini paid no more attention than civility required. One might have spent a day there without a hint to buy or a request to move on. Franceschini himself sat behind a small rampart of books busily engaged in reading or writing. His ruddy countenance, framed between a flowing white beard and silver hair that rarely knew the indignity of the shears, was crowned by a black sombrero. His whole breezy, portly effect, to an American visitor would evoke incongruously the sheriff in a comedy of frontier life. And indeed

he illustrated throughout a long and distinguished career a sort of magisterial simplicity and probity. For years he had been moderator of the best debating society in the Tuscan capital, though, withal, an informal one. Carducci, Fanfani, and a dozen less known to international fame, had followed him from his out-of-door stand in the Uffizi colonnade to the little shop in the Borgo Santi Apostoli, and thence to the Borgo dei Greci. If any uninitiated person had wandered into that shop in the late evening, he would have perceived his error and retreated in good order. Franceschini would have been seen surrounded by the best of Florence, arbitrating literary issues, reconciling political differences, until, as eight o'clock struck, with much jangling of the great keys, and gradual extinguishing of the gas jets, he saw them all out with a handshake. That was his life for a matter of thirty years, until death and circumstances began to disperse his academy.

Such a man naturally let the business take care of itself, and it did well enough so. If a purchaser disturbed his Olympian calm by asking the price of a book, there was only one answer, "Half the marked price." That was the rule for the New England schoolma'am, tremulously buying her first Aldine, and for Mr. Gladstone, who walked in one day, rather pompously presenting himself as the friend of the Padrone's friends. It would have gone hard with any one foolish enough to bargain over the price, but presumably that seldom happened. Franceschini was one of those men who readily make themselves believed. In fact there was little of the merchant about him. He willingly lent such books as his friends could not buy; he made valuable gifts of manuscripts to the National Library, to which also he gave a precious collection of books annotated by celebrities. He marked his transfer to the splendid quarters still occupied by his business in the Palazzo Borghese, Via Ghibellina, by a redoubled and costly devotion to his favorite pursuit, the investigation of the art and archæology of Florence. In the defence of the antiquities of Florence, and in rescuing her art and artists from neglect and oblivion he was ever a *preux chevalier*, so much so that when King Humbert made him a Knight of the Crown he did but confirm the choice of Nature.

So sympathetic a figure has naturally not disappeared without deep regrets and fitting commemoration. Mario Foresi, for example, has collected welcome memorials in the *Rassegna Nazionale* for January 1, from which storehouse these few biographical data are selected. Unhappily, the autoblography which Franceschini was frequently urged to undertake and actually began remains a slight fragment. Pietro Franceschini was born in Florence in 1836 of a Pistoiese father and a Savoyard mother, a woman of rare cultivation. Deserted by her husband and reduced to poverty, she attempted to support her child by keeping a hotel at Leghorn. The inn failed and the mother died, leaving Pietro an orphan at fifteen. At his repentant father's bidding Pietro gave up a dear project of going to sea, and came to Florence to study with the portrait painter Castellini. After some hard vicissitudes, he saved up twenty francs, invested them in prints, and associated himself with a friendly bookstall keeper. During the two weeks of the Fair of the Annunciation, in 1852, the partners sold and reinvested so well that Pietro's share of the transaction came to two hundred francs. With this capital he set up his cart in the colonnade of the Uffizi, beneath the statue of Guido Aretino. There he spent eleven happy and prosperous years, reading prodigiously, "sampling" all literature, as he writes himself, and gradually drawing customers and friends of the stamp of Carducci, Fanfani, and the Foresi. The magistrates and officials of Tuscany visited him as they passed in and out of the government offices, the collegians came in force on holidays. Already the daily group beneath the statue of Aretino was called the Penthouse Academy (*Accademia della tettoia*), and its membership was eagerly sought.

It was, indeed, the desire of this coterie to have a more private academe that chiefly induced Franceschini in 1863 to give up his barrow in favor of a shop. It was this move that at once brought about his greatest adversity and proved the value of the friendships he had gained. With his new shop filled with a large stock just bought on credit from the Milanese bookseller Silvestri, there came the famous overflow of the Arno that practically wiped out his savings of eleven years. Friends rallied to his aid, among them his English client, Giovanni Temple Leader; rivals lent him books, and within a few years he had not merely recouped his losses and repaid his debts to the soldo, but was established in the Borgo dei Greci (whither the growing academy had faithfully followed him), in an enviable position of ease with dignity. Comparetti, Villari, and Chiappelli, with others, had joined these *conversazioni* in compensation for the removal of Carducci to Bologna.

Mario Foresi tells several stories of this period that illustrate Franceschini's attitude towards business. Sometimes, when asked the price of a book, he would say, "I can't tell you now; I'm too busy. Put it aside." Of course, such a book immediately disappeared in the shifting mass, the contents of which nobody knew, least of all the proprietor. On one occasion Foresi, then a schoolboy, saw a stranger conveying a quantity of books from the shelves to the capacious pockets of a great ulster and told Franceschini. "Let him alone," was the answer; "he usually does that; so much the worse for him."

The recent move to the finer quarters in the Palazzo Borghese marked a decline in the fortunes of the academy and of the business. Franceschini was too much concerned in his archæological polemics to pay much heed to the two hundred thousand volumes he moved over from the Borgo dei Greci. Death surprised him at these labors, many of which are unpublished, and he spent the few weeks of his final illness absorbed in the works of his predecessors, Vasari and Baldinucci. Perhaps the best tribute to the life of this *gran galantuomo* may be found in the words of his friend Ferdinando Martini announcing the conferring of knighthood upon Franceschini:

> I have wished that the Government should mark in you a noble example of an honest, modest, and laborious life; of a culture acquired without official aid through a sense of personal dignity and a love of the excellent; that it should in you do honor to the common people of Florence who have done so many fine and useful and sturdy things; to that populace whence you come and of which you are now one of the few remaining legitimate heirs.

This is not the place to speak of Franceschini's archæological studies, many of which were intentionally given to the popular newspapers of Florence. Suffice it to say that from 1865, when his "Appunti di Fiorentino Argomento" was printed, until his death he was in constant production. The façade of the Duomo, the restoration of the Pazzi Chapel at Santa Croce, the ascertaining of artists' tombs, and the placing of memorial inscriptions, all occupied his pen at one time or another. His most important work is probably the study of Or San Michele, "L'Oratorio di San Michele in Orto," 1898. Franceschini had not merely taste, but, what is rare among archæologists anywhere and rarest perhaps among the charming dilettanti of Italy, initiative. It was due to his agitation that the beautiful North Colonnade of Santa Croce was cleared of disfiguring shops; in fact, no fine relic could be threatened or dishonored without enlisting his valiant pen. In such causes he was not without his quixotisms, as when in 1885 he started the archæological journal *Il Nuovo Osservatore Fiorentino*, which soon perished for want of contributors and subscribers, but not before its editor's important studies on the Basilica of San Lorenzo had seen the light. For an appreciation of this side of Franceschini's activity, the reader is referred to Signor Foresi's sympathetic memoir. I have wished merely that so notable an example of the bookish bookseller—in a manner a disappearing type—should be presented to readers of the *Nation*, many of whom must at least recall Franceschini's wholesome presence, as he dominated his world of books from the little bastion beyond which his grave, white head bent either in reading or in the sorer task of polemical composition. M.

Correspondence.

THE NAVIGATION LAWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The present discussion of ship subsidies brings up the merits of the clause in the Navigation Act of 1799, which withholds from foreign-built ships American registration and the right to fly the American flag. As far as this prohibition applies to the coastwise trade, which is open only to ships enrolled as American and flying the United States flag, this rule is only a part of the protective system; it protects the shipbuilder, and through him the maker of materials used in shiphuilding, from the competition of foreign shipyards. But as far as the prohibition applies to ships sailing and carrying goods in international trade, either from foreign to American ports, or from the latter to the former, the exclusion of the foreign-built ship from receiving American papers and from the right to hoist the American flag does not give any protection to the American shipbuild-

er; for the foreign-built ship under the foreign flag has the same business rights as the American ship. The difference is purely sentimental, and experience has shown that the great American millionaires who buy up whole fleets of British and German ships are not plagued by any sentimental patriotism, and are quite willing to sail those ships under any Christian, and if need be under any heathen or Moslem flag.

What, then, is the use of a protection which does not protect, and does not even try to protect? LEWIS N. DEMBITZ.

Louisville, Ky., February 17.

WHEN CARDUCCI WAS BORN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article on Carducci published in your issue of February 21, the date of the poet's birth is given as 1836. The year recorded in the register of birth published by Chiarini in "Memorie della Vita di Giosuè Carducci" (p. 400) is 1835, the passage reading:

Naque nel dì ventisette Luglio Milleottocentotrentacinque, alle ore undici di sera, e fu battezzato nel dì 29 detto nella Chiesa del nominato popolo.

LEWIS F. MOTT.

New York, February 22.

[The date given in our article is that of the last edition (1905) of Gubernatis's "Dictionnaire international des écrivains du monde latin."—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Putnams announce the following works from the Cambridge Press: "Kinship Organizations and Group Marriage in Australia," by N. W. Thomas; "National Life and Character in the Mirror of Early English Literature," by Edmund Dale; "Sir Thomas Smith's "De Republica Anglorum," with a Preface by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland; and "The Origin of the English Nation," by H. Munro Chadwick. The April *Putnam's* will contain the first chapters of a new romance by Maurice Hewlett, entitled "The Countess Picpus."

The next volume of the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry (Henry Frowde) will be "Selections from Dr. Johnson's 'Rambler,'" edited, with preface and notes, by W. Hale White. Another volume of Jowett's Essays—dissertations turning principally on his method of interpreting Scripture—with an introduction by Prof. Lewis Campbell, is also about to be issued in the same series. The essays selected include those on the interpretation of Scripture (published in "Essays and Reviews"), the abstract ideas of the New Testament, the Old Testament, and contrasts of prophecy, and the sermon on Richard Baxter is appended.

Duffield & Co. will soon publish "Success in Life," by Emil Reich; "The Spirit of Labor," by Hutchins Hapgood; and "Business and Education," by Frank A. Vanderlip.

In March the C. M. Clark Publishing Co. will bring out "The Lieutenant, the Girl, and the Viceroy," by Marshall Putnam Thompson; "Fires of Desire," by Lawrence R. Mansfield, and a translation of Emilia Pardo Bazan's "Midsummer Madness," by Amparo Loring.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are publishing a two-volume edition of "Dampier's Voyages," edited by John Masefield.

Baker & Taylor announce for publication in April "The Early Life and Journal of Daniel O'Connell," edited by Arthur Houston. The material is said to be new and interesting. The same firm will bring out in the autumn the autobiography of Gen. O. O. Howard.

A new edition of Sir Robert Anderson's "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement," with "a new introduction in answer to critics," is to be issued by John Murray.

The London *Speaker* is to be merged into a new weekly journal, the *Nation*, edited by H. W. Massingham.

Scribner's Magazine for March contains some interesting letters of the late E. L. Godkin—a selection from the forthcoming two volumes of the "Life and Letters," edited by Rollo Ogden and published by the Macmillan Company. In the same issue of *Scribner's* is the first of a series of papers, "Impressions of Contemporary France," by Prof. Barrett Wendell. This instalment deals with the universities, with which Professor Wendell had unusual opportunities to become acquainted in the course of his "academic mission" to France in 1904-1905. He lectured not only in Paris, but at the provincial universities. His descriptions and comments are entertaining as well as acute and suggestive.

As its contribution to the centenary of Longfellow's birth, Bowdoin College published yesterday the "Origin and Growth of the Languages of Southern Europe and of Their Literature," an address delivered by the poet on September 2, 1830, at his inauguration as professor of modern languages in Bowdoin. This was one year, as a matter of fact, after Longfellow's actual installation. The volume, a neat specimen of the bookmaker's art, contains a prefatory note of 13 pages by George T. Little, librarian of Bowdoin; 113 pages of text, and 9 pages of notes by Longfellow. They seem to indicate, in one or two places, that he may have accompanied his paper with poetical or other citations that have not come down to us. After his death his biographer, Samuel Longfellow, gave the autograph manuscript to Bowdoin College Library. Parts of the address have already been published in the "Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (1891), volume i., pp. 184-7; and the passages which are now first made accessible are of interest rather as a study of Longfellow's mind than as a contribution to knowledge of either Romance language or literature, in the light of present-day philology and criticism. It is worth observing that while Longfellow was professor of German, as well as of French, Italian, and Spanish, there is scarcely a reference to German literature or language in the address, a fact to be accounted for in part by the circumstance that after he had spent from the middle of June, 1826, to the end of December, 1828, in France, Spain, and Italy, he was called back suddenly to Maine in June, 1829, after less than six months' acquaintance with Germany and German life and thought. It was not until 1835-36, when Harvard waited a year and a half for Longfellow to repair to northern Europe, that he had a chance to get really acquainted with the literature that in time most affected him as a poet.

We have received from T. Fisher Unwin of London Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's pamphlet, "Atrocities of Justice under British Rule in Egypt." This we have already mentioned editorially. It is a pamphlet which should be read by every one who seeks to form a just opinion of English rule in Egypt.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published Charles Jarrott's valuable "Ten Years of Motors and Motor-Racing," profusely illustrated and full of interest for all who believe in automobile contests. To some of Mr. Jarrott's views we have already referred editorially. He has been very successful in portraying the excitement of racing, together with its accidents, of some of which he presents striking pictures.

"A Dialect of Donegal," by E. C. Quiggin (Cambridge University Press), is described as "the first serious attempt at a scientific description of a dialect of Northern Irish." The author is impressed by the rapidity of phonetic decay in the Gaelic-speaking area, and by the need of using some other means of explaining the mysteries of Old and Middle Irish orthography than the language of the younger people, spoiled in many cases by a more or less lengthy sojourn in Scotland or America. The speech of this volume—the speech of Meenawannia in the parish of Glenties—is given as used by persons born before the famine. The phonological chapters relate to the vowel system, to the consonants, to synthesis, to vowel-shortening, metathesis, etc. The remaining portion includes word-lists in Old and Middle Irish, Modern Irish, and Scotch and Manx Gaelic, and texts. The work is of the same order as Rhys's "Manx Phonology" and Pedersen's "Aspirationen i Irsk"; and it will prove of real assistance to the ever-increasing band of Celtic scholars.

Another book on things Irish, of a kind more likely to appeal to the ordinary reader, is the smaller edition of J. W. Joyce's "Social History of Ancient Ireland" (Longmans, Green & Co). Owing to the loss of national independence and the almost total eclipse of the Irish at home during the eighteenth century, their forebears have never received their full measure of credit for their striking advance in the arts of civilization during the sixth and succeeding centuries. Like the work from which it is abridged, this is intended to place them in their proper rank among the peoples of antiquity, and in so doing to correct exaggerated notions as to their savagery and degradation, or, for that matter, as to their greatness and splendor during the Pre-Norman period. It consists mainly of simple exposition, the authorities, references, and quotations given in the larger book being omitted here. Its subject-matter includes the government, military system, and law of the ancient Irish, their religion, learning, and art; their trades, industries and commerce, and their manners, customs and domestic life. As might be expected, it is a valuable composition, accurate and full of sound learning.

The paper on "Primitive Culture in Japan," with its abundant illustrations and a map in colors, showing the distribution per 100 square *ri* of the stone age sites in Japan, by N. Gordon Monro, occupies 212 pages of vol. xxxiv., part ii., of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan. This skilled archæologist, after many years of excavation and research, finds two great areas of prehistoric activity, Yamato and Ainu. The former occupied the region west of Lake Biwa, in the narrowest part of the main island. The Ainu (now known to speak an Aryan language) occupied the east and north. Mr. Monro sums up his conclusions thus:

The Yamato leaders, if we may judge by the terra-cotta figures which have been left, were not pure Mongolians. Many of these figures exhibit a distinctly Caucasian appearance, and the aristocratic type of Japanese preserves these features to this day. The *beau idéal* of the artists and poets of Japan indicates a prototype of Iranian or other Semitic affinity. . . . The Mongolian element in Japan was an imported, and not an original stock.

With this conclusion of a cautious archæologist may be compared the paper of Dr. David Thompson, a scholar for forty years in Semitics and Japanese, showing the tri-literality of old pre-Mongol Japanese (Hirata's list), and the identity in sound, form, and meaning of over thirty of the verbs in both tongues. Mr. Monro believes that the leaven of Ainu in the Japanese composite "is present in a greater degree than is apparent." In a word, excavation confirms the proofs of language that the basis stock of the Nipponese is Ainu, and Mr. Monro's labors confirm those of Chamberlain and Batchelor in showing the lateness and thinness of Mongolian blood infusion and culture in Japan. Part iii. of vol. xxxiv., pp. 90, contains a Summarized Catalogue of the postage stamps of Japan, by A. M. Tracey Woodward, richly illustrated, and exhaustive in content.

Three years ago Prof. Giuseppe Bellucci of the University of Perugia published the first of a series of volumes dealing with the *Tradizioni popolari italiane* under the title of "La grandine nell' Umbria." He has now given us a second and somewhat larger work on "Il Feticismo primitivo in Italia e le sue forme di adattamento" (Perugia: Unione Tipografica Coöperativa). That fetichism is not yet dead and that nineteen centuries of Christianity have done but little towards eradicating paganism in Italy, seems to be indisputable. Not only are the same stones and shells and teeth and tusks which are discovered in prehistoric tombs still believed to possess occult virtues and used as preservatives against witchcraft and the evil eye, but the Christian symbols themselves are all too often converted to superstitious uses. The argument of the author is reinforced and illustrated by numerous photographs from his unique collection of charms and amulets, and the subject is one upon which few men living can write with equal authority. The series when completed will contain two other volumes, namely: "Una pagina di psicologia popolare; gli Amuleti" and "Il fulmine nelle tradizioni popolari antiche e moderne."

In almost every Italian town there is a group of painstaking, intelligent scholars who devote their lives to the study of its records and monuments. The result of their labors is generally published in some local periodical which is practically unknown beyond the walls of the city which gave it birth. It is for this reason that we desire to call attention to *Perusia Augusta, Rivista di Topografia, Arte e Costume dell' Umbria* (Perugia: Unione Tipografica Coöperative), which has just finished the first and, perhaps, the only year of its life, since its continuance is imperilled owing to the departure of its editor for Rome. Among the many valuable articles which it contains are several dealing with Jacopone da Todi, whose sixth centenary was, it will be remembered, celebrated last Christmas. Not the least valuable feature of the periodical is its illustrations.

During the Archæological Congress in Athens in 1905 there was considerable discussion as to the way in which the immense mass of inscriptions found in the "Corpus Inscriptionum" could be made accessible to the average student. The proposal to publish a cheap edition of the Greek inscriptions has not as yet been carried out. In the meanwhile the French savants have at least partially solved the problem in their "Inscriptiones Græcæ ad Res Romanas Pertinentes," begun in 1901 by the Paris Academy of Inscriptions, and edited by R. Cagnat, the well-known authority on Roman epigraphy. Nine good-sized volumes are now on hand, in lexicon form, containing the Latin inscriptions pertaining to Italy, the northern half of the Balkan peninsula, Africa, with the exception of Egypt, as also Asia Minor, exclusive of Ionia, Phrygia, and Caria, and further Syria and Arabia.

A Cornell University archæological expedition, under the direction of Prof. John R. S. Sterrett, will start on March 9 for Asia Minor. Professor Sterrett has previously spent several years in exploration and excavation in the East. He will be accompanied by B. B. Charles, instructor in Semitics; A. T. Olmstead, formerly fellow in the American School at Jerusalem and now at Athens; C. O. Harris, formerly instructor in Latin, now in the American School at Athens; and J. E. Wrench, former fellow at the University of Wisconsin. They hope by the study of inscriptions and by accurate surveys to determine some important historical sites, and get other information by which to correct current maps. They may remain abroad two years.

The biennial report of the California State Library, just issued, illustrates the increased interest in library matters on the Pacific Coast. Since assuming the functions of a State Library Commission about two years ago, the trustees have sought to make the State Library the centre of an expanding system that should reach all sections of the State. As a first step, the old rules of the library, limiting the use of its books to members of the State government, or to citizens dwelling in the capital, were rescinded, and the rule adopted that any resident of the State may borrow books by making application through a local library, a State travelling library, a registered study club, or a judge of the Superior Court; or, where none of these means is available, on identification by an agent of an express company. Moreover, information on any subject desired is now furnished by the staff to any citizen of the State on application by mail. A Library Extension Department has been established, which operates through four divisions, known as the Public Libraries Division, the Travelling Libraries Division, the Study Club Division, and the Books for the Blind Division. In the Public Libraries Division two library organizers are improving libraries already in existence, and starting new ones. During the last year libraries were organized in sixteen towns as the direct result of the work of these organizers. In the Travelling Libraries Division, the number of libraries in use has increased in two years from 85 to 225, and the number of volumes from 4,250 to 11,250. For the purpose of receiving and circulating these libraries, 291 temporary library associations have been formed, many of which, it is expected, will develop into permanent organizations. In the Study Club Division work is modelled closely on the plan in force in New York State. Every encouragement is given to the formation of these clubs, subjects of study are suggested, programmes and syllabuses furnished, and select lists of books supplied. The Division of Books for the Blind, which has just begun its work, reports that it has a collection of 550 volumes, and has registered 169 readers, scattered in all parts of the State. As a stimulus to all these activities, the library maintains a quarterly publication, the largest of its kind in the country, called *News Notes of California Libraries*.

The Oregon Library Commission, at the completion of its first year, reports the following work accomplished, with an appropriation of $2,000: (1) It has supplied forty-five rural communities and small cities with travelling libraries. (2) It has selected and published a list of books for school libraries and secured such low contract prices from the publishers as to save to the schools of the State $3,000 on the volumes purchased. (3) It has published and circulated literature in the interest of library improvement and expansion as a preliminary to a more active library propaganda. (4) It has maintained a bureau for the study of comparative legislation as an aid to the law-making body of the State.

Harry Pratt Judson, who has been acting president of the University of Chicago since the death of William R. Harper, has been elected president. He was born in Jamestown, N. Y., in 1849; he was graduated from Williams in 1870, and he has received various honorary degrees. In the year of his graduation he became a teacher in the High School of Troy, and he also served as prineipal of that institution. In 1885 he was called to be professor of history in the University of Minnesota, and in 1892 he was appointed head professor of political science and dean of the faculties of arts, literature, and science in the University of Chicago. He is author and editor of a number of school text-books, as well as works of more general interest. Among his writings we may mention "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," 1894; "The Growth of the American Nation," 1895; "The Higher Education as a Training for Business," 1896; "The Government of Illinois," 1900; and "The Essentials of a Written Constitution" (decennial publications of the University of Chicago).

The death is announced of Dr. David Pryde, for twenty years principal of the Edinburgh Ladies' College, and for twenty-three years a lecturer in English literature in what is now the Heriot-Watt College. Born in 1834, he was graduated at St. Andrew's. For some time he was employed on the staff of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," chiefly as a compiler of biographical articles. Among his books are "Biographical Outlincs of English Literature." "Highways of Literature," "Great Men of European History," and an autobiography, "Pleasant Memories of a Busy Life."

From Athens comes news of the death of the poet and philologist, Dimitrios Vernardakis, in his seventy-third year. After study at Munich and Berlin, he was appointed professor of history and philosophy at the University of Athens; but in 1883 he resigned and retired to Mitylene in order to give his time to poetry and science. A number of his plays were successful on the Athenian stage. He also wrote a well-known "Grammar of the Greek Language."

RECENT VERSE.

It chances that there are at present upon our table four slender volumes of verse by youthful poets that present an uncommonly suggestive unity in variety. John Erskine's "Actæon and Other Poems" (The John Lane Co.), Louis Ledoux's "The Soul's Progress and Other Poems" (The John Lane Co.), Justin Sterns's "The Song of the Boy" (The Ariel Press, Westwood, Mass.), and William Ellery Leonard's "Sonnets and Poems" (privately printed), are alike in a certain attractive zest of generous youth, but they differ singularly and significantly in tone and background.

Mr. Erskine's chief poetic masters have been Milton, Landor, and Keats, and, if we may judge by the token of a certain admirable sonnet, George Edward Woodberry; but he has absorbed from them the tone rather than the intellectual outlook of the modern classic poetic mood. His work is more notable for form than for substance; the most vital note in it is its fine sense of the apostolic tradition in poetry, its sentiment of poetic scholarship. Yet this in itself is a thing to be grateful for. We do not remember to have lately seen a first book of verse showing so delicate a sense of poetic propriety. The distinction of Mr. Erskine's blank verse may be sampled from the opening lines of his "Actæon":

Fair bloomed the happy world, fair bloomed the May,
But over Lethe came no bloom nor change,
Only the ancient languor; soft and smooth,
Save where a slumbrous poppy, nodding low,
Trailed into ripples, Lethe slipped away;
And there the dead, fresh from the bright world, came,
And drank forgetfulness—one cup for all,
Whether their crown of life were flower or thorn,
Their draught of life proved sweet or bitter wine.
There statesmen, soldiers, leaders of their times,
Heart-worn with blazing out new paths for truth,
Drank with their meanest followers, side by side;
Two lovers there, one with the passionate kiss
Of sweet lips clinging, one in patient love
Of those same lips, which never might be his,
Together drank and equally forgot;
Thither came joy and sorrow ceaselessly,
And straight passed over, levelled unto peace.

His lyric gift and poetic sensibility are seen at their best in "Parting":

Not in thine absence, nor when face
To face, thy love means most to me,
But in the short-lived parting-space,
The cadence of felicity.

So music's meaning first is known,
Not while the bird sings all day long,
But when the last faint-falling tone
Divides the silence from the song.

Mr. Ledoux follows many of the same masters as Mr. Erskine, but with something less of distinction of form, something more of spiritual ardor. The titular piece in his volume is a lyric sequence of some forty pages—the old poetic wayfaring of "the soul" through the dubious experiences of life to the "higher optimism." It must be confessed that Mr. Ledoux seems still to abide on the level of naïve and doctrinaire optimism—that of Browning's "Pauline," for example. His experience of doubt and despair seems chiefly to have come to him from the perusal of "The City of Dreadful Night." Yet there is an engaging fervor in the spirit of his work. Embodied as it is in clear and fluent verse, with an unusual melody of vowel-sound, it makes a gently insistent appeal, not unlike that to be felt in certain pieces of Longfellow's. Mr. Ledoux's quality adequately appears in the Epilogue to the "Progress of the Soul":

Though human hearts with grief and anguish
Must still be darkened day by day,
Though youth must pass and beauty languish,
Though joy must yield to sorrow's sway,

Though hope grows dim and faith uncertain,
Though reaching thought forever fails
To see, beyond death's dusky curtain,
The mystery no search unveils,

Shall I not heed what gleams of Beauty
Through Man and Nature surely shine?
Shall I neglect the certain duty
Of bringing joy to them that pine? . . .

So let me live, all Beauty seeing,
To lighten life where'er I can,
And mark the soul's immortal being
Impearled within the mortal man.

In Mr. Sterns's "The Song of the Boy" we have a more athletic note:

Oh! The joy of being alive!
To be sound of body and brain,
With pulses that leap to strive,
And muscles that crave the difficult feat.
To battle with wind and rain,
To struggle with snow and sleet,
In the tumbling surf to meet
That strongest foe of man, the sea.
To feel her tug at the feet,
And buffet the face with a heavy hand;
And measure strength with her brainless strength,
And in spite of her might, to stand
Or leap or swim at the will's command.
Oh! Life is sweet!

So it begins, and in the course of the first section in which the boy speaks we have a vivid glorification of the joys of healthy youth. Wrestling, skating, diving, rowing, climbing, running, jumping, the subtler joys of the senses, the pleasures of the fresh fancy and imagination, of young sympathy and friendship—each is made in turn the subject of a joyous stanza turned off with a fine musical freedom. Then other voices are heard. Death, the World, the Flesh, the Devil, address themselves to the boy, suggesting the pleasantness of the Primrose Path and the wisdom of plucking roses while one may. Finally Love speaks in the crucial strophe of the poem:

Keep me my throne, O Boy!
Great is the joy
Of the supple body's strength and the senses' thrill,
They are right and sweet in their day,
But I am greater than they.
They shall straight give way when I claim my empty throne.
Lo, I am the Master Joy,
You shall presently own my sway.
O Boy! you have waited me long,
But I may not come at the summons of man.
I must bide my time.
You are right to live your jubilant song
Of joy in being alive,
But know that each of these lesser joys
You shall desire to sacrifice
In the service of Love. O Boy! Be wise!
Even the joy of the indrawn breath
You shall be willing to yield to Death.
Yea! So the Beloved be blest thereby
You shall gladly die.
Then is it more
Than the Flesh will endure
That you keep your Soul clean?
It has served you well, of a truth,
This Joy of Life and Youth,
Has kept you sane and fine and strong,
Fit to love with the Love that Abides.
The Prelude,—and then the Song!
Behold! I shall come!
What will it matter then that you waited me long?

To this last voice the boy listens, and the poem ends. The piece has its faults; it would have gained by some revision and excision, by an occasional refining of phrase, but as a whole it is a telling expression of the perennially pagan spirit of youth and of an admirable promise.

In the "Sonnets and Poems" of William Ellery Leonard we have again a background of scholarship—of a scholarship sometimes imperfectly fused in the heat of the poetic mood, sometimes, as in a quantity, a little inaccurate. There is, however, in Mr. Leonard's verse an intellectual vigor, and a corresponding resonance of line that carries one safely over the occasional crudities and awkwardnesses. At his best, Mr. Leonard can be large without inflation, as in "New York in Sunset":

The island city of dominion stands,
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the waters' crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybele of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around her; yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
She sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees thro' storm and fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

"In the Song of the City" (Oak Leaves Press), Anna Louise Strong has found in Chicago something of the same inspiration that Mr. Leonard has drawn from his New York. The verse is undistinguished, but it is not seldom visited by something of the poetic sense of life; witness this on the "Tenement Back Yards":

Close by the elevated the worst of the back-yards lie,
Barren, desolate spaces under an ashen sky,
Bottles and boxes and papers and pieces of glass and tin,
And rotted hoards of fencing that shut the scrap-heap in.

Hopeless, dreary ash-piles—and yet there is laughter here;
And hearts bowed down with labor still trace the round of the year,
When the rays of first spring sunshine strike through the dingy pane,
And the broken rag-stuffed windows are stripped of their rags again.

For over the dust and ashes roll surges of conquering life,
Life and the glory of living, the joy and the pain and the strife,

Love and the faith of loving, and wan hope's fitful gleams;
Ay, even the lost are haunted by the pallid beauty of dreams.

A curious contrast to the above is presented in Douglas Malloch's "In Forest Land" (The American Lumberman), the poetic recreations, if one may guess, of a forester. Here, again, the verse is undistinguished, but of an outdoor wholesomeness that is refreshing. There is a pleasant macaronic flavor in "The Love of a Botanist":

I long for the land of the pinus palustris
Where the liriodendron is bursting to bloom,
Where taxodium distichum faithful, industr'ous,
Is waving in sadness o'er Clementine's tomb.

'Twas under the spreading hicoria pecan
We pledged our fond love by the light of the stars;
"If any be faithful," we whispered, "then we can."
While leaning at eve o'er the fraxinus bars.

A flower from the sweet asimina triloba
She pinned on my coat as I bade her farewell;
But her love grew as cold as the far Manitoba
And my hopes like the frost-bitten autumn leaves fell.

They planted catalpa, the fair speciosa,
They planted the bush and the tree and the vine,
They planted a sprig of robinia viscosa,
And, underneath these, planted poor Clementine.

The reader of Charles Gibson's stout and expensive volume of verse, "The Spirit of Love and Other Poems" (Boston: Published by the author), will rub his eyes. It is as if the mellifluous Waller lived again and published numerous verse at his lower level. The following lines from Mr. Gibson's "Hero and Leander," which he advises us to compare with Fawkes's version of Musæus, are a fair specimen of his languid but indefatigable poetic impulse:

Trembling with love, he plunges to the deep,
His form submerged, the billows round him leap.
The distant shore a gentle light extends,
As thus to Love encouragement it lends.
O fair Leander, plow these treacherous waves!
Leap through the ocean to the shore it laves!
There, wandering near the beach, her duties o'er,
Steps Hero loved; now lingering no more.
Her eyes with dewy spray lie half-encased,
Her heart no mortal sultor has defaced;
While from the tower is reared a burning torch,
That guides Leander to the temple's porch.
Awake, O Eros, and defend this youth
Who braves the sea, to seek thy fane, forsooth!

Mr. Gibson announces a volume of "Love Sonnets" for 1907, one of "Odes and Elegies" for 1908, and one of "Dialogues and Satires" for 1909. That is a weighty observation that Alceste makes to Oronte in the first act of the "Misanthrope":

Par la chaleur de montrer ses ouvrages,
Ou s'expose à jouer de mauvais personnages.

Under the same rubric with Mr. Gibson's work, we may list "Poems," by E. L. Noble (Richard G. Badger), "Songs and Sonnets," by Helena Coleman (Toronto: William Briggs), "Driftwood," by Russell Whitcomb (Badger), "Easter Song," by Clinton Scollard (G. W. Browning), "The Rose Jar," by Thomas S. Jones (Browning), and "The Silent Land," by William Blane (Elliot Stock).

A seventeenth-century flavor of another sort is to be savored in Edward Gilchrist's "Tiles from a Porcelain Tower" (privately printed at the Riverside Press). Mr. Gilchrist has plainly done a good deal of rather virile thinking, and as he has made his ingeniously plotted verse the vehicle rather for his notions than for his moods, his work has much of the peculiar pithiness that marked the work of the concettists in their less fantastic vein. Not the least interesting of the pieces are those more expressly from the Porcelain Tower, "the pride and symbol of Cathay," wherein the decaying splendors of the East are expressed with both imagination and humor. Take for example these sonnets from a sequence entitled "In a Mountain Lamasery:

Gilt Buddha, with the heavy-lidded eyes,
Whose glances seem hypnotically jail'd
By walls of an unconscious paradise,
Tell me, how many moons have glow'd and paled
Since in thy Mongol face at length was lost
All trace of Prince Siddartha's lineaments?
How long, O placid mystic, since thou wast
Carved in thy convert's image, and the scents
Of Ind upon thine altar were replaced
With sandal-powder, mill'd beside the brooks
That else adown the Lu Shan rush to waste?
Thou wilt not answer, but the ancient rooks
That nest upon the cedar at thy gate
Are cursing me as unregenerate!

Alas, I fear thy bent and wheezy bonze
Is not a ritualist; he offered me
For copper coin the candlesticks of bronze
And curtain from thy shrine of filagree,
Nay, dare I whisper it?—but thou shouldst know—
He hinted that he might replace thyself
For thirty silver shoes! Quoth I: "Not so;
They who have barter'd Gods for petty pelf
Did never prosper!" Then he smote the gong
That hung beside us and so summon'd thee
To hear his orisons and even-song.
The sacred birds still scolded from their tree,
As through the quaint and lonely temple's gloom
Ebb'd into silence that deep, brazen boom.

John Daniel Logan begins his "Preludes" (Toronto: William Briggs) with "An Epistle in Criticism," in which he lays down the interesting dictum that the cause of the failure of "Keltic" poetry in Canada is "the disfranchisement of Love, the decay of natural piety." Mr. Logan's own work does not seem of quite sufficient calibre to assist very largely in the rehabilitation of Canadian piety and love. He is often wordy and ineffective, but at times, as in this sonnet to E. A. MacDowell, he exhibits a fineness and fervor of feeling that has its charm:

Dreamer in tones, whose mellifluous music wrought,
As Ossian's Harp in Keltic days of yore,
With captive spell, must we hark nevermore
The melody thy wistful spirit caught
From land and sea and sky and every spot
Of Beauty ineluctable, before
The dumb, obscure, appalling Night closed o'er
Thy senses' pearly ports and left thee naught
Save vacant visitings? Ah, Dreamer, though
The gods have veiled thine effluent phantasy,
We are thy homagers, forever thrall
To thy sweet song and music magical
Of winsome Woodland voices, and the low,
Sad poignant pulsings of the far-off opal Sea!

Mr. Logan closes his volume with a prose discourse in which, with apparent sincerity, he upholds "The rhythmical dummy," *e. g.*:

The dumble-doo and the dilly doss,
The umpty umpty oo;
While the livelong hours of the do-dad day
Did tra-tra la la la-loo——

as "the best means of securing, not, perhaps, beauty of idea, or nicety of poetic form, but fundamental music and the breath and life of poetry."

John Davidson, on the contrary, closes his "Holiday and Other Poems" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) with an uncommonly interesting bit of poet's prose decrying rhyme as a mark of decadence and urging English blank verse as the great "ascendant" poetic form of the world. Paradoxically, the volume itself is a collection of experiments in repeated and shaded rhyme of unusual technical interest. The somewhat hard, but vigorously imaginative and sharply individual quality that has made many of Mr. Davidson's other volumes memorable is less pervasive here; yet he is near his best in these stanzas from a curious dramatic "Eclogue" entitled "New Year's Eve":

There is a dish to hold the sea,
A brazier to contain the sun,
A compass for the galaxy,
A voice to wake the dead and done!

That minister of ministers,
Imagination, gathers up
The undiscovered universe,
Like jewels in a jasper cup.

Its flame can mingle north and south;
Its accent with the thunder strive;
The ruddy sentence of its mouth
Can make the ancient dead alive.

"A Book of Masks," by Wilbur Underwood (Elkin Matthews), has other marks of decadence than rhyme. Pierrot is Mr. Underwood's chief poetic symbol, and a faint perfume of *fleurs du mal* lingers in his page. Yet there is a sincere and wistful fantasticality in the little book, a slim energy of line, that make more than a momentary impression. The book has for its motto this from the "Journal of the Black Death": "And was played before the Kinge's Most Excellent Majestie a Masque of Shadowes." After a score of shadowy sarabandes in verse, the series concludes with:

THE END.

The hour has struck; with sudden grace
The mask is slipped from each worn face,
And desolate eyes meet desolate eyes
In glances of a lone surmise
That searching deeply only see
The veils of utter mystery;
The lights are flickering in the lamps,
The air grown sharp with earthy damps,
O little ghosts of sad delight
Pass wearily into the night.

A little while and over all
The faded leaves shall drift and fall,
The rain and wind from outer space
Walk desolate about the place,
And whisper through the grasses wet:
Adieu, Pierrot; good-night, Ninette.

"Love Songs and Bugle Calls," by Virginia Frazer Boyle (A. S. Barnes & Co.), is a collection showing a considerable measure of the poetic temperament and an unusual fluency in varied rhyme. The rather too easy pathos that colors many of the pieces is not likely to prove a hindrance to popular appreciation. Unfortunately Mrs. Boyle's poetic energy is too diffuse to admit of effective quotation.

The impermanence of personal charm as a poetic asset is rather mournfully shown in the volume of "Selections from Charles Swain," compiled "by his third daughter" (London: Fifield). Swain was a poet of rather exceptional popularity in the forties and fifties, and no less a man of letters than Robert Southey said of him: "If ever man was born to be a poet, Swain was." Yet, read at this hour, his quality is that of a rhyming Tupper and little more. The following characteristic stanza affords a rather instructive comparison with Mr. Davidson's fine stanzas on the same theme quoted above:

In Science as in Literature, the same
Creative spirit elevates the tone;
Philosopher and bard must mount to fame
Each by imagination's power alone;
The first conception Dalton's mind made known

Of the Atomic Theory was *then*
A vision beautiful as Fancy's own!
A fine poetic thought, worth Milton's pen!
Waiting a mind to grasp and give its form to men.

"The Humor of Love," an anthology edited by Tom Masson (Moffat, Yard & Co.), is done from a full knowledge of the lighter erotic literature in English and with an excellent *flair* for the things that are at once graceful and amusing. Read consecutively, the effect is considerably more humorous than amorous.

An anthology of unique interest is the book of "Sea Songs and Ballads" selected by Christopher Stone, with an Introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge (Henry Frowde). The literary ballad is represented as sparingly as possible, the authentic "chanty" and "forebitter" as fully. The result is a corpus of salty folks-poesie that is as instructive as entertaining. The following stanzas are from a song that Admiral Bridge assures us has been sung for two hundred years by actual sailormen on actual ships:

Farewell, and adieu to you, (gay) Spanish ladies,
Farewell, and adieu to you, ladies of Spain!
For we've received orders for to sail for old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.

We'll rant and we'll roar like true British heroes,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas,
Until we strike soundings in the channel of old England;
From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-five leagues.

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, boys,
We hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear;
We got soundings in ninety-five fathom, and boldly
Up the channel of old England our course we did steer. . . .

So let every man toss off a full bumper,
Let every man toss off his full bowls;
We'll drink and be jolly, and drown melancholy:
So here's a good health to all true-hearted souls.

RECENT FICTION.

The Woman's Victory. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The short stories of Maarten Maartens are always worth looking into, but they leave no firm impression. They have the air of a series of clever tricks in which, as it were, less is said than meets the eye. They are experiments in fiction, studies in various manners from Maupassant to, say, F. Hopkinson Smith. Short-story writers are lucky enough not to have "messages" expected of them, but it is in reason that they should be looked to for some sort of consistent method. As a matter of fact, the tales in the present collection display in form a factitious versatility; in substance they are rather monotonous. Four or five among the most striking of them are variations on one theme. Some crucial moment is seized in the common life of a man and a woman, under the stress of which convention is thrown aside, and the truth revealed as to their mutual relation, or their common relation to the world, or both. Disillusion is the note. The author says some very "cynical" things, in quite the sweeping manner of the undergraduate who wishes to conceal the softness of his heart. Whenever he takes a step aside from his narrative for purposes of comment or generalization, he is sure to be either uncompromisingly sentimental or uncompromisingly bitter. He apparently cannot trust himself to strike a delicate balance of probabilities. It is distinctly more natural for him to be rhetorical and romantic than sardonic and pithy; and two-thirds of the tales in the present volume are undisguisedly in the former vein. One is irritated to find him at intervals bringing himself up to time with the customary smart little fling at Life or Love; as if a mess of rhetorical sentiment could not be quite wholesome without a pinch of bitterness. "He was a great banker. He was a great blackguard. It would not be necessary to say the same thing twice, but that the world is so slow to understand." This is the kind of puerility to which he is often reduced. There is much to be said for the old-fashioned open fire of sentiment, which had a way of baking one side of us so comfortably that we hardly noticed how chilly the other was.

The White Darkness. By Lawrence Mott. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

This is a series of vigorous but rather conventional tales of the Canadian wilderness. Prof. C. G. D. Roberts and Jack London have done this kind of thing better. Perhaps the comparison is hardly in point, for the method here is openly melodramatic. The Northwestern mounted police, the Hudson Bay trapper, and the peripatetic Indian are the principal figures involved in the execution of the rulings of poetic justice, which are interfered with only by elevations of snow or depressions of temperature. There is naturally much of the Kanuck jargon, the phonetic representation of which is unusually successful. In short, these stories are all of the type known as "magazinable"; which means that the chances are against their proving (to invent a similar verbal horror) really "bookable."

Friday, the 13th. By Thomas W. Lawson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Modest Mr. Lawson, the author of "Frenzied Finance" and of many entertaining newspaper advertisements, has written a fervent novel called "Friday, the 13th." Here we have all the familiar stage setting of Wall Street, painted in garish splotches; gigantic stock deals, frightful panics, tickers, and tapes spinning out quotations a mile a minute, the usual seething mobs on the Stock Exchange, and all the "System's" hell-hounds let loose, chapter after chapter. There is a heart-throb on every page. We ache with sympathy for the proud, old ex-governor of Virginia, who has lost in unwise speculation several million dollars of trust funds; we yearn to look into the fathomless eyes of his virtuous daughter who, to retrieve her father's fortune and good name, persuades the hero to help her play the stock market, and prays the Lord to bless their operations; we shudder when the aforesaid hero, taking the "long" instead of the "short" side of Sugar, loses his first two million dollars. And of course we cannot but exult when, money-mad as he is, the hero turns the table on the System's cohorts and cleans up a cool billion of dollars; and on the last page we are very close to tears at the death of both the chief personages—of that beautiful daughter of Virginia, endowed with eyes of "spirituality and passion," and with a singular gift for stock-gambling, and of the superb hero, Rob, the picture of whom rises before us as he stood in the thick of his last panic—"his perfect-fitting, heavy black Melton cutaway coat thrown back from the chest, and a low, turned-down white collar, the setting for a throat and head that reminded one of a forest monarch at bay on the mountain crag awaiting the coming of the hounds and hunters."

As a matter of fact, as the advance notice says, "the fever of money madness and the curse of speculation run throughout the story," and what Mr. Lawson attempts to do is to show the degrading effect of speculation upon character. But the delineation of character requires more literary art than Mr. Lawson, with all his red-hot, hyphenated adjectives, can show, and as for his plot, it steadily thins instead of thickens. Of course, everybody that has ever been within a mile of Trinity Church knows that the book, as a picture of Wall Street life and methods, is absurd.

Sampson Rock of Wall Street. By Edwin Lefèvre. New York: Harper & Bros.

"Sampson Rock of Wall Street" is a highly successful operator who rears up a son to call his father "Dad," and to circumvent the old man in the great Virginia Central Railroad deal. The story, which is entirely readable, is filled with the technique of speculation, and all the detail of a big New York stock-brokerage office is laid bare. In fact, to the diligent reader the story can almost be recommended as a hand-book and ready reference guide to speculation. Talk of the market and of financial coups is thick and fast, and even when the author philosophizes, as he frequently does through the four hundred printed pages, money is his text. It would, however, be unfair to criticise Mr. Lefèvre for writing in terms of money, when that is frankly what he sets out to do, both in his many short stories which have appeared, as well as in this present book. But he doubtless realizes, as certainly as do his readers, that the history of a hundred Sampson Rocks, even though written with spirit and in faultless Wall Street terminology, will never constitute the great and vital business novel of the present generation.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An Oneida County Printer: A Bibliography of the Press at Utica, N. Y., from 1803 to 1838. By John C. Williams; with an Introduction by Ellis H. Roberts. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $12.50.

This volume is an important accession to the list of American local bibliographies. More than a bibliography of Utica imprints from 1803 to 1838, it is also an account of the life and work of William Williams, whose enterprise made Utica an important publishing centre for more than a quarter of a century. The author, John Camp Williams of Morristown, N. J., is a descendant of this Oneida County printer, and has therefore enjoyed unusual facilities for securing material. The book has been printed in sumptuous style at the Gillis Press.

Nowadays, though there are important book-printing establishments at Albany, Binghamton, and other smaller cities of the State, practically no books are published in the State outside of New York city. Before this city had gained such a preponderance, the printers of many of the interior towns such as Peekskill, Poughkeepsie, Albany, Hudson, Utica, Bath, Cooperstown, etc., were publishers. The first press at Utica was established in July, 1798, by William McLean, who was proprietor of a newspaper, the *Whitestown Gazette and Cato's Patrol*. In August, 1799, another printer, Thomas Walker, came from Rome, near by, and set up a rival paper, the *Columbian Gazette*. While it is likely that, besides these weekly papers, various pamphlets, if not more pretentious books, appeared from these two printing offices before 1803, a quarto of twenty-three pages by Jonas Platt, "To the People of Oneida County," dated at the end, October 1, 1800, seems to be all that has survived. The Lenox Library possesses a copy. The earliest dated pamphlet with a title-page, printed in Utica, which Mr. Williams has been able to trace, was issued in 1803, by Thomas Walker: "A Viudication of the Measures of the Present Administration," by Algernon Sydney.

In 1800 William McLean received as an apprentice his brother-in-law, William Williams. The young man worked in the shop in various capacities as printer, book-binder, engraver on wood, and editor. Meanwhile the business frequently changed hands until in 1807 the style of the firm became Seward & Williams. In 1808, Williams started to manufacture the paper upon which some of his books, as well as the bills of the Utica bank, were printed. From this date onward for thirty years the issues of his press were numerous. While most of them were school books, some were of a more pretentious character. "The Utica Directory," containing 466 names of persons and firms, was published in 1817. In 1829, four editions of Elder David Bernard's "Light of Masonry," a volume of over 500 pages, were published.

The book contains a mezzotint portrait of William Williams, etched by S. Arlent-Edwards, a colored photogravure portrait of William Morgan of anti-Masonic fame, and numerous reproductions of title-pages. It is unfortunate that a volume of this character should be without an index.

The Washington manuscripts and letters sold well at Stan. V. Henkels's in Philadelphia, on February 22 and 23. The two little interleaved almanacs used as diaries by Washington, brought $4,300. The first of these, a copy of "The American Repository of Useful Information, containing a Calendar of the present Year," 1795, contained memoranda by Washington on fourteen of the interleaved pages, besides various notes on the printed pages. These manuscript notes by Washington are in large part merely remarks on the weather, but he also jotted down the itinerary of various journeys during the year. The other, and more interesting diary is a copy of "Briggs's Virginia and Maryland Almanac," 1798. It contains forty-five closely-written pages by Washington, telling his whereabouts, what he did, where he dined, etc., for almost every day throughout the year. The record of the weather is also very full, except for a few weeks in July where this entry occurs:

No acc't kept of the Weather and etc. from hence to the end of the Month on acc't of my Sickness which commenced with a fever on the nineteenth and lasted until the 24th, which left me debilitated.

These two almanacs were presented, one to Robert Adams, the other to Mrs. Margaret Adams, in July, 1827, by Judge Bushrod Washington.

On March 1 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer at auction the autograph collection of Major William B. Wetmore of Alleuhurst, N. J. Some choice items are included, among them a one-page A. L. S. of Washington, Cambridge, January 20, 1776; two autographs of telegrams by Gen. Grant, one from City Point, Va., December 9, 1864, to Major-Gen. Thomas, the other from Prospect Station, Va., April 10, 1865, to Secretary of War Stanton; an A. L. S., two pages, 4to, dated 1758, of Samuel Richardson; letters of Henry Clay, Farragut, Sherman, J. A. Symonds, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Thackeray, Edward FitzGerald, and others; a sheet of manuscript by Darwin; documents signed by Napoleon Bonaparte, Frederick the Great, the four Georges, Charles II., and James II. On March 4, the same company offers a miscellaneous collection, including a number of desirable, although not especially rare pieces of Americana. About seventy items are catalogued under Indian Narratives and Memoirs. These include the "Life of Black Hawk," Boston, 1834; Morse's "Report on Indian Affairs," New Haven, 1822; Seaver's "Narrative of the Captivity of Mary Jemison," Howden, 1826; Zadock Steele's account of his own captivity and sufferings, Montpelier, 1818, and the Rev. John Williams's "Redeemed Captive Returning to Zion," New Haven, 1802. Among first editions are books by Thoreau, Burroughs, Lang, John Hay, Irving, and T. W. Parsons. On Tuesday, March 5, the same firm sells the library of the Rev. S. L. Bowman of Newark, made up of miscellaneous books with some items of Americana, including nine lots relating to Nantucket and Stiles's "History of Ancient Windsor, Connecticut."

On March 6 and 7, C. F. Libbie & Co., of Boston, sell the library of Thomas Rodney Reynolds of Providence. Sets of the first octavo edition of Audubon's "Birds of America," 1840-1844, 7 vols., and his "Quadrupeds of America," 1846-1854, 3 vols., are the most notable lots. There are also a few first editions of Hawthorne, Irving, Mark Twain, and other American authors, some early printed books, including a Virgil, Venice, 1475, and books from the Kelmscott, Essex House, Vale, and Elston presses.

At an auction to be held by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on March 16, a manuscript of Burns's "Scots Wha Hae wi' Wallace Bled" will be offered; also an exquisitely illuminated manuscript missal executed for Claude de France, daughter of Queen Anne of Brittany and Louis XII., on the occasion of her marriage to Francis I. It is written on 103 leaves of vellum, and contains sixteen full-page miniatures and other paintings.

Causes of the Civil War, 1859-1861. By Rear-Admiral French E. Chadwick. [The American Nation, vol. xix.] New York: Harper & Brothers. $2 net.

Admiral Chadwick's volume is only in part devoted to "causes," the larger portion of the book being occupied with a detailed account of the events, best classed as occasions, which prepared the way for hostilities. The first four chapters, in which the author reviews the political and economic situation in the South between 1850 and 1860, with particular reference to the nature and spread of those ideas, largely derived from Calhoun, on which the theory and practice of secession were based, traverse a part of the ground already gone over in Prof. T. C. Smith's "Parties and Slavery"; but the summing up, permitted here on a larger scale than in any previous volume of this series, skilfully avoids the appearance of repetition, and makes the volume more nearly a unit.

The chronological course of the narrative begins with chapter five, on John Brown's raid. It is an interesting illustration of the newness of our history that writers still think it necessary to dissect, with more or less minuteness, the intellectual and moral powers of Brown, and to apportion the judicial share of excuse or blame upon his associates and sponsors. Admiral Chadwick tells the familiar story effectively and fairly, though hardly, we think, with due appreciation of the chivalrous spirit of Brown and his prominent supporters. Then follow detailed chapters on the rising tide of opposition to the North and the Federal Government in Congress, the long-considered and carefully wrought plans for separation, and the Presidential election of 1860. Only on this last topic does the narrative, with its carefully marshalled wealth of facts, leave something to be desired. The minor political influences and shrewd political management which made Lincoln's nomination possible; the reliance of the Republicans upon the tariff issue, rather than upon slavery, in such States as Pennsylvania; the efforts to defeat Lincoln by fusion in several States; and the bearing of the election returns upon the question of disunion, are matters which, though touched upon, might well have been developed a bit more fully.

The most distinctive contribution of Admiral Chadwick's book, however, is its thorough-going examination of the military and naval situation on the eve of hostilities. The status of the Southern forts in the last months of 1860, for example, is excellently set forth, as are the state of Fort Sumter, the episode of the Star of the West, and the situation at Fort Pickens. Here, obviously, the writer speaks with authority, yet with a breadth of view, a careful regard for balance and perspective, and a subordination of technical detail worthy of hearty commendation. Yet the author does not hesitate to put censure where he thinks it belongs; he condemns Anderson, for example, for failing to help the Star of the West, points out Lincoln's impropriety in issuing orders over the heads of his department chiefs, and censures Scott for the general inefficiency of the army as well as for toying with rebellion on the eve of war. Equally well done, though in more familiar

fields, are the accounts of Buchanan's vacillating course, of Lincoln's Cabinet trials during the first month of his administration, and of the double policy of negotiation and preparation which the South successfully pursued. Admiral Chadwick does not spare the South or its leaders, though for the most part he lets the simple record of events carry their own condemnation.

The bibliographical chapter, as usual, notes the most important printed authorities. Of manuscript material, the most valuable are the Pickett papers in the Treasury Department at Washington, containing the correspondence of the Confederate commissioners. The map illustrating the John Brown raid, and the chart of Charleston harbor, should be particularly noted as helpful aids.

Letters from Port Royal: Written at the Time of the Civil War. Edited by Elizabeth Ware Pearson. Boston: W. B. Clarke & Co.

When Commodore Dupont on November 7, 1861, captured the forts at Hilton Head and Bay Point, South Carolina, the Sea Island region fell into the hands of the Federals. The planters and their families fled precipitately, and thus left to the conquerors all their possessions, including their human chattels. It was a curious situation in which the Washington Government found itself. It needed the cotton for the Northern market, but what was it to do with the hundreds of slaves which speedily became thousands? Free them it could not, at that time. Yet so improvident and childlike were they, that they were likely to starve if not taken in hand at once and made to work. In brief, it was as difficult a problem as if the Government had suddenly been compelled to take over a slice of Africa, and to assume overnight the moral and material care of a tribe of natives.

Cotton agents were at once dispatched to collect and send to the North the cotton crop on hand, which happened to be the largest ever raised there. But what next? Fortunately, the Treasury Department found in Edward L. Pierce of Milton, Mass., later well known as the biographer of Sumner, a man who had ideas and the ability to carry them out. He had been in charge of the contrabands at Fortress Monroe and had shown his ability there. About him he speedily gathered a notable band of enthusiasts, men and women, from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, who arrived in Port Royal in March, 1862, to undertake as best they could the work of preparing the slaves for whatever status in life the future held in store for them, and of raising the cotton crop of 1862 on the various plantations.

Few if any of this band knew the colored man or the South. Still fewer were practical farmers. Some speedily proved inadequate to the task; that any succeeded is really cause for wonder, except that these young college men and brave and patient women were as highly inspired as any of our youth who laid down their lives on the battlefields of which the Port Royal pilgrims heard so infrequently. Missionaries they were in the best sense, but without the lessons of older missionaries or the teachings of martyrs to guide them. Yet the zeal for the downtrodden, to whose aid they had hastened, sustained them in the hours of discouragement. How they blundered and struggled on to very considerable success, and how their military superiors seemed in league to ruin their whole undertaking, because of poor judgment, or jealousy, or intrigue, is set forth in the volume before us in their own simple, unaffected words—missives written only for their family circles.

It is a record of unselfish, patriotic endeavor, of which every American can read with pride. For it tells of an undertaking of notable value. This "Port Royal experiment," as it was called, answered forever the question whether the freedman would work without the lash, and would work more economically than the slave, just as the Port Royal regiment raised by Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson ended forever speculations as to whether the freedman would fight on the battlefield and fight well. The "Letters" necessarily end before the negro had proved himself worthy of freedom; indeed, the dominant note at the close is one of disappointment and regret. But as the editor, Mrs. Pearson, points out, the very sign of the working of the ferment of freedom was in the freed man, "as a matter of course, unreasonableness, insubordination, untrustworthiness." It is to the everlasting honor of the black race that nothing more serious could be alleged against it in that overwhelmingly sudden transition from the ignorance, degradation, and sloth of slavery to ignorant liberty; and it must not be forgotten that in the isolation of the Sea Islands the negro was probably at his lowest, or more nearly a primitive African than elsewhere in Dixie.

This volume would have been justified if it had merely given us the picture of the blacks of 1862 and portrayed the spirit of those whom one of the blacks called "de fust gang white people been here." It has a special value beyond that. At this time, when the growing acuteness of the negro problem makes it all the more necessary to keep in mind the historical background of that problem, a study like this becomes of special value as an index of the progress the black race has made. As an historically accurate picture of slavery as it really was, it is a most valuable antidote to much misleading gush written by men like Thomas Nelson Page, according to which the unknowing reader might readily believe that the condition of the favored household slave on the 8,000 large estates was a true picture of the whole institution of slavery. The "Letters from Port Royal" have been painstakingly edited and elucidated by Mrs. Pearson. It is interesting to know that of the small group of writers to whose letters she had access, nearly all still survive. Mr. E. G. Philbrick, the principal figure in the executive work in the islands, died in 1889.

Thought and Things: A Study of the Development and Meaning of Thought; or Genetic Logic. Vol. I. Functional Logic, or Genetic Theory of Knowledge. By James Mark Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75.

We will say, at once, that this is a most earnest, profound, laborious, systematic analysis of cognition, such as cannot fail to be of continual utility to students of psychology. But this does not mean that the work is fundamentally sound; for the imperfection that belongs to all human works necessarily appears in a philosophical doctrine in the form of error. Now, Professor Baldwin's book, although it is a work of psychology, and although it is the boast of modern psychology that it is a special science, like any other, yet undertakes to solve the deepest problems of philosophy, just as Wundt and many other psychologists profess to do; just as biologists often attack these problems under their several special lights.

What is meant by "Genetic Logic"? This is a hard question. The author devotes an introductory chapter of five and twenty pages to it, without affording any satisfactory reply, although, of course, he supposes that he has done so. Everybody knows what the science of logic, in its proper sense, means. It is the comparative anatomy of arguments. Everybody who has anything like an inside acquaintance with any of the successful sciences knows that an essential to the well-being of any science—its bread and butter, so to speak—is the restriction of every technical word to its strict meaning. Each new scientific conception calls for the manufacture of a new word. Extensions of the application of terms ought to be marked as extensions. When chemists talk of "alcohols," the plural suffices to show that they are not speaking of spirits of wine merely, but when mathematicians speak of symbolical "multiplication" and logicians of logical "multiplication," their practice begins to be rash. Although generalization should be as free as air, still generalization ought to find some modified form of expression showing that it is generalization. The reflections of any mind that takes its part in the present life of science must bring all this home with insistence; but before the days of Young and Lavoisier, or when Buffon was at the head of biology, it had not yet become manifest; so we can find ample excuse for Kant, that, having a multitude of new conceptions to introduce into philosophy, he should have sought to render them acceptable by giving them the names of more or less obsolescent conceptions more or less analogous to them. Along with much still worse wrenched nomenclature, he spoke of "transcendental logic"; and Professor Baldwin's "genetic logic" is by no means unlike an elaboration of that part of Kant's "transcendental logic" which was omitted from the second edition of the great "Critik"; and was omitted, not, we take it, because the great philosopher thought its substance erroneous, but because he thought it irrelevant even to "transcendental" logic.

It would be interesting to trace out the history of logic from a little before Kant until to-day, and to show how, as physical ideas acquired predominating influence, and as the so-called "moral" sciences aped the physical sciences, the original idea of logic as the study of how reasoning ought to proceed sank to the idea of how the human mind normally and regularly does proceed. The old-fashioned or pure logician will tell you that the question whether an argument is sound or not has nothing in the world to do with how men think, but is simply and

solely whether the being of the facts virtually premised (including the facts of the order and effect upon the mind of its experiences), does or does not include the fact inferred. These things the psychological logicians hardly discuss. They analyze the process of development of thinking; how, precisely, from sensation we come to perception, from perception to memory, from memory to imagination, from imagination to fancy and playing, and so on to thought. One of Professor Baldwin's reasons for calling his investigation "Genetic Logic" is that he undertakes very minutely to trace out this "progression" or series of "progressions," as he holds that it takes place in the mind of every man, every time he thinks.

But he has a further reason. Professor Baldwin's studies of the minds of two children are famous, all the world over. He believes, and many psychologists, no doubt, believe with him, that he accurately interpreted all the stages through which the consciousness of those children passed, from birth until they became as easy of study as are the minds of grown persons. Now, without being explicit, he pretty plainly thinks that the stages of growth of the child's mind are, to an important degree, reproduced in the "progressions" of the mental representations of the grown person, every time he thinks. In this second respect his "logic" is genetic. But it is more than inconvenient that it should be called logic. After explaining, none too lucidly, in his first chapter, what he means by "genetic logic," the author remarks:

> There will doubtless be many who refuse to follow the use of the term logic here suggested, especially among those who find it impossible to give up the tradition. . . . [Tradition is simply everything in the use of words, and especially of terms of science.] Those who wish to call it Psychology, or Epistemology, may be free to do so with no fear of doing the work injustice. As to names, *chacun à son goût*.

Ah, but here is a great misapprehension. It is by no means a question of taste; for the fact is that Professor Baldwin does not call this "logic" as if he had called it "subcutaneous pneumatics," or by any other meaningless vocable. He calls it so under the impression that it is a legitimate generalization of the traditional meaning of the term "logic." He is evidently quite unaware that he and the pure logician inhabit different universes. They not less do so than two persons of whom, throughout a long debate on "reminiscence," one by that term should understand the beating of brains in the effort to recall experiences, while the other should all the time mean the events remembered.

What the real nature of Professor Baldwin's book is, so far as a careful study of the published third of it discloses, is a psychological analysis of the operations of cognition; and so considered, it appears to the reviewer to be a signal setting forward of science, what the Germans would call, by an exaggeration customary with them, an "epoch-making" work. This judgment by no means implies that the theory is true in all its details: it rather implies the contrary. Indeed, we venture to think that at least one error permeates the whole, while many of the steps of the proposed progressions are open to no slight nor vague doubt, even if we grant, what the author has by no means proved, that there is any one invariable process by which thought is developed. But the reason why, in our opinion, the publication must serve as a precious landmark in future investigations, is that it lays down, for the first time, a definite project of structure of the theory of cognition in great detail. When one has to build a house, at length a definite plan is drawn, in which all the conditions—the utilities, the prices of one and another kind of masonry, the sizes of timber that are staple, etc.—are duly considered; and this first plan becomes, from the time of its execution, the focus of study out of which the veritable building plan is to be evolved. It is a plan to be pulled to pieces, to be patched up, and perhaps, at last, to be discarded. Yet otherwise than by the aid of such a preliminary plan, a thoroughly satisfactory house can hardly be had. Just such a preliminary project it is, with which Professor Baldwin has now enriched the psychology of cognition. The mere vocabulary of well-considered new technical terms—some fifty in number—that this volume expounds is in itself a precious gift to psychological investigation. For with each of these new terms there goes a valuable new conception.

We fear the reader of this volume, who has most likely found it pretty difficult and complicated, will be almost staggered when we say that we believe the prevalent fault of the theory to be that it makes the structure of thought and of ideas to be too simple. We only mean, however, that it is too simple in a certain definite respect; namely, that what the author calls "dualistic"—that is, referring to two subjects, or objects—is sometimes rather triadic; while the projective consciousness which he admirably describes, but which according to him involves no dualism and we grant does not explicitly recognize two subjects, must, as we venture to think, in order to be projective, regard the objects perceived as differing from others by their insistent presence. If so, there must certainly be a dualism, however little it be recognized. For insistence implies something resisted, and where there is resistance there must be effort, and effort with its correlative resistance is clearly dualistic. Moreover, the author frequently speaks of the "meaning" of an "object." It appears to us that meaning belongs exclusively to signs; and a sign, as the medium between two minds or between an object and an idea, and being so regarded, however obscurely, must involve a triplet.

A *Tour of Four Great Rivers, the Hudson, Mohawk, Susquehanna, and Delaware, in 1769.* Being the Journal of Richard Smith of Burlington, New Jersey. Edited, with a short history of the pioneer settlements, by Francis W. Halsey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Smith's Journal called for just such an editor as Mr. Halsey, who has the topographical mind, and has made the paths of long ago clear if not straight. It is conceivable, however, that another editor might have compressed his preface, which is nearly half the book, into a closer narrative of the settlements later considered in the Journal, and used a large part of what was left as direct elucidation, by way of foot-notes. It would not then be necessary for the reader to carry in memory the whole body of what the editor has to say in explanation of a long and somewhat intricate story.

Richard Smith (brother of Samuel Smith, the early historian of New Jersey) was only thirty-four when he took this journey with the definite object of surveying the Otego patent of 69,000 acres on the Susquehanna, which included large parts of the present town of Oneonta and Otego, south of Cooperstown. The charm and value of his Journal is its remarkable directness. Mr. Smith went out to inspect land, and he stuck to his task with a self-restraint as commendable as rare in a diarist. The situation, the character, the possibilities of the land are carefully noted, its accessibility, the nearness to water, the outlook for timber, and the possible crops. He was not, however, unobservant of the incidents of the journey of 676 miles, made between March and June, through a country which seemed new and wild to his eyes, though, as Mr. Halsey says, it had all been known to Europeans for a much longer period than that from the Revolutionary war down to the present day.

The enormous holdings of the great patroons of the Hudson Valley and elsewhere—the Van Rensselaer, Philipse, Van Cortlandt, Livingston, or other manors—all impressed our traveller. Mr. Halsey's observations on these great estates, and the sparseness of the population, lead him to the conclusion that such a system of land-holdings "retarded the growth of the Hudson Valley." He might justly have added that the evil effects of this system can still be discerned in such spots as Burden, or Staatje.

Smith's writing shows him to have been possessed of a mellow temper, and a mind of some cultivation. Even without Mr. Halsey's historical companionship, the *Journal* (not hitherto unknown, but now printed entire for the first time) would have been good reading. The several plates of houses and scenes with which the editor has enriched his volume, if not novelties to the historian, bear republication and illustrate the text very well. Several unfortunate blunders of the printer or the proof-reader disclose themselves in the Introduction, but the *Journal* itself is a satisfactory reproduction of a valuable manuscript. The index, too, calls for a good word: it is full, yet not complicated; but why, pray, was it not strictly alphabetical?

Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea. A Memoir. By Lord Stanmore. With portraits and illustrations. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

Never did luckless biographer advertise his embarrassments and misgivings more frankly than Lord Stanmore. He had "somewhat rashly" promised Lady Herbert years ago to undertake this memoir, but did not then know how great were the difficulties of the task. Sidney Herbert's life was short, and not highly eventful. "His name is not connected with any great and striking act, either of domestic or foreign policy." He was, by the testimony of all who knew him, a man of singular personal charm and sweetness of character, but how can the delicate aroma of such a nature be

conveyed to a later generation, especially when the written material at hand is so meagre? In such circumstances, says Lord Stanmore, the only recourse is a "bare recital of outer events" with "a sketch of the times in which he lived"; though he admits that the consequent product "can hardly be classed among true biographies." Nevertheless, having pledged his word, he puts his pen to the work, "though I fear the result will be as unsatisfactory to my readers as it is to myself." This is a portentous *caveat* to nail up on the door to 900 octavo pages!

The net impression could have been better made in one-third the space. The terrific *longueurs* about Herbert's work in the War Office relate mostly to such obsolete technicalities and burned-out controversies that they pall horribly on the reader. The personal side of the man is attractively brought out. There was strength in his sweetness. His political sagacity was excellent. Of all the little group of Peelites that survived dolefully under Derby and Palmerston, looking so long in vain for a rest for their feet, none was more shrewd in counsel than Herbert. Sir James Graham was constantly deferring to him. Gladstone frequently consulted him. Several new letters of Gladstone's are given in these volumes. He was a fast friend of Herbert's from Oxford days, and deeply mourned his premature end. But when it is said that Herbert was a man of winning grace and thorough chivalry—well named after that Sir Philip Sidney from whose family the Pembroke Herberts are proud to trace their descent—and that he had talents for public life which, had length of days been granted him, might have made his name eminent, all has been said.

The Cambridge "Apostles." By Frances M. Brookfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a book that it would be pleasant to speak well of, if that were possible, from the kindly feeling towards the Brookfields raised by "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," and the interest attaching to many of the characters discussed—Hallam and Tennyson, Milnes and Maurice, Trench and Sterling. If it had been entitled "Sketches of William H. Brookfield and his Friends," it might have passed muster as a chatty volume, not very deep in matter, and not always pure in style, but fairly amusing. But to handle the Cambridge "Apostles" rightly is quite another thing; and to one behind the scenes this is not a good book.

A cynic—*i. e.*, a Harvard senior—once said in an essay that when a man had a secret to keep he simply said nothing about it; if a woman had one, she informed everybody that she had a secret, and then set to work keeping it hard. There is a similar distinction between the Cambridge Apostles and the "secret" societies of American colleges. The Apostles are secret because they never talk about themselves or each other among outsiders; never announce their meetings, wear no badges, and act as if they had never heard of such a thing. There was not the same secrecy in the early days of the society, the twenties and early thirties, which is the period Mrs. Brookfield has tried to write about, and which she proclaims as the heroic and golden age—nay, the only real existence of the society. But it is so now, and it has been so for sixty years. The Cambridge Conversazione Society, which is still its official name, savoring of a bygone age, was founded in 1824 by George Tomlinson, afterwards bishop of Gibraltar (whom for some inscrutable reason Mrs. Brookfield calls Henry). The date is significant, for had it been in existence a few years earlier, Macaulay would surely have been a most prominent member. The object was discussion with absolute freedom, entirely released from the conventional shackles which fettered almost all thought among those who claimed to be gentlemen and scholars. Among the early Apostles the discussions were mainly on literature, particularly poetry; later they have turned more to metaphysical and moral subjects.

The society was never large, and what determined the election of any member is known only to the members. They will not tell, and the outside herd could not understand if they did. Mrs. Brookfield not only makes her father-in-law head the book as "the Friend of the Apostles," but gently hints that one great claim of the Apostles to distinction is that they were his friends. Yet he was not a member of the society. She gives no reason; one can easily be given. They did not think him sufficiently Apostolic.

For several years after its institution the society maintained no particular secrecy. It is a tradition that the various elections and rejections made it extremely unpopular. Moreover, a theory was started that when its members left Cambridge they all became members of the Sterling Club, which was firmly believed to be a society of avowed infidels, as may be seen by any one who will read "Mr. Brown's letter to his nephew" in Thackeray's Miscellanies. At all events, the society in Cambridge dwindled to William Vernon Harcourt and James FitzJames Stephen, both men with infinite capacity for everything, especially making themselves disagreeable. When they ceased to reside, the word went about that the Apostles had ceased to be, in the present or future—only they had not. They simply stopped all publicity and became absolutely secret, to eye or ear. Since then they have numbered members fully worthy to compete with those whom Mrs. Brookfield considers peerless. F. W. Farrar, Ernest Bowen, Henry and Arthur Sidgwick, George Trevelyan, Henry Jackson, Frederick Pollock, Gerard Balfour, are not men for anybody to look down upon. There have been three American members, of whom the second, alas! is no more—William Everett, Frank Eustace Anderson, and George Lockhart Rives.

If any one asks to know more of them, he had better go to Cambridge University as an undergraduate, show without the least attempt at canvassing, and particularly without ever talking about the Apostles, that he can see things as they are; let him be learned without pedantry, argumentative without prolixity, a disputant who never gives offence, an independent thinker who enters into others' thoughts; as warm-hearted as Cicero, as good-humored as Ariosto, as humble as Newton, as fearless as Bentley; in short, let him give his days and nights to the biography of Henry Sidgwick.

Science.

The Electron Theory: A Popular Introduction. By E. E. Fournier d'Albe. With a preface by G. Johnstone Stoney. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

Fournier d'Albe writes perfect English, agreeably and lucidly; and his book could be mastered by an intelligent boy. It would be easier to read, however, if the author would not interrupt his train of thought with paragraphs and even pages whose substance, however essential to the whole theory, forms no part of the matter he is endeavoring to communicate in the particular context. Thus, in one place, having mentioned how a certain quantity can be calculated by successive approximations, he breaks off and gives several pages to what amounts to an elucidation of the catch about Achilles and the tortoise. So likewise Mr. Fournier interrupts reasonings which nowise depend upon the magnitudes of the objects, to tell us in terms of quadrillions and quadrillionths how they compare with familiar quantities, as if we were in truth familiar with quadrillions. Nevertheless, to those who know what to skip for a time, turning back to it afterwards, he presents a clear conception of the consequences of the truth of the Electron Theory.

It is not the extreme form of that theory that is here presented, that form which demands that one should uproot all his conceptions of matter, and that leaves one drifting in a dimly lit ocean without compass or rudder. The theory as here set forth demands no admissions beyond such as every physicist must confess to be, if not quite proved, yet to be recommended by experimental confirmations of virtual predictions required by the theory. The theory itself consists of half-a-dozen clauses. From these follow the multitudinous phenomena of electricity and magnetism, so simply and clearly that no other way has yet been suggested in which they can all be so clearly held together before the mind. Even if the theory were known to be false, it would be of high utility as enabling one to grasp, in a unitary way, all the effects of electricity. But the supposition that it may be false is a mere fanciful possibility.

Of course it can be, and most likely is, false in the sense in which every similar representation is false; namely, in implying that there are no differences, distinctions, details, where such there really are. For example, atoms were once supposed to be indivisible wholes; but now we learn that even an atom of hydrogen consists of at least a thousand independent corpuscles, while other atoms contain more in proportion to their atomic weights. The electron theory supposes all the electrons to be absolutely alike; or rather, it does not suppose them to be unlike. But as atoms have been proved to be complex structures, the science of the future, if it does not disappoint conjecture, will find that the same is true of the electron. We must expect that time will show the electron theory to be in one respect and another insufficient. Yet, in that sense in which the atomic theory, crude and ill-supported as it was, and tottering like a

"rocking-stone," nevertheless still stands, we may with well-grounded confidence put our trust in the endurance of the new theory. At any rate, of one thing we may be well assured—that there is no avenue except the electron theory, as it is expounded in this little volume, through which one can so easily gain an acquaintance with all the phenomena of electricity—with the Seebeck effect, the Thomson effect, the Peltier effect, the Hall effect, the Ettinghausen effect, the Leduc effect, the Zeemanu effect, and all the rest—and render their relationships to one another as familiar to our minds as those of all our aunts, our nephews and nieces, our second cousins, and cousins by former wives. There are other books on the subject that are more pretentious, but to our average reader we recommend this as most accurately meeting his probable wants.

"The Principles of Microscopy" (The Macmillan Co.), by Sir A. E. Wright, is a scientific treatise on the optical technique of the microscope, exclusive of actual microscopic work and study. The theme is illustrated at every step by an exhaustive series of experiments, leading from simple to more complex optical problems, culminating in the demonstration of the actual stage-picture and the magnified image. Eighteen full-page colored plates, a large number of text cuts, and a tiny diffraction grating in a pocket at the end of the volume are additional aids to the elucidation of this difficult subject. An exhaustive index leaves the critic with nothing but praise for the thoroughness which marks every step in the treatment of the subject. Every microscopist whose interest in his work extends beyond the objective material will obtain from this book not only a clear conception of optical laws, but many useful hints for improving the microscopic image and rectifying optical errors.

Nos. 94 to 96 of the Communications from the Physical Laboratory of the University of Leyden, by Prof. Dr. H. Kamerlingh Onnes, director of the laboratory, have just appeared, and well maintain the character of the series. The special note of the work of this, perhaps the greatest, centre of cryogenic work in the world is thoroughness and accuracy. A few titles will indicate the scope of the series: A Modified Cryostat; A Cryostat for temperatures —252 degrees to —259 degrees; Purification of Gases by Cooling and Compression; How to Obtain Baths of Constant Temperature by means of Liquid Hydrogen; Comparison of the Thermo-Element Constantin-steel with the Hydrogen Thermometer. All are in English. In an early number, Professor Onnes gave his reasons for preferring English to French in these Communications.

"L'Annuaire," published by the Longitude Bureau at Paris, and "Annuaire Astronomique et Météorologique," by Camille Flammarion, both for 1907, are at hand. In addition to the usual data and information contained in the first, noted in these columns in previous years, may be mentioned three appendices of importance. One of them relates to the diameter of Venus by Bouquet de la Grye. The second is a note by the same writer upon the fifteenth conference of the International Geodetic Association at Budapesth last September. The third paper is by Henri Deslandres upon certain researches on the sun as related to the stars. "L'Annuaire" continues to be the most compact manual for scientific information anywhere published.

Three pamphlets have recently been issued by the director of the Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson, California, Prof. George E. Hale. The first is his report, taken from the fifth Year Book of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, for the year ending September 30, 1906. It is illustrated, and records a number of interesting advances. He announces a gift of $45,000 from John D. Hooker for a mirror 100 inches in diameter and fifty feet focal length. Already the observatory possesses a sixty-iuch reflector, and its work is so satisfactory that this larger one is peculiarly welcome. Completion of the instrument is not expected before the end of four years, during which time it is hoped that funds for its mounting will be forthcoming. The first of the other two pamphlets relates also to the new 100-inch reflector, and the second to a vertical cœlostat telescope which is to be employed on certain solar problems for which present appliances are not especially adapted.

Circulars 123 and 124 of Harvard College Observatory are concerned with (1) photographs of very faint stars, and (2) stars having peculiar spectra; also eighteen new variable stars. Information is frequently desired regarding extremely faint stars, and astronomers having collections of photographs showing these objects are urged to publish their material, or to send the information to Cambridge.

Volume II. of the Annals of the Royal Observatory of Edinburgh, just received, contains a catalogue of stars for the epoch 1840, based on a new and independent reduction of the meridian observations made at the old site of the observatory on Calton Hill by Thomas Henderson, the first astronomer royal for Scotland.

The first volume of memoirs from a new observatory at Tortosa in Spain has been issued. The institution is under the direction of Father R. Cirera, S.J., and attached to a college of Jesuit fathers. The present volume announces that the observatory has been established largely to study the relationship between solar activity and terrestrial phenomena of an electric and magnetic character.

England has an Association for the Promotion of Flight. To be certain that no mercenary or merely commercial motives shall have influence, its successes will be practically handed over to the nation free of cost. The provisional committee includes the Hon. C. A. Parsons, F.R.S.; Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., and Major B. F. S. Baden-Powell. The latter, now president of the Aeronautical Society, explains in the London *Times* how this new association is to differ from the earlier clubs. Its appeal for funds will be to the public, its results for them.

An Oceanographical Laboratory was formally opened in Edinburgh on January 16 with an address by the Prince of Monaco. The gathering together and arrangement of the material have been going on for years, and represent the work of eight scientific expeditions in the Arctic and Antarctic seas.

The *Geographical Journal* for February contains, under the felicitous title "The Snows of the Nile," the Duke of the Abruzzi's account of his exploration of Mt. Ruwenzori given to the Royal Geographical Society last month. The principal results we have already published. It is illustrated by a map and six plates. J. S. Gardiner contributes information in regard to the inhabitants and the agricultural products, especially vanilla, of the Seychelles archipelago, as well as to its history, fauna, and flora. Since it is a possible link between India and Africa, it presents innumerable problems to the oceanographer and the student of evolution and geographical distribution. Having apparently had no human inhabitants till modern times, it appears to be producing, out of French and Anglo-Saxon elements and blacks from India, Madagascar and every part of Africa, a new race of mankind with a peculiar tongue. The archipelago is absolutely free from fever and malaria. In a population of 21,000 nearly half the deaths are from old age. Other articles are a summary of the results of a nine years' survey and exploration in northern and central China by Lieut.-Col. Wingate, and notes of a journey through the western Himalayas by Dr. T. G. Longstaff.

In the *National Geographic Magazine* for February our minister to Ecuador, the Hon. J. Lee, gives an account of a trip from the principal seaport, Guayaquil, by railway and diligence to Quito. Owing to the great differences of elevation there is every variety of climate and agricultural products, from cocoa, cotton, and bananas in the coast land to wheat and corn on the high plateaux. For developing these industries he emphasizes the need of foreign capital. The bathing and burning ghats at Benares, India, are graphically described by Miss E. R. Scidmore. The important problem of the duration of our coal supply is discussed intelligently by M. R. Campbell of the Geological Survey, with the aid of several diagrams and a chart, from which we learn that "the coal fields of Montana are more extensive than those of any other State." His conclusion is that if the "appalling" increase of consumption during the past ninety years be maintained," our coal will practically be exhausted within one hundred years." An interesting review of Scott's "Voyage of the Discovery" is illustrated by twenty remarkable pictures of Antarctic scenery.

Prof. Henri Moissan, who last December received the Nobel prize for his experiments in the isolation of fluorine, his researches into its nature, and his application of the electric furnace to scientific uses, died last week Wednesday, after an operation for appendicitis. He was born in Paris in 1852, and in 1879 he became connected with the École supérieure de pharmacie in Paris. Later he was professor of mineral chemistry at this institution. He won the Lacaze prize in 1887 for his valuable experiments with fluorine, which he was the first to isolate and liquefy. His most striking success was the artificial production of diamonds by the sudden cooling of molten iron or silver impregnated with carbon (1893-94). More practical was his simplification of the production of acetylene gas.

He wrote many articles on the results of his researches, beginning with "Étude de la respiration végétale," 1874.

Prof. Alfred Kirchhoff, naturalist and geographer, has died at Leipzig. Born in 1838, he studied at Jena and Bonn, and in 1873 was appointed professor of geography at Halle. Among his books are "Schulbotanik," "Schulgeographie," and "Schulzgebiete des deutschen Reichs."

A committee representing the city and university of Bologna, and numbering among its members many distinguished foreign scholars, has sent invitations to the colleges and universities of this country to join in commemorating the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of the eminent Bolognese naturalist, Ulisse Aldrovandi. The exercises will be held June 12, 1907, the assumed birthday of the University of Bologna.

Drama.

MANSFIELD IN "PEER GYNT."

Richard Mansfield's stage version of "Peer Gynt"—at all events it is called the Richard Mansfield acting version—which was produced in the New Amsterdam Theatre on Monday eveniug, must have proved a bitter offence, or a great disillusionment, to the majority of Ibsen worshippers, who had assembled in great force to witness it. To the ordinary theatregoer, unversed in the Norwegian drama, it must have brougbt disappointment and probably bewilderment. Seldom have managerial mountains in labor produced a much feebler dramatic mouse. The simple fact is that the stage adaptation of the work has been conceived and carried out upon entirely wrong principles, although it does not follow that even the most judicious treatment could convert an essentially undramatic satirical poem into an effective play. "Peer Gynt" is for the library, not for the stage. Under the most favorable circumstances it would be almost impossible to get much of its broader meaning across the footlights, while the satire and the humor in it leave too much to the imagination to exercise their full force in the theatre. As for the finer poetical and literary qualities, they, of course, disappear or, at most, survive only in a very weakened degree.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the injustice which Ibsen has suffered. Even those who least admire him must resent such reckless misrepresentation. The earlier acts, with all the troll business—which seems rather puerile in action for all its satirical significance—are given in something like their proper shape, althougb many of the more serious and significant passages, which lend a sort of dignity to what is otherwise rather trivial, are suppressed, but, in the last half of the drama, scene after scene is skeletonized or thrown out altogether, without reference to sense or proportion. Only a few of these ruthless cuts can be mentioned here. Scarcely anything is left of Peer's soliloquies in the desert after the destruction of his yacht; the entire Anitra episode is cut out, together with the Memnon, Sphynx, and Madhouse scenes; the shipwreck incident ends with the sinking of tbe vessel; not a word is given of the sermon over the body of tbe young man who had mutilated himself—one of the very finest bits in the whole book—while all the closing scenes have been so furiously slashed as to be incoherent and ridiculous. Speaking broadly, it may be said tbat from first to last the adapter's chief motives seem to have been to keep tbe star as much in the middle of the stage as possible, and to subordinate everywhere mere literature to theatrical or scenic opportunity. Consequently, the representation, although striking as a spectacle and interesting in its local color, was of very small account as drama and largely negligible as a manifestation of Ibsen. There were only one or two points at which tbe spirit of the poem was caught, such as the fight with the Boyg and the shipwreck scene. The legitimate effect of Ase's death was missed, Mr. Mansfield not grasping the spirit of it. In acting Peer he clearly appeared to be more anxious to secure the good will of the audience than to bring out the significance of the character. Whether a stage performance of Ibsen's fantastic work, in whole or in part, is desirable, in the interests of art, is uncertain. The merits of this present experiment can not be judged by its success, which must be ascribed chiefly to curiosity.

On March 4, Ben Greet's players will begin their season at the Garden Theatre, offering Shakespearc, with a maximum of text and a minimum of scenic adornment. Mr. Greet will begin here with "The Merchant of Venice," which will be followed by "Macbeth," "As You Like It," and "Julius Cæsar." In Holy Week he will revive "Everyman," when the leading character will bc played by a young man.

Only two weeks more remain of the engagement of Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern at the Lyric Theatre. In general it has proved successful, not ouly in an artistic, but in a commercial sense. The house has been full at every performance, the public, as usual, showing itself ready to support drama of a higher quality than that which is ordinarily provided. The demand for Shakespeare is particularly noteworthy.

The death is announced, at the age of eighty-four years, of the veteran English actor, Arthur Augustus Wood, the associate of most of the famous players of at least two generations. He was a highly intelligent and useful performer in almost every variety of comedy. He supported Macready and the elder Farren.

Dr. Max Nordau's play, "A Question of Honor," has been translated by Mrs. Mary J. Safford, and will soon be published by John W. Luce & Co. of Boston.

Music.

Thirty Piano Compositions by Felix Mendelssohn. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

There was a time when every schoolgirl was singing the songs of Mendelssohn and playing his "Songs Without Words" on the pianoforte. That was during his lifetime and the quarter-century following his death. Then came a reaction. As the more thoroughly romantic works of Schubert, Chopin, and Schumann came more into vogue, Mendelssohn fell into neglect. His songs and instrumental pieces seemed faded; much use had made them threadbare. But this temporary neglect proved a blessing in disguise; within the last five years there has been a noticeable disposition to try this music again and see whether it really is obsolete; and many have found, to their pleasant surprise, that a considerable proportion of it had been buried alive and is capable of resurrection.

The inclusion in Oliver Ditson's Musicians' Library of two volumes devoted to Mendelssobn's pianoforte pieces, is in itself proof of the renewed interest. One of these volumes, now in press, contains the "Songs Without Words"; the other, which lies before us, has eight of these instrumental "songs," the other pieces being chiefly selections from the sonatas, tbe characteristic pieces, the capriccios, the preludes, studies, and sets of variations, including the best of all his piano pieces, the "Variations Sérieuses." The volume is edited by Percy Goetschius, who has supplied useful hints regarding fingering and interpretation, and Daniel Gregory Mason, who is responsible for the introductory essay.

Mr. Mason does not attempt to conceal Mendelssohn's shortcoming. He concedes that there is a lack of virility; that "his blood was not red, his feelings were not impetuous, his passions were not deep." His expression is generally either gay and brilliant, or sentimental and sweet; "it is surprising how he harps on these two strings." His style is marred by a similar monotony: "He sticks to a key, . . . as a bee sticks to a flower." Yet, after all, it is only emotionally that he falls short; "in symmetry of form, in purity of style, in all those invaluable qualities, in a word, that are traceable to the mind rather than to the heart, Mendelssohn is undeniably great." Perhaps he would not have fallen into temporary neglect had he not, thougb naturally inclined to romanticism, shown such a strong distaste for some of the most striking aspects of romanticism, the *tempo rubato*, for iustance. Mr. Mason refers to the "simple, unfurbelowed loveliness" of Mendelssohn's melodies, but fails to call attention to the fact tbat it is this melodie charm whicb pleads most eloquently for the restoration of his music to popular favor in these days of melodic drought.

Some years ago G. Schirmer printed a "Catalogue of Musical Literature and Theoretical Works," making a pamphlet of 116 pages, with special sections devoted to English, German, and French books, followed by a subject index. This pamphlet has now been reprinted, preceded by a supplement of 61 pages, containing a list of the important publications of the years 1903 to 1905, under the same arraugement. The more important titles are usually followed by a few lines of comment, which help to make the catalogue a valuable gulde to students and amateurs.

Oscar Hammerstein's zeal for reviving operas that once were popular is not likely to last very long if he has a few more experiences like those which attended his

production of Thomas's "Mignon" and Delibes's "Dinorah." The interest in the Thomas opera, which had a fairly good cast, did not suffice for two paying audiences, while "Dinorah," with a mediocre cast, did not draw one such audience, wherefore the manager wisely decided to drop all but the second act (together with the splendid overture with chorus) and present that on Saturday evening, together with "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the fifth act of "Faust." An occasional procedure like this does no serious harm to art, and it must be conceded that, on the whole, Mr. Hammerstein has kept his performances at a high artistic level. It is, therefore, a pleasure to record the fact that the financial results of his first season have been sufficiently encouraging to warrant his making arrangements for a second season. More attention, he promises, is to be paid next winter to the Wagner operas. As a sample, we are to have "The Flying Dutchman," with a cast including Mme. Melba and MM. Dalmores and Renaud. On Melba nights the Manhattan is always crowded.

The programme for the seventh concert of the Philharmonic Society at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, includes Schumann's "Manfred" overture, Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Grieg's poetic piano-forte concerto, which will be played by Mme. Samaroff, and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture.

Lovers of *a cappella* singing will have the opportunity of hearing sacred and secular music sung by the choir of the Musical Art Society on Thursday evening, March 7, when the second concert of the fourteenth season will be given in Carnegie Hall. Examples of the old Flemish and German masters and of Italian and Russian and German composers of more modern days will be sung. An "Ave Maria" by Mendelssohn for eight-part chorus, soli, and organ, and the Elegy by Beethoven, with string accompaniment, will be given.

Art.

The Collector's Manual. By N. Hudson Moore. With 336 engravings, and with borders by Amy Richards. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. $5 net.

This is a valuable guide to the study of such decorative objects as are commonly sought by collectors. The book has somewhat the air of a "parlor-table book" of not the highest character, with a would-be ornamental border for the letter-press and another for the photographic plates. These borders increase needlessly the size and weight of the volume: it measures 8x 10¾ inches, and it might well have been two inches shorter and narrower. Yet no prejudice excited by these features should keep any one from examining the book, for each chapter will probably help a person who would know what wise and experienced collectors are in search of. The chapter on glassware, for example, which we select almost at random, contains a surprising amount of useful suggestion. Only now and then a very well-informed student will note some omission. The arrangement, to be sure, is not methodical; the qualities and peculiarities of cut-glass, engraved glass, "Bohemian" glass, Venice glass, and the rest are not treated under separate heads, as in a book of reference. For this chapter there are thirty-nine separate photographs representing perhaps sixty different objects, arranged on sixteen plates; and these half-tones are fairly good, and are large enough to illustrate the text. Among the specimens there are few of very splendid or precious wares; but such pieces as the collector may find in the better shops and now and then at auction sales, are well presented.

Chapter i. deals with furniture—side-boards and dining-tables; ii., pottery and some rather modern porcelains—Spode and Parian, Bristol, and Crown-Derby; iii. returns to furniture, such as chairs, arm-chairs, and sofas; iv., glass; v., chests, wrought iron and wood, cuphoards and cabinets; vi., brass hollow-ware, and candlesticks. Pewter does *not* follow next, but is put after two detached chapters on wooden furniture and one on pottery, as well as the essay on old clocks. And so, by a disorderly advance, one reaches chapter xiii. at last, and some potteries of special kinds—Staffordshire dogs, Crown-Derby shepherdesses, Pennsylvania birds, a cow and a poodle from the Bennington works in Vermont, and cottage-ornaments and toys of various provenience.

The book is evidently the work of a practised and ardent pursuer of this peculiar game, one, moreover, who can point to what exists in old books about his favorite sport. The extracts from Elizabethan and Jacobean authors, for instance, are much to the purpose. And yet the space occupied by rather useless borders might well be filled with careful footnotes. There is a full list of illustrations and a satisfactory index.

"A Book of English Gardens," by M. R. Gloag, illustrated by Katharine Montagu Wyatt, is published by the Macmillan Co. It is more than possible that the text of this attractive volume was written to fit the pictures, and hence it is not surprising that there is a misfit here and there. But despite the imperfect coördination, the treatise is admirable in its way. The formal, or geometrical, style of laying out gardens has more than once been carried to excess. Largely owing to the fact that the formal style, taken all in all, is rather more costly than the so-called natural, or English, style, and always suggests extravagance, it has become a favorite among the suddenly rich, who desire to impress their neighbors. Italian gardens, as some of these creations are improperly called, are thrust into the rigors of a northern climate where neither skies nor soil can ever be propitious. There has been an inevitable reaction in favor of a more natural method, which has in turn become absurd; the freedom of natural combinations has degenerated into a license of tangles and thickets. In revolt against extreme formalism, some architects have gone so far as to reject all hints of it; a few, both in England and France, have even destroyed old formal gardens, in order that the space might be covered by the other type. It is against this bad radicalism that the author and artist protest, and they make out a good case. In no branch of decorative art is the golden mean more to be desired—a mean well expressed by Trollope: Decorate constructions, but do not construct decorations.

"The Garden Beautiful: Home Woods and Home Landscape" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), is another of W. Robinson's interesting contributions to garden literature. He is an attractive writer, who knows how to put sound advice in a telling form, and hence, both as editor and as author, has had a large following of enthusiastic amateurs. The only trouble with his books is the marked tendency to repetition; but this cannot well be avoided where allied subjects are under consideration. The present volume is more or less composite, as if articles from diverse magazines had been brought together without much regard to order or duplication. But, for all this, the book will serve an admirable purpose in directing greater attention to the treatment of woods on large estates, for the sake of beauty rather than mere utility. In many instances the woods constitute the most important feature of the home landscape, and they ought to afford gratification to all who are brought into contact with them. Mr. Robinson has been singularly successful in beautifying an estate; and no doubt much of the counsel here given is based not only upon his extensive acquaintance with current horticultural and arboricultural literature, but upon his own large experience. The volume is in a class by itself, in that it has no illustrations. Practically every other recent treatise on gardening is well filled with excellent reproductions of photographs either in color or in plain black and white.

Salomon Reinach, in a recent address before the Académie des Inscriptions, has presented in a new light the two versions of Leonardo da Vinci's Virgin of the Rocks. In the Louvre example, generally accepted as the original, the angel looks out of the picture and points at the kneeling St. John; in the version of the National Gallery, usually regarded as a copy by Ambrogio da Predis, the angel looks towards the Child. This brings about a certain concentration—an evident improvement in the composition, and the fact has been used to prove that Leonardo introduced this amendment in the cartoon for the replica. M. Reinach's studies lead him to a different result. He suggests that the pose of the angel in the Paris picture was topical, being peculiarly intended for Florentine worshippers. The angel points to the adoring St. John, their patron saint, and bids them emulate him in worship of the Saviour. When Ambrogio da Predis made the copy for a Milanese parish this gesture was changed, less as a conscious correction, than in view of its comparative lack of meaning in the Lombard capital. Incidentally this theory confirms the prevailing view that the Paris Madonna is the earlier and was painted before Leonardo went to Milan in 1483; and also gives an instructive example of a highly sensitive genius conforming itself to what we too scornfully think extra-artistic considerations. M. Reinach's lecture is published in epitome in *La Chronique des Arts* for January 19.

An important canvas by Baldovinetti has

been discovered in an unfrequented corridor of the Church of San Marco at Florence. It is a crucifixion with San Antonio of Florence kneeling at the foot of the cross. The dimensions are about nine feet by five, the medium tempera, much injured by flaking and repaint. The identification is made by Odoardo H. Giglioli, who describes the picture in the *Rassegna d'Arte* for February.

It is planned to remove to the Hall of the David, in the Accademia, Florence, certain works of Michelangelo at present obscurely or unworthily placed. Already one may see there the torso, in stucco, of a reclining River God, recently ceded by the neighboring Istituto di Belle Arti. Through the generosity of the King, the four unfinished Slaves so fantastically included in the decorations of the Grotto of the Boboli Gardens will also soon be transferred to the Accademia. It is suggested that a similar disposal be made of the other unfinished statues, the Viceroy in the courtyard of the Bargello, and the St. Matthew in the courtyard of the Istituto di Belle Arti. The convenience of such a concentration to students would be considerable, but it is a question whether the pleasures of the art lover would not be diminished by such a reform.

A Reuter telegram from Athens announces that excavations at Thebes have brought to light the ruins of what is believed to have been the palace of King Cadmus, the legendary founder of Thebes. Some remains of the ancient walls of the Cadmea, the acropolis of ancient Thebes, were visible as late as 1890, but seem since to have disappeared. Leake, who visited Thebes in 1805, speaks of having seen thirty yards of ruined walls, more than twenty-eight feet in thickness, the masonry of which is formed of roughly hewn masses of stone, not unlike that of ancient Tiryns. The report from Athens indicates that the palace within the acropolis bounded by these walls has been discovered. The clearing of the Cadmea would be of great value in supplying us with another "Mycenæan" acropolis. The undertaking, however, is made especially difficult by the fact that modern Thebes is built on that site.

Among the dealers' exhibitions of art in this city may be noted early English masters at Ehrich's till March 1; oils by Irving R. Wiles, Arthur Hoeber, Paul Cornoyer, Frank Fowler, Lyall Carr, M. Peterson, Richard Maynard, F. J. Wiley, Fred L. Stoddard, and Georgia T. Fry, at Powell's till March 1; paintings by Ernest C. Peixotto at Clausen's till March 2; recent paintings by T. W. Dewing and D. W. Tryon at Montross's till March 9.

James P. Silo conducted in this city on Friday and Saturday night an auction of 143 paintings collected by Eugène Fischhof. The highest price paid was $23,600 for Nattier's portrait of Mme. Adelaide, daughter of Louis XV.; and the next highest price, $23,050, for Corot's Don Quixote. The total amount received from the sale was $293,845. Among the more interesting prices were the following: A. Monticelli, Fête dans un Parc, $1,700; F. Thaulow, The River, $1,600; Cazin, Landscape, $3,000; Fromentin, Moorish Caravan in Camp, $8,500; Diaz, Visit to the Gypsies, $9,400; La Fée des Fleurs, $3,900; J. B. C. Corot, The Shepherds, $9,000; Italian Girl, $1,900; Landscape, $2,800; C. Troyon, The Farm, $2,600; Normandy Well, $2,300; Royhet, A Burgomaster, $1,500; Rehearsing, $1,600; Santerre, Portrait of the Marquise de Ruhel, $2,600; Sir J. Reynolds, Portrait of Mrs. Hales, $6,500; T. Gainshorough, Portrait of William Petty, First Marquis of Lansdowne, $12,500; Watering the Horses, $1,800; Van Dyck, Portrait of a Lady, $4,800; Tocque, Portrait of Louise-Henriette de Bourbon-Conti, $4,450; G. Romney, Portrait of Lady Hamilton, $3,700; Grassi, Portrait of the Princess Thecle Jahlonowska, $2,500; Sir P. Lely, Portrait of the Duchess of Alhemarle, $1,600; Portrait of the Duchess of Rutland, $1,550; De La Tour, Portrait of the Comtesse de Montaign, $1,900; Sir T. Lawrence, Portrait of Lady Eldon, $8,600; Miss O'Brien, $1,800; Landseer, The Little Actress, $1,700; Turner, Landscape, $1,800; Romano, Virgin and Child, $1,800; Rousseau, Sunset, $2,800; Constahle, Landscape, with Old Bridge in Suffolk, $2,700; J. Hoppner, Portrait of Frederick, Duke of York, $5,850; Portrait of Mrs. Angerstein, $5,800; F. Cotes, Lady Reeves and Her Children, $3,450; Sir Harvey and Lady Smith and their Son, $1,800; N. Largillière, Portrait of J. B. Oudry, $1,550; Portrait of Comtesse de Longeais, $7,400; W. A. Bourgereau, Young Girl, $3,100; F. Ziem, Constantinople, $2,650; G. Jacquet, La Romance, $2,325; E. Van Marke, Return from Pasture, $9,900; Feeding the Chickens, $2,400; J. L. E. Meissonier, L'Atteinte, $3,150; J. H. Fragonard, The Wagered Kiss, $13,500; N. Lancret, Concert Champêtre, $4,000; J. B. Greuze, Innocence, $4,700; M. W. Peters, The Fortune Teller, $3,350; R. Tournières, Portrait of the Comtesse d'Imecourt, $2,800; J. Van Ruisdael, The Cascade, $3,300; J. L. Gérôme, Street Scene in Tripoli, $4,500; Henrietta Rae, Diana and Her Nymphs, $3,600; C. Allori, The Betrothal, $1,800.

At a sale in Christie's auction rooms, London, on Februáry 9, a drawing by Rosa Bonheur, Les Longs Rochers, Fontainebleau, brought £577. The following prices were paid for paintings: Luke Fildes, Douhts, £330; Dolly, £283; T. S. Cooper, A Group of Five Cows and Two Sheep, £346. An important collection of ancient and modern pictures was sold at Christie's last Saturday afternoon. Among the more notable pieces were the following: Cuyp, A Dutch Farm, $19,950; Lawrence, Portrait of Miss West, $21,000; Morland, Happy Cottagers, $14,700.

At a sale of old masters at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris on February 7 Romney's Portrait of a Young Lady, in white dress and blue sash, brought 41,000 francs; Rignaud's Portrait of Nicolas de Launay, 6,000.

Finance.

GOLD PRODUCTION AND RISE IN PRICES

A correspondent writes to the *Nation* as follows:

According to all your teachings, as I understand them, there is now going on a rapid decline in the value of gold. All commodities are much higher than they ever were before, while gold is the only cheap commodity on the market. Why has your paper not touched upon this subject? Can I be so wholly mistaken in my supposition, or is it too delicate a subject for you to handle for fear of its effect upon the business interests of the country?

No subject in economics is "too delicate" to be dealt with, and even the business interests are not likely to be disturbed by stating the facts regarding a "decline in the value of gold." When we speak of a decline in the value of one or of all other commodities on the world's market—including securities, real estate, and wages—we mean that their value measured in gold has declined. What economists mean, when they speak of "depreciation" or "appreciation" of gold itself, is that the value of gold measured in commodities—in other words, the purchasing power of gold—has decreased or increased. If a given amount of gold will buy less of all sorts of commodities to-day than it did a month ago, or a year ago, or ten years ago, then it is economically correct to say that gold has depreciated.

But in the light of this reasoning, it should be manifest that the statement, Gold has depreciated, is only another way of saying that commodity prices have advanced. Therefore, so far from its being singular or paradoxical that "all commodities are much higher than they ever were before, while gold is the only cheap commodity on the market," the second phenomenon is the necessary complement and sequel to the first. If one arm of the scales rises, the other must fall. Even when commodity prices have risen through an accident of nature, through a harvest failure, through a war, through a protective tariff, or through reckless speculation on the markets, it will equally be true that gold has depreciated. A dollar will buy less than it bought before. If every commodity were to rise as a result of any or all such influences, gold would by that fact become "the only cheap commodity on the market." There is much obscure thinking, loose reasoning, and misleading definition, which needs to be swept aside before this subject can be intelligently considered.

What the writer of the above inquiry has in mind, however, is probably the question whether it is not primarily or solely the increased production of gold which has raised the price of commodities and has thereby indicated depreciation of the precious metal itself. The two phenomena have at all events been coincident. In 1896, the London *Economist's* "index number" of commodity prices was 1947; at the end of 1906, it was 2499—the highest since 1880. The world's gold output, which our Mint authorities estimated in 1896 at $202,251,000, it figured out in 1905 at $376,000,000, and, with last year's great increase in this country and in the Transvaal, production for 1906 is believed to have exceeded $400,000,000. It is commonly asserted, therefore, that this remarkable increase in annual gold production is the cause of the rise in prices. That it is at least a partial and contributing cause, is generally admitted. John Stuart Mill's declaration that "if the whole money in circulation was doubled, prices would be doubled," is frequently quoted. Mill, however, carefully qualified his statement, first by limiting its application to the quantity of

commodities on sale and the number of times those commodities are resold; second by restricting it to "a state of things in which money—that is, gold or silver—is the exclusive instrument of exchange and actually passes from hand to hand at every purchase, credit in any of its shapes being unknown."

As a matter of fact, such qualification of the rule is peculiarly necessary nowadays, because a larger part of the world's business than ever before is done through book credits, international barter, and offsetting accounts at clearing houses. But granting, for the sake of argument, that these other influences remained the same, while the production of gold, let us say, was doubled, the question of its effect on prices is presented in its simplest form.

New gold production exerts its influence in two main ways—through the increased power enjoyed by its possessors to buy more commodities, securities, land, or what not, and through the increased credit facilities, made possible on the money market through the heaping-up of the new gold in bank reserves. Both of these effects, however, have certain limitations. Professor J. E. Cairnes, reviewing in his "Essays in Political Economy" the exact influence of the Australian discoveries of half a century ago, showed clearly how the successful miners spent the new wealth obtained by their gold discoveries, and, in so doing, created a demand which Australian markets could not meet, and for which they drew upon European manufacturers. This new demand affected one class of commodities after another, and as Europe's ready supply of goods was drained by it, prices of the commodities in question rose, not only in Australia, but in Europe. In the long run, this influence extended to many commodities in the purchase of which neither the miners nor Australia had any part whatever. Now the first and most obvious point to notice is, that conditions nowadays do not altogether square themselves with Professor Cairnes's demonstration. The richest gold-producers—notably in the Transvaal—are great corporations. They pay high dividends, but their stock is invariably inflated. The actual South African mine-worker receives wages so low that, when the Kaffirs lately proved inadequate to carry on the work, Chinese coolies were imported. The real owners of such mines are largely men who are rich already, and whose purchase of necessaries will not be increased in proportion to the new gold output. Such new buying power as is created by the increased gold production, does not therefore wholly or chiefly converge on commodities. Its beneficiaries are large buyers of securities, and to meet their enlarged demand, enormous amounts of new securities are issued, chiefly consisting of old stocks doubled or trebled by the process of "watering."

In other words, although some real effect is produced on demand and prices for commodities, through the simple fact that investors in mine shares have been thus suddenly enriched, the influence is easy to exaggerate. A much more obvious and direct result may be traced through the flow of the new gold into the vaults of banks. It does not always follow that banks will lend more freely and that business will grow more active, merely because bank reserves have increased; the largest ratio of New York bank reserves to liabilities in the country's history occurred in 1894, when industry was and continued to be completely prostrated. But granted a hopeful and speculative disposition on the part of the business community, increase of bank reserves, at an unusually rapid rate, means that credit will be easy, that money may be borrowed for all sorts of purposes, without fear of having it suddenly called back, and that, therefore, business men will embark more readily and daringly in productive enterprise. Such undertakings—successfully carried out, and helped by the new wealth available for investment in securities—result necessarily in larger demand for materials and labor, and in larger expenditure by the laborer, and by nearly all classes of society connected with the enterprises, for necessaries and luxuries. As these people spend more for clothing, cotton crops which used to be more than sufficient for the world turn out to be inadequate. As they spend more for food, the world's annual wheat crop may increase by hundreds of millions of bushels, and still there may be less left over, at the end of the twelvemonth than in former years. Meantime the increased manufacturing ventures add to the demand for metals and building materials; railways with more stuff to carry have to buy more cars and rails, and so long as demand for all these products outruns supply, prices go up.

This, within due and reasonable limitations, is the connection between increasing gold output and rising prices. The mistake commonly made lies in supposing that the one is a necessary and inevitable result of the other. In the five-year period from 1886 to 1890 inclusive, the world produced $564,474,000 gold, and, in general, those were years of trade expansion. In the next five years, ending with 1895, $814,736,000 gold was produced, yet those were years of business reaction, commercial panic, and falling prices. If supply of commodities, grown or manufactured, overtakes demand, prices will cease to rise; they may even, as in 1857, decline violently in the face of a maximum gold production, and lead the way to a period of actual depression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's Novelas Cortas. Edited by W. F. Giese. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Allen, Alexander V. G. Freedom in the Church. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Beza, Theodore. A Tragedie of Abraham's Sacrifice. Translated by Arthur Golding. University of Toronto Library. $2.50.
Bronson-Howard, George. Norry, Diplomatic Agent. Akron, O.: Saalfield Publishing Co. $1.50.
Camphell, Lewis. Parolipomena Sophoclea. London: Rivingtons.
Chandler, G. H. Elements of the Infinitesimal Calculus. John Wiley & Sons.
Converted Catholic. Edited by James A. O'Connor. Vol. XXIII. James A. O'Connor.
Gallagher, Angustine. The Carrier Crisis. Columbus, O.: F. J. Heer.
Dutton, Maude Barrows. Little Stories of Germany. American Book Co.
Goethe's Iphigenie auf Tauris. Edited by Philip S. Allen. Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Gould, George M. Biographic Clinics. Vols. V. and VI. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 each.
Huntington, Tuley Francis. Elementary English Composition. Macmillan Co. 50 cents net.
Kern, Alfred Allan. The Ancestry of Chaucer. Baltimore: The Lord Baltimore Press.
Lefevre, Edwin. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Harpers. $1.50.
Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University. With Introduction by Frank C. Erb. $1.
London, Jack. Before Adam. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Ruhl, Arthur. A Break in Training. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25.
Scheffel's Der Trompeter von Säkkingen. Edited by Herbert C. Sanhorn. Boston: Ginn & Co. 90 cents.
Stork, Theo. B. Hints Toward a Theory of Ethics. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 75 cents.
Teller, Charlotte. The Gage. Appletons. $1.50.
Vehlen, Oswald, and N. J. Lennes. Introduction to Infinitesimal Analysis. John Wiley & Sons.
Whistler: Notes and Footnotes. By A. E. G. The Collector and Art Critic Co.

Victor S. Clark's Labor Movement in Australasia

A book written in a simple untechnical and very impartial fashion, and one that is full of very valuable suggestions affecting our own labor troubles. 327 pp., $1.50 net; by mail $1.63.

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Hobhouse's Morals in Evolution

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1907.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's proclamations, adding some 17,000,000 acres to the forest reservations, were issued under date of March 2. That was just before he signed an act of Congress forbidding such reservations hereafter to be made except by Congress itself. Obviously, it required a good deal of determination on the President's part thus to set himself against the declared wishes of Congress, yet we think he was justified. There was no question of his lawful power. He was acting under the statute of 1891. And, as he points out, the studies and surveys for these particular reservations had been long under way, and the preparation of the papers necessary to create the reserves had been ordered, in many cases, two years ago. If the next Congress chooses to review and reverse the President's action, it can do so; but meanwhile a sound and established land policy has been pursued. We believe, with the President, that the time has come to conserve the remaining forests, with other unexploited resources still under Government control, so that their product may be used in the best way possible for coming generations. The old plan of indiscriminate and wasteful exploitation was perhaps inevitable in the earlier stages of our national growth, but we have now got beyond that. When the whole policy comes to be better understood, we have little doubt that the country will sustain Mr. Roosevelt's course in the matter.

But two of the latest changes in President Roosevelt's much-changed Cabinet excite much interest. The retirement of Secretary Hitchcock deprives the public service of a man who has made a high reputation for courage, honesty, and justice. His successor, Mr. Garfield, will have Mr. Hitchcock's fine record before him both as a standard and a spur. He can scarcely expect to equal it in the two years he has to serve, but he may be expected to bring to his work frankness, quiet industry, and the ability demonstrated in his oil report. Far more important may easily prove to be Mr. Cortelyou's accession to the Treasury Department. Unlike Mr. Garfield, he will have to note his predecessor's footsteps, mainly to avoid following in them. In addition, we may count upon Mr. Cortelyou's putting into force those excellent administrative ideas in which he has been officially bred, and which he has exemplified in his other positions. For his ideas on financial policy, we shall have to wait. Apparently, he will have plain sailing, for a year at least. Almost anybody can administer an overflowing Treasury—"any ass can take Rangoon," said Wellington. It is stress or crisis or panic that brings out the great financier.

The withdrawal of the Subsidy bill by Senator Gallinger without a vote, an hour before the expiration of the session of Congress, ended in a fitting way a dubious legislative chapter. It may fairly be said that none of the ordinary arguments against the propriety of talking a bill to death under sanction of the Senate rules, applied to Mr. Carmack's good-humored filibuster. Republican Senators were openly expressing their view of the folly of jamming through so important a measure in the closing hours of the session. If this had been the same bill which the Senate passed at the last session, the case would have been different. The House had not only trimmed the measure out of all recognition, but had then reversed itself on the question of passage, voting first one way and then the other. If it is a perversion of the rule for a member to hold the floor and prevent a vote on the bill in the Senate, it is no less a technicality to wait for five Democrats to leave the chamber and then secure a second vote at the other end of the Capitol. No one has so much as suggested that any mandate of the people, or even deep Congressional determination, has been defeated in the failure of this measure. Aside from the immediate beneficiaries, the whole country will be disposed to acquiesce in the outcome.

The only piece of Philippine legislation of this year, the bill creating an agricultural bank, has the unusual distinction of becoming law without the Speaker's approval. No one will blame Mr. Cannon for assuming, as he did, that there was not nearly enough interest in Philippine relief to secure the necessary two-thirds majority. On that supposition, he let the bill come up, when a platoon of Democrats suddenly joined the Republicans and helped carry the bill to passage. The chief credit for this legislation, however, belongs to Secretary Taft, who worked untiringly to secure for the Filipinos an agricultural bank on the lines of that established by Lord Cromer in Egypt. His efforts obtained Democratic votes in both House and Senate. Under the terms of the act, the Philippine Commission is authorized to guarantee 4 per cent. interest on the capital stock of the bank for a period of twenty-five years, the Commission's liability never to exceed $500,000. The bank itself can make loans only for the purpose of assisting agriculture. None of its loans may exceed $5,000, and interest may not be charged above 10 per cent. That it will do much to improve the agriculture of the Philippines is the prediction of those who are most familiar with the subject. Since we are not willing to give the Filipino farmer access to our markets, this bank is at least something to be thankful for.

After devoting eight months to the plan of building the Panama Canal by contract, the President has finally announced its abandonment, simultaneously with the resignation of the chief engineer, John F. Stevens. The amended Oliver bid is rejected; for the President has discovered, with extraordinary *naïveté*, that behind such groups of contractors are large financial concerns which take the major part of the profits. But the surprises do not stop there: the whole of the canal building is now put into the hands of army engineers. Had all this shifting about and changing of plan occurred under a Democratic Administration, the heavens would ring with Republican lamentations over the demonstrated incapacity of the Democrats to do any constructive work. Yet as a whole the public will, we think, approve heartily the latest plan to turn over the task to the army engineers. That insures at least the honest construction of the canal. In the whole history of the Engineer Corps, now more than a century old, there have been only two serious scandals. So far as Major Goethals, the new head of the engineering work, is concerned, we know nothing which is not favorable. Graduated from West Point in 1880, he became a lieutenant-colonel last week at the age of forty-eight. He has had a varied engineering experience, and has also seen war service with the army, while his membership in the General Staff bespeaks his high standing with his comrades. He has had, moreover, the benefit of the personal training of Brig.-Gen. Mackenzie, the able head of the Engineer Corps, whose selection he undoubtedly is. More than that, Major Goethals has the reputation among contractors of being fair and judicial-minded, while a thoroughly capable supervisor.

The Senate committee investigating the Brownsville affair has examined between forty and fifty witnesses without obtaining a shred of evidence to connect a single soldier with the alleged outrages. It was at first thought that,

as B and D companies were quickly formed and placed in position, C company probably contained the guilty men. But the discovery that this company had only a peculiar kind of ammunition—guard ammunition—capable of carrying but 200 yards, and that not a single cartridge of this make was found in the streets, tends to exculpate these men. They turned in after the trouble the exact number of cartridges—650—that was issued to them. From the evidence thus far, any judge would instruct the jury to acquit those against whom the charges are made. Some other evidence less favorable may in time be brought out—it is to be hoped that the evidence of the Brownsville people will be thoroughly sifted. But enough has come out to show how inexcusable was the President's haste.

After a hard fight, the Alabama House of Representatives receded from its position in regard to the proposed immigration bureau and consented to provide an immigration commissioner at a salary of $2,400, to be under the direction of the Governor and the Commissioner of Agriculture and Industries. Other Southern States may now be expected to fall into line, and there will be an increase in the speculation as to the effect of a large foreign immigration upon the negro problem. This is a case where the old advice to catch the hare first is worth considering. But if many foreigners should be brought in, the negro may be helped; at least, it is hard to believe that the newcomers would at once absorb the bitter prejudices of the South in regard to the black man. The latter may also be stimulated and improved by a sharp competition in his own field. Whether the cliques which control Southern politics to-day would look with favor upon the rapid naturalization of many foreigners is also doubtful. The whole tendency of recent years has been in one way or another to cut down the number of white men exercising the suffrage. What the negro will lose in some directions he may gain in others.

The New Jersey Legislature has passed a bill which, in the form of a local option measure, is expected "to mark the banishment of the voting machine from the State." The State will stop buying the machines on its own account. The argument which seems to have carried most weight is that, by listening to the clicks, a bystander can tell whether a split or a straight ticket is being voted. On this point the whole voting-machine question at present hinges. Yet on the voting machines which have been exhibited in this city, the possibility of voting with practically no sound has been demonstrated. But the average man who records his vote carelessly is likely to make a noise for every pull of the lever. The time spent in the booth is also evidence as to the kind of ticket voted. The point made by the voting-machine companies that a straight voter can simulate the splitting of a ticket is irrelevant, because that is a thing the straight voter never by any chance wants to do. If a split-ticket voter could pretend to vote straight, the argument would be more satisfactory. In the cities of this State which have used voting machines, there has been much favorable and little adverse comment—except for the breakdown at Elmira. The quick and sure ascertainment of results has made the device popular in a State cursed with a clumsy and uncertain system of tallying, and perennial election contests. Nevertheless, certain objections to the voting machine will continue to exist so long as the law provides a partisan form of ballot. Adopt the Massachusetts-Australian ballot, or even a party-column ballot, without provision for voting a straight ticket at one stroke, and it would not matter if every movement of a lever exploded a bomb-shell. The number of detonations is the same, no matter what manner of ticket is voted, and the secrecy of the "ballot" is protected. That the adoption of the voting machine without any change in the form of ballot would be an improvement on our present system is a very general opinion. This is not equivalent, however, to saying that we ought to install voting machines everywhere at once. We have expressed the opinion before that a reform of the ballot is the first requisite. That will remove the chief valid objection to machine voting.

The argument for increasing the salaries of our teachers, especially those in college, was urged with much force by President J. G. Schurman at the dinner of the Cornell alumni in this city Saturday night. He is the third or fourth college president who within a few months has laid this subject before New York graduates; it has also been discussed in the magazines—notably by Prof. J. B. Fletcher of Columbia in the January issue of the *Educational Review*. President Schurman's plea was not specifically for Cornell; he spoke rather in behalf of the general cause of education. The average salary of college and university professors in the United States is, as he pointed out, only $1,500. "The maximum salary is seldom more than $3,000 or $4,000, and then only in or near great cities, in which the $5,000 to $7,000 actually paid represents no real increase." This income is far below that of engineers, lawyers, and physicians. Indeed, the salaries of college professors have remained practically stationary for two decades, while the cost of living has increased 50 per cent. President Schurman would not make the pay of the professor so large that it would "serve as a bribe" to those who do not feel the "inner call." He and all who have studied this grave problem know that the salaries are always likely to be too low rather than too high; but he utters a plain warning that the salaries must suffice to provide the ordinary comforts of life for the teacher's family, must supply him with necessary books, and educate his children. On any other terms ambitious men will be frightened away from the profession. And, he adds, "if the ablest young men of the country cease to become teachers in our highest institutions of learning, the training of the rising generation will suffer, ideas will become stagnant, and the boundaries of knowledge will cease to expand." In fine, the evidence is irresistible that the time has come when our college benefactors can perform the greatest service, not by devoting their money to buildings and material equipment, but to strengthening the teaching force.

The theory of the life insurance presidency is apparently still in a nebulous condition. In certain circles it is imagined that the office requires a great financier, at a salary of from eighty to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. In Ohio, on the other hand, the prominent business men of Columbus are investing their money in a new company which is content to lodge its presidency in the hands of the already busy president of the State University. One can hardly regard this extreme as preferable to the other. Unless Dr. William O. Thompson gives to his new position an amount of attention entirely incompatible with his duties to the old, he is very likely to be pained, some day, with the discovery that an honored name has been used to cover transactions which its bearer cannot approve. Honest insurance does not need the costly services of a "high financier," but it does need the undivided attention of an exceedingly watchful and competent head, merely to avoid recurring temptations, if there were no other reason.

Few, if any, writers can show so long a list of books, all marked with the hand of the skilled craftsman, as W. D. Howells. And now, having passed his seventieth birthday, he may properly sign himself Dean of American Letters. If a vote could be taken by his fellow-countrymen, perhaps they might not declare him most honored, but they certainly would most loved, of all our literary men. To readers in England especially, as may be observed in the British reviews, Mr. Howells has for many years held a position somewhat apart. Per-

haps they are keener than we are to admire the old-fashioned care and conscientiousness with which his work is turned out, so different from the robustious insouciance of most of our younger authors. In this respect his only peer is Henry James. It would be curious to contrast the artistic career of these two novelists, who began with a style so much alike and have gradually drifted so far asunder. How much has the transplanting of Mr. James had to do with his gradual loss of grip on the homely realities of life? The question, almost answered by the consistent and unchanging realism of Mr. Howells, might be proposed to the present holder of the Editor's Easy Chair in *Harper's*.

The appeal of Alexis Aladyin to the people of the United States not to give to the Russian Government the financial help which it may fail to get in London or Paris, hut rather "to shut off Russia from the money markets of America, in the name of your glorious past," was in all human probability unnecessary. Russia has knocked at the door of Wall Street many times, and with little success. Some half-dozen years ago, when the American market was subscribing freely for British consols, German Imperial bonds, and even the loans of Continental cities, the Russian Government became urgent in its appeal. As a result, some $1,100,000,000 new Russian bonds were formally placed on the New York market. Two friendly life insurance companies, with something of an axe to grind in Russia, purchased respectively twelve and three millions; hut this was a hagatelle. The real appeal to the puhlic came when the New York Stock Exchange committee solemnly "listed" the billion-dollar Russian loan, and the Czar sent to the "listing committee," as a token of his pleasure, a valuahle silver vase. Thus the loan was launched, hut from that day to this not a single transaction in it has occurred on the Stock Exchange. If this was a fair measure of the disposition of American investors at the high-tide of their enthusiasm, the chance of drawing them into the game to-day is surely slender. Whether Mr. Aladyin is correct in his idea that Russia can float no more external loans in Europe, is another question. Despite official denials, it is entirely probable that another Russian loan will presently be offered in Paris, and possibly in Berlin. Recent experience has taught that Government some interesting lessons. It learned in Octoher, 1905, that it could not float a loan, even in friendly Paris, while the Russian people were in insurrection; it learned in April, 1906, that it could do so if the Czar made at least a show of bowing to the popular will and summoning a Parliament. Last April, M. Witte was shrewd enough to use the enthusiasm over tho Duma to the full; he horrowed from Paris and London no less than $440,000,000, of which the final instalment was paid to the Government only last month. The floating of a Russian foreign loan during the anarchy of last autumn would have been inconceivahle. The 5 per cents of last April then sold on the Paris market 6 to 8 points below even their issue price. All this means that, in their own particular interest, Europe's investment communities will scan suspiciously the Russian political situation before taking new and extensive risks.

Gen. Smirnoff's revelations as to the conditions which prevailed within Port Arthur during the siege, have already been discounted by newspaper accounts of the conduct of the generals chiefly responsible. At the same time, a severer indictment of Gen. Stoessel, from the military point of view, could hardly he drawn. Such total incapacity and indifference are the proper measure of that demoralization of the Russian army, which had begun long before the Japanese war. The statements of Gens. Kuropatkin and Smirnoff completely refute the charge that if the Russian people had been whole-souled and patriotic in their support of the army, the Japanese victories could not have occurred. Ohviously, the Russian defeat was foreordained, and the Japanese were doubtless fully informed as to the exact degree of jealousy, immorality, and incapacity to be expected among their opponents. But this bursting into print of the conquered generals is surely novel. In a democracy, as in ours in 1898 and 1899, we look for something of the kind. In an autocracy, however, it was not to be expected that the generalissimos would fall foul of one another in the press.

In adding the question of Church disestablishment to the long list of reforms the British House of Commons has drawn up for itself, the Liberal party would seem, at first sight, to be horrowing unnecessary trouhle. There is, of course, no prospect of any serious attempt at the separation of Church and State for years to come; that the Government admitted when it refused to assume responsibility for tho motion for disestablishment and disendowment. This was carried hy a vote of 198 to 90 in a thin House. Such motions, however, serve the purpose of the Liberals in raising another issue for the Unionists and the Lords to worry over, and also in tending to cement the allegiance of the various groups in the Government party by offering them recognition of their principles. That the party in power is bound to grow weaker with time is evident, and its policy is to give battle as soon as possible. At the same time, there is little probability that the Liberal Ministry will disappear hy attrition in the course of many hye-elections, like the Balfour Government. It will go down in a great *dćbâcle* or win another overwhelming triumph.

The discussion in the Italian Chamber of Deputies last week shows that even there the question of woman suffrage is heing taken seriously. In England the aggressive campaign of the suffragettes, while doing some harm to the cause, has indubitably attracted popular attention to the subject in a way probahly impossible by peaceful methods. To prove that the educated and professionally employed English women want the ballot, a petition has heen circulated among them with great success, the literary women leading in signing this appeal to Parliament. Now that there is a private hill before the House of Commons, the agitation is certain to reach a white heat before the sitting is over, and members of the House, who have heen so free in promising to support the cause at some distant date, will have to show their true colors. Camphell-Bannerman, too, must soon decide whether he will push the measure enthusiastically and send it to the House of Lords, or whether he will let it drift along. Probahly he is not anxious to do either, in view of the existing relations with the upper nouse.

There is a delightful inconsequence in a recent dispatch from Berlin, which speaks of the erection of wireless telegraph stations at nearly all the Moroccan ports by a French syndicate. As a result, we are told, British and German merchants fear that the wool trade and "the fluctuations of the silver currency" will pass under French control. Where the connection comes in it is rather hard to see, except in the sense that good communications corrupt a competitor's chances. It is true, nevertheless, that French commercial enterprise in Morocco is meeting with increasing success. The figures for the country's trade in 1905 show that, while Germany's share has remained stationary at about 13,000,000 francs and Great Britain's has experienced a decline of about 15 per cent. to 37,000,000 francs, France has forged ahead with a total trade of 43,000,000 francs. The increase is explained as due partly to the failure of the crops in 1904, which necessitated the importation of more food, coming chiefly from France and her colonies, but partly also to the influx of French settlers in the various ports. In Tangier the French colony numbers over a thousand. No less than eleven lines of steamships connect the Moroccan ports with Algeria or Marseilles.

HARRIMAN'S REWARD.

The Harriman inquiry is "ended," announce the newspapers. But in Wall Street and banking circles the question which is being soberly asked is whether Harriman himself is not ended. This does not mean that his continuing power, through the control of great wealth, is in doubt. He has his millions, and may go smother himself in them. But it is gravely doubted whether his days as an active and open manipulator of railroad securities are not drawing to a close. What enterprise with which his name might hereafter be connected would not be, from the beginning, violently suspect? What directorate would in the future think to gain public confidence, or to draw investments, by displaying E. H. Harriman among its members? Visions of looting, of secret self-voted dividends, of stock-jobbing, of properties squeezed dry by its guardians, would at once rise before every man who saw that name, and could read, and had a memory and common prudence. It is considerations of this order which are shaping the financial opinion that Harriman is "through."

We do not profess to know anything about this. Mr. Harriman may or may not conclude to "retire." That step, after all, would not greatly signify. The certain and salutary thing is that Mr. Harriman has verily received his reward. He went for millions, and he has got them. He cared not for the contempt of decent people, and he has got that. In his own person he illustrates to-day, on a scale visible across the land, the infallible working of the moral law as laid down, for example, in Emerson's essay on "Compensation." "The swindler swindles himself." He who admits no moral standard but "the base estimate of the market," will find himself in the end regarded, not as a real man, but as a baled article for sale.

In this sort of moral atmosphere which certain men, in their mad, unscrupulous pursuit of great riches, unconsciously create about themselves, there exists a punishment more fearful than any which could be devised by statute. Its victim spends busy years with no thought except how to heap up money by craft and trick and oppression. He is meanwhile surrounded by toadies and exploiters who fill his narrow field of vision, and keep him unaware of the verdict which the large community of moral people is all the while preparing to pronounce upon him. Too late, he wakes to what he has done. He has chosen great riches rather than a good name. But his wealth can neither hide nor alter the opinion of his fellow-men, which is thrust upon him in ways that he cannot escape. He discovers that he is friendless—save for those who fawn upon him for their own ends. His attempts to rehabilitate himself by large gifts to education, to charity, or religion are unavailing. The judgment has been passed upon him, and can be changed by nothing which he may do. He is increasingly shunned, hated, despised. It is into this sort of moral penumbra that Mr. Harriman now enters, with his booty clutched to his heart.

We have nothing whatever against him personally; but we can only consider the fate which has overtaken him to be most exemplary. He thought that the people upon whom he was preying were defenceless. He boasted that he had gone only "so far as the law allowed him." Perhaps he is right in thinking that he has nothing to dread from courts and juries. But there is something more formidable and crushing than a legal process. It is the deliberately formed opinion of 80,000,000 of people that a man's wealth is ill-gotten, because his methods have been dishonorable and heartless. Against that, what can uncounted millions do?

In another way, we hope, the moral demonstration made by Mr. Harriman's reward will do good. It should serve as a warning to those who come after him in the management of the great railroad systems. The law defines such common carriers as being "affected by a public interest." The Harriman plan has been to allow nothing but private interest in them. To seize every penny possible, to omit no occasion to make greed disgusting by even voting himself $100,000 for his eminent services in overburdening the road he had "reorganized," to grab all the cash in the till before leaving—that has been, in effect, the method of railroad management unfolded last week at the investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But is this thing to go on? May we not hope for a generation of railroad managers who will put the public interest first? No one objects to a reasonable, even a large, compensation for their skilled services. High talent should be highly paid. But such a swinish attitude as Harriman's should be hereafter tabooed, not alone on moral grounds, but for business considerations. For nothing is more certain than that, if the railroad business should be generally conducted on the good old Harriman plan, there would soon be no private railroad business to conduct.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

The Fifty-ninth Congress, just adjourned, has in three particulars broken all records. It had a larger Republican majority in both House and Senate than any of its predecessors since the Reconstruction period; it appropriated more money, $1,800,131,984.95 in all; and it talked more, filling over 17,000 pages of the *Congressional Record* with its verbal output. Beyond these manifest distinctions, there is room for differences of opinion as wide as those which annually exist between Democrats and Republicans with regard to the state of the Treasury twelve months ahead.

That Congress could keep up for another year the pace set at the session which gave the country, one after another, the railroad rate law, the meat inspection law, the pure food law, free alcohol, Statehood for Oklahoma, and other conspicuous and meritorious measures, was not to be expected. It is at least worth remark that, after being "very, very good" for a year, the National Legislature should have passed so promptly the largest of all River and Harbor bills, provided service pensions for all veterans over sixty-two, and raised the salaries of its own members 25 per cent. Congress did, in fact, trade a little on its well-earned reputation of the year before. Yet the prophecies of a complete reaction against reform legislation have not been justified. The subsidy bill, it is true, received its *coup de grâce* only an hour before the session closed. But it was a very little and a dwindling subsidy at best. A big or comprehensive subsidy scheme would never have stood a chance. As it is, the subsidy grabbers will have to begin again their attempts to drive an entering wedge.

On the constructive side, the second session alone of this Congress leaves a record substantially equal to that of all three sessions of the Fifty-eighth. It has prohibited the contributions of national banks and of corporations to campaign funds, given the Government a limited right of appeal in criminal cases, extended to farmers the privilege of making free denatured alcohol, and limited to sixteen the number of consecutive hours that any railroad employee may be on duty continuously. More or less valuable legislation was passed relating to immigration (though with the Japanese proviso appended), to citizenship, and to the currency. Official inquiries on immigration, the labor of women and children, and the postal deficit were provided for.

One subject heads to-day every list of measures passed on to future Congresses. That is the revision of the tariff. "To a Republican Congress and a Republican President this great question can be safely intrusted," said the last national Republican platform. Yet we may well wonder how many of the citizens who voted for Roosevelt in 1904 would have believed that the Republican Congress which came into office through this former free-trader's popularity, could have finished its two years' labors without so much as a hearing on the readjustment of a ten-year-old tariff law, and without a single admonition from a White House ringing with ad-

monitions on a dozen other subjects.

It is a paradox that a Congress which has given so much of its time to grudging acquiescence in popular demands, which is commonly judged, in fact, according to the extent to which it has or has not followed President Roosevelt's various recommendations, should at the same time have done so much to make itself master in its own field. For several years there has been a quiet contest in progress between Congress and the departments. The latter were asking for amounts that Congress thought extravagant, and then, when the money was denied, spending it just the same and coming in a year later with deficiencies which practically could not be repudiated. One Committee on Appropriations after another has wrestled with the difficulty. One plan after another has been tried with small success. Last year Mr. Tawney drafted a new proviso. Heads of departments were required to apportion in advance the money allowed them. This allotment could not be changed except for some exceptional and unexpected happening. The Tawney amendment required the department head in writing to submit his reasons to Congress before authorizing any such change. The result is that, while there are large deficiency items for Cuban intervention, pensions, and the postal service, "coercive deficiencies" incurred in the departments are this year only two and one-half millions, as against thirty-three millions for the year before. Congress seems to have won its fight in essentials, even without fulfilling its threat of lopping off some bureaus entirely. In this assertion of Congressional power lies the best answer to those who think they see this country on the straight road to a despotism.

THE LONDON ELECTION.

So great a political overturn as that wrought by the elections to the London County Council on Saturday, was not expected even by those who ardently desired it. That the Progressives, with their policies of municipal trading, would meet with a check, was pretty confidently counted upon; but no one foresaw that they would be so nearly crushed and, even with the aid of their hold-over members, would lose control of the Council. In the last Council they had 83 members to 34 of the Moderates. Now the figures are practically reversed. The Moderates, or Reformers (they have various names), have elected 79 members, while the Progressives save only 36. This result is one of capital and far-reaching importance. It affects not merely the administration of London, but will have serious political consequences throughout the kingdom. Indeed, it will have its influence throughout the English-speaking world.

The Liberals had tied up their fortunes with the London Progressives. Hence the great defeat will be taken as a solemn warning to the party in power. The Conservative press is already saying that, if there were now to be a general election, the Liberals would lose all the seats which they so unexpectedly gained in London last year. Doubtless there is truth in the prediction. The Government will be more on its guard hereafter. Radical legislation will not be so much in favor, for a time at least. The talk of moving vigorously against the House of Lords will probably die down. No prudent Ministry could ignore the ominous significance of so marked a revolt of the electors as that just effected in London.

Through all the issues of the election there ran one dominant charge—municipal Socialism, as practised in London, was proving terribly expensive. There were minor allegations: Inefficiency and waste were charged, and in some cases proved. Several freak experiments, with their ludicrous failures, brought the Progressives into discredit. They tried to make bricks municipally, and turned out an unusable product. Their Works Department became a synonym for faulty and costly engineering, and unduly expensive construction. Then, too, they ran into absurd extremes. Some of them put out a programme which included "municipal workshops, stores, milk and bread shops, dairy farms; free travelling for workmen to and from work, municipal coal stores and collieries; municipal farm colonies and municipal clothing factories." One bold man stood on a platform calling for municipal billiard-rooms. Such extravagant proposals, as even the *Chronicle*, a Progressive organ, admits, "did immense harm to the Progressive cause." But above and beyond all such questions of theoretic policy stood the practical fact that the financial burden of all this municipal experimenting was becoming greater than the backs of the taxpayers could bear.

A good concrete example was offered by the Council's fleet of steamboats on the Thames. They have proved nearly a dead loss. This was in spite of glowing prophecies to the contrary. No less an authority than Sir E. Cornwall, in his report on the project to the Council, stated that the steamboats would bring in a revenue of $450,000 a year. For the first nine months they lost $256,000, and the estimated deficit for 1906-7 is $260,000 more—all this on a capital outlay of $1,500,000. It was not strange that debts and taxes mounted. The French economist, Leroy Beaulieu, has commented on the extraordinary increase of local indebtedness in England. London's debt has climbed up portentously; and with it the rates have gone soaring. A table worked out by the borough treasurer of Islington, and printed in R. P. Porter's recent book on "The Dangers of Municipal Ownership," shows a startling rate of taxation. It runs, in the various boroughs, from 30 to 60 per cent. of the rental value.

This was undoubtedly the aspect of the matter which had most to do with causing the Progressive upset. John Bull's pocket-nerve was at last reached. All the Socialistic theories he did not bother his head about; but when he found that their execution was turning out fearfully extravagant and burdensome, he said angrily: "This has gone too far!" Now that, be it remembered, is the Anglo-Saxon way. We are naturally weak on logic, and hate with Burke to see it carried into politics. The French fashion of laying down abstract principles and then rigorously deducing and applying every political inference from them, is not for us. We go by rule of thumb. We try one experiment here, and another there, approving the one that succeeds, scouting the one that fails, and never admitting the necessity of connecting them all by one logical system, rigidly enforced. It is because London Socialism had become too doctrinaire for English stomachs that it was rejected on Saturday. But this does not mean that a doctrinaire individualism will be set up in its stead. Englishmen and Americans will go on much as before in all this business, not accepting a general "policy," coherent and logical, but simply, in the old inherited way of our politics, proving all things and holding fast that which is good.

THE THREATENED ANGLO-SAXON.

The Registrar-General's report on births, deaths, and marriages in England and Wales for the year 1905 has just appeared. It will disturb those Greater Englishmen who find this kind of reading a subject for thought—and alarm. The marriage and birth rates are continuing to fall, and whatever the amount of improvement on the other side of the ledger—the rate of mortality has been reduced to an unprecedentedly low level—it cannot make up for the slackening tide of reproduction, if Great Britain is to continue populating her colonies with younger sons and to hold her own against prolific Germany. The latest figures, duly corrected, show that during the last thirty-five years the decline in the marriage rate "is found to be nearly 22 per cent.," the manufacturing centres showing the greatest decline, the residential and agricultural counties the least. The general rate for the year was 15.3 persons married per 1,000 of the population of all ages.

The births for the same year "were in the proportion of 27.2 per 1,000 of the population of both sexes and all ages, and not only constitute the lowest

birth-rate since civil registration was established, but also indicate tho continuance of a decline which, with trifling exceptions, has been in progress ever since 1876." How rapidly the country has been deteriorating in this respect is indicated by the fact that in 1880-82 it was seventh from the end among the European nations in female fertility, and that twenty years later it had come to be only second from the end, losing last place only to France. If the ratio of births to the number of married women "had been identical in 1870-72 and in 1905, the legitimate births in the last-named year would have been nearly 1,169,000 instead of the 891,978 actually recorded."

In this connection it is interesting to turn to a recent study of racial growth and dispersion by René Gonnard of the faculty of law at the University of Lyons, published under the title 'L'Émigration européenne au XIXe Siècle." In the chapters dealing with British emigration and with the future of "the Anglo-Saxon races," we find a straightforward thesis advanced and ably argued. Great Britain during the greater part of the nineteenth century was practically the only Power with a surplus population and colonies into which to drain it off. There arose in consequence lesser Britains beyond the seas, with a population predominantly Anglo-Saxon, including, under these lesser Britains, the United States. But the situation has changed; Great Britain's teeming growth is declining, while other European nations, Scandinavia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia, have been pouring a veritable flood of emigration into the United States and Canada, and would turn to Australia and New Zealand if admission to Britain's southern hemisphere were not so jealously guarded.

The conclusion of Professor Gonnard is that, with all due allowance for the admirable part played by the Anglo-Saxons in the colonization of such parts of the world as are destined to remain under the permanent domination of the "whites," and conceding to the aforesaid Anglo-Saxons a "brilliant and lasting future," there is danger of exaggerating the measure of the work they have accomplished or of the sovereign rôle destiny holds in reserve for them:

> Great difficulties lie in the way of realizing the dreams of British hotheads, nurtured by Rudyard Kipling's books and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. Not all portions of the globe where now floats the Union Jack are fated to remain the patrimony of England and of her sons—at least in the racial sense. And among the reasons upon which we base our belief are two incontestable facts—the decline in Anglo-Saxon reproductivity all over the world, and the increased participation of other nations in the movement of European emigration.

We may leave out of the question these United States, seeing that the writer has conceded us a long and brilliant future as Anglo-Saxons, and has been careful enough to distinguish between predominance in numbers, where his case is naturally strongest, and predominance in the way of political and social influence. By implication he recognizes that Magna Charta and the language of Shakespeare are safe for years to come against any number of immigrants from the east and south of Europe, and that so far as these late arrivals are concerned, they threaten no immediate dilution of the Teutonic blood. And as for the more distant future, the chances are that the newcomer will turn out more royalist than the king. Have we not been told by no less a pragmatic historian than Mr. Dooley of an Anglo-Saxon Hands Across the Sea Association, organized by Schwarzmeister, Kelly, and Rosenblum?

But with regard to the newer Britains in South Africa and Oceania, the writer undoubtedly sees the future clearly. In South Africa, the English must share their power with the Dutch, not only in the older colonies, but in the Transvaal, where the recent elections have shown that Anglo-Saxon dominance is not to be thought of. English colonists are reluctant to settle in the territory of the late Boer republics, years of effort and the expenditure of vast sums having resulted in the planting only of 1,500 English families. In Australia a thin red line of settlers holds a continent jealously against all comers; and the situation is even more striking in New Zealand, where less than 800,000 people occupy a country capable of supporting, the writer cleverly remarks, dozens of millions of Japanese. If the yellow races should begin to press hard, would not the handful of proud Anglo-Saxons be glad to have on their own side some additional millions of non-British Europeans? In fact, there are not wanting signs that Australia is beginning to see the problem in that light.

TEMPORARY LITERATURE.

In *Scribner's Magazine*, Prof. Brander Matthews discourses on the differences between imagination and invention in literature. The subject in itself is not absolutely novel, and most of his distinctions have been drawn before; but it is refreshing to be reminded now and then that the law thundered from our magazine and newspaper Sinais, "Thou shalt be original; thou shalt look only for beats and scoops; thou shalt hit 'em hard," is, after all, but a partial and temporary revelation. The great masters, as Professor Matthews reminds us, never gave themselves to hunting up strange forms, dialects, or situations in order to create a desired effect. Fully equipped with the quality of imagination, they could animate old forms and adapt to their uses the ordinary grammatical constructions. They had so much to say that was permanent and essential that they could afford to dispense with originality.

It is, of course, the element of imagination that vivifies the comparatively small stock of the world's books which come to constitute the permanent furniture of a man's library, the pure domestic circle to which he returns inevitably, no matter after how long a period of indulgence in less worthy things. Homer and Horace, Shakespeare and Montaigne, the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress—we rarely think of them as "original," as endowed with the attractive and extremely marketable quality of invention. For that we look elsewhere. But though that elsewhere may come to embrace nine-tenths of our total book list, it never threatens the security of the chosen few. These, like the gods, can abide in patience for our human moment of crisis, of mental exaltation. Then with Olympian assurance they come into their own again. With the results of man's daily actions and the faces of his offspring, they constitute the links that bind him to his past, that give him what psychologists nowadays declare to be the only basis of the personal soul—continuity.

The Bible and Bunyan, with Shakespeare probably, are still to be found in most simple rural homes. But what shall be said of the ordinary urban reader's stock of permanent, imaginative literature? Monumental sets of Balzac, of Dickens, and of Thackeray are sold in enormous quantities, but the array of volumes is so formidable, and the red and gilt binding so very good, that they are seldom taken out of their glass-enshrined, adjustable book-sections. A Balzac, a Library of the World's Nicest Literature, and a set of Lives of Great Men and Their Unhappy Wives take up as much room in a parlor as a mechanical piano at one-fifth the cost. The average New Yorker would no more think of using one of his gorgeous volumes than a bibliophile would one of his. For reading, of course, there are the newspaper, and the popular magazine.

There invention runs riot. But profound melancholy must be aroused by the sight of so many hundreds of thousands of us given over to pages which follow each other slap-dash day after day, leaving no impress and no memory behind them. Ask one of these readers what was it he had read a week ago, a month ago, a year ago, in his Sunday Supplement, and he cannot tell you. It may have been a double-page account of a "scientific" case of resurrection, or a printed rivulet of Congo atrocities with a pyramid of skulls on one side and royalty patronizing the stage behind the scenes on the other; but he cannot tell

with any certainty. And thus with his art; years ago it was the Yellow Kid; then came the French Twins of Etiquette; then it was the Felicitous Vagrant. They came with a rush, they lingered, they disappeared. Where are the jokes of yesterday? The *Latest* has thrown them all away and put up a brand-new set, yet none of its readers can say, "I am depressed to-night; I will look at the page that made me laugh so, a year ago." There is no year ago; there is no past. There is mist only.

Even the language changes—language which we have been accustomed to think of as being best preserved in the speech of the humbler classes. The expert on slang of to-day will not necessarily understand the slang of last year. Last year's "main guy" is now "the big noise." The man who formerly "shot off his mouth," later began to "talk through his hat," and at present usually "hires a hall." Fickle woman, who once gave unfortunate man "the cold mitt" or "the marble heart," now "hands him a lemon." Thus the old order changeth, and ten years from now a copy of the Comic Supplement will contain as many unfathomable allusions as a comedy of Aristophanes.

One source of consolation, however, is undeniably present. Beneath this mad rush of invention, we can discern, if we look, the persistence of certain universal principles and ideas. The individual of the Comic Supplement is transient, but the type is eternal. Mr. Opper's weazened Common People and giant Trusts are but a replica of the mediæval Dances of Death, with man as the victim of his own vices. The boastful ape whose end is always discomfiture, is an embodiment of Pride going before Destruction. The two clerks, striving to enter society on $9.50 a week, personify the tragedy of Ambition. There is an authentic story of the little girl who was moved to tears by the martyrdom of St. Stephen. "Why, mamma," she half sobbed, "he must have been like Happy Hooligan."

STEADY COMPANY.

It is strange that the institution known as "steady company" should never have been adopted by our fashionable society. One may either keep or be steady company; the term denotes both a process and a person. The adjective "steady" is not opposed to unsteady or dissipated; it means permanent as distinguished from transitory and fickle. Steady company may be of either sex, but is usually masculine, being predicated of the young man who is the chosen friend of a young woman, though not necessarily engaged to marry her. In the eastern districts of our borough, parents approve of steady company. The girl goes with him to church, the play, concerts, dances, Coney Island, ward picnics, and Sunday-school festivals—*sibi conscia recti*—and without a chaperon. If he is supplanted by some one even steadier than himself, he accepts the inevitable, and forever after holds his peace.

Hitherto little countenance has been given to steady company by the plutocratic and austere society which sets the example and the pace of fashion. But convention rather than any deep-seated moral principle has stood in the way. For the line which divides what is allowed and what is forbidden cannot be easily drawn. In the fashionable world, for a girl to be gone all day with a man in an automobile is allowed; to eat with him at a wayside inn is forbidden. To be driven by him in a stanhope, dog-cart, or other two-wheeled vehicle is allowed; to sit beside him and be driven by a coachman is forbidden. To write freely to him and be written to is allowed; to walk with him in the street after the lamps are lighted is forbidden. He may go with her to church or to a lecture hall without a chaperon, but not to the play.

Steadiness is not characteristic of the more fashionable "company." And this may explain why mothers lament the scarcity of marriageable young men. If they are obliged to work, they have little opportunity of knowing any young woman well. This evil state of things is especially noticeable at the season of the year when the débutante is abroad in the land. We hear that she is better educated than the average young man of her age, but under the social conditions which prevail at present, as soon as she is "brought out" she begins inevitably an intellectual *dégringolade*. For the men whom she meets at dinners and dances would not understand her or would laugh at her if she allowed traces of superior intelligence to be seen. They would prefer to talk about themselves and their own doings, and have in her a sympathetic listener. Indeed, a dinner or a ball is not favorable to forming permanent friendships, nor do such entertainments encourage matrimony. Calls may be made at tea-time, but busy men are at their work at five o'clock, and even if they were not, they might not find the young women alone. In days when men put on swallowtail coats and made their visits in the evening, greater intimacy was possible, and the young people knew one another better. Even now in certain provincial regions this custom prevails. In vain do the young men of the metropolis increase the frequency of their afternoon visits; in vain is their zeal to wander forth on Sundays, in unaccustomed garb, to snatch if possible a happy moment in the street or by the fireside. Each of them, if he but knew it, has a deeply implanted desire to be steady company. A blind instinct impels him *tot adire labores*.

If the social pacemakers would only do something to encourage steady company, good effects would undoubtedly follow. For example, the chaperon would have a much needed rest. By this time she must be weary of being tolerated, of talking to the odd man, and of watching scenes in which she has no active part. Steady company, instead of having to look up a chaperon and invite a lot of people whom he does not care to see, can dine *tête-à-tête* at a restaurant, and thereby save both time and money. In such ways young people get really to know one another; and if the custom were only universal, clubs would be left to the old and to the misogynists, while places of amusement would be even more freely patronized than they are now. Yet our "upper circles," with their highly developed sense of morality and propriety, will no doubt refuse to consider the reforms which we have suggested, and steady company will be left as the solace and joy of what is known as the "lower middle class."

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

Wendell Phillips Garrison, who for forty-one years was editor of the *Nation*, died at Dr. Runyon's sanitarium, South Orange, N. J., on the evening of February 27, after several months of declining health. Mr. Garrison, third son of William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, was born in Cambridgeport, Mass., June 4, 1840; he passed an eventful boyhood in the paternal home, which was drawn into the agitation of the anti-slavery struggle and the events leading up to the Civil War. Entering Harvard in 1857, Mr. Garrison was graduated in 1861. After two years of private teaching, he joined the staff of the New York *Independent* in January, 1864; and in July, 1865, he became associated with Edwin Lawrence Godkin in founding the *Nation*. Mr. Garrison's work was chiefly on the literary side of the new weekly, Mr. Godkin devoting himself more and more to editorial writing. It thus fell to Mr. Garrison to draw together the staff of reviewers and contributors. With many of these his relations became those of warm personal friendship. This fact was clearly evidenced on July 6, 1905, when more than two hundred of the *Nation's* contributors presented him with a silver vase, inscribed by Prof. Goldwin Smith as a recognition of "forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*." The accompanying congratulatory note assured Mr. Garrison that he had made "the *Nation* for more than a generation the chief literary journal in America—the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals." During that long period there were very few issues of the *Nation* which he did not personally make up and see through the press, reading all the proofs, preparing the full and elaborate index to each volume, and doing a vast amount of editorial labor. He also reviewed many books, particularly those relating to slavery and to the lives and works of Jean

Jacques Rousseau and Erasmus. A review from his pen of the latest book on Rousseau appeared in the *Nation* of December 27, 1906, and one on the letters of Erasmus in the issue of January 24.

For the first sixteen years, the *Nation* was an independent property. In 1881 it was combined with the New York *Evening Post* by the late Henry Villard, Mr. Garrison's brother-in-law. Mr. Godkin became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, and within two years editor-in-chief. Under the new arrangement, Mr. Garrison became literary editor of the *Evening Post* and editor-in-charge of the *Nation*. This position he held until his retirement on June 28, 1906, because of the rapid failure of his health.

Mr. Garrison's editorial duties confined him so closely to his office—he took only one real vacation in twenty-two years—that he had little leisure for other literary work. But in the "Life of William Lloyd Garrison," an elaborate four-volume biography, in which he and his brother, Francis Jackson Garrison, collaborated, he has left a record of his father's activity in behalf of the emancipation of the slave and many other reforms, which must remain a standard authority on the Abolition movement. To this task Mr. Garrison devoted his spare hours during ten years, setting apart at least one day each week for research and writing, and producing a work that is notable for its wealth of citations, its exact references, its fairness and candor, and the literary skill with which history and biography are combined. The first two volumes appeared in 1885, and the others in 1889. Previous to this undertaking, Mr. Garrison published "What Mr. Darwin Saw on His Voyage Around the World," 1879, containing extracts from Mr. Darwin's own story, intended for youthful readers. He compiled a collection of "Bedside Poetry," 1887, for the instruction of children; wrote "Parables for School and Home," 1897, and "The New Gulliver," 1898; published some of his own verse privately under the title "Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ever-Womanly," 1898; and edited the "Memoirs of Henry Villard," 1904. As an appreciation of his services to literature and politics, Harvard University bestowed upon Mr. Garrison the honorary degree of A.M. in 1895.

Mr. Garrison had lived since 1866 at Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J. He served for more than seventeen years on the School Board of West Orange, and was for years a member of the board of directors of the State Geological Survey of New Jersey. He was twice married, first to Lucy McKim of Philadelphia, daughter of J. Miller McKim, one of the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and sister of Charles F. McKim, the architect. His second wife was Mrs. Anne McKim Dennis, who died in 1893. He is survived by a son and daughter, Philip McKim Garrison of Orange, N. J., and Mrs. Charles Dyer Norton of Lake Forest, Ill. Another son, Lloyd McKim Garrison, died in 1900.

Self-effacement was so the law of Mr. Garrison's being that, even now when his lips can no longer frame a protest, one hesitates to essay his praise. It was his life-long joy to sink himself in his work. For forty-one years editor of the *Nation*, he seldom put his name to anything he wrote in its columns. If he had been an artist, it would have been his preference to leave all his paintings unsigned. To the discerning, however, his true monument is visible in those eighty-two volumes of the *Nation* which passed under his vigilant eye and amending pen, and into which he poured, in all of Milton's meaning, the precious life-blood of a master-spirit.

Uneventful outwardly, Mr. Garrison's life was yet singularly intense. It was intense in an austere idealism, ever conscious of the obligation of his name; intense in devotion to the labor which was his delight; intense in the discharge of every duty as a citizen and in the unwavering fidelity and unselfish services of friendship. His close association for thirty-seven years with Mr. Godkin was one of the most remarkable editorial relations that ever existed. With unbounded admiration and loyalty for his chief, Mr. Garrison brought to his assistance a nice scholarship, a patient scrutiny, a calm judgment, and a noble sympathy. When Mr. Garrison received, in 1905, the impressive tribute from his eminent list of contributors to the *Nation*, in celebration of his forty years with this journal, his first instinct was to pass on the laurel to Mr. Godkin. He spoke of himself as but a pupil of that "great writer and master political moralist, whom with admiring eyes I saw

Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

Nor was Mr. Godkin unaware of the rare qualities of his colleague. Writing to Mr. Garrison in 1883, he said: "If anything goes wrong with you, I will retire into a monastery. You are the one steady and constant man I have ever had to do with." And he set great store by Mr. Garrison's disciplined opinions on public affairs. Thus he wrote to him in 1891:

> Your article makes me regret for the hundredth time that you have not been able all these years to write more. I know no better political philosopher. I can safely say that, in twenty-five years of perils by land and sea, there is nobody from whose advice and arguments I have got so much comfort and courage.

Yet Mr. Garrison's invincible modesty would not suffer such acknowledgments to go without abatement. "On cool reflection," he once wrote, "I am conscious how slight Mr. Godkin's debt to me is in comparison with mine to him. . . . Oftener than not, in doubtful cases when appeal has been made to my judgment, I have simply confirmed his first impulse or his phraseology. Perhaps my sympathy and support, understood rather than expressed, have been more to him than I suspected."

Between Mr. Garrison and the large corps of *Nation* reviewers and writers which he built up there existed a peculiar, almost a family, feeling. He watched over them with an interest and pride wellnigh of kinship. The relation was, to him, less editorial than fraternal. There must be thousands of his letters, written out in that beautiful hand of his, and with his marvellous felicity and justness of expression, still in the possession of his contributors as a witness to his high conception of the tie that bound him to them. No one could surpass him in discriminating encouragement. Even in his later years he kept a young heart and a keen eye for rising writers. He thought of his band of workers as one continually to be renewed by the influx of youth; and if youth brought, at first, immaturity and awkwardness, none so patient and tactful as Mr. Garrison in bearing with it and correcting it. Critical severity he could convey with the most exquisite delicacy—wreathing it in the garlands of friendship.

To be, rather than to produce, was always the first motive with Mr. Garrison. To him life was more than books. And how high he pitched his life, every man who was ever long in touch with his grave courtesy, his unfailing kindness, his unbending integrity, and his lofty ideals, would enthusiastically testify. To be in contact with him even in a newspaper office was to have one's admiration for him kindled and continually heightened; while those admitted to the intimacies of his friendship cannot find words to do justice to his faithfulness and self-sacrificing ardor in bestowing a favor or anticipating a need.

Mr. Garrison impressed all who knew him as a man of the well-fibred virtues of an elder day. He nourished himself on inward and hidden strength. One felt that his soul dwelt apart, yet one saw him cheerfully laying the lowliest duties upon himself. In the total combination of nearly ascetic sternness with himself and infinite consideration for others, we shall not soon look upon his like again.

One of the two surviving signers of the first prospectus of the *Nation* is President Gilman, who writes as follows:

For more than forty years we were correspondents, and through his letters, as well as through the *Nation*, I came to know him well, although, as it happened, we met one another very seldom—not more than three or four times, I should think, in that long period.

I formed a very high estimate not only of his intellectual character and his business habits, but of his moral qualities. He was considerate, true, fearless, and enamoured of justice (though I am not sure that he always saw both sides of a question). In a long series of his letters on innumerable topics there is but one note, rarely, if ever, expressed, but always implied, and that is the desire to have the *Nation* stand every week as the supporter of the best in literature as in politics. Toward the end of his editorial career, unwonted sadness is manifest. "My resolution [to retire]," he says in March, 1906, "was determined by my conviction that a long vacation this summer was imperatively necessary to my health. I shall remain at the helm until the close of the current volume. Then to fresh woods and pastures new. I shall take a year if need be to decide upon my future occupation."

I feel sure that his resolution in upholding the best standards of literary criticism, even to the extent of giving personal tribulation to friends that he valued, made him as great a power in the field of letters as Mr. Godkin in the field of politics; and I am likewise certain that his wide acquaintance with the various departments of scholarship, his efficient and long continued services in the editorial chair, his learning, his honesty, his sympathy, and his persistence entitle him to, and will undoubtedly secure for him, the lasting and hearty ap-

preciation of all among his countrymen who watch the progress of literature and science.

DANIEL COIT GILMAN.

Baltimore.

THE LONGFELLOW CELEBRATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., February 28.

The celebration of Longfellow's centenary culminated in the meeting held last evening in Sanders Theatre under the auspices of the Cambridge Historical Society, which planned to have as speakers only those who had known the poet personally. Since Longfellow died at seventy-five, and since many of his younger contemporaries are still living, this could be happily carried out. Col. Higginson and Professor Norton had known the poet since their boyhood, a period of more than forty years; President Eliot was a student when Longfellow still taught at Harvard; and Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich, of all the younger generation of American men of letters, had been most intimate with him. The co-operation of these friends gave to the commemoration a most fitting personal quality; for of all our poets, Longfellow is the friendliest. In him the man and the artist are so merged, and both so lovable, that any one who has drawn near to him recognizes that no remembrance of him could be adequate which lacked the human, the deeply human note.

The exercises in Sanders Theatre, like every similar observance in this neighborhood of Longfellow's birthday, were remarkable for the absence of the superlative. Nobody put forth extravagant claims for Longfellow's genius; every one seemed to be prompted by the recognition of the fact that simply to state what he was and did was better than any eulogy. Adulation is, indeed, as out of place in connection with Longfellow, as it seems inevitable wherever two or three of the admirers of various other poets are gathered together. So we heard no predictions that Longfellow would be read as long as the English language is spoken, and no demonstration that he is greater than Shakespeare. The men who brought their tributes of admiration and affection knew well the value of the sweet and beautiful things of life, and they felt under no obligation either to defend the Ten Commandments or to brag about them. They took it for granted that that particular audience did not need to be persuaded that love of home, family affection, delight in the presence of little children, courage to face the average human lot, unswerving friendship, loyal citizenship, and the striving after ideals are desirable.

Sanders Theatre was packed by more than two thousand persons. On the stage, besides the speakers, the officers of the Cambridge Historical Society, and local celebrities, sat many guests, including Gov. Guild and several well-known authors, among whom were Miss Jewett, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Owen Wister. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, only twelve years Longfellow's junior, whose presence like that of a fairy godmother seems to bring perpetual youth with it, was greeted on her entrance by the spontaneous rising of the great company. Professor Norton presided with such grace and urbanity that the stage might have been his library and the audience his guests to whom he was presenting a cherished friend. That two of Longfellow's daughters and several of his grandchildren and other kindred were in the audience, added to the interest of the occasion.

Mr. Norton spoke briefly, pointing out the inestimable worth to a community of "the habitual presence in it of a good and pleasant man or woman," a blessing multiplied an hundredfold if to the rare character be added the poet's genius. Then in happy phrase he introduced Col. T. W. Higginson, who opened with this lively analysis of "a man who had, among all American authors of his time, the most individual and disarming combination of qualities":

> He was at once genial and guarded, kind and cordial in greeting, but with an impassable boundary line of reserve; dwelling in a charmed circle of thought, yet absolutely self-protecting; essentially a poetic mind, but never out of touch with the common heart; yet not so much a creator as a composer, and viewing his themes, as a very acute observer has said of him, in their relations, rather than in their essence. He was one to whom a poem might occur, as did the "Arrow and the Song," while he stood before the fire waiting for his children to go to church with him; and he was equally able to spend patient years in hearing and weighing "slowly and with decorum," as he says, the criticism of other and younger Italian scholars on his version of Dante. He was abstemious, yet wrote joyous drinking songs for his friends; did not call himself an Abolitionist, yet pronounced the day of the execution of John Brown of Ossawatomie to be "the date of a new revolution, quite as much needed as the old one." When worn with overwork, he could sit down to write 100 autographs for a fair in Chattanooga; or, perhaps, go out and walk miles to secure kindness for some old friend troubled with chronic and insuperable need of money. He was choice in his invited guests, yet drove his housemaids to despair by insisting on the admittance of the poorest children in Cambridge to tramp through his study daily or to sit triumphantly in the chair which their little subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate; this was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Col. Higginson told also how one day, when he was an undergraduate at Harvard, reciting Molière to Professor Longfellow, there came a knock at the door, and presently there entered a printer's devil with a roll of proofs, the title-page of which bore the words "The Voices of the Night." "Had I but known what was to follow that bit of paper in the development of fame, or, what was more important, the creation of a literature, the rough rappings of the printer's boy would have been to me as solemn as those three momentous notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which he himself interpreted to mean, 'Thus knocks Fate at the door!' " The fame there budding and since become world-wide need fear, Col. Higginson added, no serious reaction. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" and "The Village Blacksmith" are lodged forever in the memories of each generation of English-speaking children. "Who is alive, if these are not!" as Macready exclaimed of Shakespeare's characters.

After the Cambridge school children had rendered, by chorus and orchestra, C. F. Noyes's cantata, "The Village Blacksmith," Mr. Norton called upon President Eliot, who appropriately spoke of Longfellow's eighteen years of service as professor of belles lettres at Harvard. That service consisted not merely of the direct instruction he gave his classes, but of the poetic radiance he shed upon the college, and of his influence in the faculty, where he upheld the freedom of the teacher and the freedom of the taught. And during the years of reaction in national affairs, when freedom was distrusted and many Northerners would have compromised with slavery, Longfellow stood steadfastly for liberty and justice. President Eliot recalled how, on that very stage, he had congratulated Longfellow on the durability of his work, and the poet replied, "I don't know! I don't know!" "I have often remembered the touching modesty of that 'I don't know,' " said the president, who went on to describe with enthusiasm the shining benefits which Longfellow by his poetry conferred on Harvard and Cambridge, consecrating the town "with delights for generations to come," and making it a place of pilgrimage for the multitudes who love the poet and the haunts he loved. There is no other service comparable to the writing of noble poetry, "except at rarest moments, when some inspired soul pours itself out in prayer to the living God!" Nothing in the exercises was more impressive than President Eliot's brief address, in which appeared the deep religious fervor of his nature—that characteristic to which in these later years he has given freer and ampler utterance.

Owing to illness, both of the "young men," as Mr. Norton called Howells and Aldrich, were prevented from coming to Cambridge; but Mr. Charles T. Copeland read with fine effect Mr. Aldrich's poem which appears in the March *Atlantic Monthly*. It is so short that it can be quoted here entire, and thus the reader can taste its quality for himself:

LONGFELLOW, 1807-1907.

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write;
Moonrise and daybreak come and go;
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmèd listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Beloved presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearts of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms—O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

Mr. Norton was equally fortunate in securing Prof. Bliss Perry as a substitute to read the essay which Mr. Howells had prepared—an essay in which biography, reminiscence, and criticism were blended with equal skill and charm. No living American approaches Mr. Howells in this vein, and, so far as one may judge from a single hearing, he himself has never excelled this tribute to Longfellow, in which, after describing his own lost youth, with its first days in Cambridge and the Olympian evenings spent in Longfellow's study, listening to the translation of the "Divine Comedy," he

proceeded to appraise Longfellow's poetry. He laid special stress on the artistic perfection of the poems and on the poet's ethical strain, akin to that of Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth, "and as authentic."

Mr. Norton brought the exercises to a close by relating that several years ago, when he and Rudyard Kipling were discussing the poets of the nineteenth century, they debated whether all had not written too much. "We could spare half of Wordsworth, and three-quarters of Shelley, and even Keats could be trimmed to the advantage of his fame," Mr. Norton suggested. "But there is one poet," replied Mr. Kipling, "of whom I don't wish to give up a line." "I can't guess who he may be," Mr. Norton said. "Longfellow," Mr. Kipling replied. One would like to have the psychologists determine whether the affinity of opposites explains this preference.

"And now I bid you good-night," Mr. Norton said, and the great audience dispersed. The celebration was pitched throughout in the proper key; no jarring word was spoken, and—save for the absence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich—nothing marred the complete success of the programme. The commemoration itself seemed to have more than a personal scope. In listening to these speakers, it seemed as if all were unconsciously paying tribute through Longfellow to the ideals which he sang and exemplified, and that the audience were joining in a ceremony of reaffirmation. At a time when public and private morals are corrupt, and wealth is popularly believed to be able to purchase everybody and everything—even immunity from punishment—those eminent and wise speakers and the audience which applauded them reaffirmed their faith in what is wholesome and true, in character which is beyond price, in joys and satisfactions which money cannot buy, in ideals which never deceive. Happy, thrice happy Longfellow, whose genius and personality are as naturally associated with these eternal concerns as sunrise is with hope. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A little book which is a veritable curiosity in American typography has recently come to light. It is without question one of the crudest specimens of printing which has ever been produced, and is probably unique in the history of bookmaking. It is a pamphlet, consisting of title-leaf (verso blank), and nineteen pages of text and a page of errata. The title reads as follows:

The | Taxation | Of North America; | An exceilent Song, | composed in the | Revolutionary | War. | 'No more against our land, shall | strangers rise.'—Dwight. | First Edition. | Wells, Ver. | Printed by O. A. Bowe. | 1824. |

It is stitched in a cover made from part of the *Missionary Register* for November 5, 1823. On the cover is written in an old hand, "Taxation Song—printed in March & April A. D. 1824." The story that comes with the book is that "it was printed by a farmer, between seasons, from wooden type cut by himself, for the purpose of preserving the text of the song," and that two copies only were printed. The appearauce of the book seems to bear out this statement. Each page consists of two stanzas, eight lines each. The extreme unevenness of the letters in almost every line indicates separate types, while the lack of uniformity in the shape of the same letter shows that the letters were not cast or stamped from dies. Practical printers to whom the book has been shown agree that it was printed from separate engraved types, either of wood or some soft metal, perhaps lead or an alloy. Part of the text of the poem, with a slightly different title, is found in the "Illustrated Ballad History of the American Revolution," New York, 1876; "American Taxation. By Peter St. John of Norwalk, Conn." As there printed the text includes only twenty-four stanzas of eight lines each, instead of thirty-seven, as in this edition. What is evidently another edition of the same poem, or part of it, is entered in Gilman's "Bibliography of Vermont," as follows: "American Taxation. A Song of the Revolution. 1776. W. W. Curtiss, printer, Bradford, Vt. 12mo. 4 pp. n. d."

On March 11 and 12 the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of engravings, including American prints belonging to Edward R. Warren of Boston. The most valuable items are unusually good specimens with wide margins of that extremely scarce pair of uucouth portraits of Washington and Mrs. Washington, engraved by J. Norman.

In a letter to the London *Athenæum*, of February 23, W. Roberts gives evidence to show that the text of the two little books, "King Glumpus" (1837) and "The Exquisites" (1839), was not by Thackeray, as has been commonly held, but by the late John Barrow, F.R.S., F.S.A. Mr. Roberts's authority for this statement is Mrs. Ellicott, the widow of the Bishop of Gloucester. She is a relative of Thackeray, and her father was an intimate friend of Barrow. She says that Barrow's authorship was a well-known secret to her father and herself. Thackeray was merely the illustrator of the books. Both volumes were unknown till in 1898 Bertram Dobell discovered a copy of each. A copy of "The Exquisites" sold at Sotheby's auction December 17, 1898, for £58; and another copy, with the litho graphic plates colored for £85 at Hodgson's March 9, 1904. "King Glumpus" brought £101 at Hodgson's in August 1, 1906. A choice copy of each will be offered at Sotheby's in March 16.

Several important items appear in the catalogue of a small collection, including the library of the late William Roots, to be sold in London by Hodgson & Co. on March 20. Not the least of these is the original drawing by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) for one of the famous plates, the "Trial Scene," of "The Pickwick Papers." Browne's first drawing to illustrate this scene did not meet with Dickens's approval, and the artist made a second effort. It is the original of this later illustration, the one adopted by Dickens, which is to be offered for sale. Thackeray collectors will be interested in a little sketch book used by John Grant Brine, a close friend of Thackeray in the early days, 1835-1836, in Paris. It contains six pencil sketches by Thackeray. The printer's copy of Thackeray's Essay on George II. in "The Four Georges," 47 leaves, is in the hand of a copyist, but has autograph corrections or emendations on almost every page. A series of manuscripts, being replies, made about 1770, by the governors of several American colonies to a number of questions, although contemporary transcripts, are valuable. The Virginia manuscript is 40 pages, that of South Carolina 50, Massachusetts and Maryland each 15, Georgia 29, and Connecticut 13. Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1598-1600, Linschoten's "Voyages," in English, 1598, and a set of "Purchas his Pilgrimes" are among the printed Americana offered.

The stories of the old book-collectors who, browsing around the penny boxes of the book stalls, found first editions worth many pounds are read nowadays with incredulity, and as occurrences of a happy though long past age. Yet the finds of Dibdin, Collier, Hazlitt, and George Brinley have been surpassed within the past few months. Last summer an American looking over the rubbish in a book-barrow on one of the quays of Paris picked up for twenty centimes a little book of forty leaves with the title "Des Sauvages, ou, Voyage de Samuel Champlain, de Brovage, fait en la France nouvelle, l'an mil six cens trois." The American had the volume bound in brown morocco by Zaehnsdorf of London; and last week Tuesday it brought $2,900 at the auction of the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city. As we have already pointed out, this is Champlain's first book, and this copy is the undated issue of which only four or five copies in all are known. Robert Hoe's, formerly Charles H. Kalbfleisch's, seems to be the only other one in private hands. Mr. Hoe also owns the equally rare issue with the title dated 1604.

In 1866, as an evidence of her appreciation of his munificence in giving $2,500,000 for building lodgings for the poor of London, Queen Victoria wished to make George Peabody a baronet. He refused the honor, but expressed a wish to receive an autograph letter from the Queen. Such a letter she wrote, six pages, 12mo, on paper having a wide mourning border. Peabody apparently had prepared an accurate lithograph facsimile for presentation to friends. This facsimile, which is an admirable reproduction, well capable of deceiving experts, is not infrequently offered as a genuine letter. In the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company's catalogue of March 1 one of these facsimiles was described as genuine, but the true character of the document was discovered before the sale. The document sold for $2; the original would have brought several hundred. The original letter was deposited by Mr. Peabody in the Peabody Institute Library, founded by him at his birthplace, Dauvers (now Peabody), Mass.; and the librarian, Lyman P. Osborn, writes, under date of February 25, that it is still there.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sold on February 20 the library of R. Kirkman Hodgson of Ashgrove, Sevenoaks. Among the prices are the following: Cervantes, "Persiles y Sigismunda," first edition, Madrid, 1617, £9 15s.; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 5 vols., 1625-26, £49; Shakespeare, Second Folio, T. Cotes for R. Allot, 1632, imperfect, £54 10s.

Correspondence.

THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your article "English Rule in Egypt," in the *Nation* of February 21, this sentence appears:

But just because British rule has achieved so many material reforms, we have the right to inquire whether it has also made the natives contented and happy.

In the interests of fair play, you will no doubt be glad that your readers should have the testimony, not only of an Englishman with a grievance, but of an outsider, who approaches the subject without prejudice. I refer to A. B. de Guerville, the author of "New Egypt," a Frenchman, who is not likely to be an Anglophile. In the February number of the *Fortnightly Review* he has some apposite remarks on the point you raise. The italics are mine.

I have passed the last two winters in Egypt and the Soudan, and have been in daily contact with all classes of the population there, studying the subject with the greatest interest and the most absolute impartiality. Now, I have arrived at the conclusion that from the bottom to the top of the social scale the inhabitants of the country, the very great majority of the inhabitants, recognize the work achieved by England, pay her a real debt of gratitude for their present prosperity, and are *perfectly satisfied* with the existing state of tbings. *Of this there cannot be any doubt.* . . .

We find Egypt rich and prosperous; a great portion of her debt paid, an admirably adjusted budget; her revenues increasing enormously, regularly every year—and that in the face of large and important public works, works which daily augment the wealth of the country. Agriculture is advancing by leaps and bounds, while commerce and industry develop and increase with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the world. A well-organized network of railroads, steam navigation, telegraphs, telephones, and excellently maintained canals, spreads over the country. Schools of every kind have been opened—primary, secondary, and higher schools, technical, commercial, and medical schools. The fellah works *quietly and happily* on his land, and the townsman is growing rich, while business prospers increasingly from one end of the country to the other. From the mouths of the Nile, from Alexandria to the great lakes of central Africa, all across Egypt, Nubia, and the Sudan, peace and quiet reign everywhere. And—strange as it may seem—all these results have been obtained, not by increasing the taxes, but, on the contrary, by reducing, and even in some cases abolishing them altogether.

M. de Guerville's account of the proportions and origin of the "discontent" in Egypt is most interesting, but too long to quote. I would recommend the whole article to such of your readers as may be interested in getting at the truth of the matter. Archibald Macmechan.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., February 23.

Notes.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce the following books for this spring: "The Princess Virginia," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Leopard and the Lily," by Marjorie Bowen; "The Whirlwind," by Eden Phillpotts; "Fanshawe of the Fifth," by Ashton Hilliers; "The Siamese Cat," by H. M. Rideout; "The Smiths," by Keble Howard; "The Silent Door," by Florence Wilkinson; "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry; "The Bird of Time," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow; "His Courtship," by Helen R. Martin; "He Knew Lincoln," by Ida M. Tarbell; "The Great American Pie Company," by E. P. Butler; "The Croxley Master," by A. Conan Doyle; "Pinafore Palace," by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith; "From King to King," by G. Lowes Dickinson; "A Night in Avignon," by C. Y. Rice; "The Story of Life Insurance," by B. J. Hendrick; "Through Portugal," by Martin Hume, and "England and the English," by F. M. Hueffer.

The Arthur H. Clark Co. announces the following books: "The Collected Works of the Right Rev. John England," seven volumes, edited by the Most Rev. S. G. Messmer; three additional volumes, 47, 48, and 49, of the series "Philippine Islands; 1493-1898," edited by Blair and Robertson; the final volume of the series "Early Western Travels; 1748-1846," comprising an extensive analytical Index; "The Discovery, Conquest, and Early History of the Philippine Islands," by Prof. E. G. Bourne; Antonio De Morga's "History of the Philippine Islands," edited by J. A. Robertson; Vol. 2 of Prof. Walter L. Fleming's "Documentary History of Reconstruction."

The New Universal Library of E. P. Dutton & Co. is to contain the works of Ruskin in fifteen volumes.

A new edition of Boswell's "Johnson," edited by Roger Ingpen, is announced by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. Its distinguishing feature will be the illustrations, of which there will be some four hundred, including twelve photogravure plates.

John Lane Company is publishing a "Life of Chesterfield," by W. N. Craig. The special aim of the book is to set forth Lord Chesterfield's zeal, foresight, and incorruptibility as a political agent.

There is to be a new Southern periodical which starts, at least, with every promise of success. On April 15 will be issued the first number of *Uncle Remus's Magazine*, edited by Joel Chandler Harris. Mr. Harris himself furnishes editorials and stories, and all the talent of the South has been engaged to contribute.

Bliss Perry, writing sympathetically of "The Centenary of Longfellow," in the *Atlantic*, touches one phase of the poet's work that has been rather ignored in recent appreciations. He says:

There can be no happier fortune than that which has made him the children's poet. They are untroubled with scruples and hesitancies. If there were a language for such childish secrets, the sweet voices that recite with delicious solemnity "The Children's Hour," might tell us more about Longfellow than we professional critics—with our meticulous pedantry, our scrutiny of "sources," our ears so trained to detect overtones that we lose the melody—shall ever learn.

A further tribute to the poet are Thomas Bailey Aldrich's finely wrought verses which we print elsewhere.

None of our English novelists has been more pleasantly and adequately presented than Mrs. Gaskell in the Knutsford edition, of which Putnams have just issued the concluding five volumes. Dr. A. W. Ward, who, with the assistance of the Misses Gaskell, adds the Introductions, writes of the characters of the tales as if they were real people. Nor does he fail to explain the circumstances under which each book was written, and to relate it to other works of fiction of the time. His wide reading enables him to illustrate the work in hand learnedly, but without ostentation or pedantry. The new material in this edition, both editorial and textual, will afford the occasion later on for a more extended study of Mrs. Gaskell in the *Nation*.

A new volume in Heath's Belles-Lettres Series contains a selection of "Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics," edited by Prof. F. M. Padelford of the University of Washington. Wyatt and Surrey naturally furnish the bulk of the book, but a group of poems from miscellaneous sources follows, including several of Henry the Eighth's royal plaints. The distinctive feature of the work is the fact that all the selections are printed from the MSS. or from the earliest editions, and the editor points to the present text of Surrey to show the unsatisfactoriness of previous texts based upon Tottel's "Miscellany." The reproduction of the old spelling will have its attraction for scholars and other readers will scarcely be concerned. Of the Introduction and notes a good deal might be said. Professor Padelford follows the present trend in seeking the Italian and French sources of the English. His criticism is judicious, but one could wish he had not fallen into the snare of supposing, after Sidney Lee, that these amorous verses are addressed necessarily to a fancied mistress. For love, after all, is a pretty common sentiment, and the object of a man's passion may have been real enough, although he addressed her in stolen language.

Charles Stuart Calverley's Translations of the Idylls of Theocritus is the newest volume in the Riverside Press Editions (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Calverley is better known as a parodist. His "Fly Leaves," reprinted more than twenty years ago in Henry Holt & Co.'s Leisure Hour Series, ran through several editions and made his lighter verse familiar to many American readers. The renderings of Theocritus, which show Calverley at his best, were originally published in 1869, and have twice been reprinted in small editions. Few translations have succeeded so well in reconciling and realizing the two ideals of fidelity and felicity. The Riverside Press Edition is a fitting vehicle for these exquisite verses. The type is italic, the paper hand made; the margins are generous. The title, the three main divisions of the volume, and numerous short pages are ornamented with appropriate subjects from antique gems engraved on wood by M. Lamont Brown. Three hundred and thirty copies are printed, of which three hundred are offered for sale.

The "Select Epigrams of Martial, Books VII.-XII.," edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake, and published at the Clarendon Press, is an excellent book for supplementary use in the upper classes of high schools or the lower college classes. With a little judicious explanation of Roman life on the part of the teacher, these epigrams may be made thoroughly interesting; they are short and suited to fit in odd moments for

the sake of variety, and the notes are such as to make any required preparation extremely easy.

The latest additions to Everyman's Library (Dent-Dutton) fall under the division of Theology and Philosophy. They are Hugh Latimer's "Sermons," Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," Butler's "Analogy," Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," John Wesley's "Journal" (4 vols.), F. D. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" (2 vols.), F. W. Robertson's "Sermons on Christian Doctrine," "Sermons on Religion and Life," and "Sermons on Bible Subjects," and Principal T. M. Lindsay's New Testament. All of these books, not excepting the "Religio Medici," may fairly be classed as standard divinity. All of them are interesting as presenting a theory of a devout and well-ordered life, rather than a system of theology or the creed of a sect. Wesley's "Journal" is especially entertaining, as it draws with many intimate touches the picture of a unique and powerful personality, the founder of Methodism.

In addition to the work of specialists in Biblical study there will always be need of popular treatises by men who possess accurate information and sound judgment as to the results of scholarship. An excellent book of this sort is "The New Appreciation of the Bible," by Willard Chamberlain Selleck (University of Chicago Press). Dr. Selleck writes briefly of the history of the Bible, contrasts succinctly the traditional and modern views of both the Old and New Testaments, and presents a clear summary of the principal critical conclusions and their bearing upon the ideas of inspiration and authority. He is persuaded that the Bible must always be read chiefly as a religious book, and also that its spiritual use must be consonant with the truth about its nature. His endeavor, therefore, is not only to convey information as to what critical scholarship has accomplished, but also to induce intelligent and thorough study of the book on the part of those who turn to it for stimulus and enlightenment. In the presence of multiplicity of detail Dr. Selleck has preserved a good sense of proportion. Readers of his careful chapters will have little to unlearn if they pursue their studies further.

The "Evolution of Religions," by Everard Bierer (G. P. Putnam's Sons), shows an excellent spirit, and the greater part of its material is taken from good sources. The title, however, is too large for the contents, and the book suffers somewhat from the author's insufficient acquaintance with the general history of religions.

The present state of the controversy respecting the authorship of the "De Imitatione Christi" is set forth by J. E. G. de Montmorency in his "Thomas à Kempis" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He gives lists of manuscripts of the treatise in English libraries, of other manuscripts cited, and of printed editions, together with Gerson's tract "De Meditatione Cordis" and an extract from the "Garden of Roses" of Thomas à Kempis. After a careful survey of the evidence he decides in favor of Thomas as the author of the "Imitation." He has brought togetber many facts of general interest, and his discussion is broad and candid. There are added numerous illustrations, all of them reproductions from fifteenth-century manuscripts or printed books.

The New Church Board of Publication issues Swedenborg's little book, "The Proprium, or What of Man Is Not His Own," with an introduction by John Bigelow. The Proprium, it may be added, is in Swedenborgian phrase the individual life which runs counter to the universal, spiritual life, and which is thus the cause of evil and the hindrance to righteousness.

"The Boy's Friend" would be an appropriate sub-title for Ethel M. Hogg's biography of her father, Quintin Hogg (E. P. Dutton & Co.), for the ruling motive of his life was to help boys. The son of a titled and wealthy London merchant, an Eton graduate and boon companion of noblemen's sons, before he was out of his teens he began his life work. Disguising himself as a shoeblack, he would sally forth to earn a few pence by holding horses, blacking boots, or doing other odd jobs; and he would spend two or three nights a week curled up in a barrel, under a tarpaulin or on a ledge in the Adelphi arches, learning to know the boys he meant to rescue, making their life his life, their language his language. "It was from thus becoming conversant with the needs of the poor youngsters of our capital," says his lifelong friend, the Duke of Argyll, "that he was led to found the Polytechnic, a training industrial school which should minister at once to the health of their minds, bodies, and souls, and give them opportunities of acquiring the practical and scientific knowledge useful to them in their various trades." Among the recreations which he provided were widely scattered holiday homes, in one of which, at Lucerne, during the season of 1903, "seven thousand persons were accommodated." Naturally the larger part of the biography is devoted to an account of the development of this institution, making it an invaluable record for the study of workers in a similar field. But even the casual reader will find much of interest in the suggestive anecdotes, often brimming over with humor, of the way in which boys were helped, in the numerous letters giving them counsel, and especially in the bright descriptions he wrote them of his foreign trips, to the far East, to Guiana, where his business house had extensive sugar plantations, and to this country. The book is too long and contains much that is trivial and unworthy of publication, but as a whole it is a stimulating account of a noble, self-sacrificing life.

In "The Building of a Book" (the Grafton Press), edited by Frederick H. Hitchcock, there is brought together an unusual group of brief papers by expert hands on every subject connected with the writing, manufacturing, selling, advertising, and reviewing of a book. So minute is the work that, for example, it contains descriptions of all the machines used in the bindery. The book may satisfy the curiosity of a good many and prove directly useful to a few.

Much that is interesting for sportsmen is to be found in "The Book of Camping and Woodcraft" by Horace Kephart (New York: The *Outing* Publishing Company). Of particular value are the instructions regarding making and keeping a camp, cookery, and methods of travel in the forest.

Volumes xiv. and xv. of the new "Meyers Konversationslexikon" (Lemcke & Buechner) carry this great encyclopædia from Mittewald to Plakatschriften. Of the qualities of the work—its scope, accuracy, and serviceableness—it is not necessary to speak again. It is, of course, edited primarily for Germans, and an overbalance of German names and matter is natural and right. But a certain inequality in the English and American titles renews the wish that we had an English encyclopædia of the same character. As examples of this inequality of execution we might point to the fact that Walter Pater is included, while Pepys is omitted, or that the map of Nuremburg is excellent, whereas New York receives scant representation, or that in the list of living Oriental philologists the English names are rather freakishly selected, and American scholars (some of them of very high international standing) are not mentioned at all. So, again, under "Philosophy" there are two plates giving twelve portraits, all of Germans. To include Wundt and Fischer and Nietzsche while omitting Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, and Locke, is mere chauvinism. However, these errors in proportion are but slight blemishes in a work which shows the most careful and thorough editing. Special praise ought to be given to the excellence of the maps and illustrations. No reference library can be without this new (sixth) edition of Meyers.

The Academy of Sciences in Krakow has begun the publication of a new legal collection on a large scale called "Corpus Juris Polonici." It is to contain all the Polish statutes from the oldest period down to 1795, and in this way is to take the place of the old incomplete and uncritical "Volumina Legum." The first volume, being the third of the first division of the series, and containing the material from 1506 to 1522, has been prepared by Oswald Balzer and has just made its appearance.

In the *Deutsche Revue*, Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald publishes a plea for university chairs to be occupied by men not under any obligation to teach, but engaged wholly in research. The writer contends that at present original research is only a side issue with the average university professor. He seems to regard with something like envy the rich financial equipment of some English and American institutions, which have already been able to establish a number of research professorships; and he maintains that Robert Koch, the Berlin bacteriologist, is the only one in the learned world of the Fatherland who enjoys a position financially independent enough to devote his whole time to research.

The marked tendency in Germany to crowd the old classics from the curriculum of the secondary schools and substitute scientific and other non-classical branches, is apparent from the action of the National Association of Engineers, demanding that mathematics and natural sciences be substituted for some of the language studies. The Verein has declared in favor of the so-called "reform" gymnasium, tried experimentally in several cities, which has no Latin in the first six

years, and in the last three divides its curriculum into three elective groups, one of languages, a second of mathematics and the sciences, and a third of modern languages. The engineers have in making this demand seconded the proposals of the National Association of Physicians in their recent convention in Stuttgart. An appeal has heen made to the Prussian Cultus Ministry to make the experiment of applying these demands in a numher of its State gymnasia; or still better, at once convert several of the classical into full-pledged "reform" gymnasia.

The report of the Krupp Library of Essen, Germany, covering the years 1899-1906, presents statistics of use and growth which compare favorahly with those of any American public library, and illustrate the reading hahits of the artisan class in Germany. When the lihrary was first projected, fears of ill success were generally expressed, hased on the supposed indifference of the workmen. From a collection of 7,500 volumes, however, the library has now grown to 51,750 volumes, and two-fifths of these are in constant circulation. The readers numher 14,450, and during the fiscal year 1905-6 they drew out 388,001 hooks. It may be interesting to note that the population of Essen is ahout equal to that of Troy, N. Y., in which city the puhlic library reported for the same period a circulation of 62,000 volumes, ahout one-sixth that of the Krupp Library. Especially striking are the statistics reported for the juvenile department, where, in seven years, there has been a growth in circulation from 7,961 volumes to 84,340. The spirit of the management and of the reading public alike is shown hy a liberal provision in the rules allowing readers to take as many books at a time as they wish, and by the fact that during four years only two volumes have heen lost.

The committee of one hundred, organized under the leadership of Joseph H. Choate, to provide a national memorial to the late Carl Schurz, appeals for $250,000. It has already received $40,000. The money will he used:

(1.) To promote, in some effective manner, a wider application of the principles of civil-service reform.
(2.) To promote the extension of Germanistic culture in the United States.
(3.) To commemorate Mr. Schurz's work for the advancement of the negro and Indian races through the erection of a suitahle building or other memorial at the Hampton Institute.

Ada Lydia Howard, first president of Wellesley College, died on Sunday, in Brooklyn. Miss Howard was horn in Temple, N. H., in 1829, was educated in private schools in Lowell, Mass., and at Mount Holyoke College, and then hecame a teacher. She taught at Mount Holyoke and conducted a private school of her own hefore she became the first president of Wellesley College in 1875. She held the office till 1882, when failing health prompted her to resign. She was the first woman college president in the world.

The foreign papers bring news of the death of Prof. Ferdinand Justi, in his seventieth year, at Marburg, where he was born and educated, and where he lived as a memher of the university faculty until the end. He was a distingulshed philologist of the Aryan languages, particularly of the Persian. Among his puhlications are a translation and glossary of the "Bundehesh" (1868), a "History of the Oriental Nations in Ancient Times" (1885), a "History of Irân" (1897), and "The Life and Legend of Zarathustra" (1905). He was also concerned in the completion (1879) of a French-Kurdish dictionary, compiled under the auspices of the Imperial Academy of St. Petershurg.

TENDENCIES TOWARD SOCIALISM.

The Pattern Nation. By Sir Henry Wrixon, K.C. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

"The problem [of the day] is," writes Sir Henry Wrixon, "What will the poor do with the rich? It arises when, on the political side of life, lawful government hy the majority of the people hecomes an established fact, in vindication of the principle that men are equal; while the industrial and social side of life is still left to he controlled hy methods that have for their foundation the fact that men are unequal, and that their rewards in life are to he unequal also." These sentences define the question which our author's treatise is nominally intended to answer. The hook may easily therefore be mistaken for a mere prediction as to the course which modern Europe and America will follow. But Wrixon has in reality, whatever his intention, produced something much more valuahle than one of those political prophecies which may startle or amuse hut do not permanently interest or influence thinking men. He has given us a suhtle analysis of the state of opinion with regard to social progress now prevalent in England. Whoever, indeed, analyzes the condition of society may become, without intending it, a prophet. In January, 1848, Tocqueville described to the French Chamber of Deputies the feelings and aspirations of French artisans in words which predicted the Revolution of February, 1848. Our author, who in spirit helongs to the school of Tocqueville, draws a picture of puhlic opinion in England in 1906. It may well turn out that he has given a forecast of impending events or catastrophes. He writes, it is true, only of the "Pattern Nation." He says nowhere that this model State is England, nor in his view are his words more applicahle to England than to other countries. But here again he resemhles Tocqueville. The French writer is known by his "Democracy in America" and hy his "Ancien Régime," hut Tocqueville, whether he was writing ahout American Democracy, or ahout the government of France under the ancient monarchy, had his thoughts invariahly fixed upon the democratic spirit, as it existed or seemed to him at any rate to exist in the France of his own day. So Wrixon may write of the Pattern Nation. He may helieve, and rightly, that much of his doctrine is applicahle to France, to Germany, or to the United States. But his eye is always upon the England of today. The true merit of a volume which in its 172 pages contains more thought and more wisdom than is often to be found in hooks of tenfold its size, is that it suggests ideas which ought to arrest the attention of the whole English people, whether living in the United Kingdom, in the United States, or in England's self-governing Colonies. Three leading ideas which lie at the very hasis of his theories are preëminently noteworthy.

First: There exists in modern England a fundamental though an imperfectly recognized inconsistency hetween the political and social side of life. English political life is hased upon the idea, common to every modern democratic society, that human heings are suhstantially equal; or, to put the matter in the most moderate form, that the points in which human beings resemhle one another are far more important than the characteristics in which they differ. Hence the perpetual extension of the Parliamentary franchise which tends logically towards universal suffrage. Hence, too, the strength of the demand for votes for women. English social and industrial life, on the other hand, rests on the belief in the inequality of mankind. The ideal hy which in all matters of trade or commerce Englishmen have heen hitherto guided, is that there should he a free career for talent, and that everything should be governed hy unrestricted though fair competition. That this system does bring the best, that is, the strongest, men to the front, is certain. That it makes the world a very hard world for those who start with any disadvantage, physical, moral, or social, is equally certain. The struggle for existence produces much good, hut under the form of unrestricted competition it assuredly produces much suffering, and means that the minority of a country will have a far larger share of the good things of life than the majority.

Secondly: Since the majority of a democratic country either must be or will hecome the sovereign power, that majority—speaking hroadly, the wage-earners—must inevitahly desire social equality. This has long been perceived hy thinkers of every school. One consideration, however, has escaped their attention: They have not observed that just hecause the democratic theory, when fully accepted, gives to mere numbers full and legal sovereignty, it places in the hands of the poor the means of establishing, not hy hrute force, hut hy orderly and legal methods, the reign of social and industrial equality. The weapon for the attainment of this end is the unrestricted power of taxation. The despot, whether an hereditary monarch or a sovereign multitude, whose power of taxing is unlimited, can compel the rich to provide for the wants of the poor, or, in other words, can diminish hy degrees the difference hetween rich and poor. When the poor have sovereign authority, violence is folly. "You need not," to use our author's illustration, "smash the safe open when you have got the key." In England, household suffrage already lays the treasures of the state at the legal disposal of the poor. Various circumstances, moreover, favor the advance towards Socialism, or towards a policy which shall try to give to all classes an equal share in the hlessings of life; and it is in the description of these conditions that the most important part of the "Pattern Nation" consists. Wage-earners naturally approve any scheme of taxation which, for example, hy providing old-age pensions, lightens for the mass the hurdens of life. But the most striking feature of the present time is the feebleness of the resistance made by men

of wealth to socialistic measures which fifty years ago would have been resisted by every person who had a tolerable income or who even earned good wages. The causes of this change in attitude are various. Sympathy with those who undergo any kind of physical suffering tells for much. National prosperity increases the wealth of England and encourages the delusion that the resources at the disposal of the state are practically unlimited. Again, a course of action which tends towards Socialism and would involve many evils if adopted as a general rule, may happen to be expedient in exceptional cases. None but the most fanatical doctrinaires would object to giving state help to the population who have suffered from the earthquakes at San Francisco or in Jamaica; but it would be insanity to organize a plan of relief which made the inhabitants either of San Francisco or of Jamaica permanent paupers. At this very moment hundreds of semi-Socialists in England are prepared to give state help to men temporarily thrown out of work, and to do this without placing them in the position of paupers. But benevolence of this kind, meant to meet an emergency, certainly stimulates the idea that the state ought to provide employment for all. The semi-Socialism which thinks only of meeting an immediate want, falls in well with the systematic Socialism which aims to change the whole organization of society. The circumstance, however, which affords the greatest encouragement to Socialism is that at this moment the country enjoys the benefits of two essentially inconsistent systems. Englishmen still possess both the material wealth and, what is of more consequence, the individual energy of character, which under a democracy is the result of free competition; and at the same time the accumulation of wealth, which is really due to individual energy, provides the means by which socialistic schemes—*e. g.*, the payment to persons employed by municipalities of wages above those which would arise from the mere haggling of the market—may be carried into effect. This conceals for a time the fact that the system of free competition and the socialistic system are inconsistent with one another and cannot long coexist.

Thirdly: The very success of Socialism must, as Wrixon clearly believes, have two effects. It will diminish the individual energy and inventiveness which is due to competition. It will also in the long run make it necessary in matters of trade to substitute for the energy arising from free competition the force given by disciplined submission to the commands of the state. If every profitable business is to become at last a public concern, the mass of the population will become the servants of the state. The aim of the government must be at once to make the business of the state profitable and to keep the people in physical comfort on the profits. But the members of an industrial army whose energies are not stimulated by competition must be as well disciplined as an army of soldiers. The most competent leaders must bear rule. The rank and file must be trained to absolute obedience. Military discipline framed to attain the objects of industrial warfare as against all persons not belonging to the pattern nation must in its turn generate military ideas: we know already that an armed nation instead of turning soldiers into citizens is likely to imbue citizens with the feelings of soldiers. However this may be, Wrixon's teaching clearly points to the gradual development of an irrepressible conflict between thoroughgoing Socialism and democratic freedom. He does not undertake to prove that a socialistic state cannot be prosperous. What he does attempt to show is that if such a state is to prosper it will destroy individual freedom.

Our author's treatise suggests many criticisms. We will hazard one only, and that had best be put in the form of a question: Is it certain that the faith in the democratic dogma of human equality under the law is destined to retain its force and to produce its full logical results? Historical considerations assuredly leave the answer to this question open to doubt. Few are the thinkers who at the beginning of the twentieth century believe in human equality with the dogmatic enthusiasm which characterized many thinkers towards the end of the eighteenth century? It is at least possible that no European state may ever become in spirit thoroughly democratic. The ideas which make for Socialism, be it remembered, undermine enthusiasm for democracy; and democracy is the force which our author assumes may ultimately enable the mass of the people, by the exercise of sovereign power, to try socialistic experiments. What if this force of democracy on which he relies is already losing part of its strength?

TWO SAINTS OF SIENA.

Saint Bernardine of Siena. By Paul Thureau-Dangin. Translated by Baroness G. Von Hugel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

In 1896, P. Thureau-Dangin of the French Academy published his "St. Bernardin de Sienne," a work which has been justly praised for "its limpid felicity of style," its "quiet power of objective presentment, complete sympathy with its subject," and, above all, for a "serene impartiality which, nevertheless, takes none of the fire and life out of the book." Moreover, though a popular, it is also a learned work; and on its first appearance no less an authority than Signor Fortunato Donati, the secretary of the Commissione Senese di Storia Patria, declared that M. Thureau-Dangin had consulted practically everything which had as yet been printed about San Bernardino. In 1897 Monsignore Telemaco Barbetti translated the volume into Italian, with a number of original notes which added appreciably to the value. Two years later, a more exhaustive, but from a literary point of view vastly inferior, "Storia di San Bernardino da Siena e del suo Tempo" was published in Mondovì by F. Alessio, and this was supplemented in 1899 by a learned monograph, "L'Eloquenza di S. Bernardino," from the pen of D. Domenico Ronzoni (Siena: Biblioteca del Clero). Moreover, an important contribution to the subject of "the Spirituals," which is dealt with at some length by M. Thureau-Dangin in connection with "The Strict Observance" (Chapter V.), is to be found in Prof. L. Fumi's "Eretici e Ribelli nell' Umbria dal 1220 al 1330, studiati su documenti inediti dell' Archivio segreto Vaticano," published in successive numbers of the *Bollettino della Società Umbra di Storia Patria*, beginning with the year 1897.

With these works before him (to say nothing of the numerous articles which have appeared in various Italian periodicals) no one with a just appreciation of the responsibilities of a translator should have found it hard to produce a really adequate and up-to-date English version of Thureau-Dangin's delightful book. We only marvel that we have had so long to wait. The fault certainly does not lie with the subject; for, of all the saints in the Roman Calendar, it would be difficult to find one whose life and character appeal more strongly to Christians of every shade of opinion. The translation, however, is a disappointment. In the first place, we doubt whether the Baroness Von Hugel has an adequate knowledge of French; we are sure she has an inadequate knowledge of English. To say nothing of such uncouth words as "categorized," "sermonizer," "precisionize," and the like, we have "enaction" for "enactment" and "creditable" for "credible." "Disjointed inhabitants" is certainly no translation of "les habitants divisés." The book, too, is full of slang—for example, "sporting" for "displaying," and "hiding" for "beating"; while we read of "interceding to" the Deity, "exercising a criterion," and so forth.

These, however, are minor blemishes. In M. Thureau-Dangin's book there are numerous extracts from the forty-five sermons which Fra Bernardino preached in the Piazza del Campo of Siena in the year 1427, and which were taken down in shorthand by one of his auditors. These extracts probably constitute the most important part of the whole work, since, as Prof. Langton Douglas truly remarks, "the best portrait of the saint is to be found in his own sermons." These sermons were spoken and reported in the Tuscan tongue, racy and of the soil; and they must necessarily lose something even in the best of translations. Obviously, therefore, it was the duty of the Baroness Von Hugel to consult the original. This she evidently has not done, and, by the time M. Thureau-Dangin's French has been transmuted into the Baroness's English, the sayings of the saint are often barely recognizable. We have been at the pains of comparing every one of such passages, as they appear in her book, with the Italian of the "Prediche Volgari," and we are reluctantly compelled to declare that the true meaning is often hopelessly obscured. Notable instances occur on pages 14, 166, 175, 198, 204, 206, and 209; but they are scarcely more startling than many others.

Saint Catherine of Siena and Her Times. By the author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 28 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75.

Nearly half a century has passed since "Mademoiselle Mori, a Tale of Ancient Rome," appeared, received the praise of the critics of the day, and found a permanent place as a minor classic read and reread like "Romola," "The Marble Faun," and "The Improvisatore," by travellers in Italy. Its author, Miss Margaret Denise Roberts,

a native of Wales, had even then so mastered the language, as to write all but the last chapter of the original manuscript in Italian. During the intervening years, Miss Roberts has not allowed her pen to grow rusty, but under varying pseudonyms has published other novels which have been well received. These years have been spent chiefly in France, Italy, and Germany, and have widened that knowledge of the literatures and customs of these countries, which forms the broad foundation for this readable, vivacious life of Saint Catherine of Siena.

More than two score writers are cited, chiefly Italian, and often not accessible to those who read only English. They range from "Fra Paolino," one of the earliest books in Italian, and "St. Pol le Ber," in early French, and Orlandino's "Tractate on Governing a Family," to Cardinal Capocelatro's and Mignaty's biographies of St. Catherine. Although now and then some document in the library at Siena or in the archives of Florence is mentioned, there is little evidence of any original research among manuscript sources or the discovery of any material not already in print. References to volume and page of the works quoted are rarely given and, on the whole, one is forced to the conclusion that the historian's well-documented life of St. Catherine is yet to be published.

If, conscious of the current of modern thought towards mysticism, a reader should turn to this book expecting to find a study of Catherine the Mystic, a pen picture of this early mediæval saint in the spirit of an altar-piece by Fra Angelico or Fra Filippo Lippi, such a biography as a Christina Rossetti might perhaps have written, he will seek in vain for an adequate presentation of that "astonishing spiritual vitality" which is necessary in order to explain her leadership among her people and in her Church. In Miss Roberts's opinion, St. Catherine has been judged too often with a prejudice which does not allow for the age in which she lived, or consider sufficiently the facts of her life; and has sometimes been regarded "simply as a saint," sometimes "as chiefly concerned with politics, so that in either case only a partial view of her is obtained." Miss Roberts's view is that Catherine of Siena was "very human, though a great saint." She had a blessed gift of good spirits, sang at her work, laughed with all her heart, could scold, too, if necessary, and was most unlike the drooping, conventual, nunlike figure which painting mostly gives as her likeness. In these pages the woman is emphasized, with saintly qualities to be sure, but a woman who will not be confined in traditional walks, who sees the needs of her times, and serves her day and generation, a dramatic figure influencing the destinies of Italy and the Popes, "one of the three greatest figures of the fourteenth century." But if, falling under the charm of this interesting biography, the reader is led to forget that the motives of to-day were not the motives of yesterday, that Caterina Benincasa was less the pioneer of the modern woman than at times she appears here, the turn of a leaf may place before him Verocchio's Statue, or one of Sodoma's paintings, and recall to him the conception of St. Catherine held by her contemporaries and immediate successors.

The illustrations are all reproductions of photographs, either paintings and statues of St. Catherine, or of places and objects associated with her life, nearly all in Siena. The commonly accepted designations of paintings are changed in order to introduce the name of St. Catherine, and details of larger pictures are given (*e. g.*, that by Francesco di Giorgio, opposite p. 136), with nothing in the inscription to indicate that the entire painting is not reproduced; and as a rule there is no indication of the place where the painting or statue is preserved. Throughout the book there are evidences of careless proofreading, which permits "merely" to take the place of "nearly" (p. 7), "See" of "Sho" (p. 12), and "Mr. Jameson" of "Mrs. Jameson" (p. 63).

STUDIES IN HISTORY.

History of Egypt, Chaldea, Syria, Babylonia, and Assyria in the Light of Recent Discovery. By L. W. King and H. R. Hall, Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. One hundred illustrations. London and New York: The Grolier Society.

Emphasis is to be placed upon the last six words of the title. We are told that the ignorant destruction or removal of the antiquities of Egypt by natives for purposes of sale to tourists, is going on so rapidly that the field will be exhausted in another decade. To some extent the same danger besets the antiquities of Mesopotamia and Syria, where the native superstition sees in a sculptured or inscribed stone a repository of precious metals, the source of untold wealth. In these ways many precious records of antiquity have been destroyed. It is with interest that one reads of efforts to forestall so dire an issue and to secure what remains. The results of the various excavations are published periodically, as in the admirable "Memoirs" of the various branches of the Egypt exploration fund. But the sum total is ever growing, and its story is scattered in a multitude of places. To have the *disjecta membra* brought together and digested is exceedingly useful. This is the task which Messrs. King and Hall have performed. Taking the history of the respective countries, principally Egypt and Mesopotamia, as threads, they have strung upon them the newly discovered facts which bear upon the story of each country. Sufficient time has elapsed to enable them to exercise considerable criticism upon the materials in hand, and this criticism is to the entire advantage of a clear understanding of the significance of each item.

It is indicative of the activity of the few years since the publication of Maspero's "History" that so large a volume has been found necessary to expound the significance of the new data. The preponderance of Egypt over Western Asia in the space is only about thirty pages. The most striking facts bear particularly upon the earliest period. In fact the pre-dynastic history of Egypt has been traced so far as it can be, now, from materials discovered within a decade or so. It is, however, too soon to say that all of the deductions based upon these recently discovered facts are reliable and permanent, particularly as conclusions apparently sound may be wholly upset at a moment's notice by a shovel or pick.

Egypt is particularly fortunate in the fact that dryness of climate has preserved the memorials of its history so remarkably. Assyria and Palestine, on the contrary, are rainy lands and all traces of objects less lasting than terra-cotta or stone have disappeared. "There is little hope that prehistoric Chaldea will ever be known to us." In Egypt the written records go back nearly 4,000 years B. C., and the Neolithic remains much further, while the Palæolithic come from a time when climate conditions were different. The perfection of the flint clipping and of the potter's art, as well as the grace of the stone vessels which date from this age, all point to a long course of development. The first three dynasties were represented in previous treatises by a list of royal names of persons who were for the most part names only. The excavations of De Morgan, Petrie, and others have given these shadowy persons substance. Their period promises in the near future to take on the shape of veritable and exact history.

In this place it is impossible to go into details, but it may be said in brief that the authors have traversed the field of recent discovery and research, have extracted the vital facts, and have set them down with care and criticism.

Studies of Roman Imperialism. By William Thomas Arnold. Manchester: University Press.

The author was the grandson of Thomas Arnold, well known through his "History of Rome," and nephew of Matthew Arnold. The memoir which introduces the volume was written by his sister, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and C. E. Montague, his friend and colleague. Mr. Arnold, born in Australia in 1852 and graduated from Oxford in 1876, published three years later his prize essay, "Roman Provincial Administration." It remains the chief English authority on the subject; and a new edition, prepared by E. S. Shuckburgh, will soon be printed. In the same year Mr. Arnold took a position on the editorial staff of the Manchester *Guardian*, and he continued at this post till he was compelled to retire (1898) by the long illness of which he died in 1904.

In attractive and sympathetic style Mrs. Ward narrates the development of her brother's mind through its expanding interest in poetry, the fine arts, politics, travel, and history. The most serious of his avocations was Roman history, for which he was well equipped by his knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, of topography, and of the German historical method. His plan was to write a detailed account of the Empire from Augustus to Marcus Aurelius, but, unfortunately, his daily labor as a journalist prevented him from taking more than the first steps in that direction. The work which he actually accomplished, as presented in this volume, is limited to the Augustan age, with but an occasional glance at later developments. Two chapters are devoted to the Constitution, one to the domestic policy of Augustus, and four to the organization and administration of the provinces. The survey of the

dependencies is incomplete, for Britain, which, however, was not acquired till after Augustus. Africa west of Egypt, Syria, and several minor districts are not included. The work is therefore but a fragment. It is edited with notes and an introduction by Mr. Fiddes.

It may surprise the reader that Mr. Arnold did not bring to the study of history the journalist's interest in personal character. In the words of the editor, "his only full-length portraits are Augustus and Agrippa." Mr. Arnold found the character of Augustus important only as a factor in the readjustment of the relations between Rome and her subjects, involved in the change from republic to empire. These relations are his theme. The general reader will find the long description of tribes and communities rather dull, however valuable may be the final result of the study. The scholar may discover an obstacle to the use of the work in the circumstance that the sources cited are altogether inadequate to testing the accuracy of the treatment; and his suspicion will probably be awakened by the large number of evident instances of hasty interpretation or of actual misstatement, many of which the editor has attempted to correct, though not always with success. On page 64, for example, Mr. Fiddes, with Mommsen's "Staatsrecht," i., 554, before him, should have learned that the ædileship was not an essential step in the senatorial career of honors. This criticism has reference only to the practical value of the book; it would be unfair to judge the ability of the author by so incomplete a piece of work. The publication of his critical notes, which Mr. Fiddes describes as very extensive, might add to the reputation of the author, while it would certainly enhance the usefulness of his study. Notwithstanding its limitations, the volume is creditable to the author and to the friends who prepared it for publication. In the dearth of English books on the provinces, it is welcome.

Topliff's Travels. Letters from abroad in the years 1828 and 1829 by Samuel Topliff, Proprietor of the Merchants' News Room in Boston. From the original manuscript owned by the Boston Athenæum. Edited with a memoir and notes by Ethel Stanwood Bolton. Illustrated. Printed from the income of the Robert Charles Billings Fund. The Boston Athenæum.

The Boston Athenæum has begun to broaden and extend its work as a private library by the publication of some of the important and interesting manuscripts in its possession. The first of the series was "Le Forestier's Relation," the autobiographic account of the adventures of a French refugee from Mauritius who earned a precarious living as a teacher in New England in the early part of the last century. "Topliff's Travels," the second of these publications, consists of private letters descriptive of a pleasure trip in Europe in 1828-29—a rare thing in days when it was almost wholly for business reasons that men crossed the Atlantic. The author, Samuel Topliff, was the proprietor of a Merchants' Reading Room, the first establishment of the kind in the country, where the latest ship news, letters from correspondents in foreign cities and newspapers could be found. His letters are full of information about the places visited and also are enlivened by humorous touches.

After a short stay in England he went to Ireland, and then to Scotland. Passing through Abbotsford, he sought an interview with Sir Walter Scott. In reply he received a polite note of regret, which wishes "Mr. T. an agreeable journey and assures him he has no reason to regret that his curiosity has not been gratified as he would only have seen a very plain old man." One of Topliff's "general observations" about Holland was that "a four-pronged silver fork is used almost altogether—the knife being used to cut with, but not to convey food to the mouth."

But the most interesting episode of his tour, which included the Rhine, Switzerland, Rome, and Paris, was his visit to Lafayette at his chateau Lagrange. His graphic account of his host, his many proofs of Lafayette's attachment to America, justify alone the publication of the letters:

In the General's chamber, were Portraits and engravings of several American worthies, among them Genl. Jackson, and two drawings, executed and presented by Mrs. Quincy—one represents Govr. Hancock's house; the other Mr. Quincy's house in Quincy, from which Boston with its State house, church spires, etc., is seen in the distance; and in short every room in the Chateau, as I was informed, contained some memorial of America.

In a letter written from Paris a few months later we find the following observation from one of Topliff's last interviews with Lafayette:

He appears to know everything that transpires in America, and to take as much interest in the arrival of the packets at Havre as a person engaged in commercial affairs, and he receives regularly by all of them the *North American Review*, and other works, newspapers, letters, etc., which enables him to know what is going on in America, almost as well as if in the country.

Illustrations, facsimiles, maps, and a very full index add to the interest and value of the book.

Peter Rosegger. Ein Charakterbild von Theodor Kappstein. Stuttgart; Greiner & Pfeifer.

There are German writers now living whose poetry has more grace and subtlety, whose fiction is better constructed and finished, and whose reading of life is more profound; but there is no man among them who, for simple, wholesome humanity, can compare with the Austrian, whose name is not only a household word in the humblest homes of his native Steiermark, but whose works are read throughout the world. This book is written by one who with honest enthusiasm has traced the development of his hero not only in his books, but among the people of his native province. The work has the flavor of the soil and the atmosphere of a *plein air* portrait.

In passages from Rosegger's writings which tell his early life in his own words, the figure of the *Waldbauerbub*—the forest peasant's boy—stands out like the image in a mirror. Gifted with a rare imagination, the child lived in the humble home as in a fairy kingdom; he built churches and castles out of paper, played wonderful tunes on the bottom of a keg strung with twine, and painted images of saints with a brush made of his own hair. At night, when the children were put to bed, he told the others stories until they fell asleep. In the daytime he talked with all the shepherds, wood-cutters, colliers, and grandmothers of the countryside, until their rich store of native lore became his own. Upon this fund of quaint beliefs, fancies, and legends he continued to draw long after he had begun to tell his stories to the grown-ups of the world. He began to write while apprenticed to the village tailor. As the acknowledged scribe of the community, he was busy composing letters and poems for his neighbors; and he whiled away the long winter nights by writing almanachs, sermons, plays, stories, and verse of every description. Lending themselves easily to popular tunes, the poems were soon sung in the neighborhood. Finally, he was so warmly encouraged to publish them, that a relative took a basketful of manuscripts—Rosegger naïvely reports that they weighed 115 pounds—to the editor of the *Grazer Tagespost*, Dr. Svoboda, who became interested in his talent. Through him the boy received books and was enabled to enter a school, where he attracted attention not only through his writings, but also the crude yet striking illustrations which he added.

While at this school Rosegger found a friend in the scientist Rudolf Falb, and soon after was taken up by leading literary men of Austria, like Schloegl, Silberstein, Vacano, and Anzengruber. Whatever differences of birth and breeding, taste and opinion, separated them, they were unanimous in their esteem of Rosegger's genial humor and radiant idealism. He had his limitations; the brilliant flashlight of Heine's genius was lost upon him; but it must be emphasized that his disapproval of Heine was not founded upon racial prejudice, for one of his closest friends was Berthold Auerbach. Nor is there a trace of religious intolerance in Rosegger.

The author of the biography is not blind to some peculiarities of his hero, arising from his desultory education. Rosegger has confessed in "Mein Weltleben" that he had gained little from books, that he did not know some of the treasures of the world's literature like Homer and Dante, that he was unfamiliar with Byron, Scott, and Voltaire, and even with Jean Paul and other German writers, and had been unable to read "Wilhelm Meister" to the end. He says: "In this respect, too, I am but a peasant, who can get his nourishment only from his own acres." Of music he admitted knowing nothing but the folksongs, yet he invented tunes to many of his poems which in his neighborhood are sung by the peasants.

There are few problems of modern life that he has not touched upon in his writings. Notwithstanding his religious tolerance and moral latitude, he warned against the influence of Darwin and Nietzsche in his "Weltgift"; he preached return to the soil in "Erdsegen." Though it is easy to detect flaws of construction and taste in not a few of his stories, among them the famous Christ story, "I. N. R. I.," the strength and simplicity, the wholesome humor, and the mature wisdom of this self-made philoso-

pher and poet give his writings a unique charm.

Through Man to God. By George A. Gordon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

A volume of sermons from the foremost pulpit of Congregational New England challenges the thoughtful reader to a larger undertaking than a mere estimate of the intrinsic worth of the particular book. Mather and Edwards, Hopkins and Taylor, Park and Bushnell range themselves in the background, while a host of other giants scarcely less towering crowd beside them and demand to know whether the traditions of the New England pulpit have been upheld. New England preaching is Puritan in type, which means that it is didactic, dogmatic, and in a measure apologetic. It is based upon the conviction that the Bible contains an articulated system of thought, which can be deduced by rules of logic, and formulated in catechisms and confessions. The function of preaching is accordingly to set forth this theology in terms adapted to plain minds, with proof drawn from Scripture and with application to the lives of the faithful. Thus the New England sermon has been chiefly doctrinal, with appeal to the reason, and in the hands of masters has tended to be a "great sermon," the declaration of extensive truth, with elevation in thought and style.

It may be said at once that in seriousness of purpose, in professional self-respect, in dignity of undertaking, Dr. Gordon has not violated the canons of the worthy order to which he belongs. To begin with, his sermons are not short, or lightened with anecdote. They respect the hearer enough to assume that he desires a gravely reasoned discourse, which makes some drafts upon the powers of attention and thought, and which follows its subject to a conclusion. Dr. Gordon has addressed himself to people who think, or who think they want to think, which is much the same thing in its bearing upon the gravity of discourse. Despite addiction to the short sentence and consequent monotony, and despite divergence from traditional Puritan theology, he has remained true to the exalted ideals of his fathers.

One finds also in this volume suggestion of a "body of divinity," a carefully reasoned system of truth, which the Puritan divine believed it his duty to work out. In fact, Dr. Gordon speaks of his "philosophy of existence," and declares that the fundamental idea in it is "the incarnation of God in Jesus the perfect man, in all men as moral beings, in all good men as the life of their life." The heart of the Gospel he announces in the sentence, "The supreme path of God is through the humanity of Jesus: the perfect humanity of Jesus supplies the ideal path." In more than one sermon the declaration is repeated that Jesus is the interpretation and law of the universe, that the soul of all things found utterance in him, and he is therefore the manifestation of the mind and heart that is in all and through all. This is a worthy theology, but it is as old as the Fourth Gospel, and it found its classic statement in the Greek fathers. Dr. Gordon can hardly be said to have added to it, nor to have given to its expression any new elements of truth or beauty.

New England has had saints who have dared to find their way alone towards heaven, who have spoken boldly truths of the spirit which they acquired in solitude, without mediation. Jonathan Edwards was one of these, and there are verses of Whittier which testify that the succession has come down almost to our own time. For this ardent self-reliant piety one looks in vain in these Old South sermons. This prophet has not walked alone under the stars, nor did the burning coal touch his lips when he was alone in the temple: he only knows of a prophet who was anointed to tell the truth, and through whom he has received gracious divine revelation. He has gone through man to God, but the faith of the mystic who abides in God, the faith of Northampton's seer, he has not discovered.

In an eloquent plea for accuracy Dr. Gordon speaks of "the sentence passed upon the London publisher who issued the Bible with the negatives left out in the Ten Commandments. His work was destroyed and he was sent to the Tower, not only for sacrilege, but also for inaccuracy." It is fortunate that Boston has no Tower, for Dr. Gordon is evidently thinking of Robert Barker's Bible of 1631, in which "not" was omitted from the seventh commandment, for which Laud's High Commission fined him £300.

Queen Louisa of Prussia. By Mary Maxwell Moffat. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Twenty-four years have elapsed since the appearance of an authentic German review of Louisa's life, and this new memorial of Germany's most popular woman is timely, coming as it does near the anniversary of the battle of Jena. The volume is popular in plan, and with its twenty or more illustrations, is likely to prove very attractive to the average reader. But there is also a good deal of new matter not found in Horn or even Lonke; there are abundant abstracts from her recently disclosed correspondence, and there are several useful genealogical tables. There is, too, a good index, and a fair bibliography, though it lacks any mention of Martin's German biography (1887), and is wholly deficient in American references, even to such a well-illustrated and popular work as Prof. W. M. Sloane's "Napoleon."

The Queen's private life is set forth in glowing color. We see her a modest but spirited girl, tripping through the streets to a ball after her grandmother's carriage, when the irate old lady would no longer wait for her; and never losing her head when she and her sister became engaged to the Crown Prince of Prussia and his brother, and her lover discovered that she was "as beautiful as an angel." Her beauty, inherited from the Hesse-Darmstadt branch of the family, appears, indeed, to have been all that was ever claimed for it, inducing Goethe to secrete himself in a neighboring tent, when Louisa came to visit her future husband in camp, in order the better to enjoy her features. She was well educated in the things that a girl was taught in those days, playing early on the piano when it was beginning to supplant the harpsichord. With her husband she preferred the plain life of the country cottage and the quiet hours together when they might say *Du* to each other and could enjoy their friends. These included in the political world, for years at least, Alexander, Czar of Russia, and in literary circles Schiller, her favorite poet, and Richter, her favorite prose writer. Goethe, on the other hand, she does not appear to have known well. All her life Louisa interested herself in charitable work, as a girl taking thought for the poor tenants on their estate, as a Queen visiting the poor in Berlin. The change of political events, brought about by Napoleon, reduced her to abject poverty, to the like of which probably no modern queen was ever subjected. The future first Emperor of Germany was born under humiliating circumstances, while she was "living on air," and she was soon forced to beg her brother to send a baby's cap to replace the rag on his head. Yet, despite all this, she never lost her faith, and persisted in her efforts to encourage the King, reminding him that loss of territory is as nothing compared with the loss of liberty, and declaring that she was ready to live on bread and salt, or even die, for "the future of mankind, the welfare of the world, the happiness and independence of unborn generations."

Incidentally Miss Moffat portrays the King, a youth naturally vivacious, but spoiled by a hypochondriacal tutor. He learned to value his wife first through a severe sickness, so that later in life she could write: "The King is kinder and more considerate than ever, and often it seems to me as if my lover and bridegroom had come back."

Naturally, the most interesting single topic treated is the meeting of Louisa with Napoleon. More might have been said of her retreat to Weimar when Hohenlohe and the Duke of Brunswick failed to beat back the French, and she was forced by Napoleon to play hostess to him; but there are some new facts concerning the meetings on the raft at Tilsit, when Napoleon browbeat the King of Prussia and mingled raillery, flippancy, and haughtiness in his discussion with Louisa of political affairs. Probably Miss Moffat is right in ascribing to Burke and Carlyle Marie Antoinette's good fortune in becoming better known to the world than Louisa, notwithstanding the latter's ability, even in public affairs; but the fact that Marie played before the municipal footlights of Paris while Louisa appeared on the great Continental stage when there was but one overshadowing actor in all Europe, had also much to do with the fate of her fame. Destined, rather than her husband, to supplement the work of Frederick the Great, Louisa became the real power behind the throne, and was soon recognized as their best ally by reforming statesmen. Her prophecy of the downfall of Napoleon shows her political sagacity:

> I do not believe that Napoleon Bonaparte is firmly and immovably seated on that splendid throne of his. Stability proceeds from truth and justice, but he has no thought of furthering noble ends or benefitting his fellow men. Many will admire him, but few will have any affection for him. He has ceased to exercise moderation, and the man who cannot hold a middle course is sure to lose his balance and come to the ground.

Her wisdom is also shown in her perception of the value of *Deutsche Einheit*: "I am

fully persuaded that the one and only means of deliverance is the close union of all who bear the name of German."

Science.

The Non-Christian Tribes of Northern Luzon. By Dean C. Worcester. 72 half-tone plates. Manila: Government Printing Bureau. (Reprinted from *Philippine Journal of Science*, Vol. I., No. 8.)

This is the latest, and to date the most authoritative, discussion of the mountain peoples of Northern Luzon as a whole; that is, not a detailed study of any one community, but a comprehensive view and attempt at classification of all. Professor Worcester, as secretary of the interior in the Philippine Government, has charge both of the ethnological study and the government of the wild peoples. He has made many trips, some of them heartbreaking "hikes," on occasions also incurring serious danger in regions previously unexplored. His activity will be apparent to any one who will follow on a map the record given in this paper, or who will observe that one-half of the 200 accompanying photographs were taken by Professor Worcester himself.

There has been considerable discussion recently of certain "authorities" on the Philippines, and some students who have relied on Ferdinand Blumentritt's statements have been surprised to learn that the Bohemian academy teacher was never in the islands about which he wrote so voluminously for a score of years, and that his writings are very inaccurate. Blumentritt listed thirty-six wild tribes in Northern Luzon, and the Jesuit fathers (in their "scientific review" for the first Philippine Commission) twenty-six. Dr. Barrows, formerly chief of the Philippine Ethnological Survey, but now at the head of the Philippine schools, calls all the Malay hill-peoples of Northern Luzon Igorots, recognizing otherwise only the Negritos and the Malay-Negrito mixtures. Professor Worcester will not go quite so far as to consolidate Blumentritt's and the Jesuits' confused lists of tribes into one only, but he agrees with Barrows in rejecting the previous lists as entirely unscientific; he recognizes six Northern Luzon tribes besides the Negritos: the Ilongots or Ibilaos, the Kalingas, the Ifugaos, the Bontoc Igorots, the Lepanto-Benguet Igorots, and the Tingians. An excellent test of Blumentritt's methods is afforded in his treatment of the wild people of the province of Nueva Vizcaya. He catalogued fifteen tribes (and the Jesuits seventeen). Professor Worcester says:

> There are but three non-Christian peoples in the province, viz., the Ilongots, the Ifugaos, and the Isinays (few in number and probably only a dialect-group). Of the remaining tribal designations employed by Blumentritt, Ibilaos and Italones are synonyms of Ilongots; Alimut and Ilamut are synonyms; and the Bungananes or Bunnayanes, Mayoyaos, Quianganes, and Silipanes are all Ifugaos, to whom the names of their *rancherías* (or in the case of the Alimut, the name of their river-valley) have been applied as tribal designations. The Altasanes, Ifumangies, Ileabanes, and Panuipuyes do not exist. In all probability these latter names were taken from those of *rancherías* which have long since disappeared.

Professor Worcester thus explains why Blumentritt's writings on Philippine ethnology and ethnography have only created confusion:

> He is a compiler, pure and simple, and in preparing his list of Philippine tribes has been compelled to follow, more or less blindly, the persons from whom he has derived his information. After nearly four centuries of Spanish occupation and rule, extensive areas in northern Luzon remained entirely unexplored at the time of the American occupation, and . . . the alleged facts as to the inhabitants of this region were necessarily hearsay when they reached the Spaniards, and second-hand hearsay when they reached Professor Blumentritt.

The truth is, the scientific study of Philippine ethnology is only now beginning, under the American Government in the Philippines. Such writings as this paper under review, the annual reports of Dr. Barrows and his survey of the subject in the Philippine Census show how tentative must still be the general conclusions. But the field work already done is enough to dispose of the rumors about extensive mixture of Chinese, Japanese, or even Caucasian blood with the Malay in the Philippines, and to point to the underlying racial unity of the people. Meanwhile, Dr. Saleeby has brought out material hitherto unavailable about the Moros, and Dr. Jenks has made the first really thorough ethnological study ever made in the Philippines, in his *Bontoc Igorot*. Professor Worcester points out our lack as yet of detailed studies of these various mountain communities, and publishes his views only to help "awaken interest" and to stimulate thus the study needed either "to verify or to correct" such conclusions as he has ventured. Incidentally, it may be suggested that the study of northern Luzon dialects, lack of knowledge of which has resulted thus far in their being practically left out of consideration, may prove of considerable importance in classifying these hill peoples.

Readers of the works of Haeckel will find little that is new in his "Last Words on Evolution" (New York: P. Eckler), three lectures delivered in 1905 at Berlin, and declared by the author to be his last public addresses. Others may be glad to have this brief, often bald, but quite characteristic statement of his views, including a particularly bare outline of monistic philosophy. The translation is by Joseph McCabe, and for the most part adequate. The presentation of the subject is marred by a controversial treatment of the work of Wasmann and by an unnecessarily harsh arraignment of Virchow on account of his attitude toward evolutionary questions. To the general, this display of the sledge-hammer method of argument may be attractive; the judicious will grieve, and agree with the writer of the Books of the Maccabees that "speech finely framed delighteth the ears of them that read the story."

All persons who have visited the Pitt-Rivers Museum in Oxford and all students of human history will be interested in the collection of the late Gen. Pitt-Rivers's essays edited by J. L. Myres under the title "The Evolution of Culture and Other Essays" (Henry Frowde), with an Introduction by Henry Balfour. In these papers the founder of the Museum describes his method of investigating the evolution of material arts, particularly in weapons of warfare and means of navigation. His data and his method are both of them instructive.

"Chimæroid Fishes and their Development," by Bashford Dean, is issued as Publication No. 32, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. For a number of years Professor Dean has enlisted the services of the Chinese fishers on the California coast in gathering the eggs of the Pacific rat-fish *Chimæra collei*, and by incubating them in submerged floats has obtained a series of these unique embryos. The present monograph on their development reveals Professor Dean's ability both in exposition of embryological research and in exquisite color illustration. The most important conclusion reached is that these holocephalus shark-like fishes, instead of being among the most primitive vertebrates, as has been the consensus of opinion heretofore, are widely modified and extremely specialized forms; this interpretation being strengthened by the evidences of anatomy, embryology, and palæontology.

"An Investigation of Evolution in Chrysomelid Beetles of the Genus Leptinotarsa," by Prof. W. L. Tower, is the title of Publication No. 48 of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Probably no group of insects has received such thorough monographic treatment from the point of view of ecology and evolution as Professor Tower has given the genus *Leptinotarsa* in this beautifully illustrated volume. This genus embraces forty-three species, of which the best known is the common potato beetle. Starting with the distribution of the group, Professor Tower passes to individual variation in color pattern, size, and shape; he discusses the structure, ontogeny, and phylogeny of coloration in these and other insects; experimental modification of the colors and the significance of the various hues and patterns, both in the larvæ and adults; the normal habits and instincts of these beetles; details of interesting selection experiments in breeding and the production of new races; and a final chapter on the relation of all the results obtained to the problem of the origin of species. Professor Tower believes that somatic variations produced by external stimuli are not factors in evolution. The thoroughness of the work and the clearness of exposition inspire confidence in the results and conclusions. It is a valuable contribution to the literature of evolution; and based as it is upon a combination of field observation and experimental research, is an adumbration of the scientific work of the future.

Major Powell-Cotton has just returned from a twenty-seven months' journey in Central Africa, the scientific results of which are very valuable. In addition to a white rhinoceros, he secured six species of forest animals previously unknown to science. He did not see a live okapi, but obtained a skin and complete skeleton of an adult male. Many months were spent with the pygmies of the great Ituri Forest, of whose language he obtained phonographic records. On Lake Albert Edward a tribe was discovered who spend their whole lives on the water, their houses being built on floating platforms, anchored to long poles.

Professor Brunon of the Medical School of Rouen has obtained noteworthy results from an easy open-air treatment applied to one hundred cases of pulmonary tuberculosis among children from two to sixteen years of age. The observations cover a period of five years from 1901 to 1905; the children were all treated in the regular Hospice Général of the city, the length of the treatment varying from one month to two years. The children pass the day and take their meals in open-air galleries forming a hospital "Aerium." The treatment goes on in all seasons and all weathers, from eight o'clock in the morning to four in the evening in winter and from six in the morning to eight in the evening in summer. During the night the children are placed in common halls, but some of the windows of these halls are kept constantly open, no matter what the season or weather or degree of night temperature. The cleanliness of these halls is obtained by very severe discipline. Floor, walls, and furniture are wiped every day with damp cloths. The children are obliged to maintain strict bodily cleanliness. The report adds:

We do not subject these little patients to intensive diet (*suralimentation*); they have the food of the hospital ward, supplemented by raw meat and foods preserved in oil; in general, little cooked meat, much starch food and cooked fruit, and water to drink. We are led to believe that water given to drink habitually increases the appetite, helps digestion, and causes the patient to gain in weight.

The final report of the geological exploration of the French Sahara, from Alger to Timbuctoo, has been presented by M. Chudeau to the Société de Géographie of Paris. Only two notable gaps now remain in our knowledge of this vast region. One is the Atlantic stretch between Senegal and Morocco; the other, the inland territories to the east of the Tchad. The latter is still a district of the slave trade. Not France alone, but England and civilization are interested in the opening up of this unknown land.

Capt. Roald Amundsen gave an account of his expedition to the North Magnetic Pole and through the Northwest Passage at the February meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. It was largely taken up with a description of the magnetic observations, which, with the meteorological, were "kept going day and night without interruption for nineteen months." By these and by excursions to parts of the country adjacent to their headquarters "he succeeded by the help of declination in absolutely proving what of late had been assumed on theoretic grounds—namely, that the magnetic pole had not an immovable and stationary situation, but in all probability was in continual movement." Much light will be thrown upon the manner in which this movement took place when the observations are worked out.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, No. 1, contains, as its only article, an account of Alaska by Dr. Alfred Rühl, which is a résumé of the facts given by A. H. Brooks in a "Professional Paper" recently published by the United States Geological Survey. The material is grouped under the headings of coasts, the four great geographical provinces, the hydrography, climate, and geology. It is accompanied by an admirable colored map, founded on that of Barnard, with additions, and three insets, showing the geological formation, the distribution of vegetation, and the extent of the glaciers and snow fields in the Ice Age.

In the current issue, No. 592, of the *Astronomical Journal*, Prof. Simon Newcomb presents a summary of his extended memoir about to be published, "The Action of the Planets on the Moon." The work, carried through under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution, and with the aid of Dr. Frank E. Ross, is regarded by Professor Newcomb as a continuation and practical completion of his contribution to the same subject, issued in 1894 as one of the Astronomical Papers of the "American Ephemeris." His theme is treated under eight headings, in each of which he gives a concise summary of his determinations. Other papers in the *Journal* are observations of comets at the Cincinnati Observatory and at Carleton College, observations of the satellites of Saturn at the Naval Observatory at Washington, and of a suspected variable star at the Yerkes Observatory.

The Villauri prize of 28,000 francs will be awarded by the Turin Royal Academy of Sciences to the scholar who publishes the most important work in physical science before the last day of 1910.

Professor Wilhelm von Bezold, director of the Royal Prussian Meteorological Institute, has just died at the age of sixty-nine.

The death is announced of Marcel Bertrand, member of the French Institute, and an eminent geologist. He was born in 1847. Among his works are "Panama et les Phénomènes volcaniques," and "La Formation du Continent européen."

Drama.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" BY THE BEN GREET COMPANY.

The so-called Elizabethan performances of Ben Greet are less important, perhaps, for their actual achievements than for the lessons which they convey. They are given, of course, under what might seem at first sight to be serious disadvantages. There being no large amount of capital behind them, they are not extensively advertised; they offer no popular star for public adoration, are devoid of spectacular attraction, and make their chief appeal to the intelligence. They are caviare to the general. The fact, therefore, that they have prospered for so long is a proof that there is a large intelligent class to support them, in the face of much formidable opposition. Mr. Greet rarely has any players of distinction, for the simple reason that he cannot keep them. His is one of the few veritable stock companies in existence, and consequently one of the best schools of acting to be found anywhere. Naturally his young players as soon as they have learned their business under his capable supervision seek for more lucrative employment elsewhere.

His present company, with which he gave a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in the Garden Theatre on Monday evening, is plainly composed very largely of novices—whose speech and manner constantly betrayed them—and yet the representation as a whole was remarkably smooth, vivacious, and interesting, delightfully free from those intervals of sheer collapse which are so frequent in the ordinary star Shakespearean drama. All the actors supported each other loyally and with a mutual intelligence and sympathy very pleasant to see. They spoke their lines not always with much elocutionary skill, but with clear comprehension of their meaning, and generally with appropriate and natural gestures. Some valuable points were missed here and there, but the spirit of the comedy was, in the main, well preserved. Some of the individual performances were uncommonly good. Among them may be mentioned the Antonio, who was dignified, tender, and pathetic without being in the least a prig; the Bassanio, a well-spoken gentleman and agreeable lover; the Gratiano, the Duke, the Princes of Arragon and Morocco—but, indeed, the whole list was commendable. A special word of praise is due to the Portia, an exceedingly capable, graceful, and spirited assumption which shone especially in the trial scene. Ben Greet's Shylock is tolerably well known here. It is red-headed and comic, not always realistic, but never touched by idealism. Unquestionably it has a certain amount of traditional authority on its side and much cleverness as well, but it will never be popular among the admirers of Booth, Irving, or Possart. It fits well, however, in the Shakespearean picture, and it is scarcely too much to say that this representation, with its full text and practically no scenery, gives a more correct view of the play than any of the abbreviated, spectacular productions.

George Broadhurst has not improved his budding reputation as a serious dramatist by "The Mills of the Gods," produced on Monday evening in the Astor Theatre. This piece deals with no particular social condition, or movement, or problem, and depends upon no conflict of character, but is an ordinary melodrama of situation and coincidence, with the usual sentimental, sensational, and realistic attachments. It tells the tale of a devoted and virtuous brother, who steals (when he might just as well have borrowed) for the sake of a dying sister; he is convicted and sent to jail, and afterwards builds up a fortune, only to be blackmailed by an accomplice whom he finally tries to kill. At last he is rescued from his troubles by a free pardon, a fit ending to a most conventional plot. Even as melodrama the play is not well made, but a court scene in the first act is veracious in detail, and there is a "thrilling" midnight encounter between the hero and his persecutor. On these two episodes the fate of the performance depends. Whether it prospers or not it fulfils none of the expectations excited by "The Man of the Hour."

There is mourning among the theatrical reformers of Chicago over the demise of the New Theatre, a calamity which was foreseen by the experienced from the very first. The ideal theatre is a matter of growth not of establishment. Any attempt to create it by means of a moderate sum of money, an inexperienced man-

ager and a scratch company was foredoomed from the start. The Chicago enthusiasts, it seems, had no plays, plans, or performers. The only piece of real importance which they put on, badly, was the "El Gran Galeoto" of Echegary, and that, of course, had been well done in New York. "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" is an excellent comedy that was popular thirty years ago. Herne's "Margaret Fleming" never had the significance claimed for it by a handful of its admirers. There was no reason why an endowed theatre should be built for the perpetuation of pieces of this sort. But it has been the destiny thus far of almost every independent theatre here, in England, or in Europe, to be devoted to trivial, fantastically impossible, or unclean plays. Nothing has come out of them within the last twenty-five years in the least worth preservation. But the experiments continue. Soon, it is announced, Chicago is to have its ideal Players' Theatre. May it do better than any of its predecessors.

A dramatization of Rex Beach's novel, "The Spoilers," will be presented at the New York Theatre, March 11.

Beerbohm Tree is perfecting the arrangements for his Berlin visit. He will appear in "Richard II.," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Man Who Was," "Hamlet," "Twelfth Night," "Trilby," and "Antony and Cleopatra."

There has been a revival of John Bale's old morality play, "King John," at Ipswich in England. This is among the earliest dramatic works in which actual historical characters were introduced.

Music.

Opera Singers. By Gustav Kobbé. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.

Nowhere in the world is there such a cult of the opera singer as in New York. Most of the famous vocalists of both continents are here during our four months' season, and they get more attention from the newspapers than perhaps any other class of persons engaged in harmless pursuits. Mr. Kobbé was therefore well advised in devoting a volume to them. It is intended primarily as a pictorial souvenir. There are 139 costume portraits, 27 of which are full-page. They include some artists who have abandoned the stage—among them Lilli Lehmann and Jean de Reszke—but for the most part the portraits are those of singers who still visit us annually. The latest favorite, Miss Geraldine Farrar, is pictured five times, in the rôles of Mignon, Marguerite, and Juliet. The new singers imported by Oscar Hammerstein are also pictured. Of ten of the artists—Calvé, Caruso, Eames, Melba, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Ternina, Jean and Edouard de Reszke—there are biographic sketches, which may be regarded as reliable inasmuch as the data for them were supplied by the singers themselves.

The notion that singers come chiefly from the south is not upheld by facts. Sweden contributed Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson, and in our own country Maine leads with Annie Louise Carey, Emma Eames, and Lillian Nordica. Emma Eames, to be sure, was born in China, but her family home was in Maine. Lillian Nordica narrowly escaped falling a victim to New England Puritan prejudices. Her grandfather would not allow his son to bring a violin into the house. Her father and mother sang—in church, the only place where it was not considered sinful to do so. When she went on the stage she received letters from home begging her not to disgrace her family name by dragging it into the theatre; so she gave up Norton and called herself Nordica. Mme. Melba's real name was Nellie Mitchell. Apart from these two cases, one is struck by the fact that the once general custom of assuming a stage name has practically gone out.

The attention of the thousands of young women who scorn home life and fancy that prima donnas live in an earthly paradise may be called to several pages in Mr. Kobbé's book which convey a different impression. Mme. Ternina "has attained much. There is even a Ternina cult. Yet she is unhappy," because she feels that she has never been able to reach her ideals. According to Mme. Sembrich, "an operatic career is a fine thing, but an opera-singer really doesn't 'live,' and if it were not for a few minutes' joy when you hear thousands applauding, there would be little tempting in the career. . . . If one only could always end a performance and never begin it." Mme. Nordica speaks of the agonies experienced during a performance; even under the most favorable circumstances "there are awful moments." Mme. Calvé has given her testimony to the fact that even the most successful career as an opera singer does not atone for the loss of family life; while Jean de Reszke often spoke of the fact that devotion to duty practically made slaves of himself and his brother.

Walter Damrosch will increase the New York Symphony Orchestra to 102 players for the final concerts of this season's series to be given at Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening, March 9, and Sunday afternoon, March 10. Richard Strauss's fantastic "Till Eulenspiegel," one of the principal numbers on the programme, demands such a large apparatus for performance.

The death of Sir August Manns, announced from London last Saturday, removes an eminent and respected figure from the English musical world. It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of the missionary work which he did, in the popularization of good music, during the long years of his courageous and indefatigable public service. Although his name was not so familiar beyond the limits of Great Britain as those of some other conductors of his period—Sir Charles Hallé, Sir Michael Costa, and Alfred Mellon, for instance—his labors, so far as the great multitude is concerned, were, perhaps, more influential and beneficial than theirs collectively, for the simple reason that he appealed to far larger audiences. For nearly half a century he organized and conducted all the concerts at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and his programmes included much that was best in the whole range of orchestral music, ancient and modern. As a conductor he was sound rather than brilliant, but his taste was comprehensive and sure, his knowledge of instrumental capacity profound, and his control over his musicians absolute. He made his orchestra one of the best in the United Kingdom. August Manns, born of poor parents near Stettin, Germany, March, 1825, displayed natural aptitude as a musician almost before he could walk or talk. As an infant prodigy he played the flute in the village band. Service in a military band brought him to the attention of Wieprecht, the inspector-general of military music, who promptly transferred him to Gungl's orchestra in Berlin. After considerable successes he resolved to seek his fortune in England. In the spring of 1854 he attracted attention as sub-conductor of the wind band at the then new Crystal Palace. Eighteen months later, after brief seasons at Leamington, Edinburgh, and Amsterdam, he finally accepted the appointment of musical director at Sydenham; and began the popular Saturday concerts, which in the course of time came to be regarded almost as a national institution. The fame of Sir August Manns—he received his knighthood in 1904, after fifty years of almost uninterrupted musical labor—was inseparably connected with the Crystal Palace. He conducted occasionally in London and other cities, and sometimes paid professional visits to the Continent, but it was beneath the crystal dome of the vast building at Sydenham that he built up an almost unique reputation as an equally capable interpreter of either popular or classical music, and an enthusiastic pioneer in every direction of musical development. He was a great admirer of Schumann, and did more than any other one man, perhaps, to make the works of that composer widely known in Great Britain. During his long career he was the recipient of many honors, and enjoyed the friendship of many illustrious composers. In 1882 there was a great demonstration in recognition of his work.

Vernon Blackburn, musical critic of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is dead, at the age of forty-two. After taking his bachelor's degree at London University he "attempted a religious career, with dire failure"—to use his own words. For a time he was on the staff of the *National Observer*, under W. E. Henley. His books are "The Fringe of an Art" and "Bayreuth and Munich."

Art.

Correggio. By T. Sturge Moore. 56 illustrations. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. $2 net.

"Correggio," by T. Sturge Moore, more than bears out the excellent reputation of the red-covered artist biographies published by Duckworth in England and imported by the Scribners. The style is occasionally crabbed, its discursiveness extreme, but as the sincere effort of a poet's mind to interpret a most poetical painter it abounds in wisdom even in the byways of the theme. Mr. Moore is a poet of the *Parnassien* type, and his thinking is compact, as a critic, even when his rhetoric is diffuse. The originality of the book lies largely in the asides, though the author does good service in challenging previous vague attempts to define the peculiar sort of ecstasy wherein Correggio's Correggiosity must surely consist. Mr. Moore's own view is that the master fully realized him-

self only in a handful of the classical pictures, notably the Io, the Ganymede, and perhaps the Antiope. As the favored decorator of the provincial and by no means highly cultured court of Parma, Correggio lacked the sustaining forces behind a Titian or a Michelangelo, frequently availing himself too readily of his own formulas, seldom realizing the full dignity of his position as artist. He is to be classed with the nostalgic souls, who neither profit by surroundings nor dominate them, and his mastery accordingly is perhaps the most individual of any the painter's art can show. Reynolds, Mr. Moore holds, has done fullest justice to Correggio's prodigious tecbnical merit—in particular, to that "fulness of effect" in chiaroscuro which establishes a bond with that otherwise wholly alien genius, Rembrandt. Mr. Moore's adherence to Reynolds may serve as an index to the sanity and enthusiasm that underlie the occasional asperities of his discourse.

Though the book makes no pretensions to connoisseurship, it is adequate on that side. It omits in the lists a drawing, in the Metropolitan Museum, for the four half-concealed *putti* in the pendentives of St. Giovanni Evangelista, Parma, and one in the Yale Art School at New Haven. It also reproduces casually (plate 19)—the author has not seen the picture—what is likely to be a mere copy of the Naples "Marriage of St. Catherine," for no better reason apparently than that the picture is in the famous collection at Alnwick. In the main, we feel that Mr. Moore's judgment on the disputed pictures, such as the Ganymede, is likely to prevail over the skepticism of Ricci and others. We must close with an extract that will convey something of tbe quality of the work. Speaking of tbe classical myths, tbe author enlarges on the tbeme, and says:

That precious pedant who says, "This belongs to a thousand years ago; away with it! let me not contaminate my pure thought, my pure sense of beauty, with it!" forgets, poor dullard that he is, that every word he utters is a tbing of a thousand years ago, and with roots in a yet more distant past. He forgets, or is incapable of feeling, how every sentiment that softens, thrills, or exhilarates his life, has grown and been transformed (or, if he will, adulterated), age after age, until it reached his mother in all its inexplicable complexity. . . . How wretched is that artist who sees with his eyes alone, whose mind colors nothing with remembered glory, whose heart softens nothing with reflected sentiment, whose blood makes nothing throb or tingle with infectious fire and energy. . . . Whitman was one-eared, Monet one-eyed, Zola half-hearted, Nietzsche half-souled.

Signor Rava, Italian minister of public instruction, has decided that the excavations at Herculaneum sball be carried out by the Italian Government, with Italian money and without foreign aid, "although gratefully taking into account the advice of eminent foreigners, such as Prof. Charles Waldstein of New York and Cambridge, England."

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts will bave on view until March 23 an exhibition of paintings by Marla Oakey Dewing, of wood engravings by Timotby Cole, and of landscapes in oil by Ernest Lawson.

The Groller Club will exhibit from March 8 to March 23, medals and placques by Victor D. Brenner.

Among the dealers' shows in this city are paintings by Charles H. Davis at Macbeth's till March 9, and eigbteenth-century pictures of the French and English schools at K. J. Collins's.

The will of the late Stephen Salisbury of Worcester, Mass., which bequeathed property valued at between $2,000,000 and $3,500,000 to the Worcester Art Museum, founded by Mr. Salisbury, has been sustained by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

Julius Hasselblatt, tbe Berlin art critic, has died at the age of fifty-eight. Under tbe name G. Norden be contributed to various newspapers and magazines. Among his other works is "Historischer Überblick über die Kaiserlich-Russische Akademie der Künste."

At the auction of Georges Viau's paintings in Paris on Monday, the following prices were paid: Monet, Glaçons au Crépuscule, $3,520; Morisoto, Jeune Fille, $2,500; Sisley, Inondation, $2,000; Port Marly, $3,250; Degas, Famille Mante, $4,500; Danseuses à Foyer, $3,220; Manet, Madame Guillemet, $2,400; Renoir, Tonnelle, $5,200; Ingénue, $5,820; Daumier, Le Drame, $5,620; Cassatt, Maternité, $2,260.

At an auction at Christie's, London, February 16, tbe following pictures were sold. Briton Rivière, Actæon, £325; G. F. Watts, Dawn, £598. At an auction on February 19 the sum of £136 was paid for an engraving by T. Watson, after Reynolds's Lady Bampfylde.

Finance.

"FORECASTS" BY A STOCK MARKET.

The rapid decline in Stock Exchange prices, during the last two weeks of December and the month of January, started anxious discussion as to whether the weakness foreshadowed reaction in general trade. When stocks recovered briskly, in tbe first two weeks of February, predictions of industrial relapse were less frequent. The renewed break in prices, within the past week, has in the same way revived the old misgivings. It is noticeable that, while Wall Street utters these forebodings, interior cities, where tbe country's trade itself converges, stoutly dispute the vaticination. Tbeir frequent attitude is that of protest against making serious deductions of any sort from the course of Stock Exchange speculation. A ring of gamblers, exceedingly powerful and exceedingly reckless, so they reply, had managed by manipulating dividends, borrowing heavily in Europe, and buying up stocks with such borrowings, to create an utterly artificial range of prices. In the end, readjustment had to come. A situation in which, for nearly six months, merchants and manufacturers had been paying 6 per cent. or higher for their loans, while dividend-paying railway shares were selling at prices which yielded investors, at that level, only 2½ to 4 per cent., could be corrected in no other way. Stock market speculation, so this argument proceeds, had been absorbing throughout the winter capital urgently needed in general trade; now the inflated wind-bag has been punctured, and such capital as had actually been withdrawn by it was released for the more legitimate purposes. How could such an outcome be interpreted as portending a trade reaction?

This retort from the interior cities was reasonable; not less so when Wall Street had witnessed, less than a year ago, a sweeping decline in Stock Exchange values on the news of the San Francisco disaster—a demonstration which found no response in the movement of general trade. Yet the fact remains that the great body of experienced business men take serious account of a wide upward or downward sweep of Stock Exchange prices. The merchant who turns first to the stock market page of his afternoon newspaper, does not always or usually do so because he is speculating in the market. He knows that, speaking broadly, advancing prices point toward favorable developments in trade, and *vice versa*; and he conducts his own affairs accordingly. If he recalls bis own experience, he will remember that such a panicky decline on the Stock Exchange as occurred in 1893 was ended before the movement of trade and industry bad been clearly defined, but that what it may now be seen to have foretold was the twelvemonth of stagnant industry in 1894. Similarly, the prolonged rise in stocks in the autumn of 1897, and the advance of prices in 1898, despite the Spanish war, were forerunners of the real trade recov-

Financial.

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ery of the next three years. The Stock Exchange speculation of April, 1901, was wildly exaggerated by the misuse of credit and the diversion of trust funds into speculation; nevertheless, it was no inaccurate forecast of the exceedingly prosperous trade years, 1901 and 1902. The prolonged and violent decline in stocks during 1903 had been three months under way before trade returns gave any sign of industrial reaction; the Stock Exchange was demoralized in March; yet in May the country's "industrial barometer," its output of iron, had increased to the maximum monthly figure of our history. Not until October, when the decline in stocks was practically over, did the iron trade show distinct signs of reaction, and the halt in general trade occur. In all these instances, the Stock Exchange's prophecy was correct.

Why should the stock market possess this power of forecasting events in other markets, thereby becoming, as Macaulay described it nearly half a century ago, "the pulse which has for five generations continued to indicate the variations of the body politic"? The common and most obvious answer is, that the buying or selling orders, under which such a market moves, come from wealthy investors, whose experience or private information qualifies them to see further ahead than the ordinary man. This, in a general way, answers the question; but it does not go quite to the root of the matter. Naturally, such investors buy or sell, because they know that "good times" will increase the earnings and dividends of railways or manufacturing concerns, and "bad times" are likely to cut such earnings down. What is more, the capitalist, experienced in the ways of the money market, can often, in the light of today's phenomena, read that market's future months ahead.

Current events in the bank situation, in the course of foreign exchange, in the state of outside money markets—even in the domain of politics, where a new line of policy might involve large demands on capital for public uses, or large release of money to the markets—will at times point unerringly to abundance or scarcity of investment capital some months later. If abundant supplies are thus to be expected, sagacious capitalists will buy stocks, reckoning that, later on in the season, investors generally will be using their surplus funds on the Stock Exchange. If, on the other hand, signs of the times indicate coming scarcity of capital and exorbitant money rates, the far-sighted operator will be likely to part with his holdings, on the theory that, before long, the investing and speculating community will be selling to pay off its debts or use its capital in other directions. Be it noted also that these very conditions of the money market underlie very largely expansion or reaction in general industry. Great plethora of capital, easy rates for money, usually mean that business plans will be energetically pursued; that demand for manufactured goods and building material will be large, and that profits in all lines of industry will be enhanced accordingly. Actual scarcity of capital is likely to mean precisely the reverse, and each possibility is kept in mind on the Stock Exchange.

There is this much of truth, however, in the objection, cited above, to inference from Stock Exchange movements as to the future of trade prosperity: in a highly speculative period, the Stock Exchange overdoes things. There are always reckless spirits in the market—sometimes, as in 1901 and 1906, powerful capitalists with a previous record for conservatism—who lose their own heads at the sight of a violent rise or fall in prices, and speculate for their own account, as if the existing movement was to have no end. When this occurs, a wholly unreasonable range of Stock Exchange prices is created, which must find its own readjustment, quite irrespective of conditions elsewhere. Because values on such a stock market have advanced or declined, say, 20 per cent., within a month or two, it does not follow that trade and industry will forthwith expand or contract in the same proportion. People who would read the industrial future, at such times, will be wise in studying, not so much the Stock Exchange fluctuations as the actual money market situation which exists behind them.

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Allen, F. Sturges. Principles of Spelling Reform. The Bradley-White Co.
Arminjon, Pierre. L'Enseignement, la Doctrine et la Vie dans les Universités Musulmanes d'Egypte. Paris: Felix Alcan.
Ayer, John Edwin. Living by Natural Law. Seattle, Wash.: Lowman & Hanford. $1.
Badgley, Nathan Eddy. The Equitable Union.
Barker, Lewellys F. Anatomical Terminology. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 net.
Bates, Carroll Lund. The Master. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Brinton, Selwyn. Correggio. Frederick F. Warne & Co. $1.25 net.
Brown, Theron and Hezekiah Butterworth. The Story of the Hymns and Tunes. American Tract Society. $1.50 net.
Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1907. London: Scientific Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Congressional Directory. 59th Congress, 2d Session. Washington.
Cruttwell, Maud. Antonio Pollaiuolo. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Early Sixteenth Century Lyrics. Edited by Frederick M. Padelford. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Eldridge, William Tillinghast. Hilma. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Farrer, J. A. Literary Forgeries. Longmans. $2.25.
Foster, Frank Hugh. A Genetic History of the New England Theology. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
Franklin, Benjamin, the Writings of. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. Vol. X. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Gascoigne, G. Supposes and Jocasta. Edited by John W. Cunliffe. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gaskell, Mrs. North and South.—My Lady Ludlow.—Sylvia's Lovers.—Cousin Phillis.—Wives and Daughters. Knutsford Edition. Putnams. $1.50 each.
Griffiths, Arthur. The Rome Express. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Griggs, Edward Howard. Poetry and Philosophy of Tennyson.—Ethics of Personal Life.—Moral Leaders.—Shakespeare.—Goethe's Faust.—Poetry and Philosophy of Browning.—Divine Comedy of Dante. B. W. Huebsch.
Gronau, Georg. Michael Angelo. Frederick F. Warne & Co.
Hapgood, Hutchins. The Spirit of Labor. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.
Hawthorne's Tanglewood Tales. Edited by Robert H. Beggs. Macmillan Co.
Joseph, N. S. Religion: Natural and Revealed. Macmillan Co.
Lawton, Frederick. Life of Auguste Rodin. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
MacGall, Joseph F. The Curse of Rome.
Martin, Martha. Nature Lyrics. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Mason, A. E. W. Running Water. Century Co. $1.50.
Maxwell, Gerald. The Miracle Worker. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Meyers Konversationslexikon. Vols. 14 and 15. Lemcke & Buechner.
Mitchell, W. Structure and Growth of the Mind. Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.
Muther, Richard. The History of Painting. 2 vols. Putnams. $5 net.
Newspaper Annual, 1907. Philadelphia: N. W. Ayer & Son. $5 net.
Newton, Samuel Donald. The Dolorous Blade. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Nixon, Alfred, and George H. Richardson. Secretarial Work and Practice. Longmans. $1.50.
Pearl. Edited by Charles G. Osgood, jr. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Penfield, Frederic Courtland. East of Suez. Century Co. $2 net.
Pitman's Short Course in Shorthand. Isaac Pitman & Sons. $1.25.
Reich, Emil. Success in Life. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.
Reinsch, Paul S. American Legislatures and Legislative Methods. Century Co. $1.25 net.
Reinach, Salomon. Tableaux inédits ou peu connus. Paris: Lévy et Fils.
Richard, Margaret A. Virginia Vaughan. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Rook, Clarence. Switzerland and Its People. Putnams. $6.
Ruhl, Arthur. A Break in Training. Onting Publishing Co.
Schiller, F. C. S. Studies in Humanism. Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.
Schnabel, Carl. Handbook of Metallurgy. Translated by Henry Louis. Vol. II. Macmillan Co.
Starke, J. Alcohol: The Sanction for Its Use. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Synge, M. B. A Short History of Social Life in England. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Tillson, Benjamin R. The Complete Automobile Instructor. John Wiley & Sons. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1907.

The Week.

The prompt surrender of the California Legislature, in respect to its programme of anti-Japanese legislation, is fresh testimony to President Roosevelt's influence. But it brings out likewise the extraordinary lack of perception of the larger situation among the Californians. Difficult and delicate negotiations were in progress between our Government and the representatives of a high-spirited, successful, and sensitive nation. One of the necessary conditions for an amicable solution of the pending questions was a settlement of the San Francisco school controversy in a spirit of fairness, mutual friendliness, and respect. Yet the California Legislature was seizing this moment to plan new humiliations and restrictions for the State's Japanese residents. It does not appear that, until the President's rather peremptory telegram, the California statesmen felt any particular impropriety in what they were doing. It is to their credit that they saw the point so quickly.

"The Japanese-American War of 1907" is the title of a pamphlet just published in Germany. The anonymous writer is clearly more up to date than most of his kind. Similar works of the imagination, such as "The Battle of Dorking," have usually looked some years forward; but here is a soothsayer writing in Dresden on the 13th of February, 1907, describing what is to take place in the course of the coming twelvemonth. He is, we confess, a little vague as to the details of his *Krieg*. Japan, of course, seizes the Philippines instanter, and then the United States is driven to seek a peace, and give up the Philippines to secure it "bevor noch ein Japanisches Armeecorps in Amerika gelandet ist." This would not make it much of a war, after all. This German prophet will leave genuine militarists longing for more slaughter than he concedes them. As a matter of fact, he is really thinking more of trade and diplomacy than of war, more of Germany and England than of Japan and the United States. His brochure is really an argument for an Anglo-German alliance, and he conjures up his war, in which Japan is to conquer and thereafter become a formidable competitor of both English and German exporters, simply in order to help out his case. Hence he can hardly expect the world to classify his war of 1907 as either true or important.

George W. Perkins has walked up like a man and settled. Without waiting for the courts to compel him, he has acted promptly on the broad hint of the Court of Appeals, and reimbursed the New York Life Insurance Company, with interest, for the money he took from it in 1904 to give to the Roosevelt campaign fund. The question now is, Who will reimburse Mr. Perkins? Is the rich Republican party going to leave him in the lurch? Will not its President, filled with horror as he is at corporation abuses, see to it that the proper remedy is applied to this gross abuse, of which he was the beneficiary? Not only the New York Life, but the Mutual, the Equitable, and the Prudential, used policyholders' funds to promote the election of Mr. Roosevelt. This was an unlawful diversion of money. Its repayment can be exacted from the responsible officials. But that does not touch the duty of the Republican National Committee. The least it can do is to pay back the $54,000 to Mr. Perkins.

James Gayley, the first vice-president of the United States Steel Corporation, has done the country a service by explaining that unless the Government uses more armor plate, his armor-plate mills will have to shut down and throw thousands of skilled mechanics out of business. According to Mr. Gayley, his company must get contracts for 15,000 tons of armor annually to keep these mills going, and the reason for his present distress is that this year the Midvale Steel Company has underbid the Trust and got a large share of the work. Now, this complaint illustrates clearly where a large part of the demand for a great navy comes from. We are aware, of course, that from President Roosevelt down, many of the advocates of a navy honestly believe that this country will be ruined or kidnapped if we do not arm to the teeth. But their shrill outcries are heartily seconded by people like Mr. Gayley, who make thousands of dollars out of the big-navy mania—shipbuilders, gun-makers, armor manufacturers, etc. They know well how to dwell upon our "defenceless condition"; how to point to the necessity of safeguarding our insular possessions. Next winter navy officers will be warmly seconding Mr. Gayley's plea for more battleships, on the ground that we must have armor-plate factories in case of war. And the Steel Trust, with its scant one hundred millions of surplus, will be beside them, hat in hand, begging Congress for alms.

From the full programme of the National Arbitration and Peace Congress, to be held in this city April 14, it is clear that the gathering should be as influential as notable. Weighty subjects are to be discussed by weighty men. The aim of the whole is, plainly, to bring out the powerful peace sentiment in this country, and to demonstrate to our delegates to the Hague Conference how strong a backing they have at home. It was officially stated recently in Berlin that no proposals for limiting armaments figure in the *agenda* at The Hague. That may be true, formally, yet the question is bound to come up. If by nothing else, attention will be forced to it by the plans of the British Admiralty to make their naval programme depend upon the decisions of the Conference. The push that way of workingmen's organizations will also be felt. In Wisconsin, the Legislature has refused to grant an appropriation to represent the State at Jamestown, on the ground that the intent is to make the Exposition an occasion for glorifying militarism; and the labor members were the most vigorous in denouncing that plan, and in calling for a measure of disarmament. Whatever the defects of labor unions, we cannot deny them praise for their stand in favor of international peace, and in behalf of the classes most crushed down by huge military budgets.

Mrs. Sage's first large gift takes the form to which Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie have accustomed us. The chartered board, with broad powers and a large endowment for the purpose of carrying on a specific work, has obviously come to stay, for it is probably the best way of conducting a great trust. Like the General Education Board, which makes education the country over its field, the Sage Foundation takes for itself the whole question of social and living conditions in this country, "by means of research, publication, education, and the establishment of charitable and beneficial agencies and institutions." The power to aid existing agencies is also desired. If there are those who find this programme rather vague and indefinite, we would remind them that this makes for elasticity and also for effectiveness. It will probably take at least two or three years for the trustees of the Sage Foundation to survey their field, organize their offices, and map out their first undertakings; and even then the precise line to be followed may not be fully revealed. Some new public need, some new evil, may appear a decade from now to which the Foundation may feel itself impelled to give most of its means and strength.

While such large endowments are now becoming so frequent that one wonders at the excitement over the Peabody Fund, the public cannot fail to give Mrs. Sage full credit for her generosity and wisdom.

If the press dispatches are accurate, there is one Virginia judge who is a disgrace to the bench. He is Judge Harrison of the Culpeper court, who has been presiding over the trial of the Strother brothers, charged with the murder of their brother-in-law, Bywaters. The latter's crimes are indefensible, but the brothers shot him in cold blood merely because he tried to desert their sister. A conscienceless jury having acquitted the guilty men on the ground of the "unwritten law," the judge is reported to have addressed them thus:

> Gentlemen of the jury, I thank you for a verdict which, I think, will be approved by the public. It is an established precedent in the State of Virginia that no man tried for defending the sanctity of his home should be found guilty.

Judge Harrison, though sworn to uphold the statutes, talks like a lyncher at heart. The Manassas *Journal*, published in a nearby town, recently printed an admirable editorial denouncing the so-called "unwritten law" as out of place in a civilized community. It says:

> If the unwritten law, established by the calm, deliberate judgment of our best men and enforced after due investigation, is insufficient to meet grave offences against the most sacred rights of home and person, then the duty of society is to establish such laws and such penalties as will meet all offences. Vengeance has no justification. The commission of one crime cannot wipe out another.

What makes the scandal worse is that Judge Harrison, at the outset of the trial, declared that the unwritten law could be offered only in mitigation of the offence, and not in justification.

Nothing could be more fatuous than the movement to secure by penal legislation an increase of "respect" for the uniform of the petty officers and enlisted men of the navy. It may be true, occasionally, that the proprietors of a public resort discriminate against Jack on shore in his uniform. His own regard for his uniform, however, has not been strong enough to prevent his slipping out of it and deserting the service in disgracefully large numbers. In general, it cannot be said that the American people deny to any particular body of men the degree of respect to which its character might fairly entitle it. The enlisted man of the navy can hardly have anything to gain, in the long run, by the cultivation of the idea that his regulation clothing calls for special consideration apart from conduct. The navy will gain more in popularity from stringent discipline under gentlemanly and efficient officers than it can ever hope to gain from the fine or imprisonment of some one who happens to deny a sailor admission to a dance hall.

If it be true that Mrs. Eddy has been "syndicated," and that her personal share in the dissemination of science and health is little greater than the present activity of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham in a somewhat humbler field of therapeutics, it does not follow that the members of the syndicate which runs the affairs of the Christian Science Church should be altogether displeased with the free advertisement they are getting through the lawsuits against them. So far, Christian Science has had no baptism of blood, though many unkind things have been said about it; and it would by no means militate against the growth of the Church should its aged leader be haled into court, as other protagonists of religion have been brought before Cæsar or his servants. To prove that the men about Mrs. Eddy have not slighted the financial side of the Church's affairs may repel large numbers who are opposed to Christian Science anyhow, but will prove no deterrent to the type of mind which now finds spirituality and business quite compatible. We may confidently look forward to a vast outpouring of sympathy for the persecuted Mother of Christian Science.

The race of false prophets is in no danger of dying out, and though John Alexander Dowie expired on Saturday, some one else in a few years will doubtless receive the attention he enjoyed. Most of the "religious" megalomaniacs who have essayed the rôle of oracle, healer, lawgiver, and prophet have sought to carry their followers back to a primitive age of faith. Familiar as most of them have been with the Bible and little else, they have, consciously or unconsciously, modelled themselves after the prophets of the Old Testament. Dowie declared himself to be Elijah reincarnated, yet he brought his astounding claim into the active life of Chicago without a sense of incongruity. More than that, when he led his followers away from the temptations of the world, he made for them not a hermitage or an Arcadian retreat, but a bustling, up-to-date industrial city. He inveighed against certain features of modern life, to be sure: for example, newspapers, patent medicines, and oysters. Otherwise, he belonged as truly to his own time as Confucius did to his. When he preached, a stenographer reported him verbatim, even to the pauses in which he parenthetically healed sufferers among the congregation. Sir William Muir traced the decline and corruption of Mohammedanism to the moment when the Prophet departed from the straight path of spiritual teaching and began to plan material rewards for true believers. In the same way, luxury and wealth are now everywhere given as the causes of Dowie's undoing. Yet the mingling of spiritual with material benefit has not always brought failure to new sects. As regards this country, almost the reverse might be stated. Mormonism, of course, presents the most obvious instance. The Mormon Church not only built up great industries in what had been a desert, but succeeded in handing them down along with the spiritual leadership to presidency after presidency. In the various communistic settlements attempted in this country, moreover, it may be broadly stated that the only successes have been those which intermixed business and religion. The purely secular associations ended by becoming plain business corporations, when they were perpetuated at all, while those which were merely segregated religious sects, were practically starved out of existence. The Amana Society in Iowa, which has been called the most successful communistic enterprise in the world, though conducted on a much more modest scale than Dowie's enterprises, has religion at the basis of its industrial life.

President Eliot is nearly guilty of *lèse-majesté* in his annual attack upon the evils of football at Harvard. Within three weeks of Mr. Roosevelt's heated denunciation of the mollycoddles who would end football because of its roughness, the president of Harvard insists that football, together with hockey and basketball, "remains an undesirable game for gentlemen to play or for multitudes of spectators to watch." We note, however, that President Eliot's view that "gross exaggeration of competitive sports is now working incalculable harm in schools, colleges, and universities," has already spread widely. Walter R Marsh, head master of the Pingry School at Elizabeth, N. J., and newly elected president of the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and vicinity, declared in his inaugural address:

> It is doubtful if we should ever hear of "ringers," professionals, inefficient umpires, and referees, ever feel the electric excitement that pervades the school the day before an important game—one of my acquaintances, a head-master of a well-known school, said openly that a defeat at the hands of an opposing school was a blessing to scholarship in his own school—it is doubtful if we should ever be troubled with all these things if we sharply, and still more sharply, restricted inter-school contests. Do not mistake me; I am not advocating the wiping out of all inter-school contests, but I am trying to advocate the very great restriction of the numbers of

such inter-school contests to the end that we may begin to train physically the weak, rather than the proficient athlete; and, most important of all, that we may lift the plane of scholarship in secondary schools.

There were others among Mr. Marsh's audience whose views of fierce competitive contests would not meet with President Roosevelt's approval. Dr. Charles D. Lorimer of Brooklyn actually wanted to return to those degenerate days when boys used to play games without coaching or getting their pictures into the newspapers! Now, he insisted, "they play, not for the sake of the play, but for the sake of a cheap trophy, or large gate receipts." If these evils have, as we believe, reached such a pitch, the time has come for parents and teachers to unite in stopping them.

Our Esperanto enthusiasts apparently have not stopped to think what must occur to their faultlessly regular structure if it should ever have breathed into it the breath of genuine linguistic life. If once it gets out of the "hall bedrooms and back parlors," in which the Editor of the *North American Review* has seen groups of devotees "studying it and teaching it with a zeal reminiscent of that of the early Christians in their cause," the natural laws of linguistic development will surely take hold of it, and gradually make it all over in their usual way. Few bear in mind that the greatest irregularities in language occur right along the path of most constant usage. A perfectly regular language is humanly possible only as a kind of Patent Office model, displayed to visitors behind a stout railing or under glass.

The first issue of a magazine for the blind has appeared in an edition of more than 7,000 copies. This, we venture to assert, is greater than the circulation of most scientific, philosophical, or theological journals. The contents of the first number would indicate that no wide gulf separates the mental interests of the blind from our own. There are short stories, a serial, a department of poetry, one of humor, a North Pole article, accounts of the San Francisco and Jamaica eartbquakes and of the German elections, and an article on the American flag. And yet the doubt arises whether a magazine that would be so absolutely normal to the normal man is quite adapted to the denizens of a world so different from ours. Before Kipling wrote "They" many persons have wondered whether the blind have not some special province of thought of their own, have not developed a "view" of life that we cannot glimpse, a psychic appetite that we do not possess.

The latest reports concerning the Russian Duma and its probable duration are highly optimistic. The day before yesterday they were highly pessimistic, and the day after to-morrow they may be that again. Altogether, there has been an abundance of wild talk about speedy dissolutions, dictatorships, and so on. This may possibly reflect momentary public opinion in Russia, but shows little careful consideration of the real forces at work. The autocracy may be, morally, all that its opponents declare it to be; but even if it stands only for organized enslavement and butchery, it must have a theory and some more or less definite line of tactics. Vacillating as the monarch may be, a man of resolution, such as Prime Minister Stolypin has shown he is, would not look forward to anything but a thorough attempt at some *modus vivendi* with the people's representatives. The Government is wise enough to see that to summon a Duma and then recklessly dissolve it can do only infinite harm. Public opinion abroad would be totally alienated, and at home even Octobrists, Moderates, Progressives, and Polish Nationalists would be swept into the Opposition. If, as the revolutionaries argue, the Duma has been assembled to pave the way for a foreign loan, that in itself should evidently prevent a speedy dissolution. The chances are that, for all the Government's tampering with the electoral law, it had little hope of getting a conservative Parliament. When the first Duma was dissolved the Government knew it would have to contend with an equally powerful Opposition in its successor. But it was fighting for time. And in spite of almost a year of repression by court-martial, a Duma with some inclination to do business seems to have been obtained. Why should it now be dissolved?

Poland's final attitude towards the great problems which now await solution in Russia will be determined by the response which her national aspirations shall elicit in the course of the next few months, either from the Government or the Duma. The Polish Deputies in that body at present belong to the moderate Polish parties: the National Democrats, the Progressives, and the "Realists," who have been long advocates of reconciliation with the Russian crown. Their programme calls for autonomy, which, as their leaders have pointed out, the autocracy offered them before the meeting of the first Duma, when their support was deemed necessary by the Government. Though the Duma disappointed these hopes, the Polish Deputies remained loyal to the crown, and refused to participate in the improvised assembly at Viborg. Their only reward, however, was a tightening of the administrative yoke, while in the Russian press a campaign was started in favor of strong measures to suppress a coming Polish insurrection. "The Russian Government," says a spokesman of the Polish moderate parties, in a letter to the London *Times*, "confused the legitimate aspirations of Poland with the reign of terror for which the helplessness of the Russian police was responsible, between the Nationalists and the anarchists." In vain Sienkiewicz, with 40,000 other leading citizens, made public profession of their desire to live in peace with Russia and their hostility to the idea of revolution or to violent tactics. The conclusion drawn by the correspondent of the *Times* is that revolution will come unless the Russian Government hastens to recognize the demands of the nationalist parties.

New Zealand, the land of industrial peace, the "Country without Strikes," has been passing through a period of strikes which demonstrate the utility of a Compulsory Arbitration act when people are willing to be compelled to arbitrate. Times are prosperous and wages are high in that country, but there have been strikes of street-railway employees, of domestic servants, and of slaughter-house workers. The last has been the cause of great loss, owing to the congestion of stock in the sheep-pens and its consequent deterioration. To evade the penalties of the Arbitration Act, the strikers at Wellington asserted that they had abandoned their unions and were acting as individuals. The Arbitration Court refused to recognize this plea, and imposed a fine on the first men to cease work, but without putting a check to the strike movement, which became general. Strangely enough, the present strikes are described "as symptomatic of a deep-seated discontent among the unionists, many of whom are now advocating profit-sharing in preference to the fixing of wages by the Arbitration Court." Unionism, however, can point to a splendid victory gained by the Wellington domestic servants, who recently formed a union under the Arbitration Act, and immediately struck. They won their case, and "1,000 mistresses are now likely to be haled before the Arbitration Court." The servants' demands included "preference for unionists, 1s. an hour for all work on holidays, work on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays to cease at 7:30 P. M., on Thursdays and Sundays at 2 P. M., and on Wednesdays at 10 P. M.; all domestics to be home by 10 P. M., except on Thursday, when they may stay out till midnight." This is like the fat man on the Rhine, who, asked when he was accustomed to dine, replied, "At eleven, three, four, five, and seven, six, eight, and a quarter to nine."

TROUBLES OF THE RAILWAYS.

The flutter of the railway presidents, all over the country, is not without its amusing aspects. To see timidity, uncertainty, and gloomy apprehension displayed by men who, but a few months since, were audacious, cock-sure, and radiantly optimistic, cannot fail to excite the special wonder of the bystander. It certainly will strike him as comic that these worried magnates should now flee to President Roosevelt as their protector. They have pictured him as their scourge. The President, on his part, has repeatedly asserted that the States are powerless to bring the railroads to terms, and that nothing but Federal power is adequate to the business; yet now he is to receive the railroad presidents running to him in alarm as a refuge from the assaults of those impotent States! And Congressman W. W. Cocks, who has sometimes been Mr. Roosevelt's spokesman, is reported in Albany as saying, in the name of the President, that the Hughes plan of railway regulation is far too sweeping. But it is, undoubtedly, the widespread action of the despised States, culminating in the Public Service Commission bill of Gov. Hughes, that is disturbing the visions of railway managers more than all the fulminations from Washington. In no less than twenty-eight States have the Legislatures this winter had under consideration, or passed, bills which the railroads regard as crippling. The two-cent-fare movement, in particular, has gone from State to State in the West.

Yet if we look closely at the matter, what have the railroads to fear? If they have been guilty of financial folly themselves, they cannot escape its consequences; but the question now is of attacks upon their property by State Legislatures. But if any of these are arbitrary, unreasonable, or confiscatory, the law and the courts offer a complete remedy. Property cannot be taken or its true value impaired by statute. If the two-cent-fare law in Nebraska, for example, would compel the railroads to operate at a loss, it is certain that the Nebraska courts, on due proof being made, would declare it unconstitutional. It is stated that a suit will promptly be brought for that purpose. There exists, undeniably, a feeling of hostility against railroads, in many States, but no State can pass an act, and have it upheld by the courts, to destroy their lawful property.

The present outcry, however, is mainly about financial troubles. We are told that the roads are anxious to know where the funds are to come from for necessary improvements and extensions. Railroad bonds can scarcely be sold. Borrowing on notes, for three or five years, at high rates of interest, has been the forced resort of some railroads. They speak dolefully of their heavily increased expenses for higher wages and more costly *matériel*, and ask how much longer they can be expected to stagger on under these burdens, with meddling legislation added.

Now, as regards the heightened cost of operation, that is something which railway directors should have foreseen, and made provision for in their plans. All other business men have felt the same pressure of increased cost of production, and made up their budgets accordingly. But what was the course of the railroads? Almost without exception, they increased their dividends. Though the margin of earnings over charges was certain to shrink, and though we were plainly on the verge of money stringency, the larger dividends were paid out without a thought of the future. Some of the very roads that are now driven to loans, disbursed in dividends what ordinary foresight would have led them to keep for impending expenses. And no longer ago than last August, when the Union Pacific dividend was marked up to 10 per cent., the statement was given out at Mr. Harriman's office that "the maintenance of these rates seems easily within the capacity of the properties." Yet now comes the plea that the railroads have to pay 8 per cent. for needed money!

A number of roads have complained of their inability at present to float bonds or sell stock. Among them are Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, New York Central, Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, and the Norfolk and Western. Yet all of these railroads, within a few months, increased their dividends. They did so on the ground of abounding prosperity. Prosperity was unquestioned, but how about prudence? Should not the coming need of money have been foreseen, and have prevented the funds from being dissipated in dividends? An example of the wisdom of the contrary course lies at hand. Four railroads have lately been able to dispose of bonds and stock. They are the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the St. Paul, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford. It happens that none of them increased dividends. If this be merely a coincidence, it is at least a striking one.

The main question comes back to this: Does the panic of the presidents relate purely to the railroads as transportation companies, or as the basis of financial speculation? Is their thought chiefly of common carriers as affected with a public interest, or as affected with a stock-market interest? If they can make their attitude perfectly clear, and convince the public that it is sound, they have nothing to dread from hostile legislation, in the State Legislatures or by Congress. But as long as ambiguity remains—as long as we have railroad presidents who vote themselves 30 per cent. dividends and decline to say whether they were gambling in their own stocks, on the strength of information improperly kept from the public—so long will their cries of grief and fear and wounded pride be merely what the French economist called *travail superflu*.

WOULD-BE HARRIMANS.

We have had our say about the Harriman indecencies of finance, and would not recall a single word; yet we cannot refrain from protesting against some of the criticisms directed at him. He has been singled out for opprobrium as if he were unique and solitary in his offensive methods. To judge by some of his censors, no other railway man is tarred by the same brush; no other speculator in Wall Street ever manipulated securities and rigged the market after his greedy and shameless fashion; such a selfish lust as his for money, however acquired, exists in no other bosom. Now, all this is not simply open, in some cases, to the charge of hypocrisy, but, in all, to that of stupidity. We must see clear in these matters. It is no plea for Harriman to say that he is but the flowering of a system by which the whole social and mercantile world is affected; or that any man of open mind and sensitive heart, who knows what demoralizing forces are throbbing about him and pressing upon him in this age, will candidly say, even while pointing the finger of condemnation at Harriman, "But for the grace of God, there goes myself."

Indeed, the exposure of individual transgression always loses half its warning effect unless it drives us back to the larger causes. Such a man as Harriman would be not only abhorrent but impossible in a society where simplicity and the right perspective of life and high ideals and pure morals and sensitive honor held sway. He is but a product; and the conditions out of which he grew are under the eyes of all and felt of all. It is because our general standards of business probity have been lowered; because we all know what is the stress of the temptation to make haste to be rich; because the merely lawful has, with us all, a way of taking the place of the honorable; because the pressure of our time is away from nice consideration for others and towards blind struggle for one's self and exaltation of great pecuniary gains, compassed by fair means or foul—because, in a word, the sin of society is mirrored in the separate man—that the disclosures concerning him are so instructive and so salutary for the rest of us. If we are honest, we must look well to it that we do not condemn in another what, in substance, we allow in ourselves.

Among the loudest railers at Harriman have been organs and representa-

tives of labor unions. But who can study the spirit in which they are conducted, or scrutinize the animus of too many of their leaders, without seeing that they exemplify precisely those characteristics of Harriman which have disgusted all observers? Where will you find more hoggishness, more low and unscrupulous cunning, than in some of the men who pretend to speak for the working classes? It is not conscience, but only the lack of opportunity, that prevents them from doing the very things for which they clamor at Harriman. On a small scale, and up to the limits of their ability, they already do those things. Self-voted dividends are no worse than the personal graft of walking delegates. They display a greed, a brutality, a d'sregard of the rights of others, a cynical belief in the law of the stronger, as plain as ever marked the operations of a railway juggler or a gambler on the Exchange. They would be Harrimans if they could.

If no stones were to be cast at Harriman except by those free from all his faults, he would be in no danger of suffering the martyrdom of St. Stephen. Everybody would be estopped who wants to get ahead by trampling on his fellows; everybody who is planning to get money by indirection or manipulation or out of other people's pockets or, by trick or favor, out of the United States Treasury. The schemers for protective duties are no better than the grabbers of railway franchises. California is virtuously aghast at Harriman's iniquities; but let an appraiser in New York rule that some raw olives may come in tax free, and the howl of rage and greed from California can be heard across the continent. To get something for nothing, big money for no work, is of the essence of the condemned Harriman transactions. Yet what is the real difference between them and the process of getting a subsidy voted out of the public funds? For the latter, however, President Roosevelt, the great moral exposer and denouncer of Harriman, sends in a special plea to Congress!

It was a devout soul, F. D. Maurice, we believe, who said that he unfeignedly repented of the sins of his fellowmen. It is a difficult thing, but it is desirable, to bring home to a whole society the sins of one of its typical members. Tolstoy has told of the failure of such an effort of his own. He one day assembled some villagers to read to them from his "Powers of Darkness." The man in that piece, after a long course of debauchery and robbery and even murder, all undetected, falls on his knees in the presence of the people and cries out, "I am guilty." But the *mujiks*, whom Tolstoy hoped to impress, simply said: "What a fool he was to confess!" Similarly, it may be feared, many would-be Harrimans, if they spoke the thoughts of their hearts, would say: "What a fool he would have been if he had not taken everything within his reach."

"DOING SOMETHING" FOR OUR SHIPPING.

Senator Gallinger wound up his confession of defeat for ship subsidies, last week, by predicting that there would yet be "an uprising of the people of this country" to "do something for the American merchant marine." He meant, we suppose, another fight for subsidies. But it is clear that, for at least two years to come, there is absolutely no hope of success along that line. This year was the Gettysburg of that war. With a Republican majority of 112 in the House, it was barely possible, by exerting all the strength of the organization, to get through an attenuated and comparatively harmless bill for a postal subvention to two or three South American lines. As it was, fifty Republicans voted against it. In the next Congress, with the Republican majority cut in half, the chances of an outright subsidy bill would be nil. Certainly, during its first session, with a Presidential election and the choice of a new Congress impending, nothing whatever could be done. Is it not time, then, that the shipbuilders and marine interests and "the friends" of the flag afloat should stop pinning all their hopes to this doomed project, and should inquire what else they can do to restore American shipping on the high seas?

We share to the full the mortification of those who recall the fact that our merchant marine once led the world, but has now sunk so low that 91 per cent. of all our foreign commerce is carried in foreign bottoms. This is not as it should be. All of us would like to see powerful and well managed and profitable merchant fleets, under the American flag, sailing to all the great ports of the world. The trouble cannot lie in the decay of our hardihood and spirit of adventure and talent for seafaring. Something abnormal or artificial has intervened to paralyze this form of American activity and success. If our invention, our enterprise, our daring on the sea were to be given free scope as in the years 1830-60, and if our capitalists could be given motive for investing in ventures over the sea and on the sea, we could surely hold our own in the building and sailing of steamships. What is the real trouble and what the most hopeful remedy?

Secretary Root stated the truth with commendable frankness, in his Kansas City speech. He squarely admitted that the protective system had laid a destructive hand upon American shipbuilding. By a system of duties on materials, buttressed by antiquated navigation laws which absolutely forbid foreign competition, it had mulcted every American who set out to build a ship. Moreover, in the sailing of such a ship, the protective tariff stepped in to make the expense greater by creating an artificially high rate of wages. Mr. Root's argument was that, inasmuch as the Government had thus by law hampered the shipping industry, it ought to make up for the penalty by giving a bounty. In other words, the crippling effects of protection ought to be compensated for by a subsidy. Saying nothing now of the merits of this argument, we merely submit that its conclusion is politically impossible of application. The American people are not thinking of granting new subsidies, so much as of repealing some now given under the guise of protection. Instead of "logically extending" the protective system so as to include bounties for shipping, the political drift is, rather, towards restricting and cutting down the protective duties now in force. The people are moving in directly the opposite way from what Secretary Root would have them. His plan being impossible, for a long time to come, at least, some other should be tried.

A bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by H. T. Rainey of Illinois to take off some of the burdens of American shipbuilders. It proposed to admit free of duty all materials used in the construction of vessels in the United States, and also to permit ships built partly of foreign materials to engage in our coasting trade, as well as to repeal the present barbarous statute which compels the owner of a vessel to pay a duty of 50 per cent. on all repairs made abroad. Congressman Rainey received and had printed letters from a number of ship-building firms heartily approving of the proposal. The Pacific Shipping Company of San Francisco, for example, wrote that the abolition of the duty on steel plates would be "an entering wedge in forcing the Steel Trust to lower its price." The exactions of our steel-makers were brought out forcibly in the hearings before the Senate committee, where it was shown that our patriotic manufacturers charge their fellow-countrymen 30 per cent. more for steel plates than the price conceded to foreigners. Here, then, is one way to "do something" for the American merchant marine. As we cannot help it by extending the tariff, we might well try the effect of removing the tariff.

One distinction we must get clearly into our minds. Do we want merely to build ships, or to own and sail them? Is it a bolstered shipbuilding industry that we desire, making a lot of work but turning out an unserviceable product, or is it the possession of fleets of vessels able to engage in foreign trade profitably? If the latter is the object—and it

is surely the only reasonable one—we might approach it by repealing our navigation laws and allowing American shipmasters to purchase vessels built in foreign yards, as do the German lines. This, at the same time, would put our domestic industry on its mettle; and there can be no doubt that if it got rid of its tariff handicap, and went on to standardize shipbuilding, like the concerns on the great lakes, competition need not be dreaded. In any case, it is time we gave up lying helplessly on our backs and crying to Washington to give us a ship subsidy. We shan't get it; and if we really desire an American merchant marine, the thing to do is to set American skill to work to build, or buy, and sail it.

UNSOCIABLE WEALTH.

It is a commonplace of socialistic teaching that to be socially minded is a virtue exemplified chiefly by the poorer classes; and there is a certain ground for this belief. Philanthropists know well enough how impossible it is to induce the poor of the city to exchange for comfort, with loneliness, in the country the friendly squalor of the slums. Wealth, on the other hand, is represented as essentially exclusive and incapable of easy comradeship. G. K. Chesterton has recently illustrated the antithesis with his accustomed ingenuity. Asmodeus-like, he takes the roof off a British railway train and observes the passengers in the first class and in the third. In the dearer compartment reigns a fairly Indian silence and suspiciousness; the travellers are frigid and self-conscious, doing the necessary civilities awkwardly, as if grudged. In the cheaper seats there is general talk and enjoyment. Such emergencies as the intrusion of a quarrelsome or drunken passenger are met with a relish. In fine, says Mr. Chesterton, the third-class people are really civilized, the first-class people display the solitary and timorous disposition of the savage.

Abstracting what is merely English from this apologue, there remains a considerable amount of general truth. In the name of privacy, wealth and culture have often cut themselves off from easy relations with their fellow-men at large. A very little study of history will show that such isolation has increased in comparatively recent times. If one were to reconstruct the life of a Florentine banker of the Renaissance and compare it with that of a New York banker, the difference would appear striking. About the palace of a Medici were huddled the shops and dwellings of the small folk. As he walked to the Signoria he saluted the bystanders, many of whom he knew by name. They likewise knew all his doings minutely. His palatial home was filled with servants who were not treated as menials, and, besides, there was a whole staff of retainers who were of the family in the sense that office clerks, and even social secretaries, rarely are to-day. His excursions were made on horseback; his pleasures were readily seen of men. In short, to be what we to-day call a "good mixer" was until quite recently a quality indispensable to every man in great place.

The advantages of this régime are obvious. It is difficult to hate a man who tips his bonnet to you several times a week; it is easy to loathe abstractly a magnate you have never seen except through the blur of his possessions, and who can never by any chance see you. One might hold that the invention of the coach was the beginning of invidious class distinctions; at any rate, it is their symbol. The carriage implies as much superiority as the gig of Carlyle, and more unpopularity, as it connotes great aloofness. The motor-car has added a menace to what was formerly an offence. The drawback of class isolation is, from the point of view of wealth itself, that the average man interprets the plutocratic unknown, not in terms of magnificence, but of baseness. We believe that any mysterious millionaire would lose much of his odiousness, and justly, if he could cease to be a myth and be known as the human biped he actually is. A country grocer who has flourished through the same arts is at least tolerated by his community; and if by any turning back of the clock, Mr. Rockefeller could be known on Grand Street as a Medici was on the Via della Vigna Nuova, the chances are that his ogreish glamour would promptly disappear.

Enough has been said to suggest the possible danger of unsociable wealth and the desirability of a better understanding between the rich and the poor. Clearly, this cannot come about through a revival of bygone conditions. Apparently, the administration of new-style charity must continue to be too impersonal to afford the necessary bond. The college settlements and kindred enterprises make praiseworthy endeavors along this line, but their scope is evidently limited. There is greater hope, perhaps, in the cultivation of a sort of family feeling in factories, railroads, and mines. All such enterprises afford to the rare employer truly patriarchal opportunities. But a decided change will hardly come about until wealth realizes the disadvantages of its increasing isolation. Then we may expect to see millionairedom follow prudentially and with some pain the path trodden at all times with ease by elect spirits, whether rich or poor. Probably the rich stand to gain most from such a venture, but the profit to the poor would not be small. Hatred and envy are about the ugliest passions that can possess the human breast, and to-day many an honest man may hate an entire class unreasonably, simply because he has never been in friendly relations with any of its individuals.

HOW BEST TO BEQUEATH.

How shall our modern philanthropists dispose of their gains—well or ill-gotten? The question has happily become a pressing one by reason of the extraordinary generosity of our well-to-do Americans, at which all the world marvels. The problem relates not merely to the kind of enterprise to which one shall give or bequeath, but to the actual method by which the gift is made and the formalities with which it is surrounded. Is it to be hedged around with all sorts of restrictions, or is the legacy to be left to the trustees of a benevolent society or an institution, with full confidence in their wisdom and integrity? And can any conditions be made which will stand the test of time, and not in the lapse of centuries become in themselves absurd or actually defeat the testator's very aim?

There is an old legend that John Harpendinck, the Dutch tanner who willed to the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in 1724 the land upon which the present publication office of the *Nation* stands, coupled with his bequest the condition that for all time thereafter a Dutch sermon should be preached every Sunday in the church. After a while the courts are said to have freed the church from so unintelligible a ceremony. Apocryphal as this story is, it yet serves to illustrate how changing circumstances might make of a pious wish an idle and harassing form. But there is still another side of the matter. An inheritance for excellent purposes may in itself work great harm either by adding to the burdens of an already overweighted institution, or it may, on the other hand, pauperize or paralyze where it should be a stimulus and an incentive to even more vigorous growth. Writing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, William H. Allen, long connected with New York charities, declares that, while volumes have been published to warn workers of the dangers of pauperizing the needy, "not enough has been written to show the danger of pauperizing the charity worker, college president, hospital trustee, ladies' auxiliary, board of aldermen, or posterity." To pay out or leave money, he remarks, "for certain disappointment, to buy censure where one aimed to silence it, to carve a family name on a gold brick, is not efficient giving."

Some of the instances of unwise bequests cited by Mr. Allen admirably illustrate his point. A banker, who had heard much of a hospital's needs, left it $50,000 for a memorial wing, which bore, when finished, the inscription, "In

Memoriam, Mrs. Grateful Patient"—and added $50,000 to the hospital's fixed charges, for which it had not a single additional source of income. In the meanwhile several large donations were reduced because of Mrs. Grateful Patient's large bequest. A similar experience befell, we know, an institution which received a good deal from Mr. Carnegie. Many patrons of long standing refused to renew their gifts—for which the need was as great as ever. To return to Mrs. Grateful Patient's hospital, the net result of the bequest has been that the institution has never been able to make both ends meet. Legacy after legacy has been used for current expenses, and the city's money, formerly regarded as inimical to the best interests of a private hospital, has reluctantly been accepted. Far different is the story of the founding of the Phipps Institute for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. This is Mr. Allen's account of it:

> Numerous suggestions were made, including the need of leadership in the popular crusade against consumption. Without disclosing his own identity, the possible giver communicated for over one year with a physician thought to be eminently qualified to organize such a crusade. A hundred units of inquiry were found—extent of the need, various methods of fighting tuberculosis, world-evidence of successful treatment, a detailed plan of procedure, with estimates as to expense of publication, laboratories, dispensaries, administration. Had a steel mill been involved instead of a health crusade, the procedure could not have been more businesslike.

As guides to will-makers, Mr. Allen makes ten suggestions, accompanied by such bits of wisdom as: "Do not give an elephant to a peasant, or an automobile to a push-cart merchant." "Unless," he says, "one cares—can give himself with his gift—leave it to the public treasury, where it will probably do less harm than if left to charity or to education." The next thing is, if one cares, to be sure that the gift will relieve and not increase a burden, and that it is accompanied by no inelastic conditions. But if temporary restrictions must be imposed, give to the least popular rather than the most popular aspect of the beneficiaries' work. To specify of a legacy that its income shall not be used for salaries or management may invite waste and inefficiency, while giving specifically for those purposes will often convert an inefficient society into an efficient one. Again, Mr. Allen makes the excellent recommendation that unrestricted legacies be accompanied by a request for an annual accounting for the principal through at least the first ten years. Finally, Mr. Allen remarks that endowed brains can readily be adapted to changing needs, but brick and mortar cannot.

President Eliot is also deeply concerned for makers of testaments, and in his latest report has considerable to say about the subject as viewed by the head of a university. Colleges more than other institutions have notoriously suffered from restricted gifts. The value of unrestricted gifts, or of gifts which leave large discretion to the President and Fellows, is, he says, "always mounting and becoming more generally recognized." For the trust imposed upon these officers is much more than to execute the wills of the benefactors; it is a trust "to keep the entire institution abreast of the progress of society, generation after generation, and to foresee and provide for the oncoming wants of the next generation." While keeping unimpaired the gifts of past benefactors, the university must also have "free money to devote to new objects and new methods of instruction not yet visible, perhaps, to any intending benefactor, but well known to the experts who are directing the operations of universities. It is the most far-seeing universities, and those most prompt to meet new needs, which will serve their communities best and deserve best of the Republic." Like Mr. Allen, President Eliot remarks upon a bequest of the late James C. Carter of this city as distinguished for far-sighted judgment in bequeathing. That great lawyer knew well how times, needs, and conditions change, and by his example proved that to bequeath wisely one must study the object, then give freely, and with just as little restriction as possible. Boards of trustees may prove foolish or recreant a century hence, yet faith is essential in making a will. No man can hope to look far beyond the grave.

THE NURSE IN FICTION.

The trained nurse has secured a distinguished place in the modern novel. Formerly it was the heroine who cared for the hero when he was suffering from the inevitable attack of brain fever—that peculiar disease invented by writers of romance. It was she, too, who attracted the young doctor's attention during her father's last illness, and who at length wiped the "death damp" from the parental brow. In some stories a semi-professional person, who was also a female villain, used to invade the sick room; but her office was to go behind the screen and drop poison into the medicine glass in which the patient's "potion" had been prepared. The poison was always bitter, although the female villain was rather sweet. But, like the automobile and the motor-boat, the trained nurse has come to stay.

There are two ways of portraying her character—one realistic, the other idealistic. The realistic nurse drawn from life, while of scientific and hygienic, is of no romantic interest whatever. Not so the idealistic nurse, who is far more dangerous to the health and life of the patient than was the old-time female villain behind the screen. She is almost as picturesque a figure as the sister of charity in the French novel, who tells her beads by the heroine's deathbed, while the hero walks about the room, tearing his hair and exclaiming, "Je pleure"! As a matter of course, the nurse is pretty, and her uniform becomes her well. Even if her cap is not "jaunty," it is "immaculate." She is kind, discreet, gentle with the servants, civil to the family, obedient to the doctor, and sympathetic with the parson. Her demeanor is calmly professional, and there is a mysterious glint in her sombre eyes.

But her chief fault, which the author usually reveals without intending to do so, is her utter neglect of aseptic precautions, and her ill-timed talkativeness when complete repose and silence are therapeutically indicated. In fiction, if typhus fever breaks out among the tenantry of the wicked baronet, the trained nurse rises to the occasion. In spite of the curate's warnings, and the sentimental doctor's remonstrances, she goes into "hovels," working day and night, until cruel shears deprive her of the "glory of her dark brown hair." Should she survive the dangers of the epidemic, she may be represented as hurrying from the stricken cottager's bedside to take charge of the new-born heir at the castle. For no fear of carrying contagion should interfere with her duties to the aristocracy. If the case upon which she is engaged be one of pneumonia—called by the novelist "lung-fever"—or typhoid, requiring very hard work and unceasing watchfulness, she must spend the lonely hours looking down the long avenue of elms, and listening to the rain pattering against the window panes and the wind sobbing about the gables. When the patient mutters in delirium, she hangs over him, eager to discover such secrets as he may reveal. But she does not take his temperature. When he tosses to and fro during the long hours of the night, she does not think of ice-packs or of sponge baths. But she "motions" anxious relatives from the room, and when the doctor looks grave and shakes his head—a gesture which physicians make only in novels—she "retires" to hide her emotions.

The time is coming when the trained nurse of the novel will take the place of the governess. Governesses have been done to death by the masters of fiction. All readers are familiar with the "institutrice irlandaise" of the French romances, upon whose shoulder the heroine weeps while the hero is behaving in such a manner that one is surprised that he should still be at large. There is the wicked governess who trifles with the affections of another's husband. There is the pretty governess who is startled when the hero comes upon her

in the school-room. There is also the humorous old-maid governess who is addressed by her surname without a prefix, and who knew the heroine's unhappy mother in happier days. But the trained nurse has greater dramatic possibilities than the prosaic directress of education. She is naturally on hand at the important crises of birth and death. She witnesses last wills and testaments, acts as confessor to the moribund, and consoles the survivors. When she rises from her low seat as the physician enters the room, we know that the latter is either to be unveiled as a charlatan, or to be accepted as a lover.

Writers who introduce nurses into their stories must be a most robust and healthy clan. If they had ever been ill, they would be aware that nursing is a laborious profession, and not an amusement nor a sentimental occupation. The nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" was not trained, but seems to be the type of her class as portrayed by authors since Shakespeare's day. So undisciplined was she that upon seeing Romeo dead she "swounded at the sight."

CARNEGIE PENSIONS AND SECTARIAN COLLEGES.

By the terms of Andrew Carnegie's letter of April 16, 1905, establishing a system of pensions for teachers in American universities, colleges, and technical schools, sectarian institutions were expressly excluded. Sectarian institutions were defined as "such as are under the control of a sect or require trustees (or a majority thereof), officers, faculty, or students to belong to any specified sect, or which impose any theological test." The Federal statute of March 10, 1906, incorporating the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, repeats substantially the same statement, save that the modifying phrase, "or a majority thereof," is made to apply to officers, faculties, and students as well as to trustees. The trustees are further empowered, however, by the act, "to modify the conditions and regulations under which the work shall be carried on, so as to secure the application of the funds in the manner best adapted to the conditions of the time," and to "enlarge or vary the purposes herein set forth, provided that the objects of the corporation shall at all times be among the foregoing and kindred thereto."

The first annual report of the president of the Foundation, dated October 15, 1906, grouped under the following heads the institutions considered as denominational:

(1.) Institutions under absolute denominational control and ownership.

(2.) Institutions in which the governing body is appointed by and is directly responsible to a formal religious body.

(3.) Institutions whose governing board must be confirmed by and must report to a religious organization.

(4.) Institutions having no formal connection with a religious body, but which require, either through the provisions of their charters or by votes of their trustees, that a majority of their trustees, officers, or professors shall belong to a specified denomination.

(5.) Institutions which have no formal connection with a denomination, but a strong sympathetic one, and which are generally looked upon as denominational.

A list of fifty-two "accepted" institutions, two of them in Canada, accompanied the report, none being included whose classification would place it in either of the first four of the above groups. Retiring allowances were, however, conferred upon six professors in institutions not in the accepted list, and this number has since been added to.

The publication of this "accepted list," eagerly awaited by those whose welfare was immediately concerned, was received with surprise and disappointment in more than one college and university. Whether because the list was made public before the report was available, so that the reasons which had influenced the trustees were not known; or because the terms of Mr. Carnegie's gift had not been attentively examined, there was undeniably a disposition to feel that the trustees had adhered to the letter of the law at the expense of its spirit. It was to many a college teacher a rude shock to find Harvard, everywhere identified with Unitarianism; Yale, the chosen citadel of Congregationalism; Princeton, the home of Presbyterianism; Tufts, the special pride of Universalism; and Trinity, Episcopalian to the core, included in a list of unsectarian institutions; while others whose denominational affiliations were only nominal, or in whose management there had perhaps never been more than a faint shadow of denominational control, were labelled sectarian, and a door of great hope closed to their hard-working and ill-paid faculties. That "strong sympathetic connection" should not be a disqualification, while the slenderest thread of legal obligation should disqualify, seemed to many quite inexplicable.

That the Carnegie trustees have interpreted their powers as generously as the law will allow, must, I think, be conceded; indeed, the mere mention of the names of the board would preclude any contrary assumption. The position in which the excluded institutions are left, however, is a question of the utmost seriousness. For most practical purposes, the colleges and universities not on the accepted list have been, as it were, placarded before the public as inferior institutions, not because they do not do good work, but because they do not appear to enjoy complete intellectual freedom. That the inference thus loosely drawn by an undiscriminating public is false, and quite unwarranted by any action of the trustees, will not avail much. To the extent to which the impression gains currency, it must become increasingly difficult for institutions which, though not denominational in fact, are such under the Carnegie definition, to attract students, endowments, or teachers. For explain it as we may or regret it as many will, the day of sectarian control of higher education in this country is rapidly passing; and the existence of a great educational foundation from whose benefits every institution with never so slight a denominational connection is excluded, seems likely to make clear once for all a differentiation no longer to be ignored.

Practically, there would seem to be but two courses open to the excluded colleges and universities. They may remain as they are, or they may alter their charters and government so as to conform to the terms of the Carnegie gift. In my judgment, the greatest problem now confronting American colleges and universities is that of adequate compensation for instructors. Not buildings, or laboratories, or libraries, or museums, but the faculty, make the university; and the wretchedly low scale of remuneration which now obtains, often below any possibility of decent or happy living, cannot but result, as I believe it has already resulted, in a progressive lowering of the quality of the men and women who choose teaching for their profession. The Carnegie fund, far from being a charity or a dole, is of the nature of an addition to the endowment of every institution entitled to share in it; and there can be nothing unworthy, no mere "trying to get a pension," in seeking to adjust an institution to these new and beneficent conditions. Those institutions, accordingly, which prefer to remain as they are, must contemplate either the establishment of pension systems of their own, or an equivalent increase of salaries; and while neither task is impossible, both are difficult.

On the other hand, the fundamental alteration of charters may well present many difficulties. Aside from legislative troubles in States whose legislation goes by favor, or which will grant favors in one direction only in return for burdensome concessions in another, there are numerous practical obstacles to be overcome. Denominational ties are often hardest to break in proportion as they have become nominal. The older alumni, especially ministers, must be reckoned with, as must denominational journals; for there are still many persons who will make no distinction between the abandonment of sectarianism and the abandonment of religion. There are likely to be legal difficulties, too, in some cases, connected with the adjustment of gifts conditioned on sectarian uses, or which imply a pledge of continued denominational connection. As for boards of trustees, these are always reluctant to change the nature of their being, while the devising of a new scheme of government certainly raises perplexing questions everywhere. All these are real difficulties, not easily to be got over. But the institution which wishes to have the largest response to its appeal for funds, the ablest and most permanent faculty, the widest range of choice for president and governing boards, the most active and discriminating demand for the services of its graduates, and the firmest hold on the respect and affection of the community, must henceforth possess the form as well as the substance of intellectual freedom. If the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching shall make possible the fashioning of new bottles for the new wine of its beneficence, it will have performed a distinguished service.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Brown University, Providence, R. I.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The most important auction sale thus far this season in New York will be the offering of the private library of Louis M. Dillman of Chicago, by the Anderson Auction Company, on March 21. The collection is primarily first editions of the

greater nineteenth century English authors, such as Coleridge, Lamb, Keats, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Rossetti; but there are a few important earlier books, the most notable being the first edition of Milton's "Poems," 1645. This is in blue levant by Rivière, and is a tall copy (6⅛ by 3¾ inches), with a fine impression, with margin, of the rare first portrait of Milton at the age of twenty-one, engraved by Marshall. The last line of the imprint in this copy has "in Pauls Church-yard"; some copies, as that in the Lenox Library, have "in S. Pauls Church-yard." It seems more probable that the "S." was inserted during the printing than that it was taken out; and if so, the variety without it may be called the earlier issue.

The rarest book in the collection is Browning's "Pauline." This is the Maxwell-Morgan-Appleton copy, which has already been three times sold at auction, bringing $260 in 1895, $720 in 1902, and $1,025 in 1903. It was given by the father of the poet to the latter's uncle, Reuben Browning. Among the other Browning first editions are "Paracelsus," 1835, original boards, uncut; "Strafford," 1837, original paper cover, uncut; "Sordello," 1840, one copy in boards uncut, the earliest form of binding, as well as another in cloth; "Bells and Pomegranates," 1841-1846, a complete set of the eight parts, bound in one volume in cloth by the publisher at the conclusion of the series; "Cleon," 1855, "The Statue and the Bust," and "Gold Hair," 1864, the last three the rare privately issued leaflets.

The two authors in which Mr. Dillman was most interested were probably Coleridge and Lamb. The first edition of Coleridge's "Poems," 1796, is in original boards, uncut; of the second edition, 1797, there are two copies, both in original boards, uncut, but differing in color of cover papers. "Christabel, Kubla Khan, a Vision," etc., 1816, is in the original paper cover, uncut. The other and commoner books are also mostly in the original bindings. The Lamb collection includes some notable rarities. The "Tales from Shakespeare," 1807, two volumes, is in original boards, uncut, in this condition so rare that no sale at auction in America is recorded. Indeed, not more than four copies seem to be known in this country. Several other Lamb items, such as "John Woodvil," 1808; "The Adventures of Ulysses," 1808; "Elia," 1823, and "Last Essays of Elia," 1833, are uncut. "Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer," by Charles Lloyd, an immense folio pamphlet of twenty-seven pages in the original marbled paper covers, is exceedingly scarce, and brings a high price, chiefly because it contains, pages 25 to 27, a poem by Charles Lamb, "The Grandam." The Dillman copy, presented by Lloyd to his sister, Priscilla, contains an inscription in his autograph, as well as numerous autograph corrections.

The Rossetti series contains the first books of the brother and sister, "Sir Hugh the Heron," 1843, by Dante Gabriel, and "Verses," 1847, by Christina. Both were little pamphlets from the private press of their grandfather, G. Polidori. There are also the proof-sheets (242 pages) of Rossetti's poems which were privately printed in 1869. In these sheets are a number of poems not included in the published volume of 1870. The pagination is irregular and a few printer's corrections are indicated.

The Shelley collection includes several rarities, among them "St. Irvyne," 1811, uncut; and "Queen Mab," 1813, original boards, uncut. The three volumes of Keats's writings published during his lifetime are all desirable copies. The "Poems," 1817, is in original boards, uncut, and contains, moreover, on the title an inscription "To my Friends the Miss Reynoldses, J. K." The "Endymion," 1818, is the Rowfant copy. Four lines from the original manuscript of "Lamia," an interesting quatrain in Hood's autograph, with comment in verse by Tennyson, and an excerpt from the *Quarterly* containing the famous review, are inserted, as Locker in his note says, "with questionable taste." The book also contains the following interesting though ungrammatical note in Locker's autograph:

The leaf of errata after the preface is very often missing, in this copy it is not even cut open. I hope no Yankee, who will probably some day add this volume to his Library at Chicago, will have the grace not to open it.

The Tennyson collection includes a superb large paper copy of the "Poems by Two Brothers," 1827, original boards, uncut, as well as uncut copies of the author's three succeeding volumes: "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," 1830; "Poems," 1833; and "Poems," 1842, and later books. George Meredith's first book, "Poems," 1851, printed at the author's expense, is in the original cloth, uncut, a presentation copy with inscription. Ruskin's "Poems," 1850, is a fine copy in original cloth, the top edges, usually gilded, being untrimmed. Among other authors, whose works would, in a sale of less importance, deserve especial mention, are, Matthew Arnold, Byron, George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, and Stevenson. There is a collected set of Waverley Novels, all first editions, 74 volumes, in a uniform binding by Tout. A few American authors, notably Longfellow, Lowell, Poe, and Whittier, are represented by important books.

Correspondence.

POLITICS IN LIBRARY MANAGEMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So much has been written on the ideal side of library work, and modern library schools and clubs have done so much to create in the minds of their graduates and the public an impression that the modern public library is invariably conducted with a nobility of purpose and an unselfishness of administration which amount almost to sacrifice, that it may be useful to examine the actual state of affairs in a number of our large libraries.

In such a survey we find that the most marked divergence from the ideal is in the power which political favoritism and corruption—and the many contributory evils which follow in their wake—exert in certain municipal libraries. This favoritism affects all the staff, from the librarian to the janitor; and their actions are ordered entirely by political expediency. How then can we expect that the ideal service to the public, as expounded by the professional journals and taught in the training schools, can be given?

The librarian is, first of all, a lobbyist for his library. Funds must be wrung from the city authorities every year; and to do this, with the aid of the working members of his board, takes up much time and energy which, under the ideal system, properly belong to the public. He must flatter and cajole; give special privileges and extra service; offer the resources of the library without the usual restrictions; fling rules to the winds; allow raids to be made on his new magazines and books—and in many other ways coax the support of the powers that be, all at the expense of the general public.

Nominally not "in politics," yet actually often subject to the wishes or orders of some ward leader or "boss" in the matter of appointments, how is the library to secure the best material for its personnel? How make promotions for merit among those already employed? A board of trustees is usually powerless, or too negligent of its duties, to prevent this outside interference. Unnecessary and cumbersome departments are created solely to provide places for "heads" and "chiefs" who owe their positions to "pull," and place fealty to their patrons before service to the public. Usually these self-important "chiefs" (sad to say they are often women) have so little real work to do that most of their time is taken up in planning and launching some fresh foolishness, of no actual value to the service. In many ways the public is the sufferer from the inevitable lack of unity among the various departments.

Where there are branch libraries the effect of this division of authority is really appalling. First of all, the librarians in charge are likely to be appointed in much the same manner as the main library "heads," that is, without regard to ability or fitness. Mere mechanical dexterity seems to these half-taught "librarians" to be the very essence of perfection in library work, and their own worth and that of those under them they judge solely by the ability to put on labels artistically, or by the number of books charged per minute. That a knowledge of what is in the books is one of the first requisites of librarianship does not seem to occur to them. Necessarily then their first and last resource in reference work is the ever-ready encyclopedia; the boundless treasure of knowledge that lies in other books on their shelves is entirely unknown to them, and unused.

The political evil is almost equalled by another that is rife in some libraries, namely, personal favoritism. Invidious discrimination, unmerited preferment, unusual indulgences, and an entire release from rules and freedom from penalties are the particular signs of this favoritism. Trained and practical assistants, those who have made their work a real study, are often found chafing under the authority of some half-taught man or woman who happens to have the private ear of one of the "board." Nepotism, too, is responsible for many an unsuitable person securing position and promotion out of all proportion to ability.

This, then, is what we find on the other side of library work. Yet, black as is the picture, there are not wanting signs to encourage us. The profession is undergoing

a process of transformation from the state where it was said that when a man failed in every other enterprise he became a librarian, to the present position where experts from every field are attracted, and librarianship is rapidly taking its place among the learned professions. Gradually but surely the abuses and blunders of the early days are being corrected, our library schools—whose graduates are usually women of good breeding—are being drawn upon more and more for trained assistants; our librarians are often men of wide knowledge, expert in the varied details of their profession. The future is bright when we have the assurance that such excellent appointments as have lately been made in several State libraries, and notably in the national library at Washington, are likely to be duplicated. LIBRARIAN.

THE HOUSE OF JOHN MARSHALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was told the other day in Richmond that the very substantial brick house at the corner of Ninth and Marshall Streets in that city, in which John Marshall lived for forty years, has been bought by the city and is soon to be torn down. I cannot recall any private edifice in the United States—not in the hands of some organization charged with its maintenance—which more truly deserves to be permanently preserved. John Marshall did for the Constitution what Stephenson and Fulton did for steam and Morse and Edison for electricity—he interpreted it, he applied it, he made of it a working instrument.

Let his memory be honored by making the house in which he lived for approaching half a century, the law library of the State of Virginia—or else let it be bought and maintained and cherished by the legal profession of the entire country.

DEWITT MILLER.

Staunton, Va., March 8.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. will soon have ready the following publications: "Modern Organ Accompaniment," by A. M. Richardson; "Introduction to Dogmatic Theology," by Dr. F. J. Hall; "Pain and Sympathy," by Dr. J. N. McCormick; "The Invisible Things," by Rev. J. S. Jones; "Papers of a Pariah," by R. H. Benson; "Woman: her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and Among the Early Christians," by James Donaldson; "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," by Sir James Stephen; "Our Sister Beatrice," by Grace Grier; "The Causes of Decay in a British Industry"; "Outlines of European History," by A. J. Grant; "International Documents," by E. A. Whittuck; "His Grace the Steward and the Trial of the Peers," by L. W. Vernon-Harcourt; "Animal Artisans," by C. J. Cornish; "Hunting and Shooting in Ceylon," by Harry Storey; "Electro-Physiology of Plants," by J. C. Bose; "Memories," by Sir Owen Tudor Burne: "Some Problems of Existence," by Norman Pearson; "Six Radical Thinkers," by John MacCunn, and "The Princes of Achaia and the Chronicles of Morea," by Sir Rennell Rodd.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the following forthcoming books: "The History of Modern Painting," by Richard Muther; "Christian Theology and Social Progress," the Bampton lectures, 1905, by F. W. Bussell; "Churchman's Treasury of Song," by John Henry Burn; "The Old Country," by Henry Newbold; "George Crabbe," by René Huchon; "Seeing and Hearing," by G. W. E. Russell; "The Pyrenees," by Baring Gould; "The Outlook in Ireland," by Lord Dunraven; "The Carroll Girls," by Mabel Quiller-Couch; "Submarine Warfare," by Herbert C. Fyfe; "Bridge Axioms," by J. B. Elwell, and "The Song in Heaven," by Phillips Brooks.

Henry Holt & Co. have in preparation a new series of Biographies of Leading Americans under the general editorship of Prof. W. P. Trent. The series is to include "Leading American Soldiers" (now ready), by R. M. Johnston; "Scientists," by President David Starr Jordan; "Historians," by W. P. Trent; "Lawyers," by Henry C. Merwin; "Poets," by Curtis Hidden Page, and "Novelists," by John Erskine. Other volumes will be announced later.

This spring we are to have from Funk & Wagnalls: "The Home Life in Order," by Dr. A. T. Schofield; "Balm in Gilead," by Florence Morse Kingsley; "A Post-Scriptum to My Life," by Victor Hugo; "Between the Testaments," by Dr. David Gregg; "Pathways to the Best," by Dr. Charles L. Goodell, and "Race Life of the Aryan Peoples," by J. P. Widney.

A Student's Series of Historical and Comparative Grammars, edited by Prof. Joseph Wright, is to be published by the Oxford University Press. There are to be in all some twenty-five volumes, taking in all the principal ancient and modern languages.

Sir Oliver Lodge's book on the harmony of science and religion is to be issued this month by Harper & Bros.

A. S. Barnes & Co. are publishing the letters written by Charles Battell Loomis to the New York *Sun* under the title of "A Bath in an English Tub."

W. Burdett-Coutts makes a request that any letters written by or to the late Baroness may be sent to him to be copied so far as desirable for use in an official life of that remarkable woman. Writing from her great house at 1, Stratton Street, he says:

> This house is like a record office, stocked with papers and correspondence going back more than 100 years, connected with historic events and great names, and touching innumerable interests. None of these have ever passed outside its walls. Of course, the corollary to this long story is not at my service; the answers, in her own handwriting, that kept her mind and pen busy for seventy years, are in many places.

Sir Henry Burdett's "Hospitals and Charities, 1907," receives its usual welcome. As a step toward securing a single year-book for the English-speaking world, the present issue again contains a chapter by Dr. S. S. Goldwater on hospitals and hospital opinion in the United States.

To the World's Classics Henry Frowde has added a third volume of Burke, with an introduction by Frank H. Willis. This volume is mainly given up to short miscellaneous speeches. The issues of Thackeray are continued with "Pendennis" in two volumes introduced by Edmund Gosse. Holmes's "Poet at the Breakfast Table" and "Professor at the Breakfast Table" have a volume each, introduced by W. Robertson Nicoll. Scott's "Lives of the Novelists" is compressed into a single volume, to which Austin Dobson contributes the introduction.

The fourth volume of Beaumont & Fletcher, edited for the Cambridge English Classics (Putnams), by A. R. Waller, includes "The Tragedy of Valentinian," "Monsieur Thomas," "The Chances," "The Bloody Brothers," and "The Wild-Goose Chase." Mr. Glover observes that differenees have been found in copies of the second folio, all dated 1679, and that the present text has been set up from one copy of the folio, and the proofs compared word for word with two other copies. A few addenda to the notes on the text of volume ii. are given in the appendix.

In 1834 and 1849 Congress purchased the papers of George Washington and deposited them in the Department of State. The transfer was not complete, and much valuable material escaped the notice of the government agents—material that has since been sold to private collectors. What was obtained has been strangely neglected by the government, for no list or calendar was prepared, and, apart from the unfortunate undertaking of Force's "Archives," no publication attempted. Three years ago these papers were transferred to the Library of Congress, and already the first of a series of calendars is printed, covering Washington's correspondence with the Continental Congress. For the first time, therefore, the full richness of the collection can be tested. Nearly 6,000 papers are described, and they constitute only about one-seventh of the entire collection. But this portion is of the highest historical value. Nominally under the direction of Congress, Washington was for some years the centre of civil as well as military administration. He was at times dictator, and yet he always recognized the responsibility of reporting his acts and stating his views to the Congress. He was consulted on questions of army organization, and his relations with the enemy, as on the matter of an exchange of prisoners of war, were determined by resolutions. In the eight years of these close relations a great number of problems were discussed and solved, and nearly as many left without solution. The calendar has been prepared by John C. Fitzpatrick, and is printed by the Library of Congress. A useful feature will be found in the facsimile reproduction of the writing of the aids and secretaries of the general, among whom Mrs. Washington served, as some copies are in her hand. The book is welcome as one more evidence of the policy of the library in making its collections of service to the public.

In a volume, "Cadwallader Colden: a Representative Eighteenth Century Official" (The Macmillan Co.), Miss Alice M. Keys has written a very entertaining account of New York politics before the Revolution. By taste, Colden was a speculator in science, and had he devoted himself more to his experiments, or possessed the same breadth of inquiry and charm of expression, he might have been classed with Franklin. Circumstances drew him into the political and factional differences of the day, and he lost much time and influence as adviser to an unpopular governor. "Too much of a

pedant to be a skilful politician, Colden was yet too much of a politician to be an entirely absorbed philosopher." As Gov. Clinton's supporter, he came into conflict with the Assembly, and with some powerful individuals, capable of neutralizing his well-intended plans of reforms and restraining his personal ambitions. Showing a want of dignity and moderation where his own views were traversed, he did not advance the popularity of the governor, or temper the antagonisms aroused in those scheming for office and gain. A conservative and a believer in prerogative, he could not win favor among a people infected with democratic ideas, and growing restless under ministerial rule. He had to contend against a negligent control of his superiors, a domestic Legislature in which the great landowners were potent, and a people whose growing commerce felt the restrictions of the mercantile system of England. Unpopularity was his reward for his loyalty to King and devotion to the public service. Miss Keys bases her narrative largely upon manuscript material, and writes in a full mastery of her subject. As a result, her work is a valuable study in political biography.

Robert P. Porter's book on "The Dangers of Municipal Ownership" (Century Co.) is based almost wholly upon English experience. As this is confidently adduced both for and against American ventures of the kind, a sound and trustworthy analysis of what British cities have done in the line of municipal trading would plainly be useful. But Mr. Porter has not furnished it. He is a confessed and violent partisan, and too many of the figures which he gives are untested and unfairly collated for inferences dubiously drawn. This we the more regret because we agree in the main with his point of view. But the best cause is not aided by inconclusive reasoning; and the evils of municipal ownership cannot be proved in Mr. Porter's old fashion of proving the blessings of protection—that is, by flinging a lot of undigested statistics together with a triumphant Q. E. D. Nor is his sense of order good. If he were as frank as the seventeenth-century economist quoted by Professor Seligman, he would say, with him, "I have huddled together a mixt Discourse."

Owen Wister's skit, "How Doth the Simple Spelling Bee," has been issued by the Macmillan Company, with illustrations by F. R. Gruger. It is a witty satire on the Simplified Spelling Board and its various activities.

One of the first books published in New York, the Rev. Dr. Richard Lingard's "Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University, Concerning His Behavior and Conversation in the World," 1696, has been reprinted with introduction and notes by Frank C. Erb of the Columbia University Library. William Bradford set up his press in New York in 1693. In the same year he issued the laws of the Colony in sheets. Under date of 1694 he published an almanac, edited by Daniel Leeds. It is probable that in 1694 he printed George Keith's "Truth Advanced in the Correction of Many Gross and Hurtful Errors." The only known copy of this "Letter of Advice" is now in the Columbia Library. The volume was sold for $12.50 in 1856, and for $240 in 1876; it came to Columbia with the Phœnix collection in 1881. Mr. Erb has given us a line-for-line reprint, not a facsimile. His introduction contains a brief account of Bradford and his press, of the history of this particular book, and of Dr. Lingard, the author. Born in England, probably about 1598, and educated at Cambridge, Lingard became professor of divinity in Dublin University, and died in 1670. In 1668 he published a sermon. The first known edition of the "Letter of Advice" is London, 1671; and there were also editions in 1673 and 1713. The "Letter," though on a commonplace subject, is written in surprisingly vigorous style, with a suggestion of the pith and weight of Bacon.

We have already called attention to the charming little books edited by J. C. Dana and H. W. Kent, and published by A. C. McClurg & Co., under the title of "Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." Two new issues (the third and fourth) of that series are now before us, containing (iii) "The Life of Sir Thomas Bodley, written by himself, together with the First Draft of the Statutes of the Public Library at Oxon," and (iv) James Kirkwood's "Two Tracts on the Founding of Parochial Libraries in Scotland." Both volumes will have antiquarian value for those engaged in library pursuits to-day. And the dignified sketch of Bodley's life has also a general human interest.

A useful popular comparison between the ethical system of Marcus Aurelius and that of contemporary Christian writers is given by Leonard Alston in his "Stoic and Christian in the Second Century" (Longmans, Green & Co.). The author confines himself to principles of conduct, avoiding philosophical discussions. His treatment of his subject is incomplete in two points: he does not sufficiently distinguish between ethics and religion, and he does not describe the actual moral life of the time in Christian and non-Christian circles. The little volume is, however, fair and suggestive.

The long life of the first Protestant Episcopal bishop of Central New York finds worthy and modest commemoration in the "Memoir and Letters of Frederic Dan Huntington," by Arria S. Huntington (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). In a career so varied as that of Dr. Huntington's there is much of general interest. Nourished in what might be termed evangelical Unitarianism, and educated by orthodox Congregationalists, he became pastor of a Unitarian church, and subsequently preacher to Harvard University and Plummer professor of Christian Morals. On change of view he was made rector of an Episcopal church in Boston, and later, for thirty-five years bishop of Central New York. Without attempt at formulation of the reasons which led to a change of theological base, or endeavor to estimate the doctrinal positions of Dr. Huntington and his relation to the thought of his time, the biographer has produced a pleasing picture of one of the most conscientious and useful men of the American Church. It may be significant that Bishop Huntington felt a growing ineffectiveness in preaching, as his views became more settled and official cares increased. Outside of his own communion perhaps his most valuable work was in the encouragement of good hymnody.

Prof. Eberhard Nestle of Maulbronn, Würtemberg, one of the most prolific and industrious New Testament critics in Germany, has just issued a critical edition of the Latin text of the New Testament, as a companion volume to his Greek edition published several years ago. The work is done for the Stuttgart Bible Society, which sells these editions at a remarkably low price, the new Latin edition costing only two marks. The purpose is to crowd out the corrupt and cheaply published older editions by offering at the same price a really modern and scientifically correct text. In the case of the Greek text this has been practically accomplished.

In the Beilage of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 19, Prof. Ed. Koenig of the University of Bonn, discusses the archæological researches made by Prof. Ernst Sellin of Vienna, in three expeditions under his charge, in the ruins of Taanakh, the Taanach of Joshua xii. 21. While the Tigris-Euphrates and the Nile valleys have for decades been furnishing good materials for the Biblical archæologist, Palestine itself, outside of Jerusalem, is largely virgin soil. Only recently have English savants been at work in Tell-Chesi, in the southwestern portion of the country, and later in Geser, south of the road from Joppa to Jerusalem. Professor Sellin has now published a full report of his researches in two volumes of the Denkschriften of the Vienna Academy of Sciences. He has laid bare in Taanakh four strata of ruins, each with utensils and other finds characteristic of four stages of civilization, the earliest antedating the advent of the Hebrews. Among these discoveries are also a series of letters, all, however, of a private nature, and written in cuneiform characters, as are also the famous Tell-el-Amarna letters found in Egypt. Particularly abundant have been the finds pertaining to religious affairs, a large number of amulets and images of gods and goddesses being unearthed. No fewer than nineteen nude images of Astarte are included in this list, as also an image of the Babylonian and Assyrian god Nergal. The most interesting specimen of this class of discoveries is a movable incense altar, found in the third stratum, forty-five centmetres long and ninety centmetres high. Koenig concludes that the data and details brought to light by these investigations are fully in harmony with the reports of Old Testament sources, and tend to confirm the reliability of the literary sources extant for the history of Israel's religious development.

No lover of Italian literature will take up the last volume Carducci sent to the press without a keen feeling of regret. And, indeed, the collection "Antica Lirica Italiana" (canzonette, canzoni, sonetti dei secoli XIII-XV; Florence: G. C. Sansoni), recalls in melancholy fashion the tireless ambition that is now quenched. It was intended to provide an introduction that should kindle in the modern reader the love and understanding of these old lyrics, but the strength of the author's last silent years only sufficed to make the selection of poems and to revise the texts. But as it is, the

book makes a substantial appeal both to the student and to the general reader. We know of no collection so comprehensive and convenient. The philologer may pass by texts that are presented without apparatus; for the student of literature Carducci's name is a sufficient guarantee of accuracy. Such a reader, or for that matter a college class, with the addition of, say, Gaspary's "History of Italian Literature," and Petrocchi's lexicon, will have no difficulty in using the book. For the sake of condensation, it is printed in double columns, but the type is sharp and of fair size; in fact, the general appearance of the page recalls those eminently useful editions of the English poets in single volumes issued by the Macmillans. Of the contents we may only say in brief that there are 164 canzoni and allied forms with 564 sonnets. Every author of repute from the Emperor Frederick II. to Sannazaro is fully represented, and there is an alphabetical table of first lines. A sensible reversion to older and more humane fashions of editing is the publication of poetical correspondences in their original order. Thus one has intact not merely the famous debate in sonnets anent Dante's

A ciascun' alma presa e gentil core,

but also a dozen similar strifes of earlier and later date, down to the rather frigid observations on style, albeit in sonnet form, exchanged between Gaspare Visconti and Ieronimo Tuttavilla. As a very full compendium of the best of the early Italian lyrics, the collection will be most useful to students who read far from great libraries, or prefer their own study corner to the public resorts. To amateurs of the Tudor sonnet it offers especial opportunities, for with Serafino Aquilano and his contemporaries it reaches the poets who, after Petrarch, served as models for Wyatt, Surrey, and their less known compeers in Tottel's "Miscellany." We opine that a careful comparison of the last pages of this anthology with Tottel might even add a few interesting parallels to the many collected by Koeppel and Sidney Lee.

Why Mlle. Thérèse Vianzone should have collected, under the title "Impressions d'une Française en Amérique" (Paris: Plon-Nourrit), her letters to a friend at home, we cannot imagine. In the first place, these letters, written as they are with a purpose of subsequent publication constantly in mind, are by so much not letters at all. But even if they were, their tone of never-ending emotion palls long before the last page is reached. Miss Vianzone saw very little of this country, her environment on the whole having been that of the various convents, women's clubs, and schools before which she lectured in half a dozen great cities. But it would not do to say that she is unobservant! She discovers that Bostou is *un petit noyau de province;* that Alexandria, Virginia, is an important town; that the iutellectual development of our women outstrips that of the men; and last of all and greatest of all, that President Roosevelt is a modest and perhaps a timid man.

Col. Corbiu of the French army, who died in 1904, leaving behind a charming volume of "Notes et Souvenirs d'un Officier d'État-Major" (Paris: Hachette et Cie.), was a distinguished officer. He added to capacity for work and to professional ability, literary and artistic qualities of a very high order. Weakened by the hardships of three wars, he passed from the active list, at a time when he could justly count on reaping its highest honors. His recollections, slight though they be, have a charm unusual in military memoirs, if only from their distinction of style. But this is not their only recommendation; his picture of Polytechnique days is delightful in itself, while his account of the assault and capture of the Malakoff, in which he took part, is a model of what this sort of description should be. We can but regret that his recollections should be so brief.

If any layman should doubt that ballooning has become a regularly established sport, let him examine "Le Vade-mecum de l'Aéronaute" (Paris: en vente chez l'auteur), by Georges Blanchet, "pilot" of the Aero-Club of France. Here we have a sufficiently practical hand-book, and a readable one too, on the anatomy of the balloon, its operation and manipulation, in short on what in military parlance we should call its service. These pages open a new world to us, and bear witness to the audacious ingenuity of man. Is ballooning dangerous? Our author says no, because most dangers can be anticipated and met; and he tells us how. For example, if the net, through moisture (and moisture seems to be one great enemy to be feared), should weaken and break, the balloon proper may escape, leaving the aeronaut (temporarily) in mid-air. The remedy is simple: inspect your net frequently, and protect it against damp. We have no space to mention the various points brought out by the author; how a balloon may be "sucked up" by a thunder storm; when it is safe to smoke on a trip; what to say to a peasant when you land in his potato field, and so on. These matters are all realities to the aeronaut, and he must know, and know at once, what to do in each case as it presents itself. M. Blanchet, speaking from experience, is always ready with his solution.

François Coppée has given the Académie Française a sum yielding $200 biennially for use as a prize for young poets. The letter making the gift expresses regret that poets are so little encouraged by prizes in comparison with writers of prose.

Dr. Charles Wilhelm Seidenadel of Chicago presented to a recent meeting of the Philological Society of the University of Chicago selected chapters of his manuscript, "First Grammar of the Bontoc Igorot." The author, who is a trained philologist, associated last summer for several months with the members of a group of the Igorot tribe, about thirty in number, brought to Chicago for exhibition at the close of the St. Louis Exposition. Continuous intercourse with these people, often lasting ten hours each day, enabled Mr. Seidenadel not only to understand their language, but also to converse with them freely. He was successful in transcribing between three and four thousand complete sentences, which he repeatedly tested in actual use, and then subjected to critical examination and classification for the purpose of the "Grammar." The linguistic and ethnological importance of such study is clear, in view of our relations with the Philippines, and of the lack of trustworthy philological work in the languages of the archipelago. Starr Willard Cutting, secretary of the Philological Society, writes:

Mr. Seidenadel's remarkable initial success, his natural gift and special training for making accurate phonetic transcriptions, and his friendly relations with a considerable group of the natives, are, it seems to the members of the Philological Society, strong reasons for expecting from his further research in this direction results of great importance. Mr. Seidenadel hopes to secure from some source the means needed for residence in the Philippines to complete his studies of the Bontoe Igorot, and to extend his attention to other allied dialects.

The Conference for Education in the South will be held this year at Pinehurst, N. C., April 9 to 11.

Professor Skeat has again written to the *Times* a letter of passionate appeal for money to endow a professorship of English literature at the University of Cambridge. He first made an appeal for funds in 1896, and in three years received the munificent sum of £2,100.

The University of Giessen has made arrangements to celebrate in July the three-hundredth anniversary of its organization. The institution was established by the exodus of a considerable body of Lutheran professors from Marburg, when the university at the latter place was changed into a Reformed institution. It was officially reorganized by Rudolf II., May 19, 1607.

From the fiftieth annual report of the public library of Brookline, Mass., we learn that the number of volumes is 64,803 and the circulation for home use 140,666. Its present quarters are so inadequate for the constantly increasing work that a new building is about to be constructed in which the central idea is an open-shelf book room. This proves very conclusively that the open-shelf system, which was adopted in 1898, is not a failure in this town. Out of 84 books missing during the past year, 63 were fiction and juveniles, showing that more careful supervision should be exercised over the children's department, but that the accessibility of the main library should not be restricted.

REPRINTS OF HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

Correspondence of William Pitt when Secretary of State, with Colonial Governors and Military and Naval Commissioners in America. Edited, under the auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.

William Pitt was Secretary of State for the Southern Department from 1756 to 1761; and his energy in spurring on the flagging spirits of the colonists in the war against France, together with the brilliant exploits of Amherst, Forbes, and Wolfe, and the final victory of the English in America, has given to the years of his service exceptional prominence. The publication, therefore, of his correspondenee with the colonies during those years is important, and we congratulate the National Society of the Colonial Dames on the share which it has had in this enterprise. The correspondence here printed consists both of Pitt's dispatches to colonial governors and to military and naval commanders in

America, and of the letters and enclosures of the latter in reply. Nearly all the originals now form a part of the British Colonial Office papers preserved in the Public Record Office under the title "America and West Indies," a series of 687 volumes. The Pitt correspondence, covering a period of six years, and scattered through about thirty volumes, deals almost entirely with military matters, and, numbering 493 documents, of which about one-seventh have been printed before, forms a homogeneous group of papers of exceptional historical value. As a documentary history of the colonies during this period of six years this series of papers is manifestly incomplete; but as an introduction to every important episode of the war, including the naval campaign in the West Indies, it is more extensive than any series hitherto published. For the use of students it will need to be supplemented by the printed and unprinted collections in America, by the other departmental papers in the Public Record Office, and by the enclosures belonging to the letters here printed, but not included in these volumes.

The reader who will follow these letters to the end will find vivid and realistic pictures of the campaigns against Louisburg, Ticonderoga, Fort Du Quesne, and Quebec, and will be deeply impressed with the traits of the leaders in the struggle. He will not easily forget Loudon's pomposity and want of tact, Abercrombie's good intentions but ineffectiveness, Amherst's cautious methods and business-like epistles, Forbes's heroism in the face of opposition, discouragement, and wasting disease, Wolfe's enthusiasm and highmindedness, Pownall's common sense and good judgment, Ellis's loyal devotion to colony and home government alike, and Dobbs's rhetorical appeals to the cause of Protestantism and British liberties. He will feel a personal interest in Admirals Holburne, Saunders, Hardy, and Commodore Moore, and above all, he will admire Pitt's determination, military sagacity, and wide geographical knowledge. Among the letters few will attract him more than that bearing for the first time the heading, "Pittsbourgh," and dated November 27, 1757, in which Forbes wrote to Pitt:

> I have used the freedom of giving your name to Fort Du Quesne, as I hope it was in some measure the being actuated by your spirits that now makes us Masters of the place. Nor could I help using the same freedom in the naming of two other Forts, the one Fort Ligonier, and the other Bedford. I hope the name Fathers will take them under their Protection. In which case these dreary deserts will soon be the richest and most fertile of any possest by the British in No. America.

To this Pitt replied, "I cannot conclude without adding my particular Acknowledgements for the very great and undeserved Honor, you have done my Name."

The correspondence discloses the enormous obstacles that lay in the way of conducting a war far from the base of supplies and in conjunction with colonies whose aid was often grudgingly given. The system, established at the Albany Congress of 1754, of requisitioning troops proved wholly inadequate, but as no better plan could be contrived it had to be put in operation. Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York, acting under the promise of a Parliamentary appropriation covering expenses, gave generous support, but Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina wrangled over their supplies of men and money to the end of the war. One can hardly wonder that the British Government and its representatives in America became exasperated. To the apathy of the colonies were added other obstacles, too little considered by writers on the subject—insufficient and poor food, heavy mortality due to the unsanitary condition of transports and barracks, inadequate supplies of ammunition, clothing, and camp equipage. The accounts of deputy paymasters, quartermasters, barrack-masters, commissaries, hospital surgeons, and other officials often tell a wretched tale of niggardliness, incapacity, and fraud.

Slowness of communication, not only between England and America, but between colonies also, was a constant hindrance to effective action. Dispatches and letters were delayed by storms or, when merchant ships and packet boats were captured by the French, lost entirely. Waiting for news and orders was maddening to a man like Amherst, and Pitt showed that he realized the seriousness of the situation when he urged the Admiralty to perfect the service and to notify him the instant a packet or merchant ship was ready to sail, that he might keep his dispatches open until the latest possible moment. The post in the colonies was exceedingly unreliable, and generals were left in ignorance for weeks, and sometimes months, of the fate of their orders. "It gives me a great deal of concern," wrote Gov. Ellis of Georgia, "that my letters from the ministry are so long on their way hither." Six weeks after Abercrombie in Philadelphia had ordered Montgomery's battalion to march northward from South Carolina, he could say that he did not know whether or not the battalion had started; and Gov. Lyttleton of South Carolina, receiving on August 2 a letter sent from Philadelphia on May 8, wrote in exasperation to Pitt that "some new regulations in the post throughout the provinces" were "highly necessary for the King's service." Forbes, writing of his scouting parties, said that the intelligence they brought was "of so old a date that there was no trusting to it." Thus campaigns progressed slowly, and individual commanders were compelled to act on their own initiative with such forces as were under their immediate control.

The dispatches that Pitt sent to America confirm all that has hitherto been said regarding his efficiency as a militant secretary of state. They confirm, too, what has generally been overlooked in the estimate of Pitt's ability and statesmanship, the fact that the Great Commoner had no appreciation of the problem of colonial management and no interest in the reorganization of the British colonial and Imperial system after the defeat of France had been effected. There is nothing in his correspondence, here or elsewhere, to show that he desired to change the existing system, to modify the old policy of navigation acts and restrictive measures, or to organize the colonial administration on a more effective basis. He understood the importance of defeating France, but he does not appear to have understood either the probable effects of such defeat upon the colonies, or the need of uniting the colonial dependencies more closely to the empire, a need that Pownall saw so clearly. Though he afterward advocated the repeal of the Stamp Act, there is no good reason to believe that he would have pursued a policy essentially different from that of Grenville had he been in power after 1763.

The documents in these volumes have been well edited, but Miss Kimball's preface hardly meets the demands of the occasion. It tells us a little regarding the origin and present location of the letters, and presents a brief outline of the events of the war; but scarcely anything is said of Pitt's character or policy; no attempt is made to show wherein the new papers enlarge existing knowledge or supplement older narratives; no mention is made of the Pitt correspondence published in 1838-1840, and its relation to the present series; no comments of consequence are made upon the war itself or upon the military abilities of the men chiefly concerned. The notes to the letters are chiefly biographical and geographical, and as such are useful. Inasmuch as it is desirable that such notes be accurate, we make the following comments for use in case a second edition of this work should be called for. In Vol. I. p. 13, the Cherokees are located "along the Virginia border, and in the lower valley of the Ohio River"; on p. 388, they are placed in the "north and northwest of Georgia." The dates of Benning Wentworth's governorship of New Hampshire are 1741-1767, not 1737-1766 (I. 215). Miss Kimball speaks of Amherst as "governor-general of British North America" (I. 219), evidently accepting the statement in the "Dictionary of National Biography" to that effect; but the statement is wrong, unless by "British North America" Canada is meant—a misleading use of the term, inasmuch as in 1760 "British North America" included all the colonies from Nova Scotia to Georgia. Another strange error appears in Vol. I. p. 366, where mention is made of "Charles Pilford, doctor of civil law, governor of the Barbados Islands." A few geographical slips may be noted. Otter Creek should be described as east, not west, of the southern part of Lake Champlain (II. 65); and the terms St. Christopher's for St. Christopher, St. Vincent's for St. Vincent, Prince Edward's Island for Prince Edward Island, and Berbices for Berbice, are not in accord with modern usage.

Original Narratives of Early American History. I. The Northmen, Columbus, and Cabot, 985-1503; II. Early English and French Voyages, 1534-1608. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Each $3.00 net.

This series, of which two volumes are now before us, has almost the character of a national undertaking, in that it bears the imprimatur of the American Historical Association, itself a national body. As at present planned, it is to consist of twenty volumes covering the period to 1700; and its object is to render accessible to schools, colleges, libraries, and individual purchasers the great narrative sources upon which rests our national history. If the plan, as it is outlined by the general editor, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, in his Introduction to the series, be carried out with the wisdom and skill displayed at

the beginning, we shall have in the course of a few years within easy reach a mass of material which is not only entertaining and instructive and of the highest historical importance, but which has been read, as a whole, by very few people, even among professed historians. The publication of these narratives in cheap and handy form will meet a need never yet satisfied. Reprints of rare pamphlets have been made for the most part in the interest of the bibliophile on the principle that the more expensive the book the greater the profit. Collections of extracts usually appeal only to those who are required to use such extracted sources as supplemental to a text book in school or college classes. A series that contains such important and alluring narratives as the sagas of the Northmen, the adventures of Cartier, Hawkins, Gilbert, Barlow, and others out of Hakluyt, the observations of Percy, the relations of John Smith, De La Warr, Rolfe, and others for Virginia, Bradford's "History," Winthrop's "Journal," and that remarkable history of Massachusetts by the town clerk of Woburn, known as the "Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England"—such a series must commend itself at once to a wide circle.

The undertaking opens auspiciously with reprints of the Icelandic and Norse sagas, and of the narratives of the voyages of Columbus and John Cabot, with supplemental letters and other papers. The documents relating to the Northmen are edited by Prof. J. E. Olson of the University of Wisconsin; those relating to Columbus and Cabot by Prof. E. G. Bourne of Yale. No better experts on these subjects could have been obtained. The functions of the individual editors are to supply introductions setting forth briefly the author's career and opportunities, the genesis of his work, and the degree of authority to which it is entitled, and also to make such annotations, scholarly but simple, as may be necessary to explain or correct the text. That editors will of necessity vary in their exercise of these functions is manifest from the fact that Professor Olson gives us an elaborate and altogether satisfying introduction, whereas Professor Bourne contributes only scanty prefaces, and makes his illuminating series of annotations the most valuable portion of his work.

The second volume, edited by the Rev. Dr. Henry S. Burrage of the Maine Historical Society, contains the three relations of the voyages of Jacques Cartier and some fourteen narratives of the voyages of Elizabethan seamen. Though in the technique of editing this volume is inferior to its predecessor, in interest it is not likely to be surpassed by any number of the series, for it is filled with the enthusiasm of an age of adventure, when men were eager to know something of the world beyond the Atlantic, and to see with their own eyes the wonders of the cities of El Dorado. In this year of the tercentenary of the settlement of Virginia such a volume is opportune, for the spirit that led to the founding of Jamestown, though immediately roused by a desire for trade and an increase of wealth, was still the spirit that drove the restless seamen of Elizabeth to seek new worlds to the glory of God, the discomfiture of Spain, and the strengthening of the realm of the English queen.

As the responsibility of selection in this series rests entirely with the general editor, to him must be accorded the praise for the admirable manner in which he has begun his task.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Port of Missing Men. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Like a musical motive in its varying phases, inverted, diminished, augmented, changing in rhythm and interval, the Zenda theme marches ever onward and upward and downward. Happy is it for mankind that it is a good theme, healthy and stirring, giving itself naturally to highmindedness, clean sentiment, patriotic feeling, with the harmless necessary spice of treasons, stratagems, knives, and pistols. The fourth time that Mr. Nicholson's charming heroine is the involuntary witness of stealthy approaches and twilight attempts at murder, we are ready to arraign him for lack of ingenuity. But there is, all told, so much of originality in device and so much freshness and lightness in carrying out the design, that one closes the book in good humor with the writer. One remembers even more vividly than the vain repetitions, the sturdy qualities of a military fairy tale. Harder to forget, perhaps, is the unblushing mingling of the real and the false. Against wireless telegraphy and the Senator from Montana are projected the flags at half-mast for the Austrian Emperor Johann Wilhelm, succeeded by Charles Louis, with rival factions supporting a Francis and a Frederick Augustus.

With these slight objections to the scheme of Mr. Nicholson's novel, there is still verge enough for enjoyment of its merits. "Do something for Austria" is said to the hero in the first chapter, and doing something for Austria, mainly in America, is the story. The clash of wits is as bright as that of knives. The aecessory characters, as well as the principals, are strongly individual. The machinery is swift-running; the girl, a royal specimen of the emergency heroine just now so popular. And there is an American coloring that is so far from spread-eagleism as to be not in the least out of place, though in an extravaganza, lending it, indeed, a touch of poesy. The name itself is a case in point, designating a Virginian field where for a long time were encamped after the civil war a few "gray soldiers" who would not surrender.

Running Water. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: The Century Co.

To do Mr. Mason justice, his work bears every mark of care. In your mind's eye you see him stepping into the *coulisse* where his *fantoccini* are stored, and painstakingly selecting every puppet and bit of property needed for his story. So obvious is the preparation that you have all the sensations of being at a rehearsal and seeing the stage set with the death-dealing chasm, the catchwords timed to go off opportunely, and everybody's past so illuminated as to leave no question whatever as to the logical future of each. The play begins with a worthless mother trailing her innocent daughter to and fro among Continental watering places. Then come our old friend the British officer, a pigeon to be plucked, two club gentlemen (lay figures even among marionettes), a moneylender, a dark conspiracy, and a gambling father of the most thorough-paced badness, yet with an unquenchable spark of manhood lingering somewhere about his person.

Scene: The Alps (chiefly) and a chorus of Alpine guides. Every one is actuated by those motives found only in fiction. For instance—Sylvia, true romantic heroine, whose sense of duty positively outshines that of the conscientious Elsie Dinsmore, sends off her true love in a huff. Why? Merely that she may have leisure to "save" a particularly trashy, tipsy cub, whom she has just met, from her father and his band of correctly attired bravos. Moreover, no adequate reason is given for her driving away the captain instead of retaining him as her assistant, the only plausible explanation being that if she called him in at chapter thirteen, instead of waiting till chapter twenty-one, even the fertility of Mr. Mason could hardly have prevented their adventures from coming to an end before the volume had reached marketable bulk. The story is told with great fluency—too much, in fact. Throughout it resembles the last act of those congenitally three-act plays to which a fourth is added, to lengthen the entertainment till supper-time. The result is so absurdly stagy, obvious, and trite as to be almost unpardonable from the author of such excellent melodrama as "Miranda of the Balcony."

This Labyrinthine Life. By George Alexander Fischer. New York: B. W. Dodge & Co.

If "This Labyrinthine Life" had been cast as a popular article, appealing to the philanthropic purse on behalf of the war against tuberculosis, it might have been not only endurable, but praiseworthy. As fiction there is little to say for it. The scene is laid in a "lungers' " camp in Arizona; the author treats his subject as if he were writing the yearly report (with picked histories of "cases" to make it lifelike) of a scientific charity. Whenever the details threaten to grow dull, he introduces another group of figures about as clearly differentiated as the "Mrs. X., aged twenty-one," or "Mr. Z., aged twenty-two," of a medical journal. Occasionally this is varied by a discussion upon the later string quartets of Beethoven, or a chat about Thoreau.

Branscombe, a heartless man of fashion, turns philanthropist and endows a model camp, each detail being given with a fidelity rivalling that of "Myself" in the "Swiss Family Robinson." Without further instruction than is offered here, any one of the most limited intelligence would know how to equip such a camp from laundry to pictures. Also, an invalid could do no better than to imitate the admirable behavior of a certain Dick who, although "the importance of alimentation had not at that time received the attention it now does . . . reasoning by analogy . . . made his inferences, and studied dietetics which enabled him to keep his stomach in good condition." White also (the intellectual cynic

of the camp) constantly recalls Rollo's Jonas, as when he explains that "the more concentrated the thinking, the greater the flow of blood to the brain, and the stomach is thereby robbed" or that "superalimentation and nutrition play an important part in recovery."

"And where," one naturally asks, "does the fiction come in?" In the end, to be sure, where it belongs, when one Mlle. Fifine, a Parisian grisette, whose laugh ripples unpleasantly in Branscombe's memory, suddenly crops up in Arizona in the dual rôle of a noble-hearted nurse (after a year's training in Paris) and of the mother of Branscombe's son. Needless to say he is overjoyed to have his domestic cravings so immediately and thoroughly assuaged, and in inducing her to marry him he at one stroke acquires a ready-made family and superintendent for the camp.

Although any effort to rouse interest in the care of consumption is entitled to respect, when a treatise of this kind masquerades as fiction it is as fiction that it must be judged. From this point of view, "This Labyrinthine Life" lacks the vitality of the dime novel without greatly surpassing it in probability or workmanship.

The Dust of Conflict. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This long novel opens quietly enough on quiet English soil, yet with mysterious head-shakings and forebodings, full of a fell significance, even to him who runs; and on the twenty-fourth page, in the words of the author, "events commenced to happen." From merry England the action marches across seas to Cuba, and the real thing in bloodshed at the stormy time preceding the recent war. Spaniards of Iberia, of the Peninsula, and the Canaries; Cubans, Chinamen, negroes, mulattoes, Americans, are seething in rebellion and intrigue. Loyalists and insurgents are warring with each other and among themselves. Into this conflict the hero finds himself thrust. The many-sided struggle in Cuba constitutes the strongest part of the novel. Peril, disaster, and rescue chase each other in such quick and picturesque succession as to give the impression of a grown-up boy's book. In the main, the characters stand well apart from one another, and firmly on their own feet as well. If they seem here and there the characters of stageland, it is only to be expected in a war melodrama. The American in an English novel would be hardly recognizable who did not make fearful and wonderful use of his "guess" and his "quite a few"; and though there has been here obvious caution on this point, the skin is still the skin of Esau.

The military conflicts carry more conviction than the moral one which sets the story in motion. Will wise and noble heroes never cease to make senseless sacrifices? Will coroners' juries always be supine, and magistrates self-blinded, and beneficiaries weakly acquiescent? Well is it that there is always the potent American girl who learns the facts and distributes justice with cuffs and kisses. A little pruning of trees and phrases would have been useful, and a blue pencil might well have been drawn occasionally through the heroine's gray eyes. Yet the moral dilemma is well enough as a means of sending the hero to Cuba, and the Cuban part is admirably successful.

A Draught of the Blue; together with *An Essence of the Dusk.* Translated from the Original Manuscripts, by F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"And suddenly she raised her face and looked at him with eyes that were full of smiles and tears and shyness and playfulness and blue color and the tremble of the moon. . . ." Where is the prim bombast, the bookish sentimentalism, by means of which the pseudo "Eastern Tales" of Addison and Johnson fortified the West against the enchantment of the East? In the beautiful Indian legends here rendered into English one finds the warmth and light and color and purity of a romantic utterance free from claptrap, though frankly conventional. The English of the version is singularly fluent, simple, and graceful. The Oriental imagery and machinery are never obtruded for their own sake; and the few notes are introduced with no purpose or effect of pedantry. The sole blemish upon the volume is its absurd frontispiece.

A Literary History of the English People. Vol. II. From the Renaissance to the Civil War, Part I. By J. J. Jusserand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

It is a great advantage of the plan which M. Jusserand has adopted, that in dealing even with the most barren periods he is able by the judicious selection of material to banish from his pages the dulness which would unavoidably attend the treatment of such periods in a regular history of literature. Certainly there is no period in the history of English literature, with the possible exception of the fifteenth century, less productive of interesting works than that which forms the subject of the greater part of the present volume. The comparative remoteness of England, together with the national temperament, would doubtless have rendered the progress of the Renaissance in that country slow in any event; but the religious controversies of the Reformation retarded it still further, so that fully three-quarters of a century had elapsed after the movement had attained its highest level in Italy before it exhibited a corresponding development in England. It is with this period of fierce religious antagonisms and slow and crude beginnings in literature that the earlier and larger portion of M. Jusserand's volume is concerned. Nevertheless, owing partly to the liberty of selection which the design of the book permits, and still more to an unfailing charm of style, there is not a dull page in the volume.

Until we reach the concluding chapters, which deal with Spenser and the Elizabethan novelists, no attempt is made to discuss with approximate fulness the production of any one author. On the other hand, we have for this earlier period a vivid picture of the intellectual and moral ferment which resulted from the mixed forces of the Renaissance and the Reformation; and this picture embraces the whole life of the time, not merely its literary manifestations. Thus the characterizations of Thomas Cromwell and Queen Elizabeth are quite as finished as those of Skelton or More. One notes in the whole work a learning which is always ready with fresh illustrations of even the most familiar matters, combined with a sense for what is quaint or picturesque and, above all, for what is humorous, especially when the humor springs from some inconsistency of human nature. These well-known qualities of the author, together with artistic sensibility and imagination, give a distinctive charm to his reconstruction of the life of the sixteenth century.

The weakest point in M. Jusserand's volume is his treatment of the "Faerie Queene." The intensity of Spenser's political and religious prejudices has evidently repelled our author, and has led him to take what is perhaps an unduly harsh view of the strange mixture of virtuous precept and sensual episode in that great poem. But Spenser is not the only teacher of morality in whom the artist has occasionally got the better of the moralist—compare, for instance, Samuel Richardson—so that the allurements of evil which call for the exercise of knightly virtue often prove the most interesting part of the story. Surely we may pardon this in a man of the Renaissance. The truth is, that Spenser undertook an impossible task in trying to engraft moral lessons on the Italian romance-epic, such as he found it in the "Orlando Furioso"; and the attempt resulted inevitably in the inconsistency criticised in the present work. M. Jusserand has analyzed skilfully the weaknesses of the "Faerie Queene," the most serious of which, its want of narrative interest, as a whole, even its admirers must admit. In this respect it is indisputably inferior to its great Italian rivals. On the other hand, in passages like The Cave of Mammon and the Claims of Mutability Spenser reaches a height of the poetic imagination, to say nothing of moral vigor, which neither Ariosto nor Tasso ever attained. In failing to lay due stress on this aspect of the "Faerie Queene," M. Jusserand leaves unexplained Spenser's true rank as a poet.

As regards the style of the book in its English dress, we may remark that the natural order of subject and verb is inverted with a frequency which is irritating and opposed to English idiom. On the whole, however, the work is satisfactorily executed.

Newer Ideals of Peace. By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Miss Addams's volume, based on long and intimate acquaintance with the cosmopolitan life of the Hull House district in Chicago, is professedly a study of the "moral substitutes for war." Briefly stated, the thesis is that the world is now turning away from the military ideals and methods which have long predominated in government and society; that the social and industrial difficulties now so prominent, especially in this country, are largely the result of the persistence of military ideals in a period which no longer has use for them; and that the crowded quarters of large cities, where life "must shape itself

with reference to the demands of social justice," are "the focal point of governmental progress." In such centres and among such people, with the every-day conditions of life compelling to union and co-operation, are to be noted the growth of those deeper social influences which make for peace.

The book thus becomes, in reality, a discussion of certain aspects of our industrial and political life as related specially to the immigrant. Our municipal government, for example, still resting on the doctrinaire political ideas of the eighteenth century concerning liberty and the rights of man, fails, in Miss Addams's opinion, to embody the newer ideals of an "evolutionary democracy"; and now that immigration has become industrial rather than political, the city not only fails to care for the immigrant as it should, but leaves him to be exploited by the employer and the political boss under the pretence of fitting him for citizenship. Thus the social habits and prejudices of the foreigner are ignored, and the government which was, in his fancy, to give him freedom, becomes for him an agent of oppression. So with the organization of industry: American government, State or Federal, is slow in affording protection to the laborer, or in concerning itself with industrial conditions, save for the preservation of order; and hence it ministers to the continuance of class antagonisms and the violent protest of strikes. The imperfect and reluctant protection of children and the failure to utilize women in city government are other instances in point.

Miss Addams's observations are so acute, and her criticisms often so well aimed, that her book is worth reading. We cannot but wish, however, that she had ploughed a little deeper, and shown us more clearly how the evils on which she dwells are to be removed. Unless we quite misunderstand her, the militarism which she attacks is only another name for governmental policy in a society organized on a basis of competition rather than on a basis of socialistic coöperation. That government in the United States, as elsewhere, has often been too indifferent to popular welfare; that social classes, themselves the inevitable outcome of competition, have too often been mutually hostile; and that the assimilation of hordes of heterogeneous peoples, all eager to better their positions in life, has been lamentably imperfect, must be admitted. But when we ask for a constructive programme, we do not find any very clear indication of it, save in minor details, in Miss Addams's pages. The panacea of socialism is, indeed, rejected, but the tremendous problem of the relation of government to the mass is still unsolved. We are still compelled to think, therefore, that, imperfect as the performance has thus far been, the practical sphere of government in a democracy is neutral rather than paternal; and that when a government has insured for its people individual liberty in industry and politics, equal rights in law, security for person and property, efficient education, and physical health, it must perforce leave each man to work out his own salvation. This is not to say that everything is all right as it is, or that governmental policy should never change; it is only to enter a demurrer to the rather superficial philosophy which seems to pervade Miss Addams's stimulating book.

Letters and Journals of Samuel Gridley Howe. Edited by his daughter, Laura E. Richards. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $3 net.

Although there is nothing on the title-page or in the preface to indicate it, this volume is apparently the first of a series in which is to be recorded the life of a notable and interesting personality, Dr. Howe, philanthropist and late husband of Julia Ward Howe, still happily among us. As a young man just through his medical education, he was seized with Philhellenism, and, despite the stay-at-home wisdom of his friends and relatives, went off with but very few dollars in his pockets to fight the cause of Greek independence; he reached Greece only a few months after the death of Lord Byron. Howe went out to fight, but stayed to cure. His medical knowledge was too valuable not to be utilized; he was soon busy as a doctor, and towards the close of the war, when American help came, in the form of food supplies and money, he did noble service in equipping hospitals, searching out the starving Greeks, and starting relief work.

During the five years (1825-30) he spent in Greece Dr. Howe came across most of the leaders of the war of independence, and some of his recorded impressions of them are illuminating; for instance, those of Kolokotrones, Ypsilanti, Cochrane, Hastings, and the Capo d'Istrias. On the other hand, we catch nothing more than remote glimpses of Church, Fabvier, and Trelawncy. In other cases Dr. Howe is not informed as to the characters he meets, nor do the editors of this volume, Mrs. Richards and F. B. Sanborn, who is responsible for what purports to be an historical introduction, help us out. Thus, Count Porro figures under the peculiar transfiguration of Pazzo; and Dr. Howe gets, and gives, a somewhat insufficient impression of the fall of the unfortunate Santorre Santarosa at Sphakteria. This ex-minister of Charles Albert was a marked man for the secret police of half Europe, and when he arrived in Greece with a sentence of death hanging over his head, a copy of his friend Cousin's Plato in his pocket, and hopelessness in his heart, Kolokotrones and Mavrocordato gave him the coolest sort of reception. They accepted his services only after he had assumed the name of Derossi, and it was as Derossi that, sword in hand, he happily found a soldier's grave at Sphakteria.

Dr. Howe identified himself enthusiastically with the Greeks, as may be judged from the following characteristic incident:

> I was once with a party of soldiers, three of whom got separated from the rest, and were surprised upon the plain at daylight by a few Turkish horsemen; they ran for the mountains, but the cavalry pursued them, and fired upon them with their carbines, just as they approached the position of their companions. Two of them fell dead, and the third, hearing the horsemen at his heels, fell also, but not wounded; the Turks came up, dismounted, cut off in haste the noses and ears of all three, the living one having the fortitude to keep up a counterfeit of death, and the Turks strung their prizes on a string, with some others, and galloped off. The poor fellow then got up, and came to us covered with blood from head to foot. I soon cured him, and promised him a new *Taliacotian* nose and ears at the expense of the first of his mutilators whom he should overtake.

Whether the contemplated retaliatory operation was ever performed, history telleth not.

In conclusion, it must be said that the book gives a convincing picture of the conditions of Greece at the time of the war of independence, and introduces us to an American working among these conditions who was a credit to his country for firmness of character, coolness of judgment, disinterestedness, and humanity. At the same time, Mrs. Richards would probably be well advised were she to use the pruning knife more freely in succeeding volumes. There is no index, and the printing and production of the book leave much to be desired.

Scritti editi e inediti di Giuseppe Mazzini. Edizione nazionale. Vol. I. Imola: Cooperativa editrice B. Galeatti.

The publication of this national edition of the works of the republican patriot and apostle of unity, Joseph Mazzini, decreed on March 13, 1904, by King Victor Emmanuel III., is a striking illustration of the progress of concord and unity in Italy. By the provisions of the royal edict an annual appropriation of $1,500 was made, to be continued until the works are completed; and a commission was created to take charge of the editing. By a subsequent decree the following were appointed members of the commission: Rava, minister of public instruction, ex-officio president of the commission; G. Finali, Orlando, Rossi, Boselli, Barzilai, E. Nathan, Pascarella, V. Fiorini, Menghini, secretary. The composition of this mixed body, half-monarchical, half-republican, is in itself significant. Thirty years ago such appointments would have been impossible. To-day, in Italy, many theoretical republicans are to be found, but the period of militant republicanism has passed, and, outside the ranks of socialism, few would advocate a change in the form of the national government. Many of Mazzini's most ardent followers have declared their faithful allegiance to the House of Savoy, as did Garibaldi, and Crispi before them; and Ernest Nathan, whose family has been recognized as the depository of Mazzinian traditions since the days of Mazzini's close friendship with Sarah Nathan, declared his conviction, in a notable address delivered in 1905, that were Mazzini living to-day, he would, in view of the present clerical and socialist enemies of the moral and material unity of Italy, give his active support to the monarchy. The Italian republican party has passed from the realm of politics into that of history, and this definitive edition of the works of its great leader, which is to comprise not fewer than sixty volumes, has fittingly been decreed as a record of its ideals, its sacrifices, its ambitions, which powerfully contributed to the consummation of Italian freedom and unity.

Two important editions of Mazzini's collected works have already been made. The first was published anonymously in three volumes at Lugano, in 1847, "Scritti letterari di un italiano vivente"; as the title indicates, literary writings only were included. The second edition, "Scritti editi e inediti," was begun in 1861, and

the first seven volumes were edited by Mazzini himself, with autobiographical introductions; at his death the work was carried on by his favorite disciple, Aurelio Saffi, who published ten additional volumes; a concluding eighteenth volume came out in 1891, after Saffi's death; and two supplementary volumes of correspondence, edited by the privately organized Mazzinian commission, followed in 1902 and 1904. In this edition vol. ii. and vol. iv. are made up of Mazzini's literary writings, duplicating in great part the publication of 1847, with a few additions and some notable omissions; the remaining volumes of the eighteen are exclusively political. Important single volumes of Mazzini's correspondence have been separately published at different times by Diamilla Müller, Countess d'Agoult, Giuriati, Giannelli, Cagnacci, Melegari, Ordoño De Rosales, and Mezzatinti.

The new national edition will include, besides the rich material of these earlier editions, a mass of Mazzini's uncollected articles and letters, most of which have hitherto remained buried in the memoirs or biographies of his contemporaries, and in countless newspapers and reviews of Europe, together with a vast quantity of unpublished writings, for the most part correspondence. Of the sixty volumes contemplated, five will contain literary essays and reviews, twenty-five political miscellanies, and thirty correspondence. The unpublished material will be drawn from the archives of Ernest Nathan, which alone contain 3,000 of Mazzini's unpublished letters, as well as great bundles of his notes; from the national Victor Emmanuel Library in Rome, and the historical museums of Milan, Brescia, and Pavia; and from a considerable number of other public and private collections. Students who have had occasion to compare volumes of Mazzini's correspondence with his autograph letters will perhaps give almost as much importance to the careful revision of published material, done so far as possible from the original manuscripts, as to the bringing out of new material. Mazzini's handwriting offers unusual difficulties, and collation frequently reveals a score of mistakes in a single published letter.

The arrangement of the sixty volumes will be chronological, and the first volume is consequently made up of literary essays and book reviews, twenty-six in number, written in the years 1826-1833, together with an appendix of six articles of doubtful origin pertaining to the same period. They include several general essays upon contemporary literature, and appreciations of Dante, Carlo Varese, Manzoni, Scott, Botta, Guerrazzi, Salvatore Betti, Monti, Schlegel, Goethe, Foscolo, Giannone, Colletta, Didier, and Victor Ducange. These writings were all originally published in Italian periodicals; but only sixteen appeared in the earlier "Scritti editi e inediti"; the other sixteen, some of which have been until now unidentified, were practically inaccessible to students, as the *Indicatore Genovese* and *Giovine Italia*, in which they were printed, are to be found complete in only one or two Italian libraries. Mazzini, as a literary critic, has been perhaps more highly esteemed in England than in Italy. Dickens, Carlyle, Sterling, Browning, and Swinburne are numbered among his admirers. In his own country his literary reputation has been partially overshadowed by his greater reputation as a conspirator, patriot, and political and social reformer, while his tyrannical subjection of artistic conception to political thought, his unqualified repudiation of the dictum, "art for art's sake," his rigorous methods of judging æsthetic values in their last analysis by moral values, alienated many men of letters, at the same time that they led others to rank him among the foremost literary critics of the century. Although not characterized by the force of his later writings, this first volume comprises essays of distinct merit. No footnotes are furnished, but the excellent preface gives important and detailed bibliographical information. In view of the national character of the publication, the commission has certainly done wisely to refrain from critical comment. It is intended to bring out four volumes in octavo annually, each like this first, of about 400 pages.

British Malaya: An Account of the Origin and Progress of British Influence in Malaya. By Sir Frank Swettenham, late Governor of the Straits Colony and High Commissioner for the Federated Malay States. With a map and numerous illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $4.50 net.

Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula. By Walter William Skeat and Charles Otto Blagden. 2 vols. With numerous illustrations. New York: The Macmillan Co. $13 net.

To describe the British method of gaining control over an Eastern people, its failures as well as its successes, is Sir Frank Swettenham's aim. It is a narrative, to a large extent, of events in which he took a prominent part during his thirty-four years of service in Malaya. The first part is mainly a sketch of the history of the Straits Settlement from the occupation of Singapore by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819, down to 1873. At this time the independent Malay States had become so disorganized as to threaten the security of the British colony; and restoration of order and the establishment of a stable government were absolutely necessary. This result was accomplished, not by force of arms, but by personal interviews with the different rulers, three of whom signed a compact in 1874, agreeing to receive a British officer, "whose advice must be asked and acted upon in all questions other than those touching Malay religion and custom." The instructions issued by the Colonial Office warn these Residents "not to interfere with the minor details of government; but their special objects should be the maintenance of peace and law, the initiation of a sound system of taxation, with the consequent development of the resources of the country and the supervision of the collection of the revenue." It was evident to the men chosen to fill this office and their assistants, of whom Sir Frank was one, that they could succeed only by winning the confidence of the shy and reserved Malay. From his own experience he says that to gain this end a man "must journey with them by land and river and sea; he must take the field with them, join in their sports, listen to their gossip, their complaints, their stories, tend them in sickness, help them when in difficulty, share their sorrows and their joys, respect their prejudices, be kind to their superstitions, and always treat them with consideration. If he does this, and exercises a great patience, he will gain his end, and the end is worth the effort." How the natives themselves feel towards the white man may be learned from a speech of the Sultan of Pêrak at the 1903 conference of Malay chiefs. After giving a graphic account of British intervention and the benefits which the adoption of British methods of government had conferred upon their country, he closed by saying that the people's early suspicion and distrust of the white man had changed into "confidence and lasting friendship."

At the beginning the life of a Resident was not an enviable one. He, with twenty Malay constables, lived in "an old stockade with walls made of logs of wood, piled one on top of the other, a high-pitched roof of palm leaves, very far from watertight, the bare earth for floor. . . . At high tide, *i. e.*, twice in every twenty-four hours, very little of the mud floor was left uncovered by water. The top of the log wall was well above high-water mark, and there one could sleep in luxury, except when it rained, and that was on about half the nights in the year." The pictures of the extensive and architecturally beautiful Government building, which is now the home of the Resident-General in this same State of Selangor, tell more impressively than words what has been accomplished in thirty years.

In obedience to their instructions the first substantial work of the Residents was building roads to connect the tin mines with navigable waters and to open up undeveloped mineral deposits—bridle-paths at the start, then cart roads, and finally railways. Following this came the establishment of hospitals, schools, a postal service, and a banking system. A measure which has contributed greatly to the prosperity of the country was the union of the four protected States in 1896 in a federation. Under all these influences a "waste of jungles and swamps, of mountains and rivers, sparsely inhabited by a far from industrious or happy people, preying on each other" and on the Chinese, has become "a country covered with prosperous towns and villages, with roads and railways, with an enormously increased population, with every sign of advancement and prosperity." At the time of the British intervention the Federated States had never seen a postage stamp, while in 1905 the post-office business consisted of ten million letters, nearly two million dollars in money orders, and over $275,000 in the postal savings banks. Every district has its hospital, and more than 15,000 children attend school. There are 2,500 miles of roads and nearly 500 miles of railway, constructed and equipped "out of current revenue, without borrowing a farthing. Indeed, the Government balances at the end of 1905 amounted to no less than $22,000,000." A striking illustration of the results of an entirely different policy is to be found just across the Straits in Achin, where the Dutch control after thirty-three years of fighting, costing $100,000,000 and 80,000 lives, is not established yet.

The desultory reader will not find in this book much to interest him. A large part is devoted to a detailed account of negotiations with different Malay rajahs and to a history of the development of the Residential system. There are, however, interesting and at times exciting personal incidents narrated; a suggestive chapter is given to a description of the Malay; and the book is made attractive by fifty-four reproductions of photographs. Still, it is a book mainly for the student of Far-Eastern problems. Were the applicants for positions in our Philippine civil service obliged to pass an examination to prove their fitness, "British Malaya" would be an invaluable text-book.

"Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula," by two former members of the British governing staff in Malaya, is the result of an endeavor to understand the native. It consists of a record of their own studies and observations of the aboriginal tribes, and also the substance of what has been written upon them during the last century. A bibliography enumerates some two hundred sources in different European languages from which the data are drawn. The aim has been to collect material for a history and ethnography of an important part of Southeastern Asia. The work is dedicated to Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, in acknowledgment of his substantial aid to the Cambridge Expedition of 1899-1900 in the Malay Provinces of Lower Siam under the leadership of Mr. Skeat.

The pagans, as distinguished from the Mohammedans, are divided into three races: the Negritos, or Semang, inhabiting the Siamese provinces; the Sakai, and the Jakun in the Straits Settlements and Federated Malay States. The material is classified under Racial Characteristics, Manners and Customs, Religion, and Language. For the first three parts Mr. Skeat is responsible; and Mr. Blagden for the last, which includes an extensive comparative vocabulary of aboriginal dialects, the native equivalents being given for more than four thousand English words or phrases. Though naturally not a work for the casual reader, it is full of interesting incidents and vivid pictures of native life, rendered more graphic by reproductions of photographs. The native's home, his amusements in childhood and maturity, his occupations, religious beliefs, all are described with great minuteness. The result of all these studies is this conviction:

> These despised, persecuted, and (in a worldly sense) ignorant savages, without the guiding star of even the most rudimentary form of letters, philosophy, or history, have yet given us a practical example of the ideal social state, in which liberty, equality, and fraternity are not mere names, but real and living forces, and in which, since a moderately communistic system of property prevails, there is no room—so simple is their form of life—for the disintegrating influences of theft, murder, fraud, greed, or any other of the grosser sins that plague the conscience of civilized humanity.

In some tribes murder is almost unknown, and the breach of the marriage tie alone is punished by death. The natives excel also in certain physical traits. Some thirty or forty Sakais were tested for eyesight by the army test-spots, twenty feet being considered an average distance for these spots to be read by British recruits. With these savages the shortest distance was thirty-two feet, the longest ninety-one feet.

Their religion consists chiefly in the use of charms to guard against evil spirits. Some have a conception of a heaven and a hell, heaven being a paradise in the west wherein grow fruit trees of every kind. To reach this the souls of the old and wise must pass across a bridge consisting of the trunk of a fallen tree. This would be easy enough to cross, "but for the fact that at the further end there sat a gigantic figure with only a single nostril, huge ball-less eye-sockets, two immense tusks in each jaw, exceedingly curly hair, and enormously long finger-nails crossed upon its breast. Many of the souls were scared by this horrible demon to such an extent that they fell, panic-stricken, into the vast boiling lake beneath it, up whose sheer smooth sides they tried in vain to clamber. Here, therefore, they swam desperately about, clutching at the sides, for three long agonizing years, after which, should the Chief of the Heaven of Fruit-Trees then think fit, he would let down his great toe for them to catch hold of, and so pull them out!"

It is with sincere regret that we learn from Mr. Skeat that civilization is certain in time to destroy these aborigines, to whose "ingenuity, dexterity, open-heartedness, sincerity, and well-developed common sense," he bears testimony. For their truthfulness he adds to his own experience that of a Malay who once said to him, "What stupid animals these Sakai are, they don't know how to tell a lie!"

The value and importance of the work is greatly enhanced by 300 illustrations, six maps, and appendices containing notes of racial affinities and many texts of songs and charms.

Science.

Skalpieren und ähnliche Kriegsgebräuche in Amerika. Inaugural Dissertation zur Erlangung der Doktorwürde der Philosophischen Fakultät der Universität Leipzig, vorgelegt von Georg Friederici. With map. Braunschweig: Friedrich Vieweg und Sohn.

In this dissertation upon scalping and kindred war customs, we have for the first time a scholarly monograph upon one of the most characteristic practices of our Indians. As is so frequently the case in matters of American ethnologic research, the author is a German—an officer in the German army, and former diplomatic attaché in Washington, widely traveled, and thoroughly familiar with the literature of the subject in every language. The word itself he derives from an old German root signifying a shell. With a few notable exceptions in the old world, the custom of scalping is distinctively American. It was first definitely noted by Cartier on the lower St. Lawrence in 1535, and by other explorers after him along the Atlantic coast southward into Florida. It will surprise most of our readers to know that by careful sifting of evidence Dr. Friederici arrives at the conclusion that the custom was not general at the beginning of the historic period, but was confined to a narrow strip stretching from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, roughly approximating the territory held by the Iroquolan and Muskbogean tribes and their nearest neighbors. It was absent from most of New England and the coast region to Delaware Bay, and from the whole territory west of the Alleghanies to the Pacific, as well as from the greater portion of Canada, all of Alaska, and everywhere south of the United States, with the exception of an area in the Chaco region of South America. Throughout both Americas the ordinary trophy was the head, and the extension of the scalping practice beyond its original boundaries is ascribed by the author largely to the encouragement given by the colonial governments in offering fixed prices for scalps of enemies, sometimes, as in the case of Massachusetts, as much as £100 per scalp. So late as forty years ago a Western legislature offered bounties for scalps of Indian men, women, and children. The Puritans in 1636 paid for Indian heads, and the Dutch in 1646 for Indian hands. Dr. Friederici is undoubtedly correct in regarding the *coup* as of more importance among the plains Indians than the scalp trophy.

A chapter is devoted to such ghastly trophies as necklaces of human teeth, drinking cups of human skulls, drums and figurines of human skin, more especially common in Mexico, Central, and South America. A comprehensive bibliography and a valuable map make the study complete.

The Harvey Society, an association of New York physicians for the purpose of making the work of the investigator better known to the practitioner, has published a series of "Harvey Lectures" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), being the thirteen addresses of the first season, 1905-06. The range of subjects is wide, from the implantation of the ovum to old age, which, we are told, may be considered to begin almost as soon. The matter presented is particularly interesting to medical men, and consequently for the most part rather special in treatment, but even the general reader, not altogether unversed in science, will find it worth while to examine the lectures on trypanosomes, fatigue, tuberculosis, the cause of the heart-beat, and possibly one or two more.

A new and important departure in animal pathology is the accumulation of statistics as to the cause and prevention of disease among animals in captivity. Knowledge along these lines will eventually lead to a clearer understanding of the life of wild animals, and the causes of disappearance of entire races in past times. A report on 514 deaths during the year 1905 in the Zoological Garden of London has been issued (Proceedings of the Zoölogical Society, 1906, pp. 234-236), where the diseases are listed in tabular form. Of 180 birds, 52 are said to have died from tuberculosis, 48 from exhaustion, 11 from enteritis, and 10 from pneumonia. No fewer than 53 out of 148 primates succumbed to the first dread disease, 21 to pneumonia, and 29 to enteritis. That veterinary science has made greater strides in our own country is shown by the Annual Report of the New York Zoölogical Society for the same year, 1905. Here it is stated that tuberculosis has been almost stamped out, only three primates having died from this cause during the year, two

of which were infected before arrival. At the New York Zoölogical Park bronchopneumonia in the sea-lions and cage paralysis among primates are receiving special attention. A chronic mycosis in birds, with post-mortem signs due to the invasion of the tissues by an aspergillus, one of the moulds, is found in both the London and New York Zoölogical Parks and in such diverse species as ducks and penguins.

Madame Dorothea Isaac-Roberts has just published (*Astronomische Nachrichten*, 4154) a preliminary catalogue of the late Dr. Isaac Roberts's collection of photographs of different celestial objects and regions, numbering 2,485 original negatives. Accompanying the list is an introductory statement, giving a short account of the various classes of negatives, the period during which they were made, and the instruments employed. As soon as circumstances render it possible, a complete list of Dr. Roberts's contributions to astronomy will be published.

The seventh International Congress of Physiologists has been announced to convene in Heidelberg from the 13th to the 16th of August next, with Prof. Albrecht Kössel as chairman. In connection with the congress there will be an exhibition of scientific apparatus.

Frederick H. Newell, chief engineer of the Reclamation Service, has been appointed director of the service, to succeed Charles D. Walcott, who resigned to become secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Newell is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1885. He entered the employment of the Irrigation Survey, as an hydraulic engineer, in 1888. When the Reclamation Service was established by act of Congress of June 17, 1902, Mr. Newell was appointed chief engineer.

John K. Rees, Rutherfurd professor of astronomy (emeritus) in Columbia University, died on Saturday night in his fifty-sixth year. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1872, and he subsequently received the degrees of A.M., E.M., and Ph.D. For five years he held the professorship of astronomy at Washington University, St. Louis, and for twenty-one years he occupied a like position at Columbia. His lectures attracted large classes, and his simple and clear exposition rendered him extremely successful as a popular lecturer. His influence was most felt, however, by his advanced students, whom he inspired with his own enthusiasm for astronomical research. His public services were numerous. He had been president of the New York Academy of Sciences, vice-president of the American Mathematical Society, secretary of the section of mathematics and astronomy at the 1879 meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and general secretary of the same association at the 1880 meeting. For many years he was the chief editor of the *School of Mines Quarterly* at Columbia University, and he published numerous monographs and articles on scientific subjects. While secretary of the American Meteorological Society, he rendered his most important service. To him was very largely due the adoption of the present system of standard time. The other great object of the Meteorological Society, the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures, was also furthered by his efforts. In the course of Professor Rees's administration of the astronomical department at Columbia, the late Lewis Morris Rutherfurd gave the university the collection of celestial photographs which he had made in his private observatory in New York. The measurements and calculations of these negatives, which Professor Rees carried out at Columbia, have been recognized by astronomers as the earliest demonstration that the photographic method is at least equal in precision to the best-known methods of direct visual observation. The results obtained from these photographs relate principally to the positions and interstellar motions of the stars composing the Pleiades as well as several other clusters; and parallax measurements of stars in the constellations. Professor Rees's most important contribution to observational astronomy was his extended study of latitude variation and the aberration of light. The methods first used by him in this work at Columbia University have since been adopted by the International Geodetic Association, and are now in general use throughout the world.

Dr. George Bingham Fowler died in this city on March 6. Born in Alabama in 1847, he was graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1871. He soon after became assistant in physiology, and from 1886 he was professor of clinical medicine in the Post-Graduate School and Hospital. He founded the *Dietetic Gazette*, and for six years was associate editor of the *American Journal of Obstetrics*. In 1879 he received the alumni prize of the College of Physicians and Surgeons for a thesis entitled "A New and Simple Method for the Quantitative Estimation of Urea." He was the author of numerous articles on medical subjects.

Drama.

The latest illustration of the practical difficulties attending any effort to reproduce the merits of a novel in a stage version of it is afforded by "The Spoilers," an adaptation of Rex Beach's story, which was presented in the New York Theatre on Monday evening. The author himself and James MacArthur worked together upon the transformation, with the usual unsatisfactory results. The book, dealing with an extensive, dangerous, and nearly successful conspiracy, had a good story to tell, and told it with vigor, passion, and much effective local color. It had serious as well as romantic interest. In preparing it for the theatre, the playwrights adopted the common practice of selecting the most exciting incidents, and stringing them together, in as nearly the proper order as was feasible, upon as tenuous a thread of plot as would suffice for that purpose. The great bulk of the descriptive, introductory, explanatory, and qualifying matter—almost everything that contributes to perspective or proportion—was ruthlessly, and inevitably, thrown away. Consequently, the acted tale, with all its most harrowing incidents, and a few more for good measure, packed together in closest compass, with nothing to mitigate or disguise them, reveals itself as ordinary melodrama, exciting enough momentarily in several of its realistic phases, but without any special literary or dramatic value, and with less suggestion of veracity than many a product of pure fiction. Unfortunately, there is a large body of playgoers who are delighted by exaggerated theatrical manifestations of personal prowess, incalculable villainy, or resounding morality, and playwrights often find it profitable to provide them, even at the cost of mutilating and debasing their own conceptions.

"The Major Dramas of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" (Ginn & Co.), edited for the Athenæum Press Series by George Henry Nettleton, assistant professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University, is a compact and careful piece of work, containing a considerable amount of useful information in small compass. It has nothing new, of course, to offer to the student of Sheridan and his period, but for the beginner or amateur it offers a convenient summary of the main features of Sheridan's career and character, his literary, managerial, and political achievements, and of the voluminous critical and biographical notices of which he has been the subject. In the reprint of the three selected plays, "The Rivals," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critic," he follows in the main the text of the late Fraser Rae, and acknowledges many other obligations to the same authority. His chief original work is in the compilation of various speculations as to the sources whence Sheridan may have derived inspiration for his plots, incidents, or personages, the objects of his burlesque and parody and the victims of his personal caricature. The field for such minute inquiries is immense, and the crop of trifling or dubious information to be gathered considerable, but the value of it when garnered scarcely repays the labor of harvesting. Sheridan, as dramatist, wit, satirist, manager, orator, politician, and profligate, has been weighed in many balances and appraised by judges more dispassionate than Professor Nettleton is sometimes inclined to be. The latter, for instance, ignores the fact that Sheridan was for long the mainstay in Parliament of the unscrupulous monopoly which made the British theatre a by-word.

Another handy volume of "The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan" is published by the Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde). A brief introduction to the text is provided by Joseph Knight.

Ermete Novelli's programme for the first week of his engagement at the Lyric Theatre, which begins on March 18, includes six plays. The only play to be repeated will be "The Merchant of Venice," which will be given on Wednesday evening and at the Saturday matinée. The list for the other days is as follows: Monday, "Papa Lebonnard," by Jean Aicard; Tuesday, "King Lear"; Thursday, "Louis XI."; Friday, "La Morte Civile"; Saturday "Il Burbero Benefico" ("The Beneficent Bear"), by Goldoni.

The German Shakespeare Society will hold its annual meeting at Weimar April 23. Dr. Ludwig Fulda will deliver the Festvortrag.

Music.

The Story of the Hymns and Tunes. By Theron Brown and Hezekiah Butterworth. New York: American Tract Society.

University Hymns. Arranged by Horatio Parker and Harry B. Jepson. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A History of the Choir and Music of Trinity Church. By A. H. Messiter. New York: Edwin S. Gorham.

Hezekiah Butterworth died before he could finish revising his "Story of the Hymns," which had been a popular text book for nearly a generation. The publishers thereupon put the task of completing this labor into the hands of Theron Brown, with the request to combine that book and the "Story of the Tunes" into one volume. The result is a book of 564 pages, which, while by no means exhaustive, notices as many as possible of the standard pieces, with a few others that seem to introduce a new strain. They are grouped under various heads, such as "Hymns of Praise and Worship," "Missionary Hymns," "Old Revival Hymns," and "Sunday-School Hymns," and each hymn is presented with a discussion of its tune, because "like a flower and its fragrance, hymn and tune are one creature." The difference between a hymn and a poem is thus defined in the Introduction:

> A hymn is not necessarily a poem, while a poem that can be sung as a hymn is something more than a poem. Imagination makes poems; devotion makes hymns. There can be poetry without emotion, but a hymn never. A poem may argue; a hymn must not.

Many helpful historic and biographic facts are given; nor do the authors disdain anecdote.

The "University Hymns" are presented with the actual tunes arranged for men's voices. This volume illustrates the advantage of having at a university a musical department with eminent experts. Horatio Parker is one of the six best American composers, and sacred music is his specialty. The task of revising the "College Hymn Book," published twenty-one years ago, could not, therefore, have been put into better hands. Many of the hymns in that collection have been eliminated, and a few new ones added, while in the matter of tunes the editors have departed from the earlier collection so far as to make this work practically a new one. Inasmuch as most hymn-tunes were composed originally for male and female voices combined, covering a range of more than three octaves, the task of compressing them into the range of male voices—two octaves—was one to test the ingenuity of even such a master of technique as Mr. Parker, but he has succeeded admirably, solving different problems in different ways. The result is a book which, "compiled for use in the public and social worship of Yale University," will no doubt find its way to many of our other educational institutions.

The third volume on our list naturally appeals to a more limited circle. It grew out of a series of articles written by Mr. Messiter by way of recording his experiences as organist and choir master of Trinity Church, New York, during a period of about fifteen years. These have been expanded into a full history of Trinity Church music, from the establishment of the parish. "The development of church music in the older countries," the author writes, "has been the work of centuries; we move fast here, and, aided by their experience, have advanced from the crudest beginnings to the highest achievements in about fifty years."

The production of Auber's "Fra Diavolo" at the Manhattan Opera House is an event of more than usual importance, for if the opera proves as successful as the applause lavished on it last Friday prognosticated, it may lead to a general revival of a kind of stage music which, once very popular, has in the last two decades been unduly neglected. While Maurice Grau was manager of the Metropolitan he repeatedly considered the advisability of hiring another house for the performance of works belonging to the school of French comic opera. These operas (by Auber, Halévy, Hérold, Adam) were, as experience had convinced him, too light for so vast an auditorium as the Metropolitan's, while, on the other hand, the ordinary theatres were too small. Since the completion of the Manhattan, however, New York has an opera house ideally suited for precisely this kind of production, as was demonstrated by the very delightful results achieved with "Fra Diavolo," and Oscar Hammerstein has wisely determined to make further experiments in this field, in which his rival on Broadway cannot compete with him. What struck one particularly on hearing "Fra Diavolo" after so long an interval was the perennial freshness of its lovely melodies; seventy-seven years is their age, but not one of them sounds it. We need this French music, too, as a welcome change from the Italian music which is at present being sung here almost *ad nauseam*. Mr. Hammerstein has promised to drop some of it next season.

With the concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening Wassily Safonoff will bring to a close his first season as permanent conductor of the Philharmonic Society. In commemoration of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the birth of Josef Haydn, the first musician to compose symphonies in the present sense of the word, the first part of the programme will be devoted to the performance of his symphony in C minor, and the aria "With "Verdure Clad" from "The Creation." The second part of the programme will consist of Beethoven's scene and aria "Ah! Perfido" and the "Eroica" symphony. The two numbers are selected to show the progress made by their composer in the development of the two musical forms, the aria and the symphony, in the short period of thirteen years that intervened between the time in which the Haydn and Beethoven works were composed. Mme. Rider-Kelsey will be the soloist, and to match the Philharmonic Society's imposing body of strings, the wood wind will be appropriately increased for this performance.

The third and last concert of the Boston Symphony Quartet will be given in Mendelssohn Hall on Friday afternoon, March 22, at three o'clock. The programme comprises Debussy's Quartet in G minor, opus 10; Schubert's Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello in B-flat major, opus 99, and Mozart's Quintet for clarinet, two violins, viola, and 'cello in A major (K 581). The assisting artists will be Madame Katharine Goodson, the English pianist, who will at this concert make her first appearance in New York, and Georges Grisez, principal clarinet of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The monumental biography of Wagner by Glasenapp, begun more than thirty years ago, is approaching completion. There are to be altogether six volumes, and the fifth is now in the book stores. It covers five years—the period from the laying of the foundation stones of the Bayreuth Theatre to the end of the first Nibelung festival, and the London concerts following it.

Jenny Lind died in 1887. Her husband, Otto Goldschmidt, has just followed her. Born in 1829, at Hamburg, Goldschmidt became, in 1843, one of the earliest pupils of the Leipsic Conservatorium, founded by Mendelssohn, under whom he studied piano and composition for three years. In 1849 he appeared in England at a concert of the Musical Union, and at another given by Jenny Lind. Two years afterwards he was summoned to America to succeed Benedict as conductor of the concerts by Jenny Lind. He married her at Boston on February 5, 1852, and, after a residence at Dresden, they moved to London in 1858. In 1863 he was appointed vice-principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His oratorio "Ruth" was performed at the Hereford Festival of 1867, and was afterwards given in London and in Germany. From 1875 onwards he and his wife were closely identified with the Bach Choir, an organization established in that year and conducted by Mr. Goldschmidt from its foundation until 1885. His compositions, which, besides the work already mentioned, include a choral song, "Music" (Leeds Festival, 1898), a piano concerto, a trio for piano and strings, two pieces for clarinet and piano, and numerous pieces and studies for piano solo, made comparatively little mark.

Art.

Decorative Plant and Flower Studies, for the Use of Artists, Designers, Students, and Others. By J. Foord. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $15 net.

Miss Foord has completed her second series of full plates and analytical details, showing the pictorial elements in forty plants. The whole plant, the striking features of the branches, the details of inflorescence, the structure of the bud and flowers, and so on, are presented faithfully. Many of the drawings are far from what Bauer would have sketched, or from what our marvellous American artist Faxon would have made, but as a rule the plates are true and useful. The coloring is purposely dull, affording a marked contrast to the brilliant lithographs and "three-color process" plates which have recently been published in such numbers. The greens and reds particularly are toned down almost too much, while most of the yellows are quite strong enough. The reproduction is made by what the author calls "a stencil process"—not a clear term. The registering is not perfect, but still the effect is by no means unpleasant. Certain volumes of early Japanese flower-studies, made by what has been described as a block-process,

show results substantially like those obtained by the so-called stencil process, even to the marked restraint in coloring.

The range of selection has been wide and judicious. With the whole of the English garden to choose from, it is not easy to pick out the plants which lend themselves most readily to "conventionalizing," whatever that much abused term may mean; but one would not, at first thought, give preëminence to the sow-thistle, oyster-plant, and marrow-squash. But the discriminating hand which has culled these for pictorial analysis has placed us all under a debt by giving also barley and broom. One can fancy that all of these have been somewhat surprised at finding themselves in the æsthetic company of daffodils and phloxes, wild hyacinths and rhododendrons.

Miss Foord has furnished a good deal of readable matter in regard to the habit and habitat, the folk-lore, and common names of the plants with which she deals, and she has something to say about the early English history of some of them. The proof, however, should have been read more carefully. There are a few bad slips, but only a few are likely to lead astray. We note one mistake which our readers may wish to correct in their copies. *Cobia* is given erroneously both in plate and text as the name of the beautiful, rapidly-growing greenhouse climber *cobæa*. The names of some orders are misspelled.

The volume can be heartily commended to designers as a safe reference-book, and probably students, likewise, can get good out of it; but just how flower-artists themselves are to be helped by it is another matter. No book ought to stand between an artist and the plants he sees.

The leading article in the *Bolletino d'Arte* for February is an account of restorations of early Sardinian churches by Dionigi Scano. These Romanesque and primitive Gothic churches display an unusual simplicity and merit of design. Many, unlike mediæval churches generally, seem to have been carried out upon a single plan within the lifetime of the architect. The churches of San Gavino at Portotorres, of Santa Giusta of that ilk, of San Pantaleo at Dolianova, besides the Church of the Capuchins and of Santa Chiara at Iglesias, are summarily described and well illustrated. For good measure, a remarkable silver crucifix in the Cathedral at Cagliari is reproduced and discussed. It is of the fifteenth century and derives from Catalonian models. The article opens up an interesting and too little known bypath of mediæval art. Federico Hermanin describes a sketch book of Pier Leone Ghezzi, recently acquired by the National Print Room at Rome. This album is valuable for sketches of objects of antiquity now lost, but more important perhaps for Ghezzi's capital portrait caricatures of contemporary dilettanti. It affords a satirical sidelight upon the Eternal City at the beginning of the eighteenth century. For a year past the Uffizi Gallery has been trying to fill gaps in its fragmentary Venetian collection. A Saint Louis of Toulouse, by Bartolomeo Vivarini; a Holy Family, attributed to Cariani; Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet, by Sebastiano Ricci, and two small landscapes, each by Francesco Guardi and Bernardo Belotto, represent this endeavor. The capital acquisition of the year is, of course, the perfectly preserved Madonna, by Jacopo Bellini, which has been reproduced and discussed in several periodicals. Carlo Gamba gives not only a text and photographs for most of these pictures, but also the prices, the moderateness of which might well serve as a warning to the more ignorant and opulent class of American amateurs. Finally, Antonio Salinas writes on the Virgin of the Annunciation, ascribed to Antonello da Messina, which has lately passed to the Museum of Palermo. It is a replica of the version in the Venice Academy. Both are palpably of a later inspiration than Antonello's genuine works. Signor Salinas's suggestion is that we have to do with an Antonello de Saliba, who painted at Messina after his famous namesake; hence used the celebrated signature with a certain justification. Such a double would explain a number of enigmatic pictures that have been too rashly fathered upon the greater Antonello. With its second issue the *Bolletino* quite fulfils its promise of usefulness to students of Italian art.

Admirers of that strange fifteenth-century realist, Guido Mazzoni of Modena, will be interested in an account of certain fragments by him which are described in *L'Arte* for January 30. These remains consist of four terra-cotta busts of a *pietà*—Christ, John and the Two Maries. The manner in which these terracotta fragments came into the Civic Museum at Padua is described by Andrea Moschetti, who has found the original contract. The Pietà, originally consisting of eight figures, was made for the Monastery of San Antonio, Venice, and finished in 1485. Although counted among the celebrities of the city by the older critics, the group fell into disrepair, and when, under Napoleon, in 1809, the site of San Antonio was taken for the Public Garden, there were petitions to save the famous group. On the ground of its bad condition and obsolete style, it was refused for the Academy, and, on their petition, ceded to the Capuchins. These had difficulties with their contractor, through whose negligence or worse the figures were further broken and scattered. The four heads that survive represent the salvage of an intelligent collector of Padua at the time of the demolition.

Negotiations have been concluded between the Italian minister of public instruction, Signor Rava, and the Syndic of Rome for the formation of a mediæval museum in the castle of St. Angelo. The museum will contain a large amount of mediæval material which is now scattered through many different collections and stored by the authorities in buildings that are closed to the public.

Wilhelm Dörpfeld, head of the German Archæological Institute at Athens, has, according to a dispatch from Berlin, discovered in the Island of Ithaca what he believes to be the remains of an Homeric city. Remnants of walls and of monochrome decorated earthenware were found, as well as a number of more elaborately ornamented vases.

The meeting of the International Archæological Congress, announced in the *Nation* of February 14, is for April 10 to 21 of 1909, not 1907.

The National Academy of Design will open its eighty-second annual exhibition in this city March 15 to April 20.

Among the dealers' shows in this city are paintings by J. J. Shannon at M. Knoedler & Co.'s, till March 15, inclusive; John La Farge's recent painting, The Wolf Charmer, at Montross's till March 16; pastel studies of wild animals by Arthur Wardle at the gallery of Arthur Tooth & Sons till March 23; portraits by Ellen Emmet at Macbeth's till March 23; paintings by Maxime Manfra at Durand-Ruel's till March 30; old portraits at Ehrich's till March 31; paintings of the Dutch school at Julius Oehme's; and proofs of mezzotints engraved by Samuel Cousins at William Schaus's. Pictures by Jules Guérin are being shown at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. The Auguste F. Chamot collection of Chinese art and collection of modern Dutch artists, early English, and modern French schools, and water-colors may be seen at the American Art Galleries. The collection will be offered at auction to-morrow and Saturday.

William T. Evans of Montclair, N. J., has given to the National Gallery at Washington a collection of forty paintings by leading American artists. The gift, to be known as the "William T. Evans Collection," is valued at about $100,000. Owing to the lack of available wall space in the National Gallery the paintings will be temporarily placed in the atrium of the Corcoran Gallery. Among the pictures are examples of George Inness, Homer Martin, Alexander H. Wyant, John H. Twachtman, Winslow Homer, Ralph Albert Blakelock, Louis Paul Dessar, Henry W. Ranger, Francis Murphy, and John La Farge.

At an auction at Christie's in London on February 23 Sir T. Lawrence's Portrait of Miss West brought £4,200, said to be the highest price ever paid for a Lawrence in the auction room. But Lawrence's Marquis of Londonderry brought only £304. Among interesting prices are the following: A. Cuyp, Dutch Farm, with Woman Milking, £3,990; Landscape, with full-length portraits of Pierre Both and his wife, £945; Hoppner, Charles Oldfield Bowles as a boy, £2,310; The Hon. Mrs. William Fitzroy, £1,312; Morland, Happy Cottagers, £2,940; The Gypsies' Tent, £945; Gypsies round a Bonfire, £840; J. B. Le Prince, A Harvest Field, £320; S. Ruysdael, A River Scene, £325; J. Sustermans, Marchesa Guadaqui, £787; Jan Steen, An Interior, with peasants eating, £693; Children Teaching a Cat to Read, £598; Gainsborough, The Market Cart, £630; Reynolds, Portrait of a Lady, in white dress, £609. A drawing by D. Gardner, Portrait of a Lady in white and yellow dress, brought £735.

Finance.

A "RICH MEN'S PANIC."

When prices on the Stock Exchange were declining, last week, 5 to 10 points for active shares; when, at the same time, fresh selling orders pressed on the market in such quantity and with such urgency as to suggest a forced turning of securities into cash—the word was passed around in Wall

Street that this was surely another "rich men's panic." This phrase was common during 1903, when a stock market similar to that of a week ago prevailed from early spring until mid-summer. It was often said that this phrase, as well as that other popular catchword, "undigested securities," was invented at that time; but financial reviews of 1882 contained much about undigested securities, and financial reviews of 1883 talked anxiously of a rich men's panic. This fact makes it the more interesting to inquire what a rich men's panic actually is, in the Wall Street sense, and then to see whether or not the present Stock Exchange situation meets the definition.

A "rich men's panic" is conceived of as forced selling of stocks by capitalists who are so rich that their credit cannot be touched, and who are merely compelled to reduce the burden which they are carrying with borrowed money. Many persons imagine that nothing could force a man worth, say, $10,000,000, to sell his investment holdings against his will, and at a heavy loss. But such a capitalist will usually have placed his $10,000,000 in profit-earning investments—partly in land, partly in his own private business enterprises, largely in stocks and bonds. He will not often leave much of the $10,000,000 idle in his bank. Now, if, when the stock market seems to promise an extensive rise, this millionaire sees fit to acquire more stocks with a view to selling at higher prices, he must borrow the requisite money from his bank—precisely as does the ten-thousand-dollar speculator. Such borrowings are easily arranged; he has but to pledge his real investment holdings as collateral, and he may borrow money enough to buy, say, six or eight millions more of speculative stock. He may even pledge these new purchases, and buy as much more on speculation.

If the price of these new acquisitions rises and he is able to sell at the advance, well and good. If the price does not change to any great extent, he may still maintain his speculation. But if he has wholly misjudged the market; if the price, both of the newly-bought stocks and of the older holdings first put up as collateral, falls ten or twenty per cent. on the Stock Exchange, the ten-million-dollar operator is quite as much forced to "liquidate" as is the petty speculator caught with an "exhausted margin." There are two differences, however, in these two liquidating processes. Small speculators caught in a market of this sort, soon reach the end of their resources and are "closed out," leaving no more forced sales to come from that quarter. The ten-million-dollar man, with his great reserve of investment holdings, may raise sufficient cash, by sales on the Stock Exchange, to reduce his debt and protect the bulk of his speculative ventures. But in so doing, his sale of stocks will not only be long-continued, but will be of a magnitude proportioned to that of his speculative commitments. Therefore, if a number of such wealthy operators have been caught, one might expect prolonged liquidation, indicating sales at a disastrous sacrifice, yet the process unaccompanied by visible signs of individual distress or shaken credit. And this might properly be called a "rich men's panic," in distinction from such markets as those of May 9, 1901, when a sudden and violent collapse in history o soon ended, injures chiefly the speculators of moderate means whose resources are almost instantly exhausted.

It will be observed that this imagined situation presupposes three things—a rash and blundering venture by large capitalists, refusal of the investing public to take the stocks off their hands, and, usually, a money market which prevents the banks from helping out the wealthy speculators. This was the situation which existed in 1883—when, as we have seen, the "rich men's panic" was first named. Jay Gould and a host of fellow millionaires had indulged in speculation as if the rise in prices and the power of the public to absorb securities were never to change or end. They lost their market, the bank situation grew troublesome, and on the Stock Exchange nearly six months of heavy liquidation followed. Wall Street, with wide-open eyes, repeatedly expressed amazement as to how such throwing-over of stocks could last so long, and how such declines could occur, without causing some one's failure.

Again, when 1903 began, many of the wealthiest capitalists in Wall Street were not only "carrying" stocks bought for speculation, but were involved in "syndicate underwritings," which guaranteed, if certain large issues of new industrial stocks were not taken by outside investors, that the syndicate subscribers would pay for and take up the stocks themselves. These rich underwriters never expected to have to take the stocks; in many cases they knew the stocks were not worth the guaranteed price. But their heads were turned by the experiences of 1901, when the public took the stocks and the syndicates received large commissions merely for signing the agreement—the Steel Syndicate, for example, getting a profit of 200 per cent. in cash for a moderate pledge of capital. After 1901, the public refused to buy the new stock issues; in time, the syndicates were summoned to pay up in full. This was a quite unexpected burden; to meet it—since the new securities were all but unsalable, and since the banks were reducing loans because of impaired resources—these rich operators threw on the market at declining prices, during at least four months of 1903, their reserves of investment securities. Again Wall Street wondered how such declines could occur without causing important failures and how they could last so long. The answer was, it was a "rich men's panic."

That the fall on the Stock Exchange, not only last week and the week before, but in January, was a result of such forced selling by millionaire operators whose ventures had gone wrong, there is little doubt. With all the secrecy habitually spread about Stock Exchange operations, three facts regarding last season's speculation are perfectly well established: First, that capitalists of the sort described were the largest buyers when the market was being stirred to a frenzied rise after Union Pacific's August dividend; second, that they grossly and stupidly misjudged the condition of the money market; and, third, that the outside public did not take from the speculating millionaires the stocks which they had bought for the rise with borrowed money. That the market's recent experience has been as normal a sequel as was that of 1903 or 1883, few experienced observers will doubt. Whether the strain of "rich men's liquidation" will this time continue as long as it did in those two years, is another question.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LII., Part 1.; Vol. LV., Part 1. Cambridge, Mass.

Barnes-Grundy, Mabel. Dimble and I. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.

Berry, Riley M. Fletcher. Fruit Recipes. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

Bland, Hubert. Letters to a Daughter. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

Bullen, Frank T. Frank Brown, Sea Apprentice. Dutton. $1.50.

Butler, Arthur Gray. Harold: A Drama. Henry Frowde.

Clausen, George. Six Lectures in Paintings.—Aims and Ideals in Art. Dutton. $1.50 net each.

Cyclopedia of American Agriculture. Edited by L. H. Bailey. Vol. I.: Farms. Macmillan Co.

Dickinson, G. Lowes. From King to King. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1 net.

Ditmars, Raymond L. The Reptile Book. Doubleday, Page & Co. $4 net.

Elliot, Daniel Giraud. A Catalogue of the Collection of Mammals in the Field Columbian Museum. Chicago.

Epistle of St. Jude and the Second Epistle of St. Peter. Edited by Joseph B. Mayor. Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

Falconer, Lanoe. Old Hampshire Vignettes. Macmillan Co. $1.

Fifth Gospel, Being the Pauline Interpretation of the Christ. Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Gulick, Luther H. The Efficient Life. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.

Hamilton, M. The First Claim. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

Hilliers, Ashton. Fanshawe of the Fifth. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

Hudson, W. H. A Crystal Age. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Kamp, Leopold. On the Eve: A Drama. International Library Publishing Co.

Konkle, Burton Alva. The Life of Chief Justice Ellis Lewis, 1798-1871. Philadelphia: Champion & Co.

Loring, Amparo. Midsummer Madness. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.

Lucretius: A Selection from Book V. Edited by W. D. Lowe. Henry Frowde.

Markham, Clements R. Richard III.: His Life and Character. Dutton. $3.50 net.

Messiter, A. H. A History of the Choir and Music of Trinity Church. Edwin S. Gorham.

Morrison, Arthur. Martin Hewitt: Investigator. Harpers. $1.25.

Newberry, Percy E. Scarabs. London: Archibald Constable & Co.

Phillpotts, Eden. The Whirlwind. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

Pierce, Ernest Frederic. The Traveller's Joy. Dutton. $1.50.

Potter, Margaret. The Princess. Harper's. $1.50.

Proceedings of the American Bankers' Association held at St. Louis, Oct., 1906

Quiller-Couch, A. T. Poison Island. Scribners.

Rawlinson, W. G. Turner's Liber Studiorum. Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

Remsen, Daniel S. The Preparation and Contest of Wills. Baker, Voorhis & Co. $6 net.

Rodocanachi, E. The Roman Capitol. Translated by Frederick Lawton. Dutton. $1 net.

Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide to Europe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Schoeffer, Father. A Grammar of the Bemba Language. Henry Frowde. 85 cents.

Scholz, R. F., and S. K. Hornbeck. Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarships. Henry Frowde.

Schuster, Ernest J. The Principles of German Civil Law. Henry Frowde. $4.15.

Seeley, E. L. Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari. Dutton. $3 net.

Sladen, Douglas. Sicily, the New Winter Resort. Dutton. $2 net.

Symons, Arthur. Studies in Seven Arts. $2.50 net. An Introduction to the Study of Browning. $1.50 net. Dutton.

University Hymns. Arranged by Horatio Parker and Harry B. Jepson. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Van Dyke, John C. Studies in Pictures. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Wharton, Edith. Madame de Treymes. Scribners. $1.

Wilkinson, Florence. The Silent Door. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.

Wilson, Bingham Thoburn. The Hypocrite: A Poem. Brooklyn: Lyceum Publishing Co. $1.

Woodrow, Mrs. Wilson. The Bird of Time. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.

Clark's Labor Movement in Australasia

$1.50 net; by mail $1.63.

"Useful and timely. . . . Mr. Clark will perhaps disappoint alike the extreme radicals who regard Australasia as a workmen's paradise and grow enthusiastic over the progress made there by socialism, and those other extremists who like to be told that Australasia is doomed to bankruptcy and famine and demoralization as the result of socialism and the violation of 'natural law.' He writes judiciously and fairly, and indulges in no extravagant prophecies of either sort. . . . The book is very valuable for its facts and the impartiality with which they, and the conditions to which they are due, are presented."—CHICAGO EVENING POST.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1907.

The Week.

The frantic appeals to President Roosevelt to save the railways from the wrath of the State Legislatures ignore one or two important considerations. Men whose eyes are fixed on Wall Street are naturally much perturbed by a fall in stocks; and they seem to think that the whole country is equally worried. As a matter of fact, however, the farmers of the West and the laboring classes generally are pleased, if anything, to see "the Wall Street sharks" get into trouble. These sentiments, reprehensible though they may be, are a force to be reckoned with in politics. If the constituencies of our Western Legislatures were made up of New York bankers and brokers, the events of the last few days might deeply impress the minds of law-makers in Kansas and Nebraska and move them to stay their hands; but such is not the case. The true way to get at the Western Legislatures is to allay the irritation of their constituencies by removing the very ground of complaint against the railways. The restrictive legislation, proposed or actually passed in so many States, is simply the flaming of a long-smouldering hatred of corporations and particularly of railways—a retaliation for a series of vexations and injuries, for the greed, the duplicity, and the unfairness of men like E. H. Harriman The path out of this thicket in which the railways are tangled is not easy, but it is possible. W. C. Brown, senior vice-president of the New York Central Lines, points it out in his demand "for a restoration of public confidence, based upon the widest publicity of corporation affairs and absolute fairness, equality, and stability of rates." In the columns of talk in which our railway managers have recently indulged, no utterance has been sounder or more pertinent. President Roosevelt cannot, if he would, "call off" the Legislatures and Governors. If the rebates, the discriminations, and the injustices continue, Mr. Bryan, Mr. Hearst, or some other man will lead a yet more furious agitation against the railways. But if Mr. Brown and his friends get together in a "gentleman's agreement" to carry out in letter and in spirit the policy of fair dealing which he urges, they will disarm the agitator and the demagogue. On no other terms can the railways secure peace.

The railroads are not alone in refusing to play under the new rules. The owner of a ranch in Wyoming has just decided to sell it because of the new policy regarding range lands. The ranch was large, but its superior size was partly due to the fact that forty-five miles of its fencing was erected on a tract belonging to the United States. With those fences down, the managers of the concern declare that business will be unprofitable. Undoubtedly, there will be other owners to follow this example. When they put up illegal fences, they were only conforming to a general practice which local sentiment condoned. In this matter of the public lands President Roosevelt has an excellent chance to test his old theory that the best way to repeal an obnoxious law is to enforce it. Congress again adjourned without having provided rules for the real needs of legitimate business on the range, in the forest, and the mine. Every new victim of the unfair and inadequate regulations will add an influence to the force that must ultimately secure reform.

In accordance with his bargain with the indicted Mayor of San Francisco, President Roosevelt has signed an order that "Japanese or Korean laborers, skilled and unskilled, who have received passports to go to Mexico, Canada, or Hawaii and come therefrom, be refused permission to enter the continental territory of the United States." For this virtual exclusion of the Japanese the President offers the following reason:

> Whereas, upon sufficient evidence produced before me by the Department of Commerce and Labor I am satisfied that passports issued by the Government of Japan to citizens of that country or Korea, and who are laborers, skilled or unskilled, to go to Mexico, to Canada, and to Hawaii, are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders thereof to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions therein;

We should be glad to know the evidence which proves the President mistaken when he said in his annual message of 1906:

> Here and there a most unworthy feeling has manifested itself toward the Japanese—the feeling that has been shown in shutting them out from the common schools in San Francisco and in mutterings against them in one or two other places, *because of their efficiency as workers.*

We need not argue the rights or wrongs of President Roosevelt's surrender to the basest of our "labor" demagogues. We merely quote again from the President's own words:

> The Japanese have won in a single generation the right to stand abreast of the foremost and most enlightened peoples of Europe and America; they have won on their own merits and by their own exertions the right to treatment on a basis of full and frank equality.

There spoke the true American spirit of fair play and generosity; and the President clinched his argument by the assertion that "It is only a very small body of our citizens that act badly." To that body of offenders the President of the United States now joins himself.

Nothing definite has been given out at Washington about the extension of the trade *modus vivendi* with Germany. It has been assumed that the North Commission succeeded in establishing the basis for a temporary agreement which does not involve change in the tariff schedules. The President has a certain power accorded him by Section 3 of the Tariff Law; but Prince von Bülow is dependent upon the farming element for support in the new Reichstag, and something more than the concession which the President is empowered to make will be needed in order to satisfy the German Agrarians. If changes are to be made fairly reciprocal, they must be in the customs administrative act, in the enforcement of which a considerable degree of discretion rests with the Secretary of the Treasury. German exporters have objected to the method adopted by our customs officials in determining the value of merchandise sent to this market. They have also objected to secret inquiries made in alleged cases of under-valuations. If our customs officials could be authorized to accept as conclusive the valuations which the Germans themselves put upon their exports, the arrangement might well be considered fully the equivalent of any concessions that the German Government may grant to the United States. Paraphrasing Andrew Fletcher, the German manufacturer could say: "I care not what the *ad-valorem* duties of a country may be, provided I am able to make the prices upon which these duties are to be paid."

With every man coming forward with an original explanation of the money stringency and the stock-market panic, it is not strange that the women should begin. An "authority on women's dress," lecturing in Chicago this week, advanced the theory that it is the duty of every patriotic lady, whether or not a Daughter of the Revolution, to buy as many and as costly gowns as possible, and to throw them away after a few wearings. Only so can the mills making dress-goods be kept going, and dividends be paid upon the billions invested. Hence if there is just now "a financial cloud" upon our horizon, let the women hasten to "dispel" it by redoubling their

purchases of purple and fine linen. This financial gospel is as good as any other that praises waste. Logically, it is just as sound as the protective system, or any plan of "making work," instead of seeking to obtain advantageously the products of work. We may smile at this dressmaker dropping into finance, but she is at least as wise as T. V. Powderly, at whose feet our public men were anxious to sit twenty years ago; and her praise of extravagant luxury as the cure for our financial ills has a respectable precedent in Mandeville's "Private Vices a Public Benefit."

The very general expression of goodwill and respect called forth by Mr. Cleveland's seventieth birthday has more than a personal significance. No doubt, the ex-President's qualities are of the kind which wear well with time, and a greater liking for the man has come with the passing years. But the peculiar tribute to him rests on public grounds. People are glad to testify their regard for the type of official embodied in Mr. Cleveland, and for the good causes for which he so firmly stood. In all this, it is not only the interval of time since he left office, but what has happened during it, that has helped his reputation. His fellow-citizens have fresh reason to recall with gratitude his simple, dogged sticking to his duty, without clamor or advertising; his grim determination to keep the rudder true, whether in storm or calm, instead of being both fickle and vehement; his exaltation of the plain virtues; his clear grit in fronting trades-unions; and his veto of a bill to keep out needed emigrants, with no eating of his own words or dickering with discredited labor leaders. Whether by the lapse of time, with its softening of political animosities, or by the force of contrast, it is certain that Mr. Cleveland has come to occupy a high place in the admiring affection of his countrymen.

A plan of action outlined by one of the men connected with the new Russell Sage Foundation is certainly comprehensive. The trustees, according to this authority, may do anything and everything. They may sell life insurance at cost to "poor scrubwomen of middle age, making $5 or $6 a week," send tuberculous bread-winners for a needed rest to the mountains, study the causes of tuberculosis and of "other diseases and social evils," work for the enforcement of the tenement-house regulations or put up model tenements themselves, sell coal, food, and medicines in small quantities at wholesale prices, assist publications connected with charitable work, supply meals and eyeglasses for school children, and other things. This may on the face of it seem too large a programme, even though it was evidently just thrown off in a first flush of enthusiasm; but it is nevertheless well to recognize how wide is the field of effort for social-welfare and how cramping to the spirit of charity the setting up of narrow bounds and rigid standards of action. Says the authority to whom we have referred:

> We used to think that poverty arose largely from defects of character, drinking habits, shiftlessness, and such causes. Now we know that in the complex social conditions it may arise from vastly different causes, and that an upright, average citizen may find himself "up against it" really through no fault of his own.

We confess to disappointment with the majority report of the Committee on Athletic Sports of the Harvard Overseers and Corporation, adopted last week by the Overseers. The twelve recommendations are all worth while, but none of them is thoroughgoing. To cut down the expenses, to complete the payments on the far too costly Stadium, and to finish the development of Soldiers' Field, to endeavor to do away with professional coaches by coöperation with other colleges, to encourage undergraduates to take interest in the management of athletics to reduce the number of intercollegiate contests—all these reforms are well enough. The pity is, however, that, unlike President Eliot, the joint committee of the Overseers and Corporation has not a word to say about the brutalities of football, the excesses which follow in the train of intercollegiate contests, or the general unsettlement of college ideals and habits as a result of disproportionate attention to athletics. To Moorfield Storey belongs the credit of submitting a minority report. He does not believe that the recommendations of the majority, while steps in the right direction, are adequate. He urges the abolition of football, and he would have the Athletic Committee subject to the authority of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. The college teachers know best what athletics means; yet, as they have no control over the Athletic Committee, they can have no direct influence upon the conduct of the games. Mr. Storey's point, that recommendations like those now adopted have been of little or no avail in the past, is well taken. It is an educational cancer with which Harvard has to deal—at least so far as football is concerned—and Columbia University alone has shown how to operate on it radically.

The situation in Central America is perfectly simple. Honduras is at war with Nicaragua over a strip of territory which both sides own and both sides agreed to submit to arbitration. Both sides are winning; the Nicaraguans have apparently occupied the capital of Honduras and the Hondurans seem to have occupied the capital of Nicaragua. Evidently, then, all that is left to be done is for the combatants to turn about and fight their way back after President Zelaya of Nicaragua has recognized the revolutionary government of Honduras and President Bonilla of Honduras has recognized the revolutionary government in Nicaragua. President Zelaya, of course, is an enemy of President Bonilla, because President Bonilla overthrew an earlier President Bonilla of Honduras, who was a friend of President Zelaya and had helped him overthrow *his* predecessor. Salvador is getting ready to join Honduras, in which case Guatemala will join Nicaragua, in which case Costa Rica will join Salvador and Honduras, in which case the Big Stick——

Monday's dispatches announce the expected arrival at the Abyssinian capital of a French mission to "confer with Emperor Menelek on a railway building project." Presumably, the object is to treat of no new undertaking, but to facilitate the construction of the railway already projected from Jibuti to Adis Abeba and, by the end of 1903, completed over the first section from the former point to Diré-Dawa, some forty miles from Harar. Beyond that point the progress of the railway was, in spite of a liberal Government subsidy, blocked by the financial difficulties of the French construction company, and by the hostility of the Abyssinian Emperor, who was supposed to be acting under British influence. The agreement of April 8, 1904, in ranging Great Britain on the side of France, removed the second obstacle to the progress of the railway, and on December, 1905, it was reported that work had been begun on The Harar-Adis Abeba section. The financial question, however, remained a pressing one. Public opinion in France was greatly exercised when it was discovered that the French construction company had practically mortgaged itself to the International Æthiopian Railway Trust of London, and that a national undertaking was in danger of falling into foreign hands. In 1906 an agreement was concluded between Great Britain, Italy, and France, providing for the internationalization of the railway, with a predominant French control. The third section of the railway from Adis Abeba westward is expected to join the Cape-to-Cairo railway, which will run through Abyssinian territory.

If the recent dispatch announcing the virtual conclusion of a commercial agreement between Belgium and the Netherlands be correct, negotiations must have been carried on with a degree of haste and secrecy exceptional in such circumstances. The union of the

two countries in a *Zollverein* has long been advocated in both, but up till recently the scheme was regarded as more or less utopian. On the face of things, an alliance between the two Rhine and North Sea States would greatly change the political situation in Northwestern Europe. Germany, for instance, or at least the Pan-Germanists, would have to reckon with the opposition of some thirteen millions of people, of whom the greater part are by no means anxious to be deprived of independent political existence. Public opinion in France has naturally favored the proposed economic union as tending to throw the weight of the French-Belgian population against the German influence in Teutonic Holland. The gain to the two parties to the contract would be reciprocal. Belgium might find in the Dutch East Indies a market, a source of raw material, and a valuable *point d'appui* for a commercial campaign in Eastern Asia. The Netherlands would be in a position to discount the growing rivalry both of the German and Belgian ports. Antwerp, as a result of magnificent dock and river improvements, has been spoken of as the leading European port of the near future. The commercial rank of a Dutch-Belgian *Zollverein* would be above that of Germany and the United States, and second only to that of Great Britain. In 1904 Holland's total commerce was valued at $1,760,000,000 and Belgium's at $1,655,000,000.

Of the situation in Russia, not the least puzzling feature is the militant attitude of the Social Democrat deputies in the Duma. While the Constitutioual Democrats, the peasant deputies, and the Socialist Revolutionaries have been exhibiting a degree of self-restraint which last year would have brought down on them the ugly name of reactionary, the Social Democrats have manifestly been spoiling for a fight from the very opening of the Duma. And yet in theory it is not for the interest of that party to bring about a breach with the Government so long as there is hope of securing partial coucessions in the form of real liberty of speech and the press. The Social Democrats are followers of Marx; it is their creed that Russia must pass through the cycle of economic evolution traced by that thinker, before she can be truly free. That is, she must become industrial and capitalistic as the nations of the West have become, before the perfect, Socialistic state can be established. But such a process is purely economic. Whether Russia's government in the meantime is a Constitutional mouarchy or a republic should make no difference to the Marxian theorist, provided he be given the right to proclaim his theories by word of mouth and in writing, and to work for them through some form of representative government. It is curious, then, that when the auspices are not unfavorable for the establishment of a tolerable régime in the matter of freedom of political conscience, the Social Democrats should be anxious to wreck chances of a compromise with the Government. A possible explanation may be found in the fact that the second great party of the Radical Left, the Socialist Revolutionary-Group of Toil (peasant) combination, has gone over to a policy of moderation. This also is, theoretically, an anomaly, inasmuch as the Socialist Revolutionary ideal calls for a complete social upheaval *at once*. Why should they be willing to debate amnesty and freedom of speech when their aim should seemingly be to bring things to a crisis, even if it be a bloody one? One reason probably is that the peasants are evidently not ready for an armed conflict. Time must be gained, and some constructive work must be accomplished in the Duma in order to retain the party's hold. This reason does not count with the Social Democrats. Their strength is among the urban workingmen who are as revolutionary as they have ever been; besides, this is the party's first official appearance, for it was practically unrepresented in last year's Duma. Hence it must try its lungs and shout a bit as Aladyin and his followers did last year.

Elections were held for the Finnish Diet, last week, and women not only voted on a full equality with men, but had no less than eighty candidates in the field. The Diet is no longer a body of four estates and chambers, but a true National Assembly of one house elected by universal suffrage. Finland's vicissitudes under Nicholas II. have been as remarkable as those of any fabled child of fortune. Self-governing up to about the end of the nineteenth century, enslaved by the Russian autocracy in the course of the next five years, she took occasion of the general strike in Russia in October and November, 1905, to recover her liberties practically in a single day; and not only that, but to establish a completely democratic régime. Evidently the Finns are blessed as few nations on earth with a genius for political progress through peace. Less than a year ago at the time of the Sveaborg mutiny, Finland had a socialistic Red Guard and a conservative White Guard, and civil war seemed imminent. To-day, we are told, "the most acute question before the electorate is that of the total prohibition of the sale of liquor."

Irish measures are soon to engross the attention of Parliament. Chief-Secretary Birrell announced last week that the Government bill granting Ireland a degree of home rule would be introduced soon after Easter. As a preliminary, the Ministry proposes to repeal the Crimes Act. This is the special criminal procedure devised for Ireland, the application of which always makes the blood of Irishmen boil, and embitters them against England more than any other grievance which could be mentioned. Irishmen do not like to be put beyond the pale of the ordinary law, any better than did our colonial ancestors. It is some time now since the Crimes Act has been enforced. There was no occasion for it during the last years of the Balfour Government. Since the Liberals came in, it has been, as Mr. Birrell has declared, "dead and buried"; but the Unionists object to having it removed from the statute books. It doubtless will be, however. Englishmen could give Irishmen no better earnest of an intention to treat them fairly.

An echo of the Longfellow Centenary comes in the form of a letter to the London *Spectator* from the Rt. Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Bishop of Durham. He notes, as have many Americans, that in a recent patronizing and pretentious review, Longfellow is described as "chiefly read and valued to-day by children, and by the men and women who have never passed their mental childhood." The Bishop of Durham, however, confesses to "a recent access of delight" in Longfellow's thought and diction, "during a short time of enforced leisure, and of that sort of fatigue which asks for literature at once charming in form and gentle with the gentleness which comes, not of the weakness, but the sweetness of the mind." The Bishop, going over verse with which he had been familiar for years, and also over certain poems that were new to him, was "struck, not only with the sweetfulness of the poetry, but with its frequent brilliancy and perfection of diction." This appreciation of Longfellow by a man of wide reading and cultivated taste, is simply fresh proof—though none is needed—that youth and impudence, often such attractive qualities, are not the making of a sound critic either in art or literature. It is easy to be young and cocksure; to declare from the fulness of your ignorance that this unknown author is the greatest of the age, and this established classic the worst. If you do this with sufficient vivacity of phrase in the newspapers and the cheap magazines, you can make a tremendous noise and acquire a reputation for omniscience—among your intellectual inferiors. But to discriminate is harder; to understand and value the excellences of a poem may require some background of literature, some standards of comparison. All of which truth is inevitably wasted if cast before the unabashed youths who need it most.

THE DREAD OF DISARMAMENT.

Apparently, each armed nation fears nothing on earth except a discussion of disarming. The series of protests against so much as mentioning the subject at The Hague Conference is getting pretty long. Austria cannot bear the thought. Germany shrinks back affrighted at the very idea. In France, the "pacifists" are denounced as the plague of mankind. Behind the English Premier a political and Jingo back-fire is being kindled, to lead him to abandon, if possible, his humane proposal. What the opinion may be at Washington, the world has not been informed; but from many previous utterances we infer that it would not be unlike that of the German Government as reported on Saturday:

> Because of the sincerely peaceable sentiments which prevail in Germany, the proposal to disarm contains for Germany much that is enticing. The closer one examines it, however, the stronger become the objections to the proposal itself and its treatment by international arrangement.

This is certainly a novelty in human affairs. To bring up a proposal which all hands agree to be excellent in itself, to be, in fact, a matter both pressing and enticing, and then to concludo that it must not be even debated at a gathering of all the parties interested, would surely impress an observer from the planet of the god of war himself as an example of perverse reasoning. The attitude is more than paradoxical; it is outright whimsical. It is as if all the strong men armed in the world stood up and, in the spirit of Bismarck, boasted that they feared nothing but God, but when a few weaklings invited them to consider the limitation of armaments by international agreement, should then betray the greatest alarm and say that they could not answer for the consequences if any rash delegate should even lisp the word disarmament at The Hague.

These fears are not only comic, hut belated. It is no new thing that has suddenly been thrust upon the astonished nations. Proposals to disarm, or at any rate to reduce armaments and their crushing hurdens, date hack at least forty years in European diplomacy. They were put at the very front of the programme for the first Hague Conference. As Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman shrewdly argues, if it was not a folly or a crime to urge their discussion then, it cannot be now. What has happened since, to work the change? When people talked before about the Czar Disarmer, there were those who joined in the unmanly suspicions to which Kipling gave coarse expression in his "Truce of the Bear"; but even the most inveterate enemy of Russia could not now picture her as scheming to weaken her rivals so that she might catch them unawares and strike with her own military might undiminished. And if it be said that no appreciable result followed the discussion of disarmament in the first Conference at The Hague, is that a good reason for dreading its debate again this year? If the arguments against disarming are so overwhelming, the champions of great navies and big battalions should jump at the chance of meeting their enemies in the gate and routing them. This nervous fear of even speaking of the subject above a whisper will make the world think that they are not so sure of their case.

These timid warriors base their objections, they say, on "practical" grounds. There are so many other important measures to come up at The Hague that it would be a pity to take up time uselessly in talking about an international agreement to limit present armaments, or to refrain from enlarging them. This was the position taken by Chancellor von Bülow last January. No one could be more peace-loving than he, but he added, with his ready turn for French phrase, *qui trop embrasse mal étreint;* and intimated that the Hague Conference would be more useful in debating how to care for men wounded in war, than how to prevent their being wounded. But it is a new doctrine that there is harm in even talking about a measure which poets and seers have dwelt upon for generations, and which philanthropists versed in affairs and jurists skilled in international law have been in recent years more and more coming to think not only ideal, but within reach.

For our part, we do not believe that, however the official programme may be clipped and guarded, the subject of disarmament can be kept out of the Hague Conference. Grave diplomatists will not forever be content to deal with the incidental without going back to causes. As civilization advances into our West, men give up going about as walking arsenals, and leave to the police and the courts the protection of their property and the maintenance of their rights. But nations, we are informed, cannot show as much sense as individual Bill and Jake and Hank, but must carry three revolvers in the belt and a knife in each boot and a shotgun slung across the back, and must, moreover, refuse even to discuss the advisability of getting rid of their fighting impedimenta and acting like civilized beings.

THE TROUBLE WITH WALL STREET

So violent a collapse in Stock Exchange prices as has just occurred, following a three months' decline which had itself cut 10 to 25 per cent. from foregoing values, is generally ascribed, by intelligent men, to the previous condition of the stock market itself, to the state of the money markets, here and abroad, to the financial and commercial outlook generally—in short, to the economic situation which of necessity governs the price of stocks. It appears, however, that some of our present-day experts find themselves able to do without such humdrum reasoning. Certain of our quidnuncs announce the highly interesting discovery that "the country's values are no longer dependent solely, or even chiefly, upon economic factors"; and that the trouble is due to proposals for legislative regulation of the railways at Washington and in the States.

Now, it must be conceded that reasons which waive all financial causes for a financial phenomenon, are something new in the study of economics. We might also remark, if disposed to cavil, that the great part of the restrictive legislation, which, to the exclusion of all other causes, is crushing stock markets, was pending or proposed in the months of last autumn when the stock market, under the reputed lead of railway "magnates" themselves, was advancing by leaps and bounds. But this point we shall not labor. If the assertion that nothing but "hostility to railroads" is responsible for the break in stocks be true, then by all means let the facts be known. If it be false, no time should be lost in ending the mischievous delusion. A blundering diagnosis, when the patient is suffering severely, may do incalculable harm.

Looking at the situation in the broadest way, we can cite at least four reasons for the recent phenomena of the Stock Exchange. Let us grant that the "anti-railroad demonstration," especially as described and denounced by railway officers, has operated not only to deter investors from buying railway stocks, but to cause actual selling. A banker familiar with the recent situation would undoubtedly add to this, first, that Stock Exchange values were forced up, last autumn, to a level where the yield to investors, at the price, was barely half what capital could earn elsewhere; second, that recent public disclosure of sharp practice in railway finance, hy important railway "insiders," had spread distrust of their methods in the market; third, that the money market, at home and abroad, was in a highly abnormal condition, calling for some relief, which might be obtained through reducing the burden of Stock Exchange liabilities.

We shall not assert that any one of these well-known influences is paramount. We would, however, draw particular attention to the money market, because, in the view of all expert financiers, that is the phase which is most perplexing, and which, in its eventual bearing on all markets, cannot fail to be fundamental. It is now more than a year since all great money markets of the world—our own and London's notably—began to show signs that

capital was overstrained. Last year's New York money rates and bank reports repeatedly betrayed the weakest position shown at the time of year in more than a quarter of a century. The Bank of England's discount rate, the index to London's financial condition, was kept for thirteen weeks at the maximum figure of the past thirty-three years, and is now at the highest quotation reached during March in a still longer period; while the Imperial Bank of Germany, which largely reflects the Continental markets, held its rate throughout February at the highest figure ever maintained during that season.

These are well-known facts, and they are not new. Competent bankers and financial critics have been calling attention during eighteen months to the progressive development of the strain on money. We do not recall this in order to excite alarm; on the contrary, we believe that the long and persistent forcing of these facts on the attention of the investing public and Wall Street has greatly diminished the possible danger of their consequences. Whatever else may be said of the present situation, it has not caught financial and business communities off their guard. Even the Stock Exchange has been fully aware of the state of things, and it would unquestionably have been better prepared for all possible results but for last autumn's reckless attempt to stir up a wild "bull movement"—an action credited, rightly or wrongly, to some of the very men who are now crying loudest that the whole trouble lies in "hostility to the railways."

Through no merit of these people, the mischief they caused—which, in its ramifications, extended even to European markets—has been in large degree counteracted. Stock Exchange liquidation, the puncturing of Wall Street bubbles, the release to legitimate trade of capital improperly tied up in speculation, have corrected a great part of the evil. In the financial markets, this is a time to be careful and observant, but it is not necessarily a time to be pessimistic. It was in last September and November, when our high financiers were speculating for the rise and advancing dividends right and left, that the financial horizon was really blackest. None the less, when markets are so disturbed and uncertain as to-day, it is not an occasion for loose experimentation.

THE HUNGER-STRIKE.

The strike as a political weapon has been improved and utilized to an amazing extent during the last few years. In various forms we have had it in Europe and in Asia. China has made use of the commercial boycott against America. The natives of Bengal have refused to purchase British manufactures as a protest against alleged misrule. The inhabitants of Teheran wrested a Constitution from the late Shah by deserting the capital *en masse*, and thus threatening to leave their ruler absolute, but in a vacuum. In Russia, of course, the foundations of liberty were laid by the great general strike of October, 1905; and in Austria the threat of a general strike was sufficient to drive the Government into granting universal suffrage. Whatever complexion these different movements may have assumed, they were all alike in recognizing the advantages of passive resistance, for a weak cause, over protest by force, and of the principle of abstention over that of action. Probably the latest development in this field is the so-called "hunger-strike."

At the opening of the University of Lemberg in Austrian Galicia in the latter part of January, there were violent demonstrations as a result of the refusal of the Ruthenian students to take the prescribed oath in Polish as heretofore. The Ruthenians in Galicia constitute the bulk of the agricultural population, and are tyrannized over with quite as much consistency by the Poles as the Poles are by their German masters in Posen. About eighty Ruthenian students were thrown into prison, and held for more than three weeks without trial, until they resorted to the proclamation of a hunger-strike. It lasted three days, till it succeeded in attracting the attention of the outside world. The Vienna press protested against the outrage, and the "strikers" were released.

Russia, which has enjoyed exceptional facilities for developing numerous forms of resistance to oppression, has made most extensive use of the hunger-strike. George Kennan, in his "Siberia," speaks of the practice as common among the Russian exiles when the tyranny of their jailers has become intolerable. A more recent illustration, falling within the last few months, aroused attention in this country. It came in connection with the death of a woman revolutionist who was killed by a sentinel, without provocation, while looking out of the window of her cell in a St. Petersburg prison. When the news had circulated through the other cells, after the mysterious manner of intercommunication developed by the Russian revolutionists, the prisoners demanded that the body of the victim be shown to them, and, when this was refused, proclaimed a hunger-strike. The affair became known, and such was the feeling of horror in the capital that a Government whose record for nearly half a year has been five executions by drumhead court-martial per day, saw itself forced to grant the demand of the "strikers," and to take steps for the punishment of the authorities responsible for the murder.

The inner idea of the hunger-strike goes further back than Russia, however. It is the conception which underlies the hara-kiri of the Japanese, that of inflicting upon ourselves the punishment which we are powerless to visit upon our enemy. Resistance to attack or injury is a primal instinct, and our ordinary defensive efforts are mechanically reactive. When the Oriental or the emotional Westerner smites his breast, or wrings his hands, or tears at his hair in the face of calamity, it may be due largely to the fact that there is no physical enemy present to receive the impact of fury born of injury and pain. But undoubtedly there is also present in the theory of the hunger-strike the primitive fear of innocent blood on one's hands. "My blood on thy head" is an ancient invocation. By innocent we mean, of course, non-resisting. The slightest exhibition of force may be enough to justify a man's tyranny in his own eyes, but absolute passivity, while it may drive him to fury, robs him also of ease of conscience. Instans Tyrannus, in the end, did grow afraid.

The idea is not without its application to present conditions in Russia. The Russian peasant, for instance, even in times of good crops, is underfed; but when statistics show that prosperity prevails, he is regarded as a fit subject, not for sympathy, but for heavier taxes, Cossack raids and punitive expeditions, floggings, exile, and execution. If he rises in insurrection, it is because his blood is too high from overfeeding. But against a peasantry stricken by famine and plague, even knout and court-martial dare not continue in play. Thus there is no paradox in the statement that the present Russian famine is for the best of the country. We have not a strike in the technical sense, but the inevitable result of intolerable conditions for which the autocracy is largely responsible is as powerful an indictment and appeal as though the twenty millions of peasants had voluntarily condemned themselves to starvation. Coming at a critical moment in the conflict for political and social reconstruction, the *mujiks* starving in their villages are a greater force for liberty than they would be half-fed and half-armed in the field against the Czar's soldiers.

HOBBLING BACK TO NATURE.

In this country, and pretty nearly all over Europe, a cry of "The People Back to the Land," or "The Land Back to the People," is being sounded mightily at the present time. The phenomenon is of regular recurrence. Whenever the flood-tide of prosperity subsides sufficiently to give us time and occasion to think, we begin to study our falling birth-rate, our increasing slum and criminal population, the iniquities of the food adulterator and of the yellow press, and

become convinced that we are well on the way to ru'n, and that the city is responsible for it all. Check the drift to the city, return to the poor, old, hackneyed "simple life," we demand in a moment of contrition that is probably as sincere and as lasting as the ordinary mood of repentance. In France, Maurice Barrès, René Bazin, and others have shown what a source of weakness to the nation are the "uprooted ones," whom the whirlpool of Paris has sucked in from the provinces to their undoing and her own. In Great Britain they have been suffering from intermittent panic over the possibility of a war that shall cut off her oversea sources of supply and leave her without an agricultural population to feed her. In Italy the rush to the towns, coupled with emigration, is denuding the field and paralyzing agriculture. The city is becoming the enemy of the race.

One phase of this general movement is illustrated, and advocated, in Bolton Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty," just published. It is a study in intensive cultivation, as practical, we imagine, as any popular book can be, and, though based on a certain amount of enthusiastic faith, apparently free from the exaggerations of the ordinary gardening treatise which shows you how to send four sons and daughters to college on the proceeds of a half-acre cabbage patch. He does not promise fortunes other than those that abide in the possession of health, laborious effort, and a safe livelihood. He does not even want to take his urban dwellers too far back into nature, but is content to place them in the vicinity of the great cities:

> It is not the growth of the cities that we want to check, but the needless want and misery in the cities, and this can be done by restoring the natural conditions of living, and among other things, by showing that it is easier to live in comfort on the outskirts of the city as producers, than in the slums as paupers.

No objection need be urged against Mr. Hall's main thesis. Indubitably, vacant-lot farming is better than the slum, and a small poultry farm in New Jersey must be better still. As a method of relief, the system may be commended. But there is room for protest against that one-sided view of things which speaks of "restoring the natural conditions of l'ving" by sending people back to the land. This is antiquated Rousseauism. The city is as natural a place of habitation as a farm on Long Island or a cabin in the Adirondacks. Dirt, disease, wickedness are unnatural, if we wish to be optimistic; but an apartment house, or a tenement house even, if it be kept clean and its owner be made to obey the regulations of the Tenement House Commission, is a natural abode. So much ought to be taken for granted as a basis for really successful social service work, which must aim at changing slum dwellers not so often into farmers as into urban citizens dwelling amidst tolerable conditions. It is even possible to maintain that, while by emptying the slums into the country we may benefit the towns, we are scarcely doing well by the country itself, whose welfare, it should be remembered, is one of the prime considerations in the Back to the Land movement. Not content with draining the country of its best blood, the city would turn the country into a dumping place for its human waste.

Take the small farmer on his three acres, and his brother of Manhattan on his 1-154 of an acre, or even his 1-1000 of an acre, if he lives on the East Side. The apparent difference does not really prove that one is more "congested" than the other. After all, every inhabitant of New York who for his breakfast eats a roll, an egg, a plate of oatmeal, or a chop, or drinks a cup of coffee or tea, exploits an acre or more in Kansas, another acre in Texas, together with smaller areas in New Jersey, Brazil, Cuba, and China. And when it comes to actual dwelling space, we venture to say that a four-room flat contains as much superficial area as the ordinary farmer's house—certainly in winter, when he locks all the rooms and lives in the kitchen.

What makes the movement Back to Nature all the more difficult is the fact that our tenements are for the most part filled with people who have just come from Nature, and cannot be persuaded to go back, because they "have been there." Who create our slums by cramming the city with more raw human material than it can digest? Italians from the open fields of Calabria and Sicily, Jews from the town and villages of the Russian Pale (comparatively crowded, it must be confessed), Magyars from the great plains of Hungary, Irish and Scandinavians, both used to the open air. Their change of residence is voluntary. They are here because they are wanted—in the city.

To quite another class Nature, we admit, appeals strongly—to the mentally tired. They, however, do not as a rule live in the slums. They are tired, in fact, from making more or less money, and the country to them suggests rest. It does not really impugn the sincerity of their emotions that they do their longing for a bit of black soil of their own, as the phrase goes, beside a steam radiator and with an electric push-button at their elbow. Visions will come then of green spaces, where the asphalt ceases from melting, and the subway guard is at rest; of cool, moist earth-clods, where repose the luscious red or green of tomatoes and cucumbers that need no Pure Food law, but are an end in themselves; of delightful delving with the hoe and the spade in early morning hours. *Absint* rheumatism and malaria. And that is really why we do not care for Mr. Chamberlain's Three Acres and a Cow so much as for Mr. Hall's Three Acres and—Liberty.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TENOR.

When the present opera season began in New York everybody expected a terrific war of tenors, which would make a chapter in the history of music in America. But the conflict did not come off. At Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House Bonci, with all his fine art, did not succeed in arousing public enthusiasm to fever heat; his voice was found to lack that luscious beauty, resonance, rotundity, and inexhaustible plenitude of power which had made Caruso famous at the Metropolitan. It was a woman who came to the rescue of Oscar Hammerstein. Melba led his forces valiantly against the Conried army, and the result has been a drawn battle.

Inasmuch as it was the soprano, not the tenor, who saved Hammerstein, it is not strange that he should have shown an inclination, a few weeks ago, not to reëngage Bonci. Then the question suddenly assumed a humorous aspect. Conried sent out his emissaries to kidnap Bonci. Hammerstein's fighting blood was up at once, and he announced that the Italian was under contract with him for another season. The matter will probably be settled in the courts. It is not clear why Conried should be so eager to have Bonci; if that tenor's voice seems lacking in sonority, even in the smaller and acoustically admirable Manhattan, what will become of it in the mammoth Metropolitan, which has been the grave of so many foreign reputations? It is surmised that he was to be utilized chiefly in the older Italian works, known as prima-donna operas.

The difference between the status of Bonci and that of Caruso is not merely topic for gossip; it affords insight into the present state of musical culture and the attitude of the public. It is admitted that Bonci is an admirable artist, and that he falls short of Caruso in little but the quality and volume of voice. Must we infer that this difference is really vital, or is the public to blame? No doubt, a full and luscious voice is in itself a thing of beauty and a joy—for some time; but, on the other hand, the public does worship Caruso unduly. He has become a fad, and is overrated. Jean de Reszke also was a fad, but he was not overrated. He could sing Italian rôles almost as enchantingly as Caruso sings them; he could sing—and act—French rôles infinitely better; and he was the greatest interpreter of the Wagner rôles, in which Caruso would appear to about as much advantage as Bars did the other day as his substitute in "I Pagliacci." Caruso's art,

in a word, is lamentably limited; he is even afraid to sing some of the important Italian rôles—Manrico, for instance. Moreover, his voice is not so infallibly beautiful as it was a year or two ago. He is becoming more and more addicted to singing very loudly on the slightest provocation, which is a sure sign of decline; for it is as much easier to sing loudly than softly as it is easier to remain within Caruso's contracted sphere than to display the versatility of a Jean de Reszke.

The loss of such a voice as Caruso's would, no doubt, be a calamity, from one point of view. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the Caruso idolatry is a menace to the cause of good music in this town. Some of the operas favored by him are, no doubt, masterworks, but more of them are not; they are feeble, tawdry things, which crowd out other and better works. Carusoism —if we may coin the word—means a distinct decline in the musical standards of the community. "Does he sing?" is the one question now asked at the box-office; what he sings is a matter of supreme indifference to most. It is a situation in which the tenor is not only king, but tyrant, despotically limiting the repertory to those operas in which he can most effectively show off his personal accomplishments.

Hans von Bülow once said that "a tenor is not a person; he is a disease." Excessive worship of tenors is a disease, too—a popular epidemic resulting in a temporary vitiation of taste, a shifting of the general interest from works of genius to the mere interpreter of anything that pleases. This tenorolatry is not a new thing. Wagner gave a sarcastic account of the attitude of Paris audiences which sat through performances of an opera that did not interest them for the sake of hearing the Caruso of that period fling out his loud top-notes.

There have been popular crazes over sopranos, too, but they have seldom reached the frenzied pitch of tenor-worship. This may be due to the fact that great tenors are much scarcer than great sopranos. One might also attribute the greater ardor of the worship of the Jean de Reszkes, the Carusos, the Alvarys, to the fact that most of the idolaters are women. But here a curious question presents itself: why is it usually the tenor, hardly ever the baritone or the bass, who is worshipped? One would expect women to be most deeply impressed by the manliest voice, and a bass or baritone is more manly than the lyric tenor voice which approximates the feminine alto. To be sure, nothing could be more virile than a robust, dramatic tenor like De Reszke, Tamagno, or Niemann. Probably the composers are largely responsible for the tenor-worship. In Verdi's operas, with hardly an exception, the tenor plays a more important part than the baritone or bass, and the same is true of other opera writers, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" being a notable exception. Wagner wrote one opera, "The Flying Dutchman," in which the baritone is king, whereas in six of his works the supremacy of the tenor is indicated by the very titles—"Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," Tristan and Isolde," "Siegfried," "Parsifal." This being so, we shall probably continue to be subject to the tyranny of one tenor or another, unless it be true, as was maintained at a recent conclave of French savants, that the tenor voice is a relic of barbarism, destined to become extinct.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich died Tuesday at his house in Boston. He had been ill for some time and had undergone a serious surgical operation.

To those who knew him, the dispatches announcing the death of Mr. Aldrich will carry a poignancy that seldom attends the passing of men who have lived out their threescore years and ten. He was a lover of life. Like all poets of the Horatian kind, he knew the melancholy thought of dissolution, the end of pleasantness, but, even after the great sorrow of his last years, the *meditatio mortis* was alien from him. Lowell himself was not more remarkable for perennial youthfulness, and far more than Lowell, Aldrich *looked* astonishingly young—"a habit," as he used to say, "acquired in youth." Blonde, erect, and ruddy, with a peculiar debonair alertness of hearing, he seemed at seventy to defy mortality, to be himself as immortal as a lyric.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born November 11, 1836, at Portsmouth, N. H., the "Rivermouth" of his books. He came of a sound shipowning stock, that with the decay of the India trade had withdrawn to other interests, yet the "seaward-leading alleys" of the old town, the "hints and flavors of the sea" that lurked in its elm-shaded streets, were among the most vital of his lifelong memories. In his last years, on the commodious quarter-deck of the "Bethulia" he liked to recall early adventures in punt or dory. When he was but a child he was taken to New Orleans, where, we are told, his father invested his property in a banking business so securely that he could never afterwards get more than a part of it out. In that half-tropical city he spent a decade of his childhood, drawing, we may believe, from its exotic sounds and sights imaginative clues to a richer and more romantic life than was to be observed among the earnest dwellers upon the North Shore, with their preoccupations, commercial and transcendental. When the time came for him to prepare for college, he was sent north to his grandparents in Portsmouth, there to enact those engaging scenes in the life of a bad boy—"but not a very bad boy"—which he has chronicled in one of the best books of its sort in the world. In 1852, as he was on the eve of entering Harvard, his father died in New Orleans, and "Tom Bailey," instead of taking his way to Cambridge, to study belles-lettres with Professor Longfellow, was enthroned upon a stool in the counting-room of his uncle, Charles Frost, in New York.

Of this experience we can discover but two direct results—a singularly open and beautiful penmanship, and a shrewdness and capacity in business matters peculiar among poets; but the indirect results of his years of residence in New York were momentous. Before leaving Portsmouth he had found a place in the poet's corner of the local newspaper for an occasional paper of verses, and from the time of his arrival in New York he seems to have heard the authentic vocation. He became the intimate of the ambitious young poets and jaunty wits of the Metropolitan group, Taylor, Stoddard, Arnold, Stedman, and the rest, and had a taste of the fairly adequate Bohemia that in the fifties centred about "Pfaff's" and "Nihlo's." He became a constant contributor of verse to the best journals and magazines of the day, and with the pathetic "Ballad of Baby Bell," and "Little Mabel, with her face against the pane" — afterwards anathema to him—won almost at once a conspicuous popular success. In 1855 he became a staff writer for the New York *Evening Mirror*; from 1856 to 1859 he was assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, then conducted by N. P. Willis; and in the early years of the civil war he was a newspaper correspondent attached to Blenker's division of the Army of the Potomac. Throughout this period his art was constantly ripening and refining. He published several volumes of verse showing both a growth in imaginative energy, and an admirably fastidious self-criticism in the rejection of many of his popular successes. By 1865 he had definitely "arrived." In that year he married, moved to Boston, and entered the employ of Ticknor & Fields, then at the height of their prestige, as editor of *Every Saturday*. In the same year his collected poetical writings were published in the famous blue and gold edition, which was then the hall mark of both merit and popularity.

The years that Mr. Aldrich spent with this prosperous and benign publishing house coincided with his prime of life and with his most productive creative period. To the decade following 1865 belong some of the finest of his poems, as well as "The Story of a Bad Boy" and "Marjorie Daw," which are likely to stand as the best of his prose. These years, too, were perhaps the happiest of a life rich in personal friendships. Mr. Howells, then assistant editor of the *Atlantic*, became his special friend and literary confidant, and with Edwin Booth there grew apace an affectionate attachment that was only terminated by the great actor's death. The older men, like Longfellow and Lowell, found young Aldrich, with his talent, personal distinction, and ready wit, the pleasantest of companions. It was in the dining room of Aldrich's little house on Pinckney Street that Longfellow conceived "The Hanging of the Crane," and when Lowell sailed in 1872 for two years in Europe, Aldrich, with his young wife and much-admired twins, occupied Elmwood, where, as he once told the writer with conviction, he saw ghosts. To-

wards the end of this period his native instinct for success, aided and reinforced by the wise kindliness of an influential friend, *deus columenque rerum*, established him in the road to a material prosperity that has been rare among poets, and shaped his life to an Horatian amenity. In 1875, following the discontinuance of *Every Saturday*, Mr. Aldrich began that series of world-wanderings that were among the most characteristic pursuits of his later years; and in 1881 he succeeded Mr. Howells in "the seat of the scornful," the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

In a little back office, overlooking the Old Granary Burying Ground, where, as he liked to say, lay those who would never submit any more manuscript, Mr. Aldrich spent nine years, solaced and supported by a pipe, an engine not hitherto in favor in that office, and by the constant attendance of his setter "Trip." Under his conduct the *Atlantic* attained a notable unity of flavor and distinction of style. A little less accessible to new and unknown talent than Mr. Howells had been, he was yet quick to perceive the note of distinction, and few of his swans turned out geese. He was not a militant editor, and was not greatly concerned about politics and affairs. His interest was first and always Literature, and perhaps no editor of the *Atlantic* has printed more of it. During his tenure of office the afterglow of the great day of New England literature was fading, but fading slowly. He could count on an occasional poem from Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, and many from the younger group headed by Sill. He had Parkman and Fiske for historical papers, James and the two Hardys, American and English, for fiction. He developed the critical department of the magazine to a high degree of competence by marshalling what has seldom been seen in this country, a thoroughly compact and capable coterie of critical reviewers. This group, which was composed of Richard Grant White, G. E. Woodberry, George Parsons Lathrop, Horace Scudder, and Miss Harriet Waters Preston, contributed a surprisingly large proportion of the material that is embodied in the score of volumes of his editing. Read to-day, after the lapse of twenty years, it is still remarkable for penetration of insight and felicity of expression. It was under Aldrich, too, that the *Atlantic* won its international reputation as being, in the phrase of an English review, "the best edited magazine in the English language." To his fastidious sense of phrase and syntax, reading proof was a sacrament. The last scrutiny was a function that he never delegated, and it fared ill with any split infinitive or suspended nominative—even with such seemingly innocent locutions as "several people"—that fell under his searching eye.

In 1890 Mr. Aldrich resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic* to Mr. Scudder. Thenceforth he gave himself over largely to travel and to the delights of connoisseurship and friendly intercourse. It has been customary to lament the paucity of his production in verse in these later years, but few are the poets who have added to their reputation by anything written after their sixtieth birthday, and the man who had written,

> To spring belongs the violet, and the blown
> Spice of the roses let the summer own.

> Grant me this favor, Muse—all else withhold—
> That I may not write verse when I am old,

was too clear-sighted a critic to have any illusions as to the possibility of poetry by technique alone. Yet to his last period belongs some admirable work. His blank verse drama, "Judith of Bethulia," is as notable for the strength of its situations, for the genuine dramatic unction of its conception, as it is for the suave melody of its verse; and in prose the pregnant note-book jottings, the delicate, suggestive sketches in his "Ponkapog Papers," the keen comic instinct of "A Sea Turn," show little abatement of his exquisite faculty. In 1904 the first great sorrow of his fortunate life came to him in the death of one of his sons. How great the loss was only his intimates knew. By it, he said, his literary faculty was withered as by a touch of evil magic. He recovered it sufficiently to write a fine melodious elegy for the centenary of the birth of Longfellow, but his work was done.

No less eminent a judge and practitioner of humor than Mark Twain has lately written: "Aldrich has never had his peer for prompt and pithy and witty and humorous sayings. None has equalled him, certainly none has surpassed him, in the felicity of phrasing with which he clothed these children of his fancy. Aldrich was always brilliant, he couldn't help it; he is a fire-opal set round with rose diamonds; when he is not speaking, you know that his dainty fancies are twinkling and glimmering around in him; when he speaks, the diamonds flash."

Though there may be in the superlatives of this a little—a very little—friendly exaggeration, all who knew him can bear witness to its essential truth. It is difficult, however, to do adequate justice to the quality of Aldrich's wit by reporting his tersely turned witticisms. When the *North American Review* suddenly reduced its thickness by one-half, he said, "It looks as if destiny had sat on it"; but to savor the full zest of the whimsicality we should have had to see the fine air, the charming half-proud, half-deprecatory toss of the head with which it was carried off. A great source of his wit lay in the humorous prejudices of which he had a vast supply. Could he find a dignified and pretentious person holding fast some of the ideas he himself specially disliked, he was at his best. He would literally—as Leigh Hunt said Lamb would have done to Johnson—"pelt him with pearls." One of the most engaging qualities of his humor was a certain happy impudence. He delighted to tell of his experience in getting his name reinstated in the voting list of Boston after an absence of a year or two from his Mount Vernon Street home: appearing before a minor magistrate of the race that, as Lowell said, "fought all our battles and got up all our draft riots," he was asked his name and occupation, and if he could read. Modestly admitting that he could "a little," he was given the Declaration of Independence and told to "Read thot." "Begorra!" said Mr. Aldrich, "I will. 'Whin in the coorse of human ivints——" He was incontinently allowed to register. Anecdotes of this sort are legion. We shall not soon listen to his like again.

This is not the place for an elaborate appreciation of Aldrich's poetry, or a judicial consideration of his place in American literature. Yet one cannot write of him without speaking, however inadequately, of his fine achievement. More than any other of our American poets, perhaps, he was master of poetic style. None has ever had so exquisite a sense of poetic propriety, or displayed such unremitting care for the counsels of perfection, such unflagging adroitness with the file. No poet of the century has a better right to answer Leopardi's denunciatory question,

> Musa, la lima ov'è?

Yet the perfect finish of his work, its delicacy, which, as Hawthorne wrote, one hardly dared breathe upon, have, perhaps, been too much emphasized in defining his poetic achievement. One has only to take up the volume of "Songs and Sonnets," which represents his own last selection and arrangement of his work, to find qualities of romance, of imaginative strength, of wistful humanity that blend in an impression of uncommon range and vitality. Take such pieces as "On an Intaglio Head of Minerva," "The Rose," "Palabras Cariñosas," with their exquisite half-playful sentiment, their last felicity of expression; take the noble elegiac strain of "Sargent's Portrait of Edwin Booth at the Players," and "Tennyson"; take such haunting and poignant bits of *frisson* as "Identity" and "The One White Rose"; take the perfect sonnet "Sleep," and "Fredericksburg," with its quiet beautiful beginning, its tragic and tremendous climax, and you have a group of poems, representative rather than exceptional, that is as likely to last as anything that American literature has to show. Turn from them to anything save the very best of Longfellow's, or Lowell's, to Whitman's Titanic mouthings, to the average characteristic piece of Emerson or Poe: you find, perhaps, an ampler air, a deeper note, but you find also passages of surplusage and moments of languor. None of our poets has his precious cargo so neatly stowed for the voyage down the years as Aldrich. And despite the polish which so often makes for impersonality none is more likely to create an abiding impression of individuality. Abstractions and other men's ideas had little interest for him. He never expressed anything but himself, and he knew well when to have a bit of the rough block on the polished surface, when to break the smooth lapse of his verse with the frank and unpremeditated line. It is hard to think of any name in our annals that at once suggests a quality of poetic pleasure so fine, so constant, and so individual as the name of "Aldrich."

FERRIS GREENSLET

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Four such rare and interesting pieces of Americana were perhaps never described on a single leaf of an auctioneer's catalogue as the four little books sold as "the property of a Gentleman," by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, on March 16. Thomas Churchyard's "Prayse and Reporte of Maister Martyne Forboishers Voyage to Meta Incognita—in which Praise and Reporte is written divers discourses never published by any man as yet," London "the

tenth of Mayo, 1578," brought £1,000. The British Museum possesses two copies, but no other seems to be traceable. This is the first printed account of Frobisher's first voyage, which lasted from June 15, 1576, into October of the same year. A second voyage, from May 31, 1577, to September, was first chronicled in print by Dionyse Settle, "one of the Companie," under the title "A True Reporte of the Laste Voyage into the West and Northwest Regions," London, 1577. The volume, which brought £760, was the earlier of the two editions with the same title-page. A second copy, also the first edition, is in the Grenville collection in the British Museum, and a copy (edition not indicated in the catalogue) is in the John Carter Brown Library in Providence. No other seems to be known. Frobisher set out on a third voyage on May 31, 1578, returning about October 1, this time bringing 1,300 tons of his "ore"—worthless Greenland pyrites. The account of this expedition, written by Thomas Ellis, under the title, "A True Report of the Third and Last Voyage into Meta Incognita," London, 1578, brought £920. No second copy seems to be traceable. Each of these three little books had on the title-page the autograph of Humphrey Dyson, a book collector and student of the time of Elizabeth. They were evidently bound together by him, and have recently been broken apart and separately bound in calf by Riviere.

The fourth lot, perhaps the rarest and most valuable of all, is the original small 12mo. edition of "The True Declaration of the Troublesome Voyadge of M. Sir John Haukins to the Parties of Guynea and the West Indies, in the Years of Our Lord 1567 and 1568," London, 1569. This was Sir John Hawkins's third slave-trading voyage. With him, commanding one of his ships, was Francis Drake, then a young man of twenty-seven. The story of Spanish treachery in the harbor of Vera Cruz, the destruction of all but two of Hawkins's ships, and Drake's immortal vow are well known. Hawkins's own account has long been familiar from the pages of Hakluyt. This first edition is recorded by Sabin, with this comment: "Title and note from Lowndes's 'Manual.' We have never seen the book, and incline to the belief that this octavo edition does not exist, but that it is only to be found in Hakluyt's Collection." Here, after many years, it turns up almost unheralded in the auction room and brings £630. At the same sale the "Relation of Maryland," 1635, with the folding map, brought £400; and the autograph manuscript of Burns's "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," £355. Prices on other interesting lots, first editions of Shelleys, Lamb, etc., will be received in due season by mail.

The auction of the second part of the library of the late Dr. Ottocar E. Kopetschny, an Austrian refugee who resided for upwards of fifty years in Jersey City, and who brought together a vast accumulation of books in many classes of literature, will occupy the Merwin-Clayton Sales Co. of this city, March 25-28. There are a number of old English plays and some unusual books, with colored plates, such as Holbrook's "Ichthyology of South Carolina," Hooker's "Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya," and Westwood's "Insects of India." On Monday, April 1, Dr. Kopetschny's autograph collection, with some manuscripts from other sources, will be offered.

On March 26, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell three law libraries, one of them being that of the late Senator George F. Hoar. There are a few books which will interest the collector of Americana. The most important is a volume of Rhode Island Laws, including the Charter, printed at Newport, 1730, by James Franklin, a brother of Benjamin Franklin. The only other copy recorded at auction is Brinley's, which brought $130 in 1879. On March 27 and 28 Libbie offers a miscellaneous collection, including the library of the late Hon. Samuel Warner. There are three pieces of Americana: Acosta's "Historia Natural y Moral de las Indias," first edition, 1590; Acugna's "Voyages and Discoveries in South America," 1698; and Foster's "Relation of the Rebellion Acted in the Island Barbadas in the West Indies," 1650.

Correspondence.

THE FUTURE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Whether the present method of library administration has not reached the limits of its efficiency, and if so, whether a new ideal for the future university library ought not to be adopted, are questions of pressing interest. Some light ought to be thrown upon their solution by the specialized libraries which have proved most successful. Reference may perhaps be pardoned to the Harvard Law School Library as the one most familiar to us. The development of this library has taken place under an expert who has given exclusive attention to legal literature. The result has been the creation of one of the best law libraries on this continent; and this library in turn has helped create one of the best law schools in the world. Mere increase in the number of books and in extent of accommodation could never have yielded these fruitful results if there had not been in addition expert and departmental administration. If only through such departmental development a thoroughly efficient library in a law school has been built up, a similar policy must, so far as practicable, be pursued in history, science, philosophy, or any of the other great departments of a university. The distinction of schools and departments does not affect the essential principles of administration. Moreover, the present temporary expedients for departmental college libraries enforce the desirability of permanent departmental administration. The library of a department has been truly described as its "laboratory." But a successful laboratory can be conducted only by those who give their lives to the task, and never by mere general supervision.

If we grant that the department libraries are founded on correct principles, we must form a new conception of the nature and functions of a central library in a university. Such a central library would comprise the general collection of books which are of equal value to the whole university, those special collections which could not be rightly placed in any large department, the so-called "live-books" or those in current use, the accumulated treasures other than departmental often designated as "dead-books," and the great array of general periodicals, reports, records, and documents serviceable to the entire community. It would also contain the general reading rooms, and provide for the various divisions of general library administration. Indeed, this administrative work would be one of the most important functions of the main library. The discovery and application of the best methods of delivery, cataloguing, shelving, ordering, and organization are tasks of sufficient magnitude to demand the concentrated attention of specialists. Not only does a central library which includes within its scope the peculiar functions of the department libraries retard their progress, but it must at the same time impair the efficiency required for duties within its proper domain. The attention divided between special libraries is necessarily diverted from the general collections.

Provided the view here presented of the different spheres of a central library and of departmental libraries be correct, we see that by a strange confusion of thought arguments which properly belong to the matter of location have been made to settle the method of administration. Because convenience may demand a centralized plant, it cannot be inferred that the administration of department libraries ought therefore to be merged in the central library. On the contrary, a division of administrative functions is entirely compatible with a centralized location. A suitable plan for a general university library might, for instance, be found in a main building for the central library surrounded by a group of department buildings in close connection; or it might prove more advisable to have the department libraries under the same roof as the central library. This latter plan would afford the readiest access to all the department libraries. Yet whatever the location, the one thing necessary is the maintenance of separate department libraries.

To-day the great university libraries have, for the most part, only a corps of administrative officers. The future university library must provide in addition a staff of departmental librarians. This is equally true of our great public libraries. In the proper readjustment and reorganization, therefore, of the central library and of the department libraries by the adoption of the departmental system, will be found, it is believed, the ideal of the future university library.

Benjamin Rand.

Emerson Hall, Cambridge, Mass., March 15.

ONE CAUSE OF POVERTY IN PROSPERITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the midst of unprecedented prosperity and in spite of heavy increase in production of gold, money is not only at high rates, but scarce, and we are therefore uncommonly well off, but so poor in ready cash that some business depression is inevitable. An important factor in producing this condition is that so much money is pocketed rather than banked. Although the banking habit is extensive and increasing

every year, yet most of us have more money in our pockets in flush times than in bad times. When it is considered that one dollar more put in the pocket of each inhabitant means $85,000,000 less in the banks, it is evident that this is a powerful factor in producing a scarcity of loanable funds.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, Mass., March 9.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons will soon have ready the following: "Military Memoirs," by Gen. E. P. Alexander; "The History of Mediæval and of Modern Civilization to the End of the Seventeenth Century," by Prof. Charles Seignobos; "The British City: The Beginning of Democracy," by Frederic C. Howe, and "Abelard and Héloïse," by Ridgeley Torrence.

In recognition of the revived interest in St. Francis of Assisi, Tennant & Ward are about to bring out "A Short Introduction to Franciscan Literature," by Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M.

There is to be a new bimonthly *Review for Internationalism*, published in German, English, French, and Dutch editions, issued by the Preliminary Office of the Foundation of Internationalism at the Hague. The first number, which will appear in about a month, will contain articles by Dr. Hermann Beck, Berlin, director of the Internationales Institut für Sozialbibliographie; Björnsterne Björnson, Aulestadt, member of the Nobel committee; Francis Fox, London; Alfred H. Fried, Vienna, member of the Internationales Friedensinstitut; James S. Gibson, London, vice-president of the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects; Dr. jur. J. van Schevichaven, Amsterdam; J. W. Simpson, London, fellow of the R. I. B. A., member of the Comité Permanent des Congrès Internationaux des Architects; William T. Stead, London, editor of the *Review of Reviews*; Nico van Suchtelen, Blaricum, and Henry M. Wolff, London.

Dr. Rolfe's "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" comes from Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with its annual corrections for 1907. Dr. Rolfe points out, with some justification of pride, that even the maps are regularly revised in this excellent manual.

Volume xiv. of "The Mineral Industry" gives a full report of statistics, technology, and trade during 1905. It is edited by Walter Renton Ingalls, editor of the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which publishes it.

The Oxford University Press issues two little grammars of North-east Rhodesian dialects—one of the Wisa language, by A. C. Madan; the other of Bemba, by the Rev. Father Schoeffer.

Henry Frowde has issued a handy little volume called "Oxford and the Rhodes Scholarship," which gives such information as may be required by those who contemplate trying for one of these scholarships, or who have already obtained one. It is compiled by R. F. Scholz and S. K. Hornbeck.

The "Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford," is not a book to which one would naturally turn for gayety, but there is a spark of amusement here and there in the fifth volume of the New Series just edited by Dr. William Dunn Macray. The list is here brought down almost within the memory of those still living, and includes a sketch of Dr. Martin Joseph Routh, with a capital portrait of him in his ninety-sixth year. Among the interesting relics and anecdotes of this stalwart scholar of the old school, there are given a few lines of English verse found in his manuscript papers and evidently sent with the gift of a pen to his future wife:

Employ this Pen; and every thought will shine,
Bright as thy charms, through each successive line.
Employ this Pen, 'twill each rare gift unfold
Thy mind possesses, far surpassing gold.
Employ this Pen; thy unaffected ease,
And sweet good nature, in each phrase, will please.
Employ this Pen; for, know, an Angel's quill
An Angel's virtues must express with skill,
Must set thy high, yet mild, perfections forth,
And give the Paper more than India's worth!

"Amerigo Vespucci" is the latest volume by Frederick A. Ober in his Heroes of American History (Harper & Bros.). From the well-known sources he has made a readable story of Vespucci's life and explorations. Mr. Ober's familiarity with all parts of the West Indies and with the coasts of North and South America are, of course, a great help to him in his work in this series.

A handy little volume which is not likely to make too severe a demand, on the reader is O. M. Edwards's "Short History of Wales" (London: T. Fisher Unwin). The author, who is well known as a teacher and writer, not long since contributed the "Story of Wales" to the Nations Series. In this more popular work he does not attempt to give an exhaustive account of the fortunes of the Welsh people. All that his space allows is a brief sketch of the different historical periods, and of some of the aspects of the national development. Under this head come the chapters on the "Rise of the Peasant," "Howel Harris and the Awakening," "The Formation of the Education System," etc. The pages on Wales at the present time are unquestionably the most interesting. The style is simple, lucid, and picturesque. Those for whom the book is primarily intended—readers ignorant of Welsh and Latin—will be led to knowledge by pleasant paths.

An edition of "The Pearl," that Middle English poem on which Israel Gollancz, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and other translators have lately tried their hands, appears in D. C. Heath & Co.'s Belles-Lettres Series. The editor, who supplies an elaborate critical apparatus in the form of introduction, notes, bibliography, and glossary, is Dr. Charles D. Osgood, jr., preceptor in English at Princeton. The discussion of the sources whence the unknown writer of "The Pearl" drew his inspiration for both matter and form is very detailed. Prof. W. H. Schofield has maintained that the poem is not autobiographical, but allegorical. Against this view Dr. Osgood presents some ingenious arguments. When all is said and done, however, the evidence is so scanty and ambiguous that no definite conclusion is possible; and the reader who does not care for those empty feats in wiredrawing which delight the modern philologist, is compelled to the conviction that both Professor Schofield and Dr. Osgood have wasted far more powder than the bird is worth. Dr. Osgood examines the two theories of authorship, and decides that neither "Huchown of the Awle Ryale" nor Ralph Strode is the man.

The first of the lectures founded at Cambridge in memory of the late Sir Leslie Stephen was delivered on February 22, by Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature in the University of Oxford. After giving a sympathetic appreciation of the work and influence of the distinguished critic, the lecturer went on to speak of Samuel Johnson, a choice which he liked to think Stephen himself would have approved. While he talked with affection of Boswell's "Life," he reminded his hearers that the Johnson who appeared in its pages was in easy circumstances; he had conquered his world, and his right to dictate was acknowledged by all. To know him on every side they must supplement it by a study of Johnson's own works, written, for the most part, in his days of poverty and stress. Full as these were of splendid utterances, they had been overshadowed by the immortal biography. The lecture has been published by Henry Frowde.

"The Fundamental Principle of Fichte's Philosophy," by Ellen Bliss Talbot (The Macmillan Co.), is one of the monographs issued by the philosophical department of Cornell University. It contains a critical interpretation of Fichte's teaching concerning the Ego, Being, and Existence. Incidentally Dr. Talbot sets forth with ingenuity and clearness the relation of Fichte to Kant, the nature of "intellectual perception" in both the Critical and the Absolute philosophy, and adds an important appendix to show that Kant's "I Think" (*synthetic unity of apperception*) is a purely formal principle. Successful opposition is offered to Thiele's contention that there were three distinct phases in Fichte's thought. Indeed, it may be easily proved that none of the supposed changes in his philosophy at different periods was essential. The differences were simply incident to a full explication of his principles, sometimes in the face of hostile criticism. Dr. Talbot's essay, while primarily intended for advanced students, forms a good introduction to Fichte's philosophy. She expresses herself with simplicity and great clearness; her temper is judicial; and in her interpretation she is faithful to the philosopher's writings undistorted by her own preconceptions, or by deductions as to what he "ought to have thought."

Under the title of "Christian Theology in Outline," Prof. William Adams Brown of the Union Theological Seminary of this city, publishes a text book of doctrinal theology which will further advance his reputation as a mediating theologian, who is in sympathy with modern views, yet sincerely anxious to do full justice to the tenets of the fathers (Charles Scribner's Sons). He has written primarily for those who feel themselves attached to the historic forms of faith, and who desire to be orthodox, but who have difficulty in maintaining Christian belief in the face of modern knowledge. He has succeeded in stating several of the doctrines of historic Chris-

tianity, notably that of the Trinity, in a manner to relieve dogma of some of its difficulties, while retaining largely the classic form of expression. Professor Brown is a careful scholar, who has trained himself to avoid exaggeration, and whose chapters never offer rhetoric in the place of thought. In justification of his method in presenting an outline of divinity he cites most appropriately the "Briefe Premonition" of William Ames's "Marrow of Sacred Divinity," from which we quote:

Some, and those indeed not unlearned, dislike this whole manner of writing, that the sum of Divinity should be brought into a short compend. They desire great Volumes, wherein they may loosely either dweli, or wander. Whom I desire to consider, that all have not so great leasure, or so vast a wit, as to hunt the Partrich in the Mountalnes, and Woods: but that the condition of many doth rather require, that the nest itselfe, or the seat of the matter which they pursue, bee shewed without any more adoe.

Justification of the new theology and defence of critical principles and results as not hostile to devout life is the burden of the Rev. Richard W. Seaver's Donellan Lectures before the University of Dublin, entitled "To Christ Through Criticism" (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The credibility of the gospel miracles, especially of the resurrection, is the subject treated most at length. The lecturer contends that the moral and rellgious character of the personality described in the evangelic record removes the events in question from the plane on which they are commonly considered by those who dispute their reality.

The Aramaic Papyrl discovered in 1904 at Assuan, on the borders of Upper Egypt, are now published in twenty-seven folio facsimile tables, with Aramaic text as read by the editors, translation and commentary, together with introductions by Prof. A. H. Sayce and A. E. Cowley, an explanation of Egyptian proper names by W. Spiegelberg, and a bibliography of former Egyptian Aramaic papyri by Seymour de Ricci (London: A. Morning). The Assuan papyri consist of ten related documents which contain the complete register of a Jewish family in ancient Syene (Assuan) for two generations, with full information of their business and property affairs, especially settlements at marriage and agreements as to inheritances. They are dated accurately according to the reigns of the Persian kings Xerxes, Artaxerxes, and Darius, and extend over a period of sixty years, from 471 to 411 B. C. Since each date is recorded in both Egyptian and Jewish chronology, valuable information is at hand as to the history of the calendar. These documents are important also for the history of religion, for the frequent presence of the divine name Jahu in proper names indicates that that word was still spoken. Mention of an altar of Jahu before which an oath was taken proves that the Deuteronomic law of a single sanctuary was not then in force among Jews of the Diaspora; and mention of an oath by a Jewess called Mibtachja before the Egyptian god Satl shows that other gods besides Jahweh were recognized, as was also the case in ancient Israel. This same Mibtachja is mentioned in a later document as having for her second husband a certain Nathan, whose name formerly was As-Hor. Sluce the latter name is as certainly Egyptian as the former is Jewish, the conclusion may be drawn that Mibtachja was sufficiently zealous to make her husband a proselyte. These papyri offer many topics for discussion, and are likely to find frequent mention in future monographs on Jewish history.

The interest excited by the Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig zu Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst has thrown into the background those of the general of artillery Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, who belonged to an older branch of the same family. The fourth and final volume of his reminiscences has just been published ("Aus Meinem Leben," Aufzeichnungen des Prinzen Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, weiland Generals der Artillerie. Berlin: Mittler & Sohn). The work is valuable as a contribution to the history of Germany in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and especially as a record of events leading to the establishment of the German empire. He makes fun of Bismarck's lofty conception of his own ability as a strategist, but deems this an incidental and perhaps natural weakness of the remarkable man, and places it on a par with Frederick the Great's pride in his poems and Goethe's notion of his superior artistic talent in drawing and painting.

The "Studienreisen" of Dr. Theodor Koch, recently published by Wasmuth in Berlin, embodies the results of his personal observations of the American Indians during travels in the Western continent extending over three years. He expresses his surprise at their sense of beauty and their skill in drawing a landscape when he gave them a pencil and paper. He confirms the views of the distinguished ethnographer, Prof. Richard Andree, of Munich, in his studies of *Naturvölker*.

Edmond Lepelletier is about to publish his "Paul Verlaine: sa Vie, son Œuvre." He was an intimate friend of Verlaine, and to him the poet left his papers for use in writing this biography. He is said to tell the true story of Verlaine's life, which has in many ways been falsely reported.

Northern and Central China, as seen during nine years of survey and exploration are described by Lieut.-Col. Wingate, in the *Geographical Journal* for March. The general impression which he leaves is that there is substantial progress in China. In two large cities in a central province he found "splendid schools and hospitals" in full operation, while some of the villages had "of their own free will, destroyed their idols," and the inhabitants of this province are "anxious for all modern and Western improvements." In the north the decay of the lama religion was evident, for not only is there a large falling off in the number of Mongol pilgrims, but the 360 temples recently to be found in a sacred valley had become 107 at the time of his visit. In regard to railway construction and the development of the mineral wealth he believes that the Chinese would welcome foreign capital, provided they could have a share in the control of the enterprises. In the animated discussion of the paper by members of the Royal Geographical Society, Sir Claude Macdonald pays a warm tribute to the valuable services of Herbert G. Squiers at the siege of Peking in 1900. Other articles are upon the work of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission in East Africa by the English commissioner, Capt. G. E. Smith, and on a new British Antarctic expedition by its organizer, E. H. Shackleton.

The Concordance Society, originating in a suggestion made by Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard, was, as we noted in our issue of January 3, organized during the session of the Modern Language Association at New Haven. The following officers were elected: President, Albert S. Cook, Yale; secretary, Charles G. Osgood, jr., Princeton; treasurer, Curtis H. Page, Columbia; executive committee, the officers, with Charles W. Hodell, Woman's College, Baltimore, and Albert H. Tolman, University of Chicago. The purposes of the society are "to provide subventions toward the publication of such concordances and word-indexes to English writers as shall be considered sufficiently meritorious and necessary; to formulate plans for the compilation of such works; and to assist intending compilers of such works with suggestion and advice." Members pay five dollars a year, due May 1. As the society will disband if a hundred members are not secured by May 1, applications for membership are desired, and may be sent to any one of the officers. The society now has about seventy members, including such well-known names as Profs. William James, George L. Kittredge, and Barrett Wendell at Harvard; Charlton M. Lewis, Wilbur L. Cross, and William L. Phelps at Yale; Henry van Dyke and Theodore W. Hunt at Princeton; and Caleb T. Winchester at Wesleyan.

The recently formed Champlain Society, with headquarters at Toronto, intends publishing two volumes annually. It has in the press an English translation, accompanied by the French text, of Marc Lescarbot's "Histoire de la Nouvelle France." The translation is the work of W. L. Grant, Beit Lecturer in Colonial History at Oxford, and the Introduction will be contributed by H. P. Biggar, author of "The Early Trading Companies of New France." To be published also during 1907 is a new edition with translation of Denys's "Description Géographique," a rare book, published in 1672, describing the North American coast. This work is in the hands of Prof. W. F. Ganong of Smith College. Prof. W. Bennett Munro, of Harvard is also editing for publication this year a volume of hitherto unpublished documents relating to the Seigniorial Régime in Canada. This will supplement his work on the Seigniorial System in Canada, which Longmans, Green & Co. will publish at once. Prof. Adam Shortt, of Queen's University, Canada, is also editing for appearance this year a volume of "Cartwright Papers," dealing with the Loyalist movement from the United States to Canada, and with the early history of the present Province of Ontario. The Society has many other volumes in preparation and promises to be very active. The membership is limited to 250, and libraries are accepted as subscribers to the additional number of 250.

The seventh annual report, just issued of the New Jersey Library Commission, says:

When the report of the New Jersey Library Association was made in 1900 with a view to the securing of a library commis-

sion, only seventy-six libraries were reported, of which forty-seven were free. We have on record to-day 150 libraries, 99 of which are free. Twenty-two of the subscription libraries reported in 1900 are to-day free public libraries.

In 1900, the total circulation of books in the State was reported as 1,604,044. Last year the circulation for the State amounted to 5,889,000. Of the 150 libraries of the State only five public libraries have as much as 25,000 volumes, and thirty of them have less than 1,000 volumes. Of the various operations of the commission, the one in which most satisfaction appears to be found is the supply of travelling libraries to small communities. With a total stock of but 6,500 books, 457 libraries were sent out during the year, having a total book circulation of 71,000 volumes. Eighty per cent. of these libraries went to the rural districts, where the demand for books on history, biography, and the useful arts was so great as to bring the percentage of fiction circulated by the travelling libraries down to 49, "a much lower rate than can be shown by any public library in the State." In addition to this direct service, the travelling libraries have promoted the establishment and efficiency of permanent libraries in small communities. As showing the great popularity of the travelling library system in the rural districts, expressions of approval are quoted from various sources, one from a farmer's grange, which passed a unanimous resolution that "the travelling library law has worked more for the pleasure, culture, and welfare of the farming district than any law passed in years."

The uniform pronunciation of Latin in the secondary schools in England has been ordered in a circular just issued by the Board of Education. After reference to the very serious inconveniences which have arisen from the want of a common and fixed system of pronouncing Latin, all the schools recognized by the board were directed to follow the scheme adopted by the Classical Association and approved by the Philological Societies of Cambridge and Oxford and other learned bodies, in which proper attention is given to quantity. The order will go into force at the beginning of the next school year.

St. Albans, England, is to have an historical pageant, in which citizens of the entire County of Hertford will join. Among the events to be portrayed are Cæsar's defeat of the Britons under Cassivelaunus, B. C. 54, the invasion under the Emperor Claudius, A. D. 45, Boadicea's attack on Verulamium, the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian and the martyrdom of St. Alban, the funeral of Queen Eleanor, the Peasants' Revolt, the Second Battle of St. Albans, 1461, and the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Bacon at Gorhambury, 1572.

Dr. Albert S. Gatschet, for twenty-eight years attached to the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, and one of the highest authorities on the languages and dialects of the American Indians, died in Washington on Saturday. Born in Switzerland in 1832, he studied at Berne and Berlin. Coming to the United States in 1868, he soon began his work on Indian dialects and languages. At that time research in this field was almost unknown and few systematic efforts had then been made to analyze the native linguistic stocks. Besides analyzing and classifying the Indian texts which were turned over to him from the extensive collections of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Gatschet spent many years travelling among the Indians and studying their language at first hand. He published in 1884 "A Creek Migration Legend," in 1890 "The Klamath Indians of Southwestern Oregon," and was, of course, a constant contributor to the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology.

Paul Guiraud, professor of ancient history at the Sorbonne, has died in his fifty-seventh year. He was deeply versed in the constitutions of ancient Greece and Rome. Among his writings are "De la propriété foncière en Grèce jusqu'à la conquête romaine," "Travail en Grèce," and "Études économiques sur l'antiquité."

The death is announced of André Lemoyne, the Parnassian poet, at Saint Jean d'Angély, in his eighty-fifth year. His first book of poems was "Les roses d'antan."

HENRY JAMES ON AMERICA.

The American Scene. By Henry James. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.

Mr. James is a native American, and there are passages in this book which certainly could not have been written by one born under other skies. And yet, in general, he appears as a curiously alien observer, one who has been unable to realize in his own breast the feeling indicated in Goethe's words, "Hier oder nirgends ist Amerika." Mr. James's chief interest lies in the hallowed associations of what he terms the "whole precious past"; he has little but misgiving and suspicion for the new and untried. The interest offered by the "promiscuous packs and hustled herds" of America is to him simply, or at any rate predominantly, "queer." He assumes that the greater depth and urgency of his own sentiment about the past are in themselves proof that such past is more interesting than the present; the early associations of the Boston Athenæum, for example, far outweigh the connotation of the Boston Public Library. Human beings without an imaginative recognition of the past are to him almost a negligible quantity, and he fails to see that the indulgence of this view is practically to ignore the great bulk of Americans. He comes to his task saturated with the conventions, the ideas, and the ideals of an older and more sophisticated civilization, of a sheltered and intellectually fastidious *milieu;* and by this standard he insensibly measures all American institutions and tendencies. Thus it is that there have been foreign observers, such as James Bryce, who have been, so far as sympathetic insight goes, more American than Mr. James.

Mr. James repeatedly refers to himself as the "Restless Analyst"; and this phrase gives the reviewer an excellent clue for his summary of the book. "The American Scene" is a work of marvellously keen and subtle analysis; it transfixes the defects and shortcomings of American civilization with unerring thrusts; but it is less successful on the positive and synthetic side. Its vision is, if anything, too personal, too microscopic. We are driven to accept Mr. James's own statement that he has a bad habit of receiving through almost any accident of vision more impressions than he knows what to do with. As a result, we gain a hugely interesting reflection of what America seems to Mr. James, but we cannot help feeling at times that the camera obscura is an observer merely, not an interpreter.

Taking the book simply for what it is, however, we can surely describe it, if not as one of the greatest works on America, at least as one of the most fascinating to which the subject has given rise. The passages reminiscent of the scenes of Mr. James's boyhood are charming; and we are grateful for certain little fragments of autobiography. Nothing can be more vivid and discriminating than his descriptions of American scenery, such as of New Hampshire or Florida; nothing more happy than his reproduction of the atmosphere of such a place as Concord. His characterization of the different American cities is extraordinarily acute. No other writer on America has made shrewder observations or gathered up certain classes of facts under more illuminating labels. He is deeply sensible of the obtrusiveness of wealth in the United States, where he finds the main formula to be to "make so much money that you won't, that you don't 'mind' anything." He resembles other commentators on America in his preoccupation with the question of Woman; but none has equalled the aptness of phrase in which he crystallizes his impressions. He sees that the sexes "fail to keep step socially." He notes that the rustle of American petticoats is "too distinguishable from any garment-hem of the sacred nine." It is, perhaps, characteristic of his point of view that he seems to regret the absence of any male presence of native growth to whom the wearers of American tiaras might suitably curtsey. "Woman is two-thirds of the apparent life—which means that she is absolutely all of the social." In Washington alone does man enjoy enough of social existence (*i. e.*, one independent of the market) to make it conceivable that he will ever catch up with woman. Apropos of the American failure to appreciate the blessings of privacy, Mr. James is tempted to ask whether the hotel spirit is not the "American spirit most seeking and most finding itself." In Europe there are endless things behind and beyond the hotel, in the States (he uses this, to the American, objectionable name) the hotel itself constitutes for vast numbers of people the richest form of existence. Mr. James's treatment of the South, in his chapters on Richmond and Charleston, is especially subtle and sympathetic. It is interesting to find that he regards "The Souls of Black Folk," by W. E. B. Du Bois, as "the only 'Southern' book of any distinction published for many a year."

Of the verbal felicities marked for possible quotation only a very small selection can be given: The first scarlet maple of the fall is like "the daughter of a noble house dressed for a fancy ball, with the whole family gathered round to admire her." The streets of Boston and Cambridge present a picture of "extraordinary virtuous vacancy." The university is the "place inaccessible to the shout of the newspaper." New York, seen from the

river, is a "pin-cushion in profile." The Ocean Drive at Newport is "a proof of the possible appeal of scenery, even to the dissipated." Whether or not the general style of the book is found acceptable, must depend largely on the temperament of the reader. Its verbal subtleties sometimes remind one of a swordsman, who, having exhausted all the legitimate arts of his profession, now shows his skill by using his weapon as a vehicle of legerdemain. We find ourselves at one time half resenting the apparently needless amplification of theme, at another wondering whether, after all, the desired cumulative effect could be attained in any other way. If one owns to a more frequent experience of the former state, it is at least easy to sympathize with those who take the opposite view. When Philadelphia is admirably pigeonholed as the only large American city that doesn't *bristle*, we feel some sense of exasperation on finding that nothing is left to our imagination and that the idea is beaten out thin over several pages of explanation.

In conclusion, we come back to our initial impression that Mr. James is fundamentally incapable of getting inside the skin of the average American or of realizing that the outlook to such a citizen is by no means so dreary and "common" as to himself. He writes of America as an able but unsympathetic adult might write of the games of a child; the effect is as of a study of human nature by one to whom a refined and sophisticated elderly gentleman is the only type of interest. Given this point of view, the book is as fascinating as it well could be.

RECENT FICTION.

Her Majesty's Rebels. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Whether it be the national wrongs or the national character, the Irish novelist always starts with the immense advantage of a vertebrate theme upon which to construct the body of his story. Consequently, the national issue being still a living one, many an antiquated Irish novel keeps an astonishing measure of life. Thus it is that treatment so deliberate and old-fashioned as Mr. Lysaght's hardly detracts from the interest of his picture. In "Her Majesty's Rebels" he frankly uses the career of Parnell, merely modifying incidents to suit the demands of fiction, as when "Desmond" meets a violent death—the natural outcome of a necessary episode.

The story hangs loosely together and is curiously superficial in its analysis; or, to speak more exactly, Mr. Lysaght often shows a keen perception of character without the art of sustained development. Many of his people are quite shadowy. He is likewise guilty of self-indulgence in the matter of length. The conversion of a ruined country-seat into a prosperous hotel is gone into so thoroughly as to resemble a practical lecture on thrift. Nevertheless, the book as a whole breathes a genuine interest in people and conditions—an interest which, granting defects, still puts it in the class of thoughtful novels which can be read by the leisurely.

There is a quiet candor about it, equally remote from Mr. Thurston's passionate indictments or Miss Laffan's, and from the idealizing of Mrs. Leary and Miss Barlowe or the exuberance of "Charles O'Malley" and "The Experiences of an Irish R. M." Except in the case of Mr. Thurston, who delights in smashing the myth of a warm-hearted, romantic peasantry, Irish story-tellers are more or less bound to fall in with the conventional effigies of their countrymen. This danger Mr. Lysaght does not wholly escape, but in certain scenes between Desmond and the lady of his undoing there is no want of originality and penetration; and in describing Michael Desmond himself there is a laudable lack of shirking. The entire episode is gravely and delicately told with a kind of tolerance which distinctly strikes its own note in Irish fiction. Throughout a quiet honesty struggles to overcome the established tradition, and this honesty conquers as far as to suggest that, given fuller rein, it may end by enabling Mr. Lysaght to forget his models and use no eyes or tongue but his own in depicting his own world.

The Cage. By Charlotte Teller. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

This is a socialistic novel, of which the scene is laid in Chicago's West Side. In the first chapter is introduced the Rev. Dr. Hartwell, who has left a prosperous church and come to live in the lumber district, preaching the Gospel to the dingiest poor, while his daughter and a woman disciple do the work of the house and strive to elevate the neighborhood. In the next chapter arrives Eugene Harden, steeped in the most advanced European socialistic theories, fleeing from the cage of Austrian law to labor in the new world for his ideals. Dr. Hartwell's point of view is, "But we must teach these working people to respect the laws of the land." Harden's is, "We must change the laws so that they can be respected." Sloane's is that of the egotistical philanthropic employer. The women in the book take theirs from the men with whom they are in love. The author's may be inferred from a few specimen extracts:

> It was the army of industry out for its early morning review, going into the day's service without recognition from those who were to be served, those who still slept in warm beds, far away from the camp of war.
>
> Now he, too, . . . was in jail, and with all the public opinion stirred against these things for which he stood, believing that if a man said "dynamite" he was capable of using it, it would be very hard to expect leniency or even justice for him.

Of the Haymarket riots she writes: "The vanity of one man in the police force was to result in the murder, by the State, of seven innocent men."

In and out among these variants of opinion on the great question there wind two or three love stories. The finding of themselves and each other by the participants is as marked a feature of the story as the adjustment of views on Socialism, and is worked out with even more originality. If there is little plot, there is a deal of story. The behavior of Frederica at the crucial point of her destiny is almost incredibly melodramatic; but in the end Frederica's monologue explains Frederica not unreasonably. It is a readable book rather than a conclusive one; interesting, rather than valuable; a ramble, by turns painful and pleasant, rather than an arrival.

Mary. Fortaelling av Björnstjerne Björnson. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Bohandel.

For more than fifty years the names of Ibsen and Björnson have been coupled together. Ibsen, the elder by four years, is dead and buried; Björnson, now seventy-four, seems as youthful, as energetic, as enthusiastic as ever. During the last few years two dramas and a novel have come from his pen, besides many magazine articles, and now the publication of his novel "Mary" is the principal event of the Scandinavian literary world this winter. The novel illustrates vividly not only the differences between the manner of Björnson and that of Ibsen, but also the specific merits and shortcomings of its author. If a paradox may be forgiven, Björnson is a born singer, who always produces political, scientific, and sociological pamphlets, while Ibsen was a synthetic philosopher producing works of pure art. Ibsen never preached, and yet every one of his works is a sermon; Björnson cannot put pen to paper without preaching, and yet the result is a song—a sermon, one might say, that holds the reader spellbound by its rhythm and harmony. Ibsen was a wholly objective observer, standing apart from life that he might see it in perspective. Björnson must needs plunge into the deep currents, struggling to shape their course to suit his own ideas of right and wrong. It is difficult not to regret his lack of aloofness at times, and it is equally difficult not to wonder, seeing how closely he approaches a success not belonging to the poet, but to the seer and philosopher.

Sex morality constitutes the theme of the present story. The view of the author would probably give considerable offence here in the United States, although the language is completely free from anything objectionable. The position of woman and her relations to the man have ever been subjects tempting to Björnson, and particularly since, following Ibsen as usual, he passed from romanticism to realism. That morality which demands of man either that he enter marriage as free from taint as the woman, or that he forego any demand for purity on her part, is still called "the Gauntlet moral" in Scandinavia, after the name of the play through which Björnson first advocated it. His latest book may be called a corollary to "A Gauntlet." The main points laid down by Björnson in "Mary" appear to be these: That woman must be sole and complete master of herself; that it is "immoral" for any man to assail this mastership by trick or force; that respect of it is neither incompatible with a frank recognition of sex attraction nor guaranteed by the conventional "chivalrous" attitude; that woman has not only the right but the duty to give herself wholly to the man she loves, provided that he meets her in the same spirit; that in the giving of herself thus there can be nothing immoral or wrong, nothing that should lower her in the opinion of any man; that, finally, a voluntary surrender of the kind mentioned does not give the object of her love any claim on her beyond what she voluntarily concedes to him. Not "free love," but what he would call full and fair reciprocity between man and woman, is

what Björnson asks for. The old-fashioned, conventional view of woman as a prey to be caught is to him hateful and false. His ideas are those of Whitman and Meredith.

In embodying these ideas in dramatic form, he has wrought a charming and intimate picture of a young woman's soul. It is hard to tell which one of her two dominant qualities captivates and fascinates most: her sweetness or her bravery. From her earliest childhood we see her grow into greater and greater understanding of her own self, and out of this knowledge springs a steadily increasing consideration for others. It is for his sake, and not for her own, that she gives herself unconditionally to her lover. And it is when this precious gift produces in him not reverence, but a sense of ownership, that she wakes up to his true character and the dangers threatening her right to live a life of her own by his side. When, at last, she finds herself confronted with two alternatives equally menacing, when her only choice seems to lie between marriage to a man she has come to despise and exposure to the world, the story develops into sombre tragedy. She is, indeed, saved from the unworthy lover and from the world, but the "happy ending" is a natural result, and not forced.

The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome: from the Pontificate of Julius II. to that of Paul III. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.

A book by Commendatore Lanciani is sure of a popular welcome. No other scholar of his attainments in the history of Roman topography has been able, or has tried, to attract to his subject the flitting attention of the gentle reader, to draw from accumulated stores of technical knowledge the material for charming *causeries*, and so to communicate something of the romantic delight of archæological investigation to those who would otherwise be confined to the marvellous instructions of the peripatetic lecturer in the ancient city itself. The general attractiveness of Lanciani's writing is indubitable. His sentences run fluently. He is singularly effective in the manner of telling the story as it were to a single listener. This intimate, personal tone, joined with a large, airy manner of cheerful, offhand acquaintance with the subject that may disdain the formalities, is unique in the treatment of such themes. And Lanciani also has the true, ancient feeling for the magic of thickly falling proper names, those crowded connotations of all romance, that, whether we know who's who or not, by the liquid music of their flowing syllables enchant and capture ear and mind together, and make even the baldest geography and the dullest chronicle into epic.

The chronological limits set by the author in his title are nearly coterminous with the first half of the sixteenth century; for Julius II. (della Rovere) ascended the papal throne in 1503, and Paul III. (Farnese) died on the 10th of November, 1549. The book has seven chapters, treating, according to the table of contents, of The City, Life in the City, Paul III., Michelangelo, Vittoria Colonna, Raphael, and Agostino Chigi. But to expect to find, even in the first two chapters, the titles of which are most hopeful, a consistent and well-developed presentation, from which the reader could carry away a clear picture of Rome and Roman life in the first half of the sixteenth century, is to expect from Lanciani an impossibility. As well think to find a history of English literature in the pages of the unabridged dictionary. Much of the material is there, or is hinted at, and it is charming material; but it is heaped together in a disorderly mass, as bewildering as the pile of grain that Psyche had to assort. One admires and laughs and scolds, all at the same time. It is the old story. The writer can hardly hold himself down for two consecutive minutes to the topic he has in hand. He must get a running start. And so in his first sentence he goes back to the year 1377 and the pontificate of Gregory XI., and uses up twenty-three pages out of the fifty-six in the chapter before he comes to the sixteenth century at all. Then he essays a panoramic view of the city from the Capitol; but he cannot bridle his imagination enough to refrain from pointing out things that had disappeared long before, and whatever he does see links itself with so much of reminiscence and prophecy that he forgets what we stand there for. Each single item is felicitous in itself, but where is the view? We cannot see the forest because of the trees.

This is an ingrained fault in much of Lanciani's otherwise charming writing, and it appears more exaggerated in this volume than in its predecessors. Another fault is the tendency to inaccuracy, which appears so frequently in matters that can be checked, that it arouses distrust of the author's accuracy in matters of perhaps greater moment that lie within the scope of his peculiar knowledge. Why, for example, should he (p. 20) set down 260,000 ducats as equal to $2,000,000, when only four lines below he gives $300,000 as the equivalent of 60,000 ducats? Why should he (p. 145) translate *urbs situ et diuerticulis uiarum deformis et imperuiâ* by "the city, disfigured and made uninhabitable by the narrowness and tortuosity of its alleys"? *Imperuia* is not "uninhabitable," *situ* has nothing to do with "narrowness," and *uiarum* is not "alleys." These are but samples.

The old warning of *ne sutor supra crepidam* might well have been remembered by Comm. Lanciani, when he was setting down with easy confidence certain of his offhand opinions on things quite aside from his special line of knowledge. He illustrates the alleged degeneration of the carnival in the process of its importation from Venice into Rome by the statement (p. 37): "The Grecian athletes, once transplanted to Rome, became gladiators." That is history topsy-turvy indeed, and much tangled in the bargain. The ancient pedigrees claimed for certain Oxford colleges are put to shame by that devised by Lanciani for the University of Rome, "the origin of which," he solemnly affirms, "dates back to the time of the Alban kings, when the young representatives of the Alban race were sent to Gabii, the city of learning [this is news, indeed, about Gabii] to become familiar with the Greek language. After the capture of Gabii by Tarquinius Superbus, the central Latin national school [!] must have been transferred to Rome [!], where we shall not attempt to follow its fate during the rough republican times, nor its transformation into the celebrated [!] *Pædagogium puerorum Kapitis Africæ* under the Empire." The printing of such nonsense is an affront to common sense and common knowledge that needs much atonement.

Comm. Lanciani does not shrink from *obiter dicta* on topics of ecclesiastical history. He sneers at those who placed Giordano Bruno's statue in the Campo de' Fiori, and he asserts that "the philosopher of Nola was as much of a believer as the most devout Catholic, and gave up his life not for any questions connected with the doctrines of the Church, but for its moral purification." This is in direct contradiction of the facts that appear in Bruno's own writings, and in the contemporary accounts of his trial. It can, perhaps, be said that he died for the principle of freedom of thought and speech, but the charge was heresy, and among the specifications were clear denials of certain articles of the creed. That he did deny them was plainly shown, and is evident now in his works; and in his own defence he put forth the curiously scholastic plea that while he did, indeed, acknowledge that he held and promulgated the views attributed to him, he held and promulgated them only as a philosopher, while as a Christian he accepted the Church's teaching in its entirety. The Inquisition finally decided to burn the philosopher, and apparently the Christian did not survive. Doubtless if Bruno had lived at the present day, he would have modified his plea, and claimed that his verbal denials of the creed were only in the interests of a higher spiritual interpretation thereof. What the result on his fate would have been, we can only surmise; but it is singular how many ecclesiastics, even at this day, appear incapable of comprehending such philosophical niceties.

In spite of the unfortunate constitutional defects that have been mentioned, the book affords very much valuable instruction, both in word and in picture, for which even the serious student should be grateful. It is to be hoped that, when his documentary "Storia degli Scavi" is completed, the author may give us a straightforward history of the survivals of ancient Rome during the entire period covered by that massive work.

Modern Poets and Christian Teaching. Robert Browning, by Frank C. Lockwood; Matthew Arnold, by James Main Dixon; Gilder, Markham, and Sill, in one volume, by David C. Downey; Lowell, by William A. Quayle. New York: Eaton & Mains. Each $1 net.

It is a difficult and delicate enterprise to determine from his poetry the religious beliefs of any poet. On the one hand lies the Scylla of over-ingenuity which lures a critic like Dr. A. W. Verrall to detect atheistic innuendo in perfectly innocent passages of Euripides; on the other yawns the more dreadful Charybdis of mere platitude and the self-evident, seldom avoided by those who have discoursed on the religion of Æschylus or Pindar. But even those who dissect Euripides, and have to balance the "Bacchæ," with its moral of impiety punished, against the "Ion," where the most

radiant god on Olympus is the consistent villain of the piece, find their path clear compared with one who must label with its precise shade the Christianity of a clergyman's son with Neo-Greek tendencies. Most difficult of all is to define the religion of a poet whose long gallery of dramatic characters speak each from his own standpoint, and refine and argue, while the reader must be on the watch for their creator, in one of the "many movements of his mind," to throw them over with perhaps no more than the turn of a phrase.

Confronted in Browning with this last problem, Mr. Lockwood derives from his poetry precisely what he went forth to seek, "great spiritual teachings," and a complete acceptance of Christian tenets.

He accepted the life and teachings of Christ as adequate, authoritative, and supreme in the spiritual realm. . . . Christianity, and Christianity alone, solved this question for Browning, . . . the divinity of Christ afforded him the necessary connecting link with the infinite and eternal (p. 145).

So Mr. Lockwood. On the other hand, Prof. Josiah Royce, on the strength of the same poems, and Mrs. Sutherland Orr, who adds to her knowledge of the works an intimate acquaintance with the man himself, expressly deny the orthodoxy of Browning. It is hardly a case for compromise. If the poet is speaking his own convictions in "La Saisiaz," where he leaves himself a hope for immortality that is far from the radiant faith of the Christian, he cannot fairly be identified with the elderly lover in "Evelyn Hope," a poem from which Mr. Lockwood gathers a direct message of immortality. Nettleship used a strong phrase for those who read into Browning's poetry their own theological creeds. He called it "poisoning the wells."

It is, however, a more gracious task to find orthodoxy where it probably is not, than to denounce its complete absence. That is the aim of Mr. Dixon's volume on Matthew Arnold. The search had better have been left untried. What Arnold was to his generation was summed up long ago by R. H. Hutton:

No one has expressed more powerfully and poetically its spiritual weakness, its craving for a passion that it cannot feel, its admiration for a self-mastery that it cannot achieve, its desire for a creed that it fails to accept, its sympathy for a faith that it will not share, its aspiration for a peace that it does not know.

Mr. Dixon's title-page reminds one of that famous chapter-heading, "Snakes in Ireland." To scold Arnold through 160 pages, and call him a Sadducee because he was not happily able to accept a creed, is simply to have an eye closed to beauty. Mr. Dixon cannot abide the Hellenism of Arnold, and especially condemns the 'Memorial Verses" to Wordsworth, because Arnold did not in them dwell, as Whittier did, on the Christian element in Wordsworth's poetry. When he calls Arnold's tribute "æsthetic or artistic," "fanciful and literary," he is evidently using terms of strong disapprobation. We wonder what he makes of Wordsworth's sonnet, "The World," with its yearning for the younger earth of the Pagans, a longing never even in Arnold more poignantly or directly expressed. But it would indeed be time wasted to stay to prove that a modern poet cannot be expected on all occasions to edify the orthodox theologian. Mr. Dixon, having devoted two pages to reproaching Arnold for a well-known misquotation of a line of Keats—Arnold wrote "cold" for "pure" when he quoted a famous sonnet in his "Essays in Criticism"—himself misquotes Arnold's "Memorial Verses," reading "path" for "lap" (p. 53), an error of about the same importance.

Of the third volume of this series there is little to be said. Two of the poets treated are still alive, and we doubt whether the question of the exact amount of a writer's contribution to didactic Christianity can with any fitness be weighed under those conditions. Mr. Downey is the most liberal of the three critics in his interpretation of the word Christianity and in detecting its essential truths in his three poets.

It is when we turn to the volume on Lowell that we feel most strongly that Religious should have been substituted for Christian in the title of this series. As it is, the critic must nearly always either fall back on the widest possible interpretation of the word Christianity and forego all essential tenets, or he must frankly denounce the lack of orthodoxy, and make the most of what is left. The latter course is chosen by Mr. Quayle. One who insists that poetry shall be "sermonic," to use his own word, has, in fact no choice but denunciation when he must analyze such a poem as "The Cathedral."

The doubt element is expression of the age. No one doubts that. The atmosphere is accurate. We fault not that. But where the fault lies as a Christian poem is, it fails because it does not journey far enough. It gropes to the end. That is not Christian. 'Tis a theistic poem, truly, but not a Christ poem. There lies its lack, its fallacy, its absence of a song. A great Christ had with our poet drenched his "Cathedral" with music outsounding seas, making one look to find the angels who made the ecstasy. . . . Lowell's religious faith is not vital. His head had not, I take it, gotten where his heart had come.

So says Mr. Quayle, in English which suggests that he is unaccustomed to writing down his thoughts.

The aim of the whole series is mistaken. Here we have men accustomed to preach, and very properly regarding that as the highest mission of a man's life, measuring the souls of artists and their chances of edifying their generation by the amount of direct preaching that can be detected in their verses. "Tennyson's accent is wrong," says Mr. Quayle of the famous line on "honest doubt"; wrong for a sermon, certainly, but Tennyson did not happen to be writing for the pulpit.

Through the Gates of the Netherlands. By Mary E. Waller. With illustrations by A. Montferrand. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.

Many have been the volumes about the Netherlands issued during the past few years. This newcomer is, however, differentiated from its fellows by certain characteristics. The writer not only entered the gates, but she stayed within them for months instead of weeks. Moreover, those months were from midwinter to midsummer when Holland belongs to the Dutch, and when ordinary tourists are not swarming over the land for three-day trips. Finally, the writer uses her own eyes and describes her impressions and experiences entirely from the legitimate point of view of an intelligent foreigner, instead of filling her pages with diluted Motley, Amicis, and Baedeker. Her kind of enthusiasm betrays a familiarity with the first author, such as a good American should have, whether he be critical or not; with Amicis she differs wisely, while the third is practically untouched. Little aid, indeed, would Baedeker lend to travellers like the "James" and "Persis" of this book. They were original enough to take a villa at Scheveningen for the winter, making that a base of operations for seeing Holland. The pair learn to know something of life as it passes in a fishing village typically Dutch in spite of its accessibility to strangers and its vicinity to its dissimilar twin, the summer city. Possibly this "unspoiledness" is due to the fact that the Scheveningen fishers became accustomed to the presence of strangers long before Amicis wrote and before Baedeker tagged places with a star. Certainly, as the reviewer can testify, they seem far more unconscious, less affected by the injudicious comments of tourists than are the people of Marken, Vollendam, or Zaandam.

In the four months' residence of this pair of Americans, "Persis" has time to explore the village and The Hague, and above all she has leisure to grow intimate with the metamorphoses of dunes and sky. Was ever a sky so full of events as that which hangs low over the edge of the North Sea? There the infinite possibilities latent in modest gray can be watched. The marvellous play of light—and it is only an insinuating luminousness, not a powerful light—can make the whole vault of heaven companionable. That the writer of this book gained a real personal intimacy with that strange variety in sameness, is evident. Very sympathetic is her touch on the qualities of land and sea and sky, and her words are not hackneyed. Less intimate than the picture of Scheveningen are the views of the rest of the country taken as the party, finally numbering six, journeys on a boat yclept The Broomstick, through the waterways of the Netherlands. But the impressions are still at first hand.

The lingering leisure given to the art of the Netherlands also makes itself felt when the pictures are spoken of—Vermeer's Delft in the Mauritshuis, for example. How many visitors not actual art students have time to know it? Curious, however, that the Burgomaster Six is not classed among Rembrandt's masterpieces. To many eyes his is *the* portrait in Holland. The appreciation of Israëls is very real. There are others besides "James" who have realized the singular intensity of Alone in the World, universal yet of one locality.

Into the chronicle of the voyage, a story, two stories, are lightly woven. They are little advantage to the book, which is primarily descriptive, not romantic. Besides, the attempt at love passages is suggestive of Black's style in his records of the phaeton and the houseboat wanderings, and hence a blemish to the real originality of the rest of this volume. On the other hand the illustrations are charming, and sufficient to tempt other travellers through the Gates of the Netherlands.

Harsha Vardhana, empereur et poète de l'Inde septentrionale (606-648 A. D.). Etude sur sa vie et son temps. Par Maurice L. Ettinghausen. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

The old year, just closed, was the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the first year of the reign of Harsha Vardhana, or Sri-Harsha, a poet-king who ruled over Hindustan in the seventh century of our era. The date of this sovereign's coronation, or "anointing," as the Sanskrit phrase would express it, was 606 A. D. No European potentate at that time, however, could know that a really great contemporary had ascended the Indian throne to rule over millions of subjects. Nor does India to-day remember the event, but has had to be informed once more about her forgotten monarch's reign, which was so beneficent that a Chinese pilgrim who journeyed through the king's realm said of the Blessed Harsha:

> He practised to the utmost the rules of temperance, and sought to plant the tree of religious merit to such an extent that he forgot to sleep and to eat!

It is due to the patient labor of Sanskrit scholars, aided by Chinese philologists, that these missing pages of Indian history have been restored and a full record made of Harsha's reign. These faithful investigators, by means of inscriptions, literary monuments, and the documentary evidence of Chinese Buddhists, have recovered the lost fact that the reign of Harsha over a powerful kingdom in Northern Hindustan, between 606 and 648 A. D., deserves to rank with that of the earlier Buddhist Emperor, Asoka, or of the later religious eclectic, Akbar the Great. Two inscriptions on plates of copper and also a copper seal, which was probably once attached to a royal grant of land, preserve the lineage and some other biographical facts regarding this powerful Maharaja; and his name is mentioned also in some inscriptions of contemporary rival kings. When combined with the narratives of the pilgrims who came from China to India during his lifetime or after his death, and when brought into closer connection with some poetical compositions and three Sanskrit dramas which bear Harsha's name as author, these materials, together with certain other literary and epigraphic evidences, serve to give a connected outline of the main events of the monarch's career.

The materials have been accessible to Indologists heretofore only in a scattered form, but it remained for the skilled hand of a young French-English scholar, Maurice Ettingbausen, to bring the *disjecta membra* into a single book. This young Sanskritist, who has enjoyed the advantage of philological training at London, Oxford, and Paris, finishing his studies under the admirable guidance of Professor Sylvain Lévi of the Sorbonne, has produced an excellent book. The political and literary history of Harsha's empire are presented in clear outline, and the author has made good use of the Chinese writings to throw light on the social condition of India in Harsha's time. In the account of the attempt made by Sasanka, an enemy of Harsha, to destroy the sacred Bo-tree, under which Buddha sat, there might have been added a reference to the same event, as recorded in the Chinese biographical work "Sü-kan-sŏng-chuan." Full justice, however, is done to all the Chinese throughout the work, and it is very convenient to have the inscriptions and the verses of Harsha's own composition reproduced in the appendixes at the end of the volume. It is to be hoped that in a second edition of this standard work on Harsha, there will likewise be reproduced a specimen of the king's beautiful chirography, which has actually been preserved in the king's own signature engraved on the Banskhera plate. It would be well likewise to reproduce from the Ajanta Caves the painting which represents King Pulikesin, the victorious rival of Harsha in Southern India. A good map indicating the precise extent of Harsha's domain and the many places alluded to in his history would be serviceable. These would add still more to the praise to be deservedly bestowed upon this valuable historical treatise.

The Religion of All Good Men, and Other Studies in Christian Ethics. By H. W. Garrod. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.

Christianity in the Modern World. By D. S. Cairns. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.

We may consider together two thoughtful essays on the present status of Christian faith, by writers who discern with uncommon keenness the difficulties in the way of belief, and with equal sincerity and earnestness of conviction arrive at radically opposite conclusions. Mr. Garrod, a Cambridge tutor, writing from the point of view of educated young men of Great Britain, declares that "there is a widespread dissatisfaction with the moral ideals of Christianity"; and Mr. Cairns, who is apparently a Scottish clergyman, also fixes upon defects in Christian morality as the chief stumbling-block in the way of belief. Here, however, the parallel ends, for Mr. Garrod pronounces Christianity insufficient, at least for himself, and confesses allegiance to ideals which he describes as Gothic; while Mr. Cairns endeavors to show that the social and moral teaching of Christianity has not been fully apprehended, and that a true appreciation of Christian ethics will discern in it the elements which seem to many to be lacking.

The notion that the Teutonic heathen have not been fairly treated by the appraisers of moral systems, that much that is valuable in the present life of the peoples of northern Europe had its origin neither in Judæa, nor in Hellas, but in the fens and forests of the early Teutons, finds facile and persuasive expression in Mr. Garrod's essay, "Christian, Greek, or Goth?" Chivalry and honor appear to him as elements of moral life, in which both Greek and Christian teaching are deficient, and these he finds to be the cardinal virtues of the North, which many have unconsciously grafted on Christian ethics, but the parentage of which it would be wiser to recognize, in the interests both of clearness and of faith itself. This thesis Mr. Garrod defends with much skill, and it can scarcely be denied that important truth at least lies close beside his propositions.

Mr. Cairns, who is no Goth, but a devout, though informed, evangelical, approaches the ethical criticism of Christianity through the famous passage in Mill's "Essay on Liberty" on the limitations of Christian morals. Mill, it will be remembered, pointed out that Christian morality is "negative rather than positive; passive rather than active; innocence rather than nobleness; abstinence from evil rather than energetic pursuit of the good"; and his conclusion was that "other ethics than any which can be evolved from purely Christian sources must exist side by side with Christian ethics to provide the moral regeneration of mankind." This serious criticism Mr. Cairns is at pains to refute. He contends, in the first place, that the spheres of obligation to which Mill could find no reference in the gospels were by no means ignored by the Galilean teacher, but that these duties were implied in his utterances concerning the kingdom of God. All that Mill would derive from sources other than Christian Mr. Cairns finds in germ, in general principle, in the Messianic hope which pervades the gospels. In the second place, he urges that the silence of Jesus concerning national and civic duties was not because he had no regard for these important elements of obligation, but because of the peculiarities of his position in relation to the civil authorities and to his disciples. The one-sidedness of his teaching is attributed to "spiritual strategy," as Mr. Cairns terms it. Finally, Mr. Cairns urges that in the utterances of Jesus in the form of apocalypse there is the equivalent, in the vocabulary of the time, of the duties which Mill and Mr. Garrod fail to find inculcated in the gospels.

A brief outline inadequately represents the clearness and logical skill of the argument, and the literary excellence in which it is framed. As a piece of Christian apologetic, the effort of Mr. Cairns is on a higher plane than that of much recent work. Whether it will be deemed a sufficient reply to those who complain of the moral limitations of Christianity, will depend upon the view one has of the history of New Testament times. To Mr. Garrod, for example, it would manifestly be no answer at all. He would reply at once that the Kingdom of God, as Mr. Cairns describes it, is a creation of the modern imagination, which did not at all exist in the days of Jesus and his apostles. Their kingdom, it is asserted, was not a society gradually coming to perfection, but an utterly marvellous display from the heavens, sudden in manifestation, miraculous, and without human agency in its projection upon the earth. In favor of this interpretation of the phrase "kingdom of God," there is much to be said; and Mr. Garrod advances this view skilfully in his able chapter on "Christ the Forerunner." Of course, if this conception of the kingdom be correct, there is no ground for the argument that in Jesus's command to seek the kingdom there is implied obligation of social and political duty. A kingdom about to descend as the lightning from heaven certainly imposed no obligation to purify water supply or to elevate the standards of education.

But is one forced to the dilemma implied by these two essays? What if the teaching of the man of Nazareth does not embrace a full-rounded ethical system? What if Jesus had no thought of a de-

veloping society? Must we, therefore, with Mr. Garrod, call ourselves Goths? Or, with Mr. Cairns, must we apply the microscope—and a little imagination—to the gospel records to derive thence all the virtues the hurrying times find needful? May not one whose religious inheritance goes back through Luther, Augustine, and Paul, write his estimate of the founder of his faith as he believes history teaches, not undertaking to impute to him an ethic for which the world had then no need, but revering him chiefly that he sowed faithfully the seed that was given to his hand, and left the world bravely with the question, "Why of yourselves judge ye not that which is right?"

Christopher Columbus and the New World of His Discovery. By Filson Young. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.50 net.

These two handsome volumes of English manufacture are offered to the reading public by the author, with a frank disclaimer of any pretensions to expert Columbian scholarship. Indeed he announces his belief that the original investigator in biography or history, consuming his life in the study of details, is thereby disqualified for the task of putting his results in an effective way before the public. "It would appear that the double work of acquiring the facts of a piece of human history and of presenting them through the medium of literature can hardly ever be performed by one and the same man." A wider acquaintance with historical and biographical literature would perhaps lead Mr. Young to be less sure of this dictum, against which exceptions in great numbers from Thucydides to Boswell could easily be cited. Mr. Young needs the shield of no such principle to justify his undertaking a life of Columbus, if he he so minded, but the defects of his own work illustrate the inevitable weakness of history written by one who has not saturated himself with its materials, but has merely skimmed the cream of others' research. Mr. Young's narrative is clear and interesting, but his comment is unhistorical in tone and often flippant. One example will illustrate our meaning. On November 4 Columbus records in his journal that he understood the natives to say that at "a long distance from there there were men with one eye, and other men with dogs' snouts who ate men, and that when they caught a man they beheaded him and drank his blood." Mr. Young does not question that the natives said this, not recollecting that, as it was only twenty-two days since Columbus had landed on Guanahani, he could not possibly understand the native language in such detail. Instead Mr. Young comments on the admiral's "solemnly" entering these facts in his journal: "It is the most childish nonsense." Of course it is nonsense to-day, and the reader hardly needs to be assured of the fact. What he does need, however, is to have it explained how Columbus could have thought he understood the Indians to give him such information. The proper historical comment is to note that the book of Sir John Maundeville, which enjoyed a high reputation in the admiral's time, records the existence off the coast of Asia of "a great and fair isle called Nacumera. . . . And all the men and women have dogs' heads," and again: "In one of these isles are people of great stature, like giants, hideous to look upon; and they have but one eye in the middle of the forehead." Columbus, having every reason in the light of accepted geographical authorities to expect to find monsters, not unnaturally interpreted any little favorable sign in that direction.

As a professed littérateur Mr. Young embellishes his sources with imaginative details. For example, the account of the conference between Columbus and the commission appointed by King John of Portugal to consider his project is pure fabric of the imagination. Mr. Young writes:

Before these three learned men must Columbus appear a little less happy in his mind, and wishing that he knew more Latin. Master Rodrigo, Master Joseph the Jew, the Right Reverend Cazadilla; three pairs of cold eyes turned rather haughtily on the Genoese adventurer; three brains much steeped in learning, directed in judgment on the Idea of a man with no learning at all. The Right Reverend Cazadilla, being the King's confessor and a bishop into the bargain, could speak on that matter of converting the heathen; and he was of opinion it could not be done. Joseph the Jew, having made voyages, and worked with Behaim at the Astrolabe, was surely an authority on navigation; and he was of opinion that it could not be done. Rodrigo, being also a very learned man, had read many hooks which Columbus had not read; and he was of opinion that it could not be done. Three learned opinions against one Idea; the Idea is bound to go. Poor Columbus stands there puzzled, dissatisfield, tongue-tied.

Our only trustworthy account of this interview is that in the Portuguese historian Barros, who simply says:

But they [*i. e.* the commission] regarded all the words of Christoforo Colombo as empty talk because it was all based on imaginings and descriptions of the Island of Cypango of Marco Polo.

These examples illustrate the weakness of the author's method. He has read his texts and studied his secondary authorities, but he cannot refrain from filling gaps with his own imaginative reconstructions or avoid a modern and unhistorical attitude in the interpretation of his material. Moreover, as a literary artist, having not heen satisfied merely to tell a story, he has interspersed his pages with reflections or reveries expressed in a style which may he described as diluted Carlylese. As good an instance as any is the concluding paragraph of his hook:

So much of the man Christopher Columbus who once was and no longer is, perished, to the last bone and fihre of him, off the face of the earth, and living now only by virtue of such truth as there was in him; who once manfully according to the light that he had, bore Christ on his shoulders across stormy seas, and found him often, in that dim light a heavy and troublesome burden; who dropped light and hurden together on the shores of his discovery, and set going in that place of peace such a conflagration as mankind is not likely to see again for many a generation, if indeed ever again, in this much tortured world, such ancient peace find place.

From what we have said, it is clear enough that Mr. Young's work presents nothing of importance to the serious student. To the general reader it gives the story of Columbus's career illustrated more fully from Columbus's own writings (as published by John Boyd Thacher) thau any preceding popular life; and this is its saving quality. Yet the scholar cannot neglect entirely what Mr. Young's volumes contain; for he had the happy thought to ask the Earl of Dunraven to contribute what is too modestly called a "Note on the Navigation of Columbus's First Voyage." In this "note" the student will find the most lucid and satisfactory treatment of the subject known to the reviewer. For example, the perplexing passage in the journal under September 30 is not explained in any of the editions of that narrative. Of this the Earl of Dunraven gives a lucid explanation illustrated with diagrams. No student of the Columbus narratives will fail to find in this valuable essay an explanation of many things left partly or wholly in the dark by the editors of Columbus's writings.

Science.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM EXPEDITION TO THE FAYÛM DESERT.

CAIRO, Egypt, March 1.

The Fayûm is a great natural basin lying just west of the valley of the Nile, about fifty miles south of Cairo. A large part of the basin is below the level of the river, and in the most depressed westerly portion lies the brackish lake called Birket el Kurûn, or Lake of the Horns, the surface of which is 120 feet below sea level. To the southeast of this lake is the fertile oasis of the Fayûm, intersected with irrigating canals fed, not immediately from the Nile (which is shut off by a stony barrier), but by a canal, the Bahr Yusef, given off far south. Directly north of the lake, rising step above step like a great amphitheatre, are the terraces of the Fayûm desert, one thousand feet thick, which culminate in the pebbly summit of the great Libyan desert. On one of these steps in 1902 members of the Geological Survey of Egypt made the important, in fact epoch-making, discovery of the ancient mammalian life of Africa, hitherto entirely unknown. In successive years the Survey and the British Museum sent parties to this desert and unearthed proofs of a rich and fertile country which existed perhaps two millions of years ago, long before the Nile valley rift was formed. In the tributary streams and rivers coarse and fine sands were deposited, containing the hones of the animals of the period. While the graves of the Pharaohs have heen sacked for the last five thousand years, nature has concealed this burial place until the twentieth century. This was the nursery of Africa's distinctive contribution to the mammalian life of the world, including so far as known at present the proboscidea, or elephants; the sirenia, or sea cows, manatees, and dugongs; the hyracoidea, or rock and tree conies, the zeuglodontia, or primitive whales. There were also the arsinoitheres, great quadrupeds which never journeyed beyond the confines of Africa.

The peculiar interest of the American Museum in this discovery lay in the fact that three of these great groups subsequently found their way over to North America, namely, the elephants, sirenians, and zeuglodonts. In American collections

they are richly represented by highly developed and specialized but ancestorless forms. It was obviously worth a long and expensive journey to bring home these extremely ancient Egyptian ancestors and thus trace these animals back to their beginnings in the Eocene period, when they were of small size. Prof. H. F. Osborn formed the plan and President Morris K. Jesup generously contributed the chief expenses of the expedition.

The party, including Professor Osborn and two assistants, Walter Granger and George Olsen, both well trained in Rocky Mountain exploration, left New York on January 5, and reached Cairo on January 23. Liberally assisted by the Egyptian Geological Survey, the large camel caravan was ready to start on January 29th, fully equipped with tents, tools, and especially with the *fantasses*, or water tanks. An indirect route was chosen southward along the edge of the desert and past the pyramids, to observe the excavations which are being conducted on such a vast scale, and the methods of Egyptian labor. At a point about thirty miles due south of Cairo and the great pyramids of Giza, the party, which now included Hartley I. Ferrar, formerly geologist of the British Antarctic expedition, stopped for a day near the Pyramids of Lisht. Here they were entertained by Dr. A. M. Lythgow, who is just beginning at this point his excavations in the interests of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Dr. Lythgow, who has had a long training in Egyptian excavation, is fitting up his quarters in a simple and inexpensive but thoroughly scientific manner, in preparation for a long campaign, similar to that which Dr. Reissner, another American, is so ably conducting around the Giza pyramids. The route now lay northwest to the northern border of the Fayûm oasis. The nearest exposures were reached on February 5, exactly one month after leaving New York. In plain view were the lines of previous excavation, formerly reserved by the Egyptian Survey, but now hospitably released for our excavations.

Here a permanent camp was made, overlooking the ruins of the ancient city of Dimeh, eight miles to the south, with Birket el Kurûn beyond. The waters of this lake are unfit for either men or animals, and after exhausting some temporary rain pools, which soon evaporated, the party was dependent upon a water supply carried on a three or four-day journey by camel. Thus the water caravans were constantly moving forward and backward. At first there was difficulty in getting competent laborers; but Dr. J. E. Quibell, who is in charge of the field explorations of the Cairo Museum and every season is employing a large number of men who come down the Nile from Kuft, near Luxor, kindly volunteered to lend us twelve of his skilled excavators. These natives are in demand all along the river because they have received training from boyhood under Dr. W. Flinders Petrie, and especially in recent years under Dr. Reissner, who is famous as a disciplinarian. The swarthy men and boys of Kuft passed from archæology to palæontology in the most natural manner, and after two days' instruction treated the fragile remains of the diminutive ancestral elephant with as great tenderness as if they were handling a mummified king or a delicate roll of papyrus.

While Mr. Granger and Mr. Olsen were educating the force of seventeen natives in the refined methods of work which are absolutely essential to success, Professor Osborn, accompanied by Mr. Ferrar, made a thorough reconnaissance of the whole fossil field, a distance east and west of about forty-five miles, in order to determine the scope of the work and to decide upon what level to make the principal attack. After ten days of continuous search in the quarries first opened, it became evident that the expedition would be successful not only in bringing back perfect remains of the animals already known, but in adding to this ancient life of Egypt a number of animals hitherto unknown and undiscovered.

The Museum camp is now equipped for the months of March and April and as much of May as the temperature will permit, with a water caravan of eight camels, and a force of twenty excavators who will gain in efficiency every day. As the boxes are filled they will be transported directly by "ships of the desert" to Giza, a distance of forty-five miles. In the Survey buildings they will be repacked for the still more severe jolting of the journey to New York. In about a year from now we may expect to see the remote and diminutive African ancestors of the elephants placed beside their towering American offspring in the halls of our Museum. H. F. O.

Anthropophyteia: Jahrbücher für Folkloristische Erhebungen und Forschungen zur Entwicklunggeschichte der geschlechtlichen Moral. Von Friedrich S. Krauss. III. Band; 449 plates. Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsactiengesellschaft; privately printed in numbered copies.

Der Volksmund: Alte und neue Beiträge zur Volksforschung, herausgegeben von Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss. Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsactiengesellschaft.

The third volume of "Anthropophyteia," the great work on sexual folklore, just issued, is edited by Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss of Vienna, the distinguished South Slavic ethnologist; and among the collaborators are such specialists as Achelis, Bloch, Herrmann of Budapest, Pitré, Robinsohn, the late Dr. Obst of Leipzig, and our own Dr. Boas of New York. The edition is limited, for the use of students only. In this most important, and yet most difficult and repellent, department of ethnologic investigation the purpose of the work is to cover the whole field, but with more special attention to Europe, particularly the Balkan peninsula, for which Dr. Krauss is himself our best authority. The scope of inquiry ranges from primitive anthropology to modern—and decadent—civilization, through myth, ritual, song, story, and proverb. Among the special topics treated, concerning which it is obviously impossible to particularize, may be noted phallic survivals, supernatural conception, betrothal and marriage customs, sexual hospitality, the *jus primæ noctis*, erotic dances, erotic tattooing, puberty, pregnancy, and childbirth customs and beliefs, love charms, and proverbs. Previous volumes have treated of South Germany, Italy, Sicily, Hungary, the Gypsies, and the Balkan provinces. The present volume deals chiefly with Elsass, upper Austria, Servia, and the Magyars. The illustrative texts are given in Magyar, Servian, and German, frequently in dialectic forms, with accompanying glossaries, rendering the work of great value to the philologist as well as to the ethnologist.

To the student of civilization the work is a revelation. Many of the myths and customs recorded as still existing, particularly in the Balkan States, have unquestionably come down from remote pre-Christian antiquity, and many others, as ancient in origin and crude in manifestation, are but recently extinct. Indeed, the pervading bestiality of daily life and thought throughout whole provinces of southeastern Europe must be a subject of deep concern to all interested in the uplifting of the race.

In the Volksmund series which Dr. Krauss is editing, of which six booklets have already been issued, we have one of the most interesting collections of South German folk literature which have appeared in many years. Two of the five volumes consist of dialect songs gathered in the mountain region of upper Austria by Schottky, Ziska, Blümml, and Krauss himself, with the music of the most characteristic, and an ample glossary of the dialectic forms. They cover the whole range of cradle songs, child songs, festival songs, comic, hunting, and love songs, together with a number of the peculiar dance verses known as *Schnaderhüpfel*, and supposed to be fragments of ancient rituals. Two others of the series consist of comic tales of the "road shortener" (*Wegkürzer*) order, by Montanus and Frey, sixteenth century writers. Both have the coarseness of the period, but Frey is of somewhat higher literary standard. Number four of the series is a reëditing of Ziska's Austrian folk tales from the Schneeberg mountains, first published in 1822, together with a number of songs and song games, greetings, prayer formulas, etc., from the same region, all in the local dialect, with explanatory introduction and glossary, by Wurth and Blümml. The sixth volume, "Gypsy Humor," by Krauss himself, is a collection of jokes, anecdotes, and folklore tales illustrative of the simple wit and happy improvidence of the Austrian Gypsies, under whose tents the doctor in earlier years spent many an evening.

The first step has recently been taken in actually proving what species of jungle fowl formed the ancestor of our domestic poultry. Darwin and most other naturalists since his time have taken it for granted that it was the Red Jungle Fowl (*Gallus gallus*), but the Ceylon bird (*G. stanleyii*) has had many supporters. The Ceylon Poultry Club has just published in "Spolia Zeylonica" an account of efforts to hybridize the wild jungle fowl and the domestic birds. After many unsuccessful attempts it was found impossible to obtain fertile eggs when a domestic cock was mated with a jungle female, but from a wild cock and domestic hen numerous hybrids of both sexes were hatched. Finally—and this is the crucial point of the whole experiment—the mating of two of these hybrids gave negative results, as was also the case when a hybrid female was mated back with a wild cock. From these important experiments we may infer that it is improbable that the Ceylon Jungle Fowl has had any direct part

in the establishment of our various races of domestic fowls.

The report of work accomplished at the Solar Physics Observatory, South Kensington, to December 31, 1906, is now sent out by Sir Norman Lockyer. It embraces an account of laboratory work, and of observations of sun-spot spectra; a summary of results at the Maharajah Takhtasinghl Observatory at Poona and at Kodaikanal; and of night-work at South Kensington. Sun photographs have been made with the photoheliograph at Dehra Dûn, and others at Mauritius, both of which are here reported. The spectroheliograph has been in use daily, and there has been an interchange of results between South Kensington and Kodaikanal. The staff of the observatory, which includes Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer, and several assistants, has been busy throughout the year in preparing and publishing numerous papers on a great variety of astrophysical subjects.

The Eleventh International Anti-Alcoholic Congress will convene in Stockholm July 28 to August 3. The preliminary programme includes the discussion of technical papers on all the leading problems of alcoholism, and a number of general meetings in which the subjects will be discussed in a popular way.

Pierre Eugène Marcellin Berthelot, the distinguished French professor of chemistry, died Monday in Paris. He was born in Paris in 1827, and educated at the Collège Henri IV. When only four years old he was a pupil of Renan, with whom his friendship lasted until Renan's death. In 1860, Berthelot entered upon his scientific career as professor of organic chemistry at the École de Pharmacie, and in 1865 a chair of chemistry was established for him in the Collège de France. His connection with this institution lasted until his death. He became a member of the Institute in 1873, and in 1889 he was made life secretary of the Academy of Sciences. He was one of the pioneers of organic synthesis, and his work in the determination of the carbon groups was one of the largest contributions to chemical science that had been made in the last fifty years. Among his discoveries were acetylene gas and smokeless powder. The science of thermo-chemistry is largely built upon his initial experiments. In addition to his scientific interests, Berthelot took some part in national politics. He was Minister of Public Instruction from 1886-1887, and Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bourgeois Cabinet from 1895 to 1896. He was a member of the Legion of Honor, and of various French and foreign literary and scientific societies. Among his many published works may be mentioned the following: "Chimie organique fondée sur la synthèse," 1860; "Leçons sur les méthodes générales de synthèse," 1864; "La force de la poudre et des matières explosives," 1871; "Essai de méchanique chimique fondée sur la thermo-chimie," 1879; "Science et philosophie," 1886; "Introduction à l'étude de la chimie des Anciens et du Moyen-âge," 1889; "Correspondance avec Renan," 1898; "Chimie végétale et agricole," 1889. It was said of Berthelot that, like Renan and Pasteur, the man in him transcended the scientist, and made him as beloved as he was eminent. His jubilee, celebrated at the Sorbonne, was an occasion of national interest; and the Chamber of Deputies has voted him a national funeral.

Dr. Mathias Marie Duval, Professor of Histology at the Paris Faculté de Médicine and at the École d'Anthropologie, has just died in his sixty-third year. He wrote on the use of the microscope in diagnosis. One of his best-known books is "Le Darwinisme," 1885.

John Hill Brinton, a surgeon of international reputation, died on Sunday at Philadelphia. Dr. Brinton was born in 1832. After acting as medical director with Grant of the Army of the Tennessee, in the civil war, he was assigned as surgeon-general at Washington, and prepared under orders "The Surgical History of the Rebellion." He founded the Army Medical Museum; he was one of the chief surgeons of the Jefferson Hospital and College; and he was founder of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia.

Drama.

ERMETE NOVELLI.

The engagement of the famous Italian actor, Ermete Novelli, began brilliantly in the Lyric Theatre on Monday evening, when the house was crowded by his enthusiastic compatriots. "Papa Lebonnard," an adaptation of a French play by Jean Aicard, in which Novelli elected to make his first appearance, is not a particularly agreeable or convincing story, but it does provide him with an attractive part, in which humor, passion, and pathos are skilfully blended. It was written originally for the elder Coquelin, who was only moderately successful in it, doubtless because the note of sincerity is lacking in both his pathos and his passion. Lebonnard is an affectionate old fellow, a rich retired clockmaker, who still plies his trade in private and cares nothing for society, its ways or its rewards. He wishes his daughter, Jeanne, to marry the young physician whom she loves, but her mother and brother Robert are ambitious and insist upon her accepting a marquis whom she despises. The theme is Bœotian in its simplicity and antiquity. The doctor confesses that he is an illegitimate son, a fact to which Lebonnard and Jeanne are quite indifferent; but Mme. Lebonnard and her son are furious, and the former assails her husband so vehemently that he, mild man as he is, turns upon her, accuses her of prolonged infidelity, and avows the knowledge that their supposed son is none of his. In his rage the old man takes his wife by the throat just as her son enters the room. The boy angrily denounces his reputed father, who, thereupon, in a frenzy of rage, proclaims him a bastard. It is inconceivable that Lebonnard should have kept such a secret so long, but the crisis, from the point of view of the theatre, is a valuable one, and it is interpreted by Signor Novelli and his company with a vivid realism that creates great enthusiasm. After this climax the last act, devoted to scenes of reconciliation, falls rather flat.

Signor Novelli impersonated the old bourgeois clockmaker to the life. His dress, his carriage, his deprecatory smiling manner, his brief moments of rebellion, his confidential tenderness with his daughter, his chuckling humor, all contributed to the perfection of a delightful character study, finished with admirable neatness and great fulness of detail. The picture, perhaps, suffered a little from elaboration of detail. Signor Novelli has a wonderfully mobile face, over which he has absolute control. He appears to find great pleasure in exhibiting its transformations, which sometimes exceed the modesty of nature. But undoubtedly his free facial play is a great illumination of his acting. He led up to his final burst of passion with great skill, marking each accession of wrath, until all the pent-up energy broke forth in a flood. It was a fine exhibition of reckless anger, but was distinctly melodramatic, not tragic. The pathos of his reconciliation scene was chiefly upon the surface. The physical denotements of intense grief were all presented with great accuracy, but there was more suggestion of art than abandonment in the sorrow, although he drew copious tributes of tears.

On Tuesday evening Signor Novelli appeared as King Lear, presenting the tragedy in an arrangement of seven acts, each act constituting a scene. By this means some time in representation is saved at the cost of intelligibility. But the outlines of the original are fairly well preserved, though the text, as might be supposed, undergoes some strange transformations. It is often quite impossible, of course, even to suggest the spirit of the Shakespearean vernacular in Italian. On this account the free cutting of the text is, perhaps, rather a cause for congratulation than otherwise. Less of it is spoiled. Manifestly it would be absurd to judge Signor Novelli's impersonation of the old king by the best traditions of the English-speaking stage. As a matter of fact, it is in the earlier acts as un-English, and as un-Shakespearean, as could easily be imagined. Something of the same sort, but with less justice, was said of Salvini's Lear, but the latter—whether by inspiration or special study does not much matter—was infinitely nearer to the accepted ideal of the part. It possessed a certain natural majesty, the repose of assured authority, which made the subsequent ruin all the more pathetic. Moreover, it was cast in a more heroic mould, was inspired by grander passion, and torn by more profound emotions. Salvini's Lear was stately, even in abject misery, and all the more profoundly pitiful. Novelli's is melodramatic, hysterical, picturesque, and, at times, wonderfully human, but it is not in the highest sense tragic. Its multiplicity of pose, its innumerable and rapid transitions, its profuse gesticulation, its studied effects, in a word, its intense theatricality, stamp it irrevocably as a work of great cleverness, but not of genius. Wholly apart from its manifold errors of conception, it exhibits neither the tragic fury nor the melting pathos of Edwin Booth's Lear. Nevertheless, it has many fine moments, especially in the mad scenes, which are full of ingenious and illuminative interpretation, and are executed with superb technical skill. If Signor Novelli were less clever he would be more convincing. Even the effect of the famous curse upon Goneril, which he delivers

with fiery vehemence, is marred by too elaborate stage business. On the whole, his Lear is a disappointment. It remains to be seen what he can do with Othello.

John Raphael is making the English version of "Les Bouffons," in which Maude Adams is to play in New York the part which Sarah Bernhardt acted in Paris.

Music.

The Violin. By Abele and Niederheitmann. Translated from the German by John Broadhouse. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 75 cents net.

The history of woman's dress hardly shows a greater variety of shapes, not a few of them barbarous or grotesque, than the history of the violin. But while dress is still in a perpetual state of change, the violin long ago reached the final stage in its evolution. Every minute detail in its shape and structure has its reason for being, and the slightest deviation from the curvature of the sides or the back, or belly, or change in the shape of the *f*-holes, affects the nature of the vibrations and results in deterioration. It makes a world of difference, too, what sorts of wood are used. Some years ago the French expert in acoustics, Savart, sought to discover the great secret of violin making by a series of experiments. He changed the details of shape, tried every conceivable kind of wood, as well as silver, copper, and brass, but finally concluded that the violin model left us by the old Italians is the best that has been or is ever likely to be found.

In this little book on the violin, which has been excellently translated, interesting details are given regarding Savart's experiments and the practices of the old Italian masters, whose unerring instinct thus led them, as far back as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to create perfect violins at a time when most of the other instruments used in our homes and concert halls were still in their infancy. The skill of the masters of the Cremona school amounted to positive genius. It is not merely the varnish, or the length of time which the instruments have been in use, that account for the superiority of the Cremona violins; the varnish has been chemically reproduced, and there is a first-class Stradivarius which for more than a century no bow has touched. There was an acoustic instinct that guided the builders, and if Stradivarius surpassed all the others this is due in large part to his infinite capacity for taking pains; he always "wrought out the minutest detail with the greatest possible perfection." The differences in construction and tone in the instruments of all the most famous makers are concisely and reliably indicated in the current volume, and there are also biographic details. In the introductory section the authors sketch the history of the violin; they trace it to the rebek of the Arabians, rejecting the theory that the crouth had an effect on the construction of the violin. Documentary reference to the violin's predecessors is surprisingly scarce before the sixteenth century. This lack the authors plausibly attribute to the fact that before that date the *Spielleute*, or players upon instruments (the organ excepted), were for the most part of the despised class of minstrels, of whom dignified writers were not expected to take serious notice.

Oscar Hammerstein began his first opera season at the Manhattan with casts strong in men but weak in women singers. He did not prosper until Nellie Melba joined his forces. She makes her last appearance on March 25, and two days later Emma Calvé will be heard at the Manhattan in "Carmen," which has already been sung there fourteen times since December. For next season Hammerstein has a formidable array of singers—Melba, Calvé, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Bressler-Gianoli, Trentini, De Cisneros, and Giaconia; and, among the men, Bonci, Bassi, Renaud, Dalmores, Sammarco, Ancona, Gilibert, and Arimondi. He ought to have a stronger bass: Edouard de Reszke, for example. The scope of the Hammerstein performances is to be greatly enlarged. Whereas he limited himself this season to the more popular Italian and French operas, with a few revivals of former favorites, he is to have, next winter, genuine German opera and French opéra comique. Four or five of Wagner's operas are to be under Campanini, an excellent interpreter of that master's works—which it will be of special interest to hear under the favorable acoustic conditions of the Manhattan. Of equal interest will be the transplanting to American soil of some of the artists and the operas of the modern French opéra comique. Among the most successful of these operas in Paris are Charpentier's "Louise," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Aphrodité." How they will be received here remains to be seen. M. Perier and Mary Garden have been engaged. The Hammerstein season is to begin on November 4 and last twenty weeks.

Heinrich Conried has not yet announced his principals and plans for next year at the Metropolitan, but he will have Caruso and nearly all the leading artists in this year's company. Indeed, it is intimated that not only will the Metropolitan season be extended by three weeks, but there will be subscription performances on Thursdays, as well as on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. Several works are to be added to the Italian repertory, and there is to be a complete cycle of Wagner's operas, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal." Fears have been expressed of an operatic surfeit, but the present indications are that New York's appetite for music is insatiable. The climax and finale of the Metropolitan season is the Nibelung cycle, which began on Tuesday, and ends next week, to be followed, on Good Friday, by "Parsifal."

The Mozart and Wagner festivals are to be repeated this year at the Prince Regent Theatre, in Munich, from August 1 until September 14. There will be six Mozart and twenty Wagner performances. "Don Juan" will be given on August 1 and 7; the "Marriage of Figaro" on August 3 and 9, and "Cosi fan tutte" on August 5 and 11. The Wagner performances will be given on the following days: "Tristan and Isolde" on August 12, 21, 26, and on September 7; the first performance of the "Ring" August 14, 15, 17, and 19; "Tannhäuser" August 23, September 4; "Meistersinger" August 24, September 5; second performance of the "Ring" August 28, 29, 31, and September 2; the third performance of the "Ring" September 9, 10, 12, and 14.

Maurice Grau, predecessor of Heinrich Conried as manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, died in Paris last Thursday. Born at Brünn, Austria, in 1849, he was brought to New York at the age of five by his parents. He studied law, but interest in dramatic affairs created by association with his uncle, Jacob Grau, led him to abandon the law before being admitted to the Bar. For some years he remained in his uncle's employment in various capacities. In 1872 he began with an enterprise of his own, bringing Aimée to this country. The same year he managed Rubinstein and Wieniawski, who made a successful tour with the Thomas orchestra. In 1873 he formed the Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera Company. After various ventures, not always profitable, he formed a partnership with Abbey and Schoeffel, in May, 1882; and the projectors of the Metropolitan Opera House, in opposition to Col. J. H. Mapleson at the old Academy of Music, chose this firm to manage the enterprise. The season of 1883-84 was the first in which the rival companies were pitted against each other. This plunge into grand opera was a disastrous experiment for Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. They lost $250,000 and returned to theatrical management. At last in May, 1897, the Maurice Grau Opera Company was organized. From that time Mr. Grau managed the affairs of the Metropolitan with increasing success until the spring of 1903, when ill health compelled him to retire, and Mr. Conried was chosen as his successor. Mr. Grau's most notable achievements were the introduction of star casts and of the custom of having each opera sung in the language in which it was written. Before him "star opera" meant one star and several mediocrities; under him it meant a cast including three, four, or five world-famed singers. He was for years strongly prejudiced against Wagner and German opera. Walter Damrosch, shrewd enough to take advantage of his folly, gave a season of Wagner opera, which was so successful that Mr. Grau's eyes were opened, and thenceforth he bestowed the same careful attention on German as on Italian and French opera.

Fritz Scheel, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, died at Philadelphia March 13. He was born at Lubeck, Germany, in 1852. His father and grandfather had directed small orchestras in and near his native place, and thus from early childhood he was familiar with the instruments of the orchestra. His special study was the violin, but he learned also to play the horn, trumpet, trombone, and tuba. After he had conducted concerts at Chemnitz, Hamburg, and other places in Germany, he began his American career as conductor of the Trocadero concerts, at the Columbian Exposition. From Chicago he went to San Francisco, eventually becoming conductor of the local Symphony Society. In 1900 he settled permanently in Philadelphia. Later he organized the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, and was its conductor until a few weeks before his death.

Art.

The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $10.50 net.

Although this profusely illustrated book, in two great volumes, may fairly be called "sumptuous," it cannot be called a worthy monument to its subject. Its author has little critical acumen or severity of taste; it is rambling and repetitious; padded with much matter of little interest as presented; marred by mistranslations of foreign tongues, misunderstanding of technical terms, faulty transcription of proper names, and careless proofreading. On so important a matter as the technical method of painting deliberately adopted, after many experiments, by Leigbton and his friend, Giovanni Costa, it is quite unintelligible. Of the kind of errors that abound in it, one specimen shall suffice. Tbe name of the painter Couture occurs several times, and is spelt Conture, in botb text and index, except in one instance. That one instnce is entered in the table of errata to tbe first volume, "*for* 'Couture' *read*, 'Conture.'" Nevertheless, the book affords sufficient information about a brilliant and important figure in nineteenth-century painting, and a sufficient number of good reproductions of his works, tc make it a welcome addition to the library of the student of art.

Probably no other painter, since the art of painting was invented, ever received such splendid material rewards for the exercise of his talents as did Frederic Leighton, Baron Leighton of Stretton, president of the Royal Academy, commander of tbe Legion of Honor, associate of the Institute of France, member of most of tbe academies of Europe, doctor of this or that in half-a-dozen universities, knight of many orders, man of wealth, friend of princes—a person of distinction and the highest social standing wherever he might find himself. Perhaps it is partly for this very reason that many critics and painters are inclined to deny him those less material rewards of permanent fame and abiding influence wbich they would bestow on some less successful men. The very qualities which so greatly aided his career—his good looks, bis accomplishments, his personal cbarm—have tended to obscure his real artistic talent. He did so many things so well that people might be excused for forgetting that he "painted too," as Whistler phrased it—whether as a sneer at tbe artist or as a rebuke of his superficial admirers, it is difficult to say. He was so eminently and obviously tbe proper person for the head of an academy that his art is dubbed "merely academic" and safely disposed of.

How early he was marked out for bis great office is surprising. As a youngster at Rome, before his first picture had been exbibited, Thackeray met him, and at once set bim down as Millais's only serious rival. Later, in London, before and at tbe time of his election as associate, bis future destiny seems to have been a matter of common talk. It was impossible not to recognize the fitness of the only Englishman who ever really knew how to draw the human figure, when that Englishman was also a cultivated gentleman, a linguist, a musician, an effective writer and speaker, an extremely handsome man, and a person of winning manners. Better than all these things, he was a man of pure and lofty character, not only honorable and conscientious, but broad-minded and tender-hearted, full of charity and the milk of human kindness, an ornament to any profession and to any walk in life.

Born at Scarborough in 1830, of a good family, the son of a physician who had given up practice and lived tbe life of a scholar, Leighton was educated abroad, being little in England from the time be was ten years old until he settled in London in 1859. All his life he remained a traveller, and was almost as often in Italy as at bome. His father wisely insisted on bis attaining a good classical and general education before devoting himself to art, and though be seems to have begun his serious artistic training in Florence in 1842 and to have become tbe pupil of Steinle of Frankfort in 1843, it was not until be was seventeen that be was allowed to give bis whole time to his future profession. He remained with Steinle, or under his direct influence, until 1852, and he always referred to that influence as having set upon his own art "the ineffaceable seal." Steinle was an offshoot of the German Nazarenes, an admirer and, in some sense, a follower of Cornelius and Overbeck; but his own classicism seems to have been of a mucb less pompous and artificial sort tban theirs. His was a pure and gentle spirit, and he filled his pupil with lofty ideals of devotion to the highest in art. Technically, his chief insistence must have been upon absolute perfection of drawing. Any specifically German accent tbat Leigbton may have acquired from him rapidly disappeared wben his immcdiate influence was removed; but to him tbe young man undoubtedly owed that thorougbness of education in form which made him a unique figure in England and the equal of the best-trained artists anywbere.

In 1852 he went to Rome, and the next year or two he devoted to tbe painting of his first important picture, Cimabue's Madonna Carried in Procession througb the Streets of Florence, which was exbibited in the Royal Academy in 1855, a more ambitious work in size and in the number of figures it contained than any otber work of bis except Tbe Daphnephoria of 1876. It met with instantaneous success, was praised by artists and critics, and bougbt by the Queen. The opponents of Preraphaelitism were delighted to find a young man not of the Brotherhood who was the equal of Hunt and Millais in ability, while the mediævalism of subject and carefulness of detail evinced in tbe picture pleased tbe Preraphaelites and their great advocate, Ruskin. The success was too great to be at once repeated, and for some years we bear of pictures rejected or badly hung and of adverse comments in tbe press. Probably the pictures were not so good as the Cimabue—some of them have never reappeared—they were transitional works in which the real Frederic Leighton was disengaging himself from the pupil of Steinle. The mediævalism went first—tbe very year after Cimabue he painted a Pan, a Venus, and an Orpbeus; though in a freakish spirit, inconceivable a little later, he gives his Orpbeus a violin instead of a lyre. The whole transition can have taken but a short time, and from the early sixties to bis death he is always essentially the same. He was elected an associate in 1864 and an Academician in 1869, made president of the Academy and knighted in 1878, promoted to a baronetcy in 1886, and to the peerage on January 1, 1896, less than a month before his death.

Whether the art of Leigbton is rigbtly to be called academic depends, of course, on the meaning one attaches to that term. Nowadays it bas become a handy missile for tbe half-educated, the raw emotionalist, or the delighter in paint for paint's sake, to fling at all balanced, restrained, or accomplished art, from Raphael to Ver Meer of Delft. Because certain things must be learned, it is assumed that anybody may learn them; because a work of art shows training, it is assumed tbat tbere was nothing there to train; the possession of taste is treated as proof of the absence of talent. We sball yet hear Whistler called academic by the more extravagant of the modern advocates of slap-dash. In the sense that his art was studied, polished, restrained, always governed by taste and always avoiding excesses; in the sense that it showed the good breeding of a gentleman and the learning of a scholar, not to be acquired in a week or two, Leighton was certainly academic. Indeed, it may be doubted if any of his contemporaries but Paul Baudry was his equal in academic accomplishment. But it does not follow that he was nothing else, and that there was no real emotion behind his measured utterance.

Even of such truly academic painters as Cabanel or Bouguereau it is absurd to suppose that their work is the result of mere training. Hundreds of men had the same training without the intelligence and the gifts of eye and hand which enabled them to profit by it. Drawing is no more to be learned without an eye for form than is music without an ear for tone, and great natural gifts are as necessary as industry to tbe attainment of even respectable mastery in it. But Leighton's drawing, at its best, bas a quality entirely distinct from the cold perfection of Bouguereau's or the photographic accuracy of Gérôme's. Tbere are many evidences in the English painter's letters tbat he was keenly sensitive to beauty and was greatly moved by it, but such evidences are not to be found in the letters alone—his paintings and drawings are full of them. His early drawings of foliage and flowers are delightful, and in bis later work he attained to an ideal beauty in the representation of the human figure whicb is more nearly Greek than anytbing else in nineteenth century art. His few works in sculpture have been rated very high by professional sculptors, but let us ratber consider a few of tbe figures he painted. Look at the massive, the truly monumental, dignity of his Clytemnestra, as she watches from the battlements of Argos for the beacon fires which shall announce the return of her husband; a grand figure, titanic in bulk but nobly severe in line, a very embodiment of the spirit of antique tragedy. Look at the full-blown, gracious ripeness, languorous and heavy, of those two lovely sleepers in Tbe Summer Moon. Look at the youtbful suppleness of

the Antique Juggling Girl, her clean, round limbs as smoothly modelled as a Pompelan bronze; or at the exquisite, delicate slenderness of the Psyche, her flower-like body gleaming between the marble columns and reflected in the limpid element below. The creator of such figures as these, and of many others only less beautiful, is a great artist—an artist of power, of sensitiveness, and of style.

And note that it makes very little difference what these figures are called. Leighton has been accused, among other things of being a "literary painter," and of serving up to the British public its beloved anecdote slightly disguised with a Greek sauce. The accusation might not seem very terrible even if it were true—since Michelangelo and Rembrandt might tell stories without derogation, why not a lesser man? The question, after all, is not whether one tells stories but how one tells them. But, at least in the pictures just mentioned, the accusation is not true. Only one of these figures, the Clytemnestra, has any definite story connected with it, and one imagines that even there the figure may easily have been invented first and the story fitted to it afterward. The stately amplitude of the erect form, the tenseness of the rigid arms and clutched hands, the columnar effect of the whole, accented by and contrasted with the ripple and flow of the finely divided draperies—these are the things that count. Call her after any other tragic heroine and the result would be the same. The others are even more frankly renderings of a type and an attitude of the human figure, two women sleeping, a girl juggling with balls, a young woman disrobing for the bath. Of this sort are Summer Slumber, Flaming June, Clytie, and most emphatically of this sort are his essays in sculpture, The Athlete Struggling with a Python, the Sluggard, the Needless Alarms. All these are as purely artistic in inspiration, as little dependent on anything external to themselves for their effect, as any "symphony" or "arrangement" of Whistler's.

It might be more reasonably objected to these works that their inspiration is rather sculptural than pictorial, but there are still people in the world who will not consent that sculpture shall have the monopoly of beautiful form, or that the art of painting shall be robbed of half her immemorial domain, because its borders touch upon the confines of her sister's estate. And if the figures themselves might have been executed in marble or bronze, losing little thereby, there is in almost every case an arrangement of background and accessory, a use of landscape, an addition of light and shade and an enhancement by color, which are purely pictorial. No, the best of Leighton's works may fairly be called masterpieces of the painter's art, and their creator a master.

If he is not so successful in his larger and more ambitious works it is not because they tell a story or depict an incident, but because he was not a master of composition, and is seldom quite felicitous in his arrangement of more than one or two figures. Some of the pictures which most clearly show his besetting faults have no more subject than the Juggling Girl; the Greek Girls Picking up Shells by the Seashore, for example. Here each of the figures is the study of a movement, each is beautifully and interestingly arranged, but there is no bond of union between them, no grouping, no large and general sweep of line or apportionment of space. Their juxtaposition is so accidental and each exists so entirely for itself that one regrets that a slight overlapping here and there prevents the picture being cut into four, any one of which would be more effective than the whole. One could then enjoy the beauty of the individual figures without being irritated by their lack of coördination. Not all Leighton's major compositions are as ill put together as this—the Heracles Struggling with Death for the Body of Alcestis, for instance, is even extremely well put together—but they are *put together*. The whole scheme has not been *seen*, in its entirety, and the details developed from it—rather the separately seen details have been played about until a not unpleasing arrangement is achieved. The difference is radical. One does not expect the visionary lucidity, the astounding clairvoyance, of a Rembrandt—that is something altogether exceptional and to be thankfully received as such—but no man is a composer who has not something of that grasp of an ensemble which mark Raphael and Veronese, which Baudry had, and Millet, and many another and smaller man, and of this Leighton had very little.

It was perhaps his limited sense of composition, his lack of feeling for large guiding lines and simple masses, more than his method of work, which was responsible for another of his faults strongly exemplified in the Girls Picking up Shells. In that picture, as in the Greek Girls Playing at Ball, the draperies are supposed to be violently agitated by the wind, but they do not really fly—they are meticulously arranged in a myriad little folds that the wind would blow out of them in a moment, and their unsupported position is only to be accounted for on the supposition that they are of some rigid material like crumpled tin. The fault might be considered as merely the result of a lack of feeling for motion, were it not for two considerations: first, that the illusion of motion in art is entirely dependent on composition of line; and second, that Leighton's love for detail carries him into the same fault in the treatment of drapery in repose. In the best of his figures the many beautiful details of much divided drapery are yet duly subordinated to the total effect, but in other instances, as in the Fatidica, where the immobility of extreme dejection was to be depicted, this insistence on little things degenerates into an irritating wriggle of folds, which is almost entirely destructive of the effect aimed at.

Of Leighton's treatment of color it is more difficult to speak justly from an inspection of reproductions and the fading memories of originals seen long ago. Leighton himself, who was pretty well aware of his own strength and weakness, thought he had achieved his position as a draughtsman, "in spite of a fanatic preference for color." Yet the impression remains that he showed rather a fastidious choice and arrangement of beautiful colors than a true colorist's power, that his flesh painting was a bit waxy, and that he was too apt to harmonize his canvases by a general reddish tone, not altogether pleasant. Such as his coloring was, it was a distinct and necessary element of his work, not an after-thought, and he is far from those painters whose work is better in black and white reproduction than in the original. With Cabanel or Lefebvre the color is nugatory; with Gérôme it is an offence. With Leighton it is an essential part of the conception, and, often, a great addition to our pleasure.

It is given to few artists, however sincere, altogether to avoid the pot-boiler—the work done from routine, because work is expected from one and one's living is to be made—work conscientiously carried out and thoroughly craftsmanlike, perhaps, but into which the highest qualities of one's art hardly enter. It is work of this texture that most hurts an artist's reputation with the succeeding generation, and such work Lord Leighton, like others, produced. There are heads and figures of his which are excellently done in their way, but cold and smooth and characterless—things in which, whether by conscious concession to the popular taste or by a touch of national character in himself, his sense of beauty degenerates into a display of prettiness, doll-like and insipid. Is it necessary to dwell upon these? In the long run the best work of an artist gets itself sorted out, and upon that his reputation finally rests. If but a little of it is really excellent, the reputation is secure. To have created half a dozen beautiful and expressive figures is enough for any man, and Leighton has given us more than that number.

In the ceaseless flux of things, which we somewhat presumptuously call progress, one generation treads on the other's heels; and it is as natural that the young should sneer at their out-of-date elders as it is that these elders should be somewhat distrustful of the young until their ability is proved. The revolutionary of to-day is the obstructive of to-morrow, and has scarce done railing at his seniors before he is railed at in turn by his juniors. In our day the merry-go-round is moving briskly and a new "art of the future" is born every ten years or so. It may be that all new things are good, but do they cease to be good the moment something newer is in sight? Does a talent cease to exist the moment it is recognized, and does the putting of a letter or two after a name deprive the name itself of all significance? Let us by all means praise him who adds a field, however small, to the domain of art, but it is as well to keep a grip on the original acres. There are and will be, in spite of fashion, certain permanent elements of art, certain enduring forms of beauty, certain perennial sources of pleasure; and there are artists whose nature and whose duty it is rather to keep us in mind of these than to point out something else with much shouting. After all, are the new things always new and the young always infallible? David was as much a revolutionary in his day as the romanticists who tripped up his heels. Form is out of fashion, drawing is out of fashion, precision and delicacy of workmanship are out of fashion, and Leighton is out of fashion, too. The lover of beauty who has not to paint pictures or write criticisms does not much care and likes him as well as ever. As the whirligig goes round these things will come into fashion again, and then the critics will discover that Leighton, if not one of the world's great geniuses, was yet a true, a sincere, an

accomplished artist, and one who created certain forms of beauty and distinction worthy to endure.

The sixth annual exhibition of the Municipal Art Society is open at the National Art Society until March 31.

An exhibition of prints by American and foreign artists is now open in the print rooms of the Lenox Library.

Among the dealers' exhibitions in this city are drawings and paintings by the late Walter Appleton Clarke at Knoedler & Co.'s, till March 23 inclusive; paintings by the Ten American Painters at Montross's, April 6; etchings by Anders Zorn at Heppel & Co.'s, April 13.

The Greek minister of education has informed the authorities of the district of Pyrgos, in which are the Olympian ruins, that early in the spring Dr. W. Dörpfeld, director of the German Archæological Institute in Athens, will again dig near the Altis and on the Alpheios. It is confidently expected that the deposits left by the overflow of the river will contain a number of important finds.

A Belgian archæological expedition under the leadership of Dr. Jean Caparts, conservator of the Royal Museum of Arts in Brussels, has just started for Egypt to make researches on the probable site of the ancient Heliopolis, the sun city of the Pharaohs. The territory granted for this purpose by the Egyptian Government covers about 1,000 hectares. The Belgian Government has granted this expedition, in which the Louvain archæologist Dr. Mathieu, and Ferdinand Mayence, member of the French Archæological Institute, will take part, money for three years.

A collection of paintings belonging to Judge Samuel L. Bronson of New Haven, Julius O. Frank of Milwaukee, and Theodore Marburg of Baltimore was sold at auction in this city last Friday evening by the American Art Association. The highest price paid was $25,000 for Turner's Battle of the Nile. Among the other interesting prices are the following: Alma-Tadema, The Ruins, $3,600; Baths of Caracalla, $20,000; Millet, The Gleaners, $5,000; A. Schreyer, Advancing Foe, $2,400; The Raid, $6,050; F. Ziem, The Ducal Palace, $2,300; Charles Jacque, Approaching Storm, $3,600; Bouguereau, Magdalen, $2,300; Nut Gatherers, $2,000; Premiers Bijoux, $3,000; Ridgway Knight, Edge of the Garden, $2,000; Willem Maris, Landscape and Cattle, $2,100; The Harbor, $5,200; Josef Israëls, The Little Gossips, $3,800; Neuhuys, Afternoon Nap, $2,500; The Churner, $5,000; Happy Family, $3,000; The New Toy, $5,100; The Seedman, $2,600; Mauve, The Timber Truck, $8,000; Constable, Grain Field, $5,500; Hoppner, Portrait of a Lady, $2,600; J. Crome, Old Windmill, $5,100; Gainsborough, Landscape and Cattle, $4,100; ascribed to Titian, Toilette of Venus, $2,100; Sir T. Lawrence, The Star, $3,600; Beechy, Duchess of Buckingham, $5,700.

Edouard Toudouze, the painter, died last Friday. Born in Paris in 1848, he was a pupil of Pils and Leloir. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1867, and in 1871 was awarded the Grand Prize of Rome. After several years in Italy he returned to France, and continued to send annually to the Salon pictures on mythological subjects and ancient history, as well as some landscapes. He obtained a medal of the third class in 1878, one of the second class in 1877, a silver medal at the Exposition of 1889, and he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1892.

The death is announced of Just Becquet, the sculptor, in his seventy-sixth year. Born in Bensançon, he studied under Rude, and became after 1853 a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Among his best-known works are Faune jouant avec une Panthère, in the museum at Tours, Saint Sébastien, Christen Croix, Sœur Marthe, and busts of Victor Cousin and Père Decoudray.

Finance.

RISE IN THE VALUE OF MONEY.

The continuous advance in prices of commodities, and the recurrent, spasmodic, and at times violent, rise in the price of stocks with a speculative value, have been no more symptomatic of present economic conditions than the fall of high-grade securities —notably bonds of nations and cities, whose credit is unimpeachable. Such a sharp decline has occurred in the past week. Typical among sound investments, the world over, are British consols. This bond is of so high a quality, and in the past has been in such demand by investors who want absolute security, that as lately as 1897, while paying only 2¾ per cent., subject to deduction of the heavy British income tax, it sold on the London Stock Exchange at 113⅞, a price yielding less than 2½ per cent. to the investor. A few days ago, consols sold down to 84 11-16—not only the lowest price since the Boer war broke out, but actually the lowest since 1848.

There has been a similar shrinkage of values elsewhere. New York city's bonds—equally unquestioned—which six years ago, while paying 3½ per cent., were sold at 110, have declined so continuously that, even with the interest rate advanced to 4 per cent., they were placed at little more than par, and to-day are quoted below. Since the city is permitted by law to pay no higher interest than 4 per cent., and to accept no lower price than par, it is confronted by a real embarrassment. This week, an offer of 4 per cent. bonds by the city of St. Louis failed to attract better bids than par. Philadelphia, offering last Monday $5,000,000 of its 3½ per cent bonds at par or higher, got no bid at all. Simultaneously, the price of high-grade railway bonds has been ebbing, even while shares of the same companies were rising rapidly on the Stock Exchange.

For this world-wide phenomenon, there have been local explanations: in the case of British consols, the Boer war issues and the reduction in the interest rate from 2¾ to 2½ per cent; in the case of cities, both in England and America, the extravagance of government and the profusion of new municipal issues. These influences are real, but they are only superficial. Economists and bankers of larger outlook find an explanation in the "rise in the value of money." This phrase, which is likely to become familiar hereafter in market diagnosis, is so striking, and yet so vague, that it calls for some careful examination. "Rise in the value of money" seems at first glance to conflict with the "depreciation of gold," lately explained in this column. "Money," however, in the phrase with which this article has to do, is not used in the sense of metallic currency, or even government paper. It means accumulated capital, wealth available on the market for investment or loans. When the existing supply of such surplus resources of a community is already tied up in active trade, in extensive building operations, in purchase of high-priced materials, in extravagant speculation, the bid for its use in industry must rise.

On the other hand, "rise in the value of money" is often confused with rise of the prevalent interest rate. This second condition is a frequent but not invariable accompaniment of the first. Value of money, as the phrase is here employed, rose decidedly during 1903; capital was extraordinarily difficult to procure for investment, and British consols, among all other high-grade securities, declined to what was then a "new low price" for the generation. Yet the rate for bank loans, here and abroad, ranged nearly all the year within normal figures. Four per cent. was the year's highest official rate at the Bank of England, and that was below the maximum of 1900 or 1901. Loans on time in the New York money market went during most of the year at a rate under 6 per cent.

The "rise in the value of money" was indicated, not through the bids of an overnight Stock Exchange borrower or a bidder for two months' loans, but through the

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concessions offered in price of old or new securities. Instead of accepting 4 per cent. railway bonds at par or higher, holders of capital exacted 6 per cent. on three-year notes of the companies, and the price of outstanding high-grade securities generally adjusted itself to the new arrangement. Where, twelve months before, the net yield at ruling prices to investors in good securities had been less than 4 per cent., it was possible in the middle of 1903 to earn 5 per cent. or more. Value of money had advanced, and precisely the same symptoms, displayed in the same quarters, are visible to-day. Again the price of the highest grade of securities has fallen most rapidly. The reason is obvious: when thoroughly sound securities can be obtained at a price netting 5 or 6 per cent., capital not only will not flow freely into government stock yielding 2½ or 3 per cent., but will be actually withdrawn from that quarter.

It is, then, plain enough why the price of high-grade bonds should decline in the era of prosperity. The fruits of incorporated industry are so large that it is ready to bid a higher price for the capital needed to conduct it. That stocks should frequently advance, at the very moment when high-grade bonds were declining, involves no inconsistency. Such an advance in stocks, during a period of expanding prosperity and industrial profit, reflects either higher dividends actually paid by the companies, as a result of that prosperity, or else expectation of such dividends. This advantage the bond with a fixed rate of interest cannot share. Bonds of incorporated companies incur less danger of default in interest in good times than in bad; and this fact is to a certain extent reflected in higher prices. But to a rise on this basis there is a limit, and with bonds of a high-grade government, not even this argument will apply. The investment in them is safe in any case; but even such a government, entering the market later to borrow more, may have to bow to the higher value of money, and sell another instalment of the very same bonds at a lower price. This action would, of course, bring down the market value of the outstanding bonds.

If one asks, how all this process is to end, the answer is easy. It has always ended, and it always will, when the inevitable reaction of trade and industry occurs; when business profits are reduced, and when dividends on stocks, instead of advancing, are cut down. At such times, capital is in so much slighter request that it flows freely into markets where lower yield, through a cut in dividends, is not threatened. Prudent investors then prefer the position of bond-holding creditors, rather than of stock-holding partners in railways or other enterprises. And, since decrease in earnings, carried to extremes, may conceivably jeopardize not only dividends but interest on a debt, demand becomes urgent for securities where no doubt as to safety exists. This, again, explains why in 1896, perhaps the low ebb of trade activity and of commercial prices during the past two decades, British consols rose to their high-record price of 113⅞.

The "Proceedings of the Thirty-second Annual Convention of the American Bankers' Association, held at St. Louis, Mo., October 16, 17, 18, and 19, 1906," have been edited by James R. Branch, one of the secretaries of the Association, and handsomely printed. The volume contains also the constitution and by-laws, with lists of officers and members, and other pertinent matter.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, Henry L. Problems of the Panama Canal. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Abbott, Lyman. Christ's Secret of Happiness. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Askew, Alice and Claude. The Shulamite. Brentano's.
Ayres, Daisy Fitzhugh. The Conquest. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Breasted. James Henry. Ancient Records of Egypt. Vol. V. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.
Bryce, James. Studies in History and Jurisprudence. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Caldwell, J. F. J. The Stranger. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Calvert, Thomas H. Regulation of Commerce under the Federal Constitution. Northport, L. I.: Edward Thompson Co.
Carr, Sarah Pratt. The Iron Way. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Colestock, Henry Thomas. The Ministry of David Baldwin. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Correspondence of George Washington. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Cowen, Mrs. Philip. The Seder Service for Passover Eve in the Home. Philip Cowen.
Cram's Quick Reference Atlas and Gazetteer of the World. George F. Cram. $1.50.
Davenport, Frances Gardiner. The Economic Development of a Norfolk Manor. Cambridge University Press. Putnams. $3.
Dining and its Amenities. Rebman Co. $2.50.
Donaldson, James. Woman: Her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Eaton, Arthur Wentworth. The Lotus of the Nile and other Poems. Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.
Fernbach, R. Livingston. Glues and Gelatine. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3 net.
Field, Walter Taylor. Fingerposts to Children's Reading. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Fleming, Walter L. Documentary History of Reconstruction. Vol. II. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Futrelle, Jacques. The Thinking Machine. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Guenther, Conrad. Darwinism and the Problems of Life. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Gunter, Archibald Clavering. Mr. Barnes, American. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hadley, Arthur Twining. Baccalaureate Addresses. Scribners. $1 net.
Hall, Bolton. Three Acres and Liberty. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Jones, J. Sparhawk. The Invisible Things. Longmans. $1.25 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. 1766-1769. Edited by John P. Kennedy. Richmond, Va.
Kerr, Walter S. The Acadian Proscript: A Historical Drama. Oakland, Cal.: Harrington-McInnis Co.
King, Basil. The Giant's Strength. Harpers. $1.50.
Kirk, Ellen Olney. Marcia. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Kroeber, A. L. The Yokuts Language of South Central California. Berkeley: University Press.
Laird & Lee's Modern Penmanship. Chicago. $1.
Laughlin, Clara E. Felicity. Scribners.
Le Rossignol, James Edward. Orthodox Socialism. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Lock, Robert Heath. Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity, and Evolution. Dutton. $2 net.
Loomis, Charles Battell. A Bath in an English Tub. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Los Pastores: A Mexican Play of the Nativity. Translated by M. R. Cole. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4 net.
Madden, John. Forest Friends. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. Joyzelle and Monna Vanna. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Magill, Edward Hicks. Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Munro, William Bennett. The Seigniorial System in Canada. Longmans. $2 net.
New York State Museum. Insects Affecting Park and Woodland Trees. Albany.
Old Quadrangle: Edinburgh University. Edinburgh: William J. Hay.
Original Narratives of Early American History. Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States. Scribners. $3 net.
Oxenham, John. The Long Road. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Pendexter, Hugh. Tiberius Smith. Harpers. $1.50.
Powell, Lyman P. Christian Science. Privately printed.
Reid, Whitelaw. The Greatest Fact in Modern History. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts. net.
Root, Edward Clary. The Unseen Jury. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Ryan, Marah Ellis. Indian Love Letters. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Sachse, Julius Friedrich. Benjamin Franklin as a Free Mason. Philadelphia.
Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cts.
Sharpe. Reginald R. Memorials of Newgate Gaol. Loudon.
Stoddart, Anna M. The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop). Dutton. $5 net.
Theodore M. Davis' Excavations: Bibân el Molûk. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Thompson, Marshall Putnam. The Lieutenant, the Girl and the Viceroy. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Thrum, Thomas G. Hawaiian Folk Tales. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Thurston, E. Temple. Katherine. Harpers. $1.50.
Townsend, John Wilson. Richard Hickman Menefee. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Twentieth Annual Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Washington.
Tyler, Lyon Gardiner. The Cradle of the Republic. Richmond, Va.: Hermitage Press.
Tynan, Katharine. The Story of Bawn. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Union Haggadah. Bloch Publishing Co. 25 cents.
Usher, Edward P. The Church's Attitude Towards Truth. Published by the Author.
Van Eeden, Frederik. The Quest. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual, 1907. Edited by John C. Olsen. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Veruon, Ambrose White. The Religious Value of the Old Testament. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents net.
Walsh, James J. Makers of Modern Medicine. Fordham University Press. $1.
Wernicke, Alex. Kant . . . und kein Ende? Braunschweig.
Whitman, Roger B. Motor-Car Principles. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Who's Who in New York City and State. L. R. Hamersly & Co.
Winn, Mary Polk and Margaret Hannis. The Law and the Letter. Neale Publishing Co.
World's Classics: Holmes's Poet at the Breakfast Table.—Professor at the Breakfast-Table.—Scott's Lives of the Novelists.—Sheridan's Dramatic Works.—Burke's Works, Vol. III.—Thackeray's Pendennis, 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Wyld, Henry Cecil. The Historical Study of the Mother Tongue. Dutton. $2 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1907.

The Week.

No part of Mr. Bryce's speech at the Pilgrims' dinner in New York Saturday night was in finer spirit than that in which he rose above all the notions of competition and jealousies in international friendship. There has been something petty and almost sordid in the eager speculation as to which foreign country could send the most acceptable Ambassador here, and so show itself a *leetle* more our friend than any other. There was even talk that Mr. Bryce was chosen precisely in order to put Baron Sternburg's nose out of joint, or to take the *pas* from M. Jusserand. But none of these narrow and silly pretensions found any tolerance in the large discourse of the British Ambassador. He professed hearty friendship for the United States and desired our good will; nor did he fail to show that the two peoples have a civilizing mission in common; but he refused to make even the semblance of a bid for an exclusive place in our affection. The better our relations with other countries, the better England would be pleased, and the more hope she would have of strengthening her own bonds of amity with us. A truly humane and friendly spirit knows nothing of these limitations of kind feeling. It is as easy to have an *entente cordiale* with a dozen nations as with one. Of course, a country may be churlish and suspicious if it chooses, and keep foreigners as aloof as possible; but the genuine instinct of friendship is very much in a nation what it is in a man, and a friendly people will show itself friendly to all. Mr. Bryce put this truth with frankness and force in a way to leave us all in his debt.

Senator Foraker's blunt announcement that he will contest with Secretary Taft the endorsement for the Presidency by the Republicans of Ohio, gives a new turn to the campaign. Though it may merely bring into the open what was all along latent in the situation, its political effect must be great. If Taft has to fight for his own State, and if its Republican organization is clearly seen to be arrayed against him, he will find it difficult to go forth as a "favorite son" and seek delegates in other States. Mr. Cleveland was nominated in 1892, though the delegation from his own State was solidly against him, but that political miracle will hardly be repeated. Whether Senator Foraker seriously thinks of himself as a Presidential possibility, or whether he is simply determined to oppose a candidacy which Roosevelt favors, it is not now material to decide. The chief thing is that he means to take the field against Taft, and that, with Senator Dick and the whole Republican machine on his side, he intends to have an early State Convention and control it against the Secretary of War. This step at once puts the latter's candidacy into a critical condition. Secretary Taft's friends believe that he is a man fitted to appeal to the people on grounds broader than those of partisan tactics. That it is time for him to begin to do it energetically, Senator Foraker's sharp challenge shows beyond peradventure.

President James J. Hill of the Great Northern remarked in Chicago the other day that "too much has been said by railroad men already." This is not unlike Carlyle praising silence in forty-nine volumes. Few railway managers have spoken in public more frequently or at greater length than Mr. Hill. We hasten to add that what he has said has usually been well worth attention. In what may be called the statesmanship of railroads—that is, their large relations to the development of the country and the growth of commerce, both domestic and foreign—he has had an acknowledged eminence. And, of course, it is not talk by railway managers on such subjects that he would now discourage; but only the inconsiderate or reckless statements of which we have certainly had too many within the past few weeks. When men have been overtaken by the fated consequences of their own actions, the thing for them to do is to shoulder the responsibility of their folly, and not attempt to shift the blame to others. This is exactly the situation that confronts the leading railway officials of America to-day. They have been exposed as having too long been more anxious to manipulate stocks than to make the management of their roads efficient and honest. In the reaction of public sentiment which has followed, their properties have suffered, values have shrunk, and the confidence of the people received a severe shock. This being so, it is best for them to face the truth squarely. For them to cry out now about "hostile legislation" and "unreasoning popular suspicion," is only to make their plight the worse. Happily, we are beginning to get franker utterances from railroad men, able to see the point, and willing to speak to it. B. F. Yoakum of the Rock Island uttered an elementary but neglected truth when he said that it is as great a wrong for a railroad to be at the mercy of stock-jobbers as it would be for a savings bank or insurance company to be exposed to their looting. He would have speculation in the securities of a railway company by its own officials made subject to criminal prosecution. Mr. Hill is right in thinking that what the country now wants from railroad managers is not words so much as deeds. If they will make up their minds to obey the laws we already have, they need not live in dread of future legislation.

What is to be the next development in the Brownsville riot inquiry? The court-martial has acquitted Major Penrose of the charge of neglect of duty in permitting his soldiers to "shoot up" the town, but still finds that the soldiers did do the fusillading. According to this decision, a post commander's troops may commit what President Roosevelt declares to be the most heinous crime in the history of the army, without any culpability attaching to the commander. This doctrine is disastrous to discipline. In every other army in the world commanding officers are held to the strictest accountability for the conduct of their officers and men. Only the other day the popular colonel of a crack British battalion was relieved of his command because of the "ragging" of an unpopular officer by his fellow subalterns. Yet that colonel, like Major Penrose, might have alleged that he could not foresee the misconduct of his subordinates.

The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* comments with pride upon the acquittal at Danville, Va., of a negro accused of criminal assault on a white woman in the county of Amherst. The venue was changed to Danville, under a wise provision of the law which permits the transfer of a prisoner to another jurisdiction when the mayor of a city or sheriff of a county has had to call on the Governor for troops to protect the alleged criminal. At Danville everything proceeded with dispatch and regularity, and without any excitement whatever. The negro was able to prove an alibi, and was duly acquitted. As the *Times-Dispatch* remarks, no one can say that the story would have been different had the trial been held in Amherst County, but there might have been a lynching or a miscarriage of justice resulting in the death of an innocent man. The *Times-Dispatch* rightly regards this as a "high tribute to Virginia and our court system." It is all the more welcome in view of the result of the trial of the Strothers brothers in Culpeper, in which judge and jury gave way to the lynching spirit.

While the Filipinos are looking forward to electing their first General Assembly they have not been neglecting the other opportunities open to them. The report of the Philippine Bureau of Civil Service for the last fiscal year shows that their share in the government service in the islands is rapidly increasing. "Four times as many Filipinos as Americans," says the Board, "were appointed from the eligible registers during the period covered by this report." While there were decreases in the number of Americans and of native Filipinos examined for the Spanish registers, there were 2,231 Filipinos examined in English, as against 1,753 during the previous year. "The slight decrease in the per cent. of those passing is due principally to the fact that a greater proportion entered the more difficult grades." The gradual passing of the routine of insular administration into Filipino hands should be a cause for satisfaction even to those who hold most divergent views about the future of the islands. The convening of the Assembly will be another step away from a purely paternalistic government. At best a government much like that of Porto Rico's is in sight. But within a fortnight that island has shown us how short a time people once set on the road to self-government will be satisfied with such grudging measure.

Advocates of the Federal regulation of child labor are reported to be asserting that the action of the Alabama Legislature in adjourning without passing any law relative to child labor, is another argument for their plan of reform. As a matter of fact, the Alabama Legislature has not adjourned, but has merely taken a recess until July. Moreover, a child-labor bill, which is the best thus far proposed in the South, stands third on the calendar, and has been favorably reported by the Committee on Mining and Manufactures. As it is, the Legislature has already enacted a law providing that a State inspector shall visit and inspect the mills and factories of the State four times each year—a decided step in advance. A still better provision is in the child-labor bill itself. But if it were true that the Alabama Legislature is shirking its duty, the incident might perhaps illustrate the setback to State action, which is everywhere likely to follow from the agitation for a Federal law like the Beveridge bill. So far as the discussion of this measure goes, there is, we think, a growing feeling that, even if we must have national regulation, the Beveridge bill is not the kind of statute desired.

The extraordinary development of the gas engine is illustrated afresh by Lewis Nixon's plans for a destroyer capable of crossing the ocean in four days, and by the news that Vickers' Sons & Maxim have designed a gasolene battleship. The comparative simplicity and cheapness of the gasolene engine have done as much for pleasure-boating as for traffic on land; and fast automobile boats, such as recently raced on Lake Worth, clearly foreshadowed the time when large steamers would rely upon this type of motive power. That the hour was so near at hand, had, however, not been generally known, even though some of our newest and largest coasting schooners have been supplied with auxiliary engines giving them a speed of five or six knots. The New England fishermen are more and more turning to this engine, and even the hardy Gloucester "bankers" are no longer inclined to sneer at its usefulness. A drawback, however, is the Standard Oil monopoly, under which the cost of gasolene has steadily increased. If alcohol can be used in explosive engines of this kind, the days of the reciprocating engine will rapidly be numbered. In battleships the advantages of the explosive engine would be manifold. There would be a great decrease in what may be called the non-combatants among the crew, while the disappearance of boilers would make a great saving in weights and add to the room for fuel supply. The absence of funnels would also make possible a greater firing arc than at present. Altogether, no more interesting naval announcement has been made since the bringing forward of the turbine engine.

In spite of newspaper cartoons representing the United States army equipped with spades and led by an officer armed with a crowbar, charging the Panama Canal, the humble laborer is still badly wanted, and the War Department has been scouring Western Europe in search of him. One agent has succeeded in shipping 4,500 men, nearly all Italians or Spaniards, and they are still going forward at the rate of 500 a month. The Governments of Italy and Spain, however, are doing their best to prevent the exportation of labor that is badly needed at home. Should the supply in these two countries be cut off, we are told, "it is likely that Mr. Parke [the War Department agent] will make an effort to obtain men from Russia." If Mr. Parke moves towards Russia along the parallel of Madrid and Naples, he won't strike it; if he moves north he will find it getting colder and the climate quite different from Panama. The peasant is not likely to discard his sheepskin and high boots for tropical costume. Mr. Parke, we fear, will have to go further eastward to the swarthy Turkomans who pasture their mares by Oxus, the Sikh and Pathan who dwell on Indus's shores, and eastward yet till he finds the Canton coolie.

Since bonds of trade are usually supposed to make more strongly than any others for peace between nations, the reasons of the English Ministry for opposing the Channel tunnel make curious reading. The Prime Minister feels that even if the tunnel could be safeguarded against invasion, "there would be a feeling of insecurity, leading to constant demands for increased naval and military expenditure," which would not be compensated for, in his mind, by the advantages of the tunnel. This argument, we must confess, is a little too subtle for us. It is so easy to destroy the opening of a tunnel by a few charges of dynamite, and there are so many ways in which the ends could be fortified, that it is difficult to appreciate Campbell-Bannerman's doubts about protecting England from an invasion by French soldiery. From a Jingo Conservative Government such an attitude might have been expected, although its motives would have been not so much the desire to prevent international friction as to keep up the illusion that England must ever be in dread of conquest. Perhaps to understand properly the present Ministry's attitude, we must go back to the fifties, to the birth of the Volunteer movement, and recall how all England armed in anticipation of a sudden Gallic descent upon Albion's shores. The horrid nightmare from which the country suffered then has never been wholly forgotten, and it may be that fear of a French invasion must ever be as much a British institution as Westminster Abbey or the Tower of London or the Bank of England itself.

The cable dispatches announcing the conclusion of the long-heralded Anglo-Russian agreement may turn out to be as premature as other announcements have been hitherto, but there can be little doubt that a settlement of conflicting colonial interests between the two Powers is at hand. Important as such an arrangement would be in its international aspects, it could not fail also to produce a good effect upon the internal condition of Russia. In allying itself with a nation which freely criticises the unjustness of the autocracy and offers shelter to its enemies and victims, Russia would be giving hostages to the Liberal cause. An English Premier who cried "Long live the Duma" a few months ago would not fail to use whatever influence he may possess to see that the second Russian Parliament shall fare better than the first.

Nothing, perhaps, has so brought out the difference between the second Russian Duma and its predecessor as Monday's debate over the abolition of the summary court-martials established last year by Premier Stolypin for the pur-

pose of fighting terror with terror, but, as it turned out, only to foster terror. Here was an exhibition of autocratic ruthlessness compared with which exile to Siberia or imprisonment was a mild form of chastisement; yet the first Duma lashed itself into fury over its unanswered demand for amnesty, while this year "the debate was opened with surprising decorum and self-restraint." Last year the Deputies drove Military Procurator Pavloff from the tribune with cries of "Hangman"; on Monday, Premier Stolypin, who, from the extremist standpoint, has been responsible for a far longer roll of executions than Pavloff, listened to the debates for an hour and quietly withdrew. It would be vain to believe that the Left, or even the Constitutional Democrats, have forgotten or forgiven, and if *the* revolution should come in the next few years, M. Stolypin might find his account drawn up and checked, ready to be paid. But it is much that, in spite of all bitter resentment, the Opposition has decided to refrain from useless quarrelling and to do business. The session dragged at first, but at last the Duma has got down to work, and there seems a fair prospect of justice being done.

The possibility of intervention by France in Morocco over the murder of a French citizen recalls attention to the absolute muddle of anarchy and comic helplessness on the part of the Government that reigns in his Shereefian Majesty's dominions. Only a few weeks ago a joint French and Spanish fleet "demonstrated" in Tangier harbor and frightened the Sultan into sending an army against Raisuli. There was much firing of antiquated guns, the historic mule who is always the first victim to pay the price that staggers humanity, was duly shot, and the Terror of Tangier was compelled to flee. He is now reported on his way to join the Pretender, who holds forth not far from the very town of Ujda, against which it is said a French column of occupation is now to be directed. Nearly a year has elapsed since the drafting of the Act of Algeciras, which provided for the restoration of public order by creating a native police with Franco-Spanish officers, under a Swiss inspector-general. Yet at the present moment the inspector-general must have just landed in Morocco, if he is not still sojourning in Madrid. Before an adequate force is organized months will pass, and even then the activity of the new police will be confined to the eight specified ports. The interior must remain subject to riot, unless France decides to take some such action as she is now reported to be contemplating. Fraught with danger, as an energetic move on the part of the French Government must be, from the jealousy of Germany, there is hardly less risk in allowing the present chaos to continue and to breed, as it is continually breeding, rancors and jealousies between the two nations, that may culminate in a second crisis.

There seem to be good reasons for believing that the Belgian Cabinet, which has been in power since 1899, is not destined to maintain itself much longer. We are told that serious differences have occurred between the King and Premier Smet de Naeyer over the complaisant attitude of the Ministry towards the demands formulated by the Parliamentary Congo Committee, appointed after the great debate in the Chamber about two months ago, to prepare a definitive plan for hastening the annexation of the Free State by Belgium. The Premier, like the Cabinet in general, has been accused heretofore of dealing with the Congo question in a spirit of complete subservience to Leopold I.'s personal interests. That a break should come now between King and Premier argues that the Belgian Parliament is earnestly endeavoring to put an end to the state of affairs in Central Africa which has aroused protest in Great Britain and this country. The position of the Conservative Cabinet is made more difficult by serious disaffections within the ranks of its supporters. The Chamber, as elected in May, 1906, contains 89 Catholic Ministerialists, as against 47 Liberals, 28 Socialists, and 1 Christian Democrat. The Government majority of less than fifteen has become a precarious one in view of the existence of a group of Young Catholics, about twenty strong, which has shown itself ready to coöperate with the Opposition in matters of social legislation. Such an occasion occurred early this month, when the Young Catholics joined with the Liberals and Socialists in passing a law which fixes the actual working day in mines.

Nothing has occurred since the meeting of the new German Reichstag to give Chancellor von Bülow ground for believing that the alliance between the Liberals and Conservatives, of which he is so desirous, will actually come to pass. True, he has obtained for the present the majority he needs. But such a union as he contemplates has from the first been ridiculed by most of the Radicals. The idea that men with their views on reforms, political and social, could afford to tie up with reactionaries, protectionists, and Agrarians, seemed to them hardly worth serious discussion. On the other hand, the Chancellor's bait is no nearer being swallowed by the Conservatives. Herr von Kröcher's recent objection to the extent of the present electorate is merely a fresh illustration of the wide divergence of views between those of whom Von Bülow would make political bedfellows; for extension of the suffrage is one of the oldest and most prominent planks in the Liberal platform. What the Liberals have really to consider now is not an alliance with a party they have opposed, but a union among themselves. In the present Reichstag the three Radical groups, numbering 28, 14, and 7, respectively, while preserving their independence, have none the less agreed on a joint Parliamentary programme of considerable scope. Obviously, one solid group of forty-nine members would be better than three small ones. But the effort to bring about an amalgamation under the title of People's Party has failed once more, and even the present working arrangement is imperilled by ill-timed insistence upon the particular hobbies of this or that wing. That the present opportunity is a great one, no one can dispute. The Social-Democratic *débâcle* gives the Radicals an excellent chance to become the champions of democracy. If by the next election they have obviously lived up to their responsibility, they may look for public reward. If, however, they have been content with a subordinate or a characterless rôle, obedient in most respects to the Chancellor's wishes, the Social-Democrats will continue to rally the Germans who long for social and political progress upon democratic lines.

Lovers of Rome have watched with trepidation the project for an "Altar to the Fatherland" on the Capitoline Hill. The desecration of the Capitol in the name of patriotism is likely to exceed the gloomiest expectations. After a bitter struggle in the Commission, the majority has decided to accept the hideous equestrian statue of the *Rè Galantuomo* by Chiaradia as the centre of the composition. Bas-reliefs of large scale depicting the battles of the War of Liberation are naturally the subjects chosen to complete the work. In protest, members whose names weigh in the world of art have resigned, among them Bistolfi, Benedetto Croce, Corrado Ricci, and Andrade. It is to be feared that their action will be without effect. The matter is being treated, like so many similar projects in America, as a personal and political enterprise. A vigorous campaign in opposition has been waged by the enlightened portion of the Italian press. There is a general feeling that any gigantic monument on the Capitol is in the nature of sacrilege. But in Italy as elsewhere the politicians hold the trumps where a great government contract is involved. It is a melancholy reflection that whereas, at the beginnings of old Rome, the cackling of a few geese availed to save the Capitol, today the warning of Italy's best intelligence seems insufficient for that pious office.

AS TO "TREASURY RELIEF."

During the two or three past weeks of disorder and apprehension in financial centres, there has arisen, as always at such times, an anxious inquiry whether the Secretary of the Treasury will relieve the markets. The fact that, since March 4, we have had a new Secretary, has necessarily added to this anxiety. What Secretary Shaw would do in a given emergency could be pretty surely predicted in the light of his previous action. But Mr. Cortelyou's policy was unknown. The chances were that a new and cautious Secretary would hesitate to follow the precedents set by Mr. Shaw in his undoubted stretching of the legal powers of the Treasury. The uncertainty as to Mr. Cortelyou's purposes was probably more unsettling than positive knowledge that no "Treasury relief" whatever was to be looked for.

For this Mr. Cortelyou was not to blame. For him, or for any new Secretary, to say in advance exactly what he would or would not do was hardly possible. Circumstances might force reconsideration of any preconceived plan —as they did, for example, in 1894, when Secretary Carlisle had his unfortunate experience with the bond issues. We think, nevertheless, that the time has now come when a reasonably definite policy should be outlined by the Government. Mr. Cortelyou's hand has already been forced by the derangement of the markets, and he has made three moves which we may call tentative—offering redemption, in advance, of $25,000,000 Government bonds maturing next July; notifying banks which had pledged those bonds as security for public deposits that for such collateral they might substitute State, municipal, and railway bonds accepted by savings banks; and agreeing to leave with bank depositories $30,000,000 of public funds of which the recall had been expected. Some relief has followed these measures, but it has thus far been only indirect; and the question still remains as to what the Treasury's attitude will be in the event of continued and serious strain on the money markets.

Our opinion has been that, while intervention by the Government for relief of a disordered money market, is a mischievous and demoralizing practice, nevertheless it cannot be escaped so long as a surplus public revenue is actually drawing reserve money from the banks and locking it up in the vaults of the Government. When the Treasury has been playing such a rôle, the Government must restore that money to the market. We have not, however, the slightest sympathy with Secretary Shaw's idea that the Treasury should be made an engine for withdrawing cash from a plethoric money supply, and releasing it when money "tightens." Such paternalism is none of the Government's business, and the Secretary who practises it is certain, sooner or later, to make a bad matter worse.

Granting all this, there still remain—whatever may be the emergency in the money market—two essential questions: first, has the Treasury been locking up cash; and second, has it the means of lawfully releasing it? That the Treasury has been "locking up" currency, its own daily figures show. Since the opening week of January, the actual cash in its vaults, less outstanding demand liabilities, has increased some $25,000,000. This has resulted from an excess of public revenue over expenditure amounting to $22,000,000—an excess $13,000,000 greater than that of the similar period last year. Unquestionably, then, a reason exists for action by the Treasury to relieve disordered money markets.

The well-known obstacle still remains, that, by the letter of the law, United States bonds are required as collateral for public deposits in the banks, and that the available supply of such bonds is too small to provide security for largely increased deposits. Secretary Shaw rode rough-shod over strict interpretations, and agreed, four years ago, to accept other specified high-grade collateral. We then believed, and still believe, that by such a recourse the law was unwarrantably strained; and this contention Mr. Shaw virtually conceded by limiting carefully the amount of deposits which he would allow under such security. The so-called Aldrich bill, enacted four weeks ago, took some cognizance of this difficulty. Yet with the cowardly evasion, unpleasantly familiar in our past fiscal legislation, this bill gives no direct authority to the Treasury, in the matter of public deposits, beyond that of the old law; but it throws in a new proviso that "the Secretary shall, on or before the first of January of each year, make a public statement of the securities required during the year for such deposits." This feeble compromise seems to have been regarded by its authors as recognition of the Secretary's power to accept other than Government bond collateral. He has the right, we think, so to construe it; and indeed he has already done so in his announcement that such securities may be substituted for the maturing 4 per cents.

This being so, we are decidedly of opinion that the Treasury should both announce and pursue a consistent policy. If Mr. Cortelyou hesitates to allow the "free balance" in the Treasury to be reduced through deposit in bank when approaching requirements, for redemption of bonds or other purposes, may call for heavy payments, the case should be plainly set forth, and the bank deposits made with such limitations clearly understood. If the banks refused to accept deposits subject to early withdrawal, the Treasury would at all events be free from responsibility. But we cannot imagine such refusal in the existing market, when the call on the bank deposits, two or three months hence, would involve payment by the depositories, not into the Treasury vaults again, but into the open money market.

BOTHA AMONG THE PREMIERS.

A significant inquiry and answer were recorded in "question time" in the House of Commons, the other day. The Under-Secretary of the Colonies was asked if it were true that the Government had invited Gen. Botha to attend the Colonial Conference in London, and, if so, what reply had been received. To this Mr. Churchill made the interesting response:

> A telegram has been received from Lord Selborne as follows: "Prime Minister informs me that the Cabinet have unanimously decided that Gen. Botha ought to accept the invitation to attend the Colonial Conference." [Cheers.] "He will accordingly attend, and will be accompanied by Mr. F. W. Beyers, member of the Legislative Assembly for Turffontein, who will act as interpreter and secretary, and two other gentlemen who have not yet been decided on." [Cheers.]

Such is English self-government. Under it, a man who was doing his best five years ago to destroy English rule in South Africa, is to-day Prime Minister of the English self-governing Colony of the Transvaal, and is to join on equal terms the other Colonial Premiers in London to consult about the common interests of the British Empire. And Gen. Botha will undoubtedly get an enthusiastic reception. When Chamberlain invited Oom Paul to visit England, the shrewd old fellow refused to go and be exhibited as a captive behind Chamberlain's chariot. But the present Colonial Secretary, whom Gen. Botha held as a prisoner so short a time ago, will be foremost in doing honor to the stout Boer general.

Nor will even those in England who thought the grant of self-government to the Transvaal premature, and therefore opposed it, be behindhand in welcoming Premier Botha. His speech after being appointed Prime Minister did much to disarm lingering prejudice against him in England. In it, he spoke first, as would be expected of a soldier, of the point of honor. The old enemies of England had now been entrusted with the government of an English colony, and it became them to be loyal. He pledged himself and his Ministry—who have been said to resemble very closely the General Staff of the Boer army—to be as zealous and faithful as any in upholding the honor of the flag of a "great, united nation." Gen. Botha then went on to say that what he tactfully called "the old population" of the

Transvaal was now bound to be loyal to the Empire, not only by honorable obligation and self-interest, but by deep gratitude as well. The British people had trusted the Boers in a manner almost unexampled in history by giving them a free Constitution. Such generosity, the Boer general asserted, it would be impossible for Boers ever to forget. And then he spoke, not as one of a race, nor as the head merely of a party, but as the representative and trustee of all races and all parties in the Transvaal.

Indeed, it is gratifying to know that the first Transvaal election was not contested on racial lines. Mr. Smuts has testified that the majority won by the Het Folk was due to British votes. Outside the Rand, the great issue was whether the mining industries, in the hands of the great London and European houses, with their avowed desire for more Chinese labor, should have the real control of the new government; and on that score many British electors supported the Het Folk candidates who opposed the introduction of Asiatics. In Pretoria, for example, where the British citizens are in an overwhelming majority, several Het Folk members were returned. As Sir West Ridgeway, the head of the Commission to South Africa, has stated, "the coöperation of the British with the Boers in the election will have a very unifying effect."

This large, generous, and far-sighted policy towards the Transvaal, which the English Liberals have carried out and which even the English Conservatives are now forced to praise, strikes deep into the whole problem of representative government. Having once put its hand to that plough, a nation must not look back. To be true representatives of any people, men must be freely elected by them; natural leaders must be allowed to come to the front; and the real sentiments of citizens given the most ample expression. By comparison with this thoroughgoing and successful English plan, our own legislation concerning Reconstruction in the South, after the civil war, looks bungling in the extreme. We began by absolutely disfranchising the best men in the South, and disqualifying its natural leaders from holding Federal office. And ten years after the war, when the South was again permitted to send its ablest citizens to Congress, we saw Blaine trying to make himself President by descanting on the enormity of so many "rebel brigadiers" making laws for the Union. Contrast with this the imperturbable English making *their* rebel brigadier a Prime Minister!

Irish Nationalists are not slow to press the point so obviously in their favor. If Dutchmen can be trusted to rule locally a British territory, why not Irishmen? If Home Rule is good for the Transvaal, why not for Ireland? These questions will become freshly pertinent, and the spectacle of Gen. Botha among the Premiers will be doubly suggestive, when Mr. Birrell brings in, after Easter, the Irish Home Rule bill.

A FRENCH IDEAL IN EDUCATION.

Prof. Barrett Wendell's article on French universities in *Scribner's Magazine* for March presents facts and reflections which deserve serious consideration from American educators and American youth who would study abroad. During a year of lecturing at the universities of France, Professor Wendell had unusual opportunities to observe the working of these institutions, both in Paris and the provinces. He speaks of the intense earnestness of the students; and of the teachers he remarks:

> They may never relax their effort to extend and solidify their learning. My previous experience had never revealed to me anything like such a spectacle of concentrated and unceasing intellectual activity as seemed a matter of course among my temporary colleagues at Paris.

In illustration of his point, Professor Wendell tells of a Sanskrit scholar who was busy on Chinese, because "you can no more discuss Buddhism without studying the standard Chinese commentaries thereon than you can discuss Christian theology without reference to the Byzantine fathers." Both propositions, which seemed to the Frenchman "axiomatic," would, as Mr. Wendell justly remarks, "have seemed, among ourselves, rather utopian."

And yet the French scholars are not swamped by their facts; they retain what Mr. Wendell calls "the dynamic quality of mental habit." Their immense erudition is not a burden, but a stimulus. This is the reason why Professor Wendell believes that "American learning would be greatly strengthened if more of our graduate students came under French influence." Admitting that the influence of German scholarship on America has been admirable in that it has "taught us a respect for fact and method which our earlier learning lacked," Professor Wendell feels, as do many others among us, that this influence has also tended "to encourage the notion that the object and end of all learning is the methodical collection of fact." Though this error is not prevalent among the higher minds of Germany, it is "apt to possess the minds of Americans who, having studied in Germany, come home no longer American, nor yet soundly German."

American scholarship often falls between the two stools. We are likely to have at one end of that log on which Mark Hopkins used to sit the myopic scientist confused by his heap of facts; on the other end, the plausible lecturer, guiltless of anything that may be called exact knowledge, entertaining and misleading the undergraduates by swift and silly generalizations. If the grubber for roots could generalize, if the dilettante knew anything, each would be a useful member of a college faculty; but as it is, the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.

On our sufferings at the hands of Dr. Dryasdust we have frequently dwelt. His doctoral theses have been one of our pet abominations. It has seemed pathetic that a kind husband and father, who might have had a happy and useful career as a plumber, should give years of time and what little intellectual energy he could command to counting the color-words in Browning or to classifying the grammatical constructions of Tennyson. It is the fate of the pedant of this type to treat great literary masterpieces as if they were not literature, but merely a *corpus vile* for exercises in linguistics; and on the other hand, to treat rude chronicles and early documents, so important for the light they throw on the development of civilization, its language, and its arts—to treat this huge mass of infra-literary matter as if it were an "Iliad," a "Divine Comedy," or a "Hamlet." And yet these indefatigable toilers have their reward. They win a reputation for prodigious learning, because, as Matthew Arnold noted in his "French Eton," most men do not know what distinguishes good teaching and training from bad. And this reputed erudition puts the square peg of a cataloguer of obscure forms of Anglo-Saxon, into the round hole of a professorship of literature.

The dilettante, too, the darling of women's clubs, and of undergraduates who want soft courses, has his path strewn with roses. His classes are crowded; and the college authorities are convinced that a man who attracts so many students, who makes so much noise, who gets into the newspapers every week, and who seems to all outsiders such a big toad in the academic puddle—that this paragon of brilliancy is the most stimulating of teachers. We fear, however, that college presidents, who, after all, are human, sometimes fail to distinguish between stimulation and intoxication. Be that as it may, American colleges are infested with both these types, from which the French universities seem singularly free.

Our greater danger, taking the country as a whole, is, we incline to think, from the purblind accumulator of facts. His tribe seems to be increasing more rapidly than that of the immature philosophizer. But since we should like to escape from both, we agree with Professor Wendell that American scholars peculiarly need the tonic which France offers.

NEW WRITERS OF LATIN AMERICA.

For years we Americans of the North have looked to Latin America as the land of discords. To correct an impression, which has certainly had much to justify it, let us turn to a field of Latin-American activity in which a singular harmony rules. A casual reading of the little anthology, "La Jóven Literatura Hispanoamericana," by Manuel Ugarte (Paris: Colin), will show that the younger writers of the southern continent not only speak with one tongue, but think with one mind. Indeed, one may fairly speak of a Spanish-American school, in a sense of the word that would hardly apply to the more miscellaneous production of North America. It is significant that this selection is published in Paris, and that the editor's modest introductory essay is a model of systematic criticism of the modern French type. These things are symptomatic, for a most cursory reading of the hundred and more authors represented would show that they had almost without exception formed themselves under the influence of the latest French literature—often filtered to them, no doubt, through Spanish writers.

But it should be understood that the younger South American writers are by no means simply the sedulous apes of their models. They have used the French tradition merely by way of realizing their own ideals. Many of them have studied in the higher schools of Paris. All seem to entertain ambitions similar to those of the realists, analysts, and symbolists of recent France. And this consideration leads to the paradoxical reflection that this rising Latin-American literature may be said to be born decadent. These young aspirants of a new world have in a large measure affected the mood of the world-weary Verlaine, Moréas, Mallarmé. The harm of this sort of green sickness has been small, however, as Señor Ugarte points out. In fact, this new preciosity of mood and diction has probably worked beneficially upon a literature sadly in need of discipline. The apostles of the ultra and precious have at least, in half a generation, forged a new style, nervous, precise, and telling—fit, in short, for modern needs.

In view of the cosmopolitan tone of almost all this writing, the absence of any influence from English or German literature is noteworthy. These writers know their Whitman and their Nietzsche, but give themselves to the cult neither of the overman nor of fraternalism. Politically, their attitude towards this country is one of constraint, if not of suspicion. In our gigantic industrialism, in what they take to be our dreams of conquest, they find something antipathetic, if not positively menacing. The irony, and sometimes indignation, with which Mr. Roosevelt, "Profesor de Energía," is dealt with by such writers as Rubén Dario of Nicaragua and Marquez Sterling of Cuba show that the exponent of the simple and strenuous life offers a complicated and baffling problem to Latin-American analysts. This is a fact not to be greatly wondered at or deplored. In fact, any intellectual *entente* with Spanish America will come rather through frank perception and acceptance of fundamental racial differences than through insistence upon sympathies that do not exist. When we understand why Don Quixote is canonized there, and they understand why we resist the Gallic perfections that seem so essential to them, then and only then can an intellectual comity of the two continents begin to realize the rhetoric of the Pan-American congresses.

Perhaps the only serious exception to be taken to this collection of Latin-American prose and verse is that it gives such a slight and imperfect picture of the actual life of the Southern republics. One notes an interesting realist group in Chile. Their chapters arouse a curiosity for their books, but much of the volume moves in the no-man's-land of the poets or in realms of criticism. Most of these writers are nostalgic, and they are only learning to make their own land classic to themselves. There is much hope, however, in the fact that this company of writers, representing a high and valuable order of talent, is really young. Not in the sense that any talented and rebellious person of fifty or thereabouts is a *jeune*, but really young. It is a book of men in their thirties, of men who are only beginning to show their literary parts, a book of men who pursue literature chiefly as an avocation, making of journalism, politics, or teaching their trade; as such it is a book of great promise.

We should recall, finally, that Latin America represents already a considerable mixture of blood, and is to be increasingly the field of immigration. Señor Ugarte's roll includes, with a great preponderance of Spanish, a notable sprinkling of English, French, and German names. Unquestionably, the Germans of Rio Grande do Sul and the Italians of the Argentine will be making themselves felt when the next anthology of Spanish America is compiled. We dwell upon these obvious facts because of the interesting prospect they disclose. Here at the North literature is recruiting itself from all the races of the earth, but developing along Anglo-Saxon lines; there at the South a somewhat similar, at least equally a mixed race, will express its finer aspirations under the strictest tutelage of the Latin tradition. The future will witness a parallel, if not a competition, the mere hint of which must stir the blood of every literary historian of the new comparative school.

FIVE YEARS OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON.

Most of our readers will remember the pleasure which spread through intellectual circles at home and abroad when Andrew Carnegie, a little more than five years ago, constituted a Board of Managers to be known as the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and entrusted to them, in five per cent. bonds, the sum of $10,000,000 for the advancement of science. In the interval that has passed many experiments have been tried, most of them fruitful; and, on the whole, the story is invigorating and worth recapitulation. The records may be found in five large year-books—the latest of which has just appeared—and in a list of publications which is separately issued. Much of this information is so special and sometimes so technical that it is of significance only to a very limited circle, but there are certain broad aspects of the work in which all educated men are interested, and to these we propose to call attention.

One preliminary word in respect to the organization. The conduct of the Institution is entrusted to a board of trustees who appoint members of an executive committee, and this committee acts as an advisory board, a sort of cabinet or council, to confer with the president of the Institution upon the methods of carrying out the projects which have been approved in general terms by the board. This important office of president was originally held by Dr. D. C. Gilman, and when he gave it up, because of his advancing years, Dr. R. S. Woodward, distinguished as a physicist, and for many years a professor in Columbia University, New York, succeeded to the post. He is a man of broad views, varied acquirements, and excellent administrative capacity. In making up the original board of trustees, the founder did not select the actual members of college faculties, and he chose, for the most part, men who had had experience in the conduct of public affairs on a large scale. In the heart of the city of Washington a suite of office rooms has been rented by the Institution, but they are already too restricted, and accordingly a site has recently been chosen and plans have been accepted for a permanent building. This is to be a simple and dignified structure, well arranged for the transaction of complex affairs, and for the assembly of scientific men.

For a time the authorities spent a good deal of money in the assistance of young men and women who wished to carry forward advanced scientific work, not as candidates for academic degrees, but as students of important problems. The results of this experiment were not highly satisfactory. It is true that some of those who were selected showed remarkable ability and perseverance, but either because of faults in the mode of selection, or because the requirements of the Institution were not well understood, many failed to show any unusual powers, and after a limited trial the plan, though not abandoned entirely, was modified and restricted. Further changes are now proposed, and the subject is fully discussed by Dr. Woodward in the fifth year-book. The plan could not be abandoned—even in the improbable case that anybody should desire to give it up—be-

cause the founder, in his trust deed, specified, as one of six aims, the enabling of such students as may find Washington the best point for their especial studies, to enjoy the various opportunities afforded by the scientific foundations of the United States Government. It may be well to remind the reader that Mr. Carnegie seriously considered the establishment of a university in Washington, but for reasons which he stated when he presented the trust deed he gave up this idea. His attention had been called to the two functions of a university, namely, the education of youth and the promotion of knowledge. He chose to limit his benefaction to the second of these functions, although in a subordinate and unsystematic manner encouragement might be given to those who wished to pursue advanced studies. He would not entertain the idea of establishing professorships or of appointing professors or of providing academic guidance for students of university grade. He would concentrate the resources of the Institution upon the advancement of science by such means as might be found serviceable as the plans were developed.

An examination of the year-books will show that the management began with aiding a great many minor projects by grants of a few thousand dollars, sometimes much less. But recently the force of the Institution has been chiefly directed to large projects which involve outlays of a much greater amount, and are continued from year to year. Eleven of these larger departments of investigation are now in operation. This is a list of them and of the chiefs in charge:

Botanical Research: D. T. MacDougal, director.
Economics and Sociology: Carroll D. Wright, director.
Experimental Evolution: Charles B. Davenport, director.
Historical Research: J. F. Jameson, director.
Horticulture: Luther Burbank.
Marine Biology: A. G. Mayer, director.
Meridian Astronomy: Lewis Boss, director.
Nutrition: F. G. Benedict, R. H. Chittenden, L. B. Mendel, and T. B. Osborne.
Solar Physics: George E. Hale, director.
Terrestrial Magnetism: L. A. Bauer, director.
Work in Geophysics: F. D. Adams, G. F. Becker, A. L. Day.

The work initiated under these departments is thus far the principal achievement of the Carnegie Institution. Each of them is fully set forth in the fifth year-book.

In reviewing the activities of the Institution mention may first be made of the publications, for by them chiefly the public can be informed of the results that are attained. The latest list includes seventy-eight works, some of them in quarto, most of them in octavo form. These are sent to the principal libraries and learned societies throughout the world, so that they are everywhere accessible, and any or all of them may be bought at very moderate charges by applying directly to the office in Washington. An examination of the list will show the preponderance of biological studies, including those in the realms of zoölogy and botany. The papers in physics, chemistry, and geology stand numerically in close succession to those in biology. The number of mathematical papers is small, but it includes the collected works of George W. Hill in four quarto volumes, three of which have already been distributed. The catalogue of double stars by S. W. Burnham is in press, a study of observed positions of sun spots by C. H. F. Peters, and a catalogue of stars within two degrees of the North Pole, from photographic plates, by Caroline E. Furness. Arrangements are made for the publication of an atlas of the Milky Way by E. E. Barnard. In the field of archæology and geographical research, special mention should be made of Raphael Pumpelly's explorations in Turkestan, already printed, and of the further report of his expedition to that country, which is now in press. The Egyptological researches of W. Max Müller are already published. Several papers by G. O. A. Dorsey on the traditions and myths of the aborigines of America have been printed. These are only illustrations of the activity of the Institution. To give a complete enumeration would involve reprinting the catalogue to which reference has already been made. In general it may be affirmed that but few of these important memoirs would have seen the light were it not for the generous provisions of Mr. Carnegie. In addition to those which bear the imprint of the foundation, a large number of minor papers have been contributed by collaborators of the Institution to the various journals of science. The last report enumerates by title two hundred and thirty-six of such communications, more or less the resultants of Carnegie aid.

One of the most important, as well as the most interesting, of all the so-called "larger projects" is the work carried on in the Solar Observatory at Mount Wilson, California, constructed and maintained by the Institution, under the direction of Professor Hale. The Carnegie appropriations have been supplemented by generous gifts from John D. Hooker of Los Angeles, who provided a sum sufficient to purchase a mirror one hundred inches in diameter for a reflecting telescope. Much of the force of the director has been given to the study of the spectra of sun spots, investigations which he regards as likely to be the surest guide in more general investigations of stellar phenomena. A considerable amount has been appropriated to enable Professor Boss to prepare a catalogue of stars, giving their precise positions, from the brightest down to those of the seventh magnitude inclusive. For the study of terrestrial magnetism, the Institution has secured the services of Dr. Bauer, who was for a long period connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey. An observing ship, the Gallilee, has been carrying forward the magnetic survey of the Pacific Ocean, and the work will be continued, perhaps with a superior vessel and a better equipment.

In the promotion of biological studies the Institution maintains a desert laboratory in Arizona, in charge of Dr. D. T. MacDougal, which affords unrivalled opportunities for the study of the flora of arid regions. There is also maintained at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., under the direction of Professor Davenport, a laboratory where an attempt is making to determine the characteristic relations and laws manifested in the process of evolution in plants and animals. Dr. Woodward calls attention to the fact that here, as in almost all the departmental work of the Institution, a decade is the smallest convenient time unit for measuring the progress of important investigations. The public must therefore be patient. A third laboratory, devoted to the study of marine biology, is situated at the Dry Tortugas in Florida, a location most favorable for securing an abundance of marine fauna, most important for embryological and morphological study; and yet the station is so subject to tropical storms that the laboratory may not safely be kept open for investigations throughout the year. Closely allied with the work of these laboratories is the study of nutrition. Inquiries which are of great practical and theoretical importance in this field have been carried forward by Professor Benedict, and it has recently been decided to open a special laboratory for the prosecution of such researches, probably in Boston, near the Harvard Medical School.

Dr. Wright has been in charge of the department of economics and sociology. About a hundred and thirty collaborators are engaged under his direction, and many separate contributions from them are now ready for publication. Among others, a noteworthy bibliography has been made of the public documents of the States of the United States. Dr. Jameson, recently of the University of Chicago, has removed to Washington, where he is director of the department of historical research. His attention is chiefly directed to American subjects.

This is a meagre résumé of some of the most important projects encouraged by the Carnegie Institution, but it would be difficult to enlarge it without making a number of technical statements inappropriate to this place. Two philological and literary investigations should, however, be mentioned. Dr. Ewald Flügel is engaged in the preparation of a lexicon to the works of Chaucer, which will be a very important contribution to the history of the English language, and Dr. H. O. Sommer is making a careful investigation respecting the early Arthurian romances. These allowances show that the Carnegie Institution includes Literature as well as Science in its purview. Furthermore, it gives annual stipend to the schools of classical studies in Rome and Athens. While medicine in its various ramifications does not come under the present scheme of activities, doubtless because the Rockefeller Institute in New York has the field, the bibliographical encouragement of medical research is promoted by a liberal subvention to the "Index Medicus," a well-known and most valuable publication, which was moribund for want of financial support until the Carnegie fund provided for it.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The books belonging to Louis M. Dillman of Chicago sold by the Anderson Auction Company of this city on March 21, brought good prices generally, and some important books made new records. The highest price was $900, for a presentation copy of Keats's first book, the "Poems" of 1817, original boards, uncut. It had Keats's autograph inscription on the title. This copy brought £125 at Sotheby's in 1901. The Rowfant copy of "Endymion," 1818, bound in morocco, but with a four-line manuscript fragment of "Lamia" and autograph notes by Tennyson, Hood, and Locker, brought $475; "Lamia," 1820, $200; Browning's "Pauline,"

1833, the Maxwell-Morgan-Appleton copy, brought only $810, though $1,025 was paid for it at the Appleton sale in 1903. The first editlon of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám, Fitzgerald's translation, 1859, brought $335. This was the little paper-covered book of which the late Mr. Quaritch said:

Nearly the whole edition I sold (not being able to get more) at one penny each. Mr. Fitzgerald had made me a present of about two hundred copies of the two hundred and fifty he had printed.

The books by Charles Lamb or associated with Lamb brought for the most part good prices. The following are the more important items: "Tales from Shakespeare," 1807, original boards, uncut, $800; "Mrs. Leicester's School," 1809, original sheep, $125; "Elia," and "The Last Essays of Elia," 1823-33, uncut, bound by Riviere, $150; "Poems on the Death of Priscilla Farmer," 1796, $180; "Blank Verse," 1798, by Lloyd and Lamb, original boards, uncut, $120. Milton's "Poems," 1645, a good copy, in morocco by Riviere, brought $490. Rossetti's "Sir Hugh the Heron," 1843, his first book, ran up to $140; the *Germ*, four numbers, bound, $150; "Poems," 1869, a private issue, probably proof sheets, $128. The most important Shelley was "Queen Mab," 1813, original boards, uncut, at $650.

Only meagre reports have been cabled of the prices paid for W. C. Van Antwerp's books at Sotheby's in London Friday and Saturday last. The First Folio Shakespeare, the large and fine Rowfant copy, was bought by Quaritch for £3,600. Mr. Van Antwerp paid $13,500 for it. This was one of the four books noted in the *Nation* of February 7 as preëminently important. The three others were:

(1.) The Kilmarnock Burns, 1786, original paper covers, uncut, apparently one of three known in this condition, brought £700. Mr. Van Antwerp had paid $4,500 for it; nor was this price excessive, as the Burns Cottage Association at Ayr, Scotland, paid £1,000 for a similar copy in 1903. The Lamb copy, now in America, which brought £572 5s. in 1898, is the third copy.

(2.) Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler," 1653, first edition, the Rowfant copy, original sheep, brought £1,290. Mr. Van Antwerp paid $2,500; and the previous high record at auction is £405, paid in 1903 for a copy in contemporary tooled morocco, probably a presentation copy from Walton himself.

(3.) Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England," Boston, John Foster, 1677, brought £450. The volume is in the original sheep, with the genuine map, but is chiefly notable as having belonged to the Hawthorne family ever since it was published. Mr. Van Antwerp paid $1,500 for it.

The total for these four items was £6,040, or approximately $30,000, for what had cost the seller $22,000. Of course the auctioneer's commission and expenses must be deducted, probably from 10 to 12 per cent. for books of this character, though the percentage would be higher on less valuable books. These particulars are not given with the idea of encouraging any person of limited means to buy rare books solely as an investment. Among book collectors to-day too few really love their books and too many think principally of the money value. The man who buys new books and puts them away until they have doubled in value will occasionally come out all right, as did many of the first purchasers of the Kelmscott books; but such cases are not common. It is doubtful if even fine copies of the books of Shakespeare, Shelley, Lamb, and other favorites among collectors now, will continue to rise in price as rapidly as in the last ten years. While it is unadvisable for any one to buy rare books and hold them for a rise, the owner of the rarest collector's books, whether first editions of English or American authors, early printed books, or Americana, can, when the necessity of selling comes, get back a considerable, often a large, part of his investment; and the pleasure of possession for a time (if the collector be a book lover) will more than compensate him for his loss.

Bertram Dobell, that indefatigable London bookseller and discoverer of interesting manuscripts, writes to the *Athenæum* this account of his latest treasure:

Most of your readers, I suppose, will be glad to know that I have recently discovered a very remarkable manuscript copy of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." It is a volume of 226 folios, or 452 pages. It contains a complete copy of the "Arcadia" in five "Bookes or Actes," and also "Dyvers and Sondry Sonetts." Although there must have been a number of manuscript copies of the book in existence soon after it was written, no other copy save that which is before me appears to be now extant. This alone would make it uniquely interesting; but its value does not lie only in its rarity. It is not merely an "Arcadia"; it is, I believe, *the* "Arcadia." It differs greatly from the printed texts. It contains much matter which is not to be found in the latter, while it omits much that appears in them. It gives us five new poems, and many fresh readings in the known poems. Among the "Dyvers and Sondry Sonetts" there is also an unknown poem. I have not yet been able to study the manuscript sufficiently to be able to see the exact relation which it bears to the printed copies; but I have found a good many indications which point to its being Sir Philip Sidney's first draft of the work. But whether it is this, or whether it is a recast of the first form of the romance, it is without doubt a most remarkable "find." Short of the discovery of a Shakespearean manuscript it is hard to imagine a more valuable treasure trove of its kind. Two things are plain—firstly, that it should find a place in one of our great public libraries; and, secondly, that it should be printed with as little delay as possible.

The library of Ferdinand Brunetière is to be sold; an American bid in the interests of Harvard has already been received. The library is what might be expected from the maker's writings. It contains more than 12,000 volumes of theology, history, philosophy, foreign literature, criticism, and ancient and modern erudition, with a natural predominance of French classics. There are many first editions, which Brunetière loved and collected for critical reasons. There are books with marginal annotations by Sainte-Beuve; one of them—Pascal's "Pensées"—would furnish an interesting pendant to Sainte-Beuve's marginal notes on La Bruyère, published some years ago. The copious annotations written by Brunetière himself along the margins of authors whom he particularly loved or hated also deserve publication. Only a Frenchman, perhaps only one of his own disciples, could properly edit such uncorrected first thoughts of a mind so passionate and sincere, as well as so powerful and completely trained. The principal authors annotated are Bossuet, the great critic's favorite; Vinet, whom he ceased reading because, "when I chance on an idea, he has always had it before"; Fromentin and Taine in æsthetics and Renouvier in philosophy; Eugène Burnouf; De Maistre, for whom early dislike grew to final admiration; and Renan, whom he never liked or trusted.

Correspondence.

LITERATURE AND PHILOLOGY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What is responsible for the existing confusion in the aims and practices of education? Is it wholly the much-censured materialistic spirit of the age? Great foundations like the Carnegie Institution for the advancement of original research, in literature as well as in science, would seem to deny this. Is it the disiocation of all real correlation of educational forces brought about by the premature adoption of the elective system with its boyhood suffrage? Is it, in part, the maladministration of specialists, who apparently make no sufficient qualitative analysis even of their own work? We as yet lack perspective to apportion the responsibility among these forces or even to decide with finality what is cause and what is result; but it is easy for the onlooker to criticise certain obvious defects or excrescences at various stages in the educational system. These criticisms are to be welcomed by all open-minded scholars.

In a recent editorial in the *Nation* the output of the universities in connection with the doctoral dissertation was made the subject of discussion. The absurdities in a certain bulky volume were made sufficiently clear. They may even have seemed exaggerated or exceptional to any one who was not painfully familiar with such affronts upon literature, both at home and abroad. In that article there seemed, however, to be a tacit blending of two lines of criticism—that pertaining to philology (in the narrower sense of linguistics), and that pertaining to the æsthetic appreciation of literature. No one, I suppose, would deny that comparative philology is to be classed distinctly among the sciences. Its raw material may be found in a highly developed literature like Greek or English, or in the dialects of darkest Africa. As a form of intellectual activity, it is as distinct from pure literature as is Shelley's "Cloud" from the science of meteorology. That there are many futile investigations in both of these subjects only reflects upon those who undertake or champion them. Minute examinations of extremely narrow fields are often carried on by immature students both in philology and in literature. The cure is the same in each case—a wider range of preliminary observation and reading as a background for special study; or, in cases like the one in question, more drastic measures might be necessary, such as change of method, subject, and investigator.

We enthusiastically agree with the conclusion of the article that scholars must

"abandon the notion that all facts are of equal value and that skill in juggling words is æsthetic appreciation of literature." But here again, as in the body of the article, two different things are criticised. First, a barren pursuit of philology, and second, a confusion of philology with literature. Is it not well to consider these apart? Philologians may, by mistake or by stress of college finances, be installed in chairs of literature or a philological professorship be given to a student of literature. But the Ph.D. degree may properly be conferred for work done mainly in either province. The suggestion that a new degree with different letters be invented to designate discipline that makes for culture is quoted with some approval. No proof, however, is offered that this would secure an influx of better material from which to choose. Nor is it made clear that "an æsthetic appreciation of literature," unsupported by sufficient training on the philological side, would not be a somewhat elusive criterion for the worth of scholarly promise. And it is hardly consistent with facts to imply that many dissertations have not been contributed directly to the discussion and appreciation of pure literature. Surely it is not asserted that philological research, as such, is not of the utmost importance. This would be to discredit scientific work from Bopp to Brugmann. If it is merely urged that the territory must be more sharply defined and the quality of the work more rigidly supervised, there can be no dissent.

Philology is not literature. Both the method and aims are different. But it is an essential supplement to the study of literature. Sound scholars will, I suppose, unite in demanding even for the student of literature some formal study of the structure of language and will not allow him to suppose that he can be much better than a jelly-fish if the bony skeleton is wanting. The lack of perspective charged upon the doctoral dissertation, especially in modern languages, may be found in other fields of work. The dreary details, for example, about some insignificant inhabitant of a New England village may conceivably contribute a missing link in a larger historical generalization, but they may yield only an exercise in the historical method, and in so far be as *déclassés* in the company of original researches as is the essential but elementary practice in translating from the vernacular into French or Greek. This much, at least, must be said. Among all the handmaids of literature philology is least likely to have popular recognition. New and startling generalizations of phonetic law are not discovered by every investigator. It is less spectacular than its sister handmaid, archæology, which with good reason dazzles the public as it from time to time lays bare a Theban palace or recovers inscriptions, manuscripts, or treasure to illustrate, correct, or reinforce our knowledge and appreciation of history and literature. Yet it is true that philology as a disciplinary study, thanks to its own growth and to supplementary subjects like archæology, has now far more for us than it had for our grandfathers; and it is therefore difficult to understand the undiscriminating attitude of intellectual men who have allowed themselves to join the effervescent Epheslan mob and to cry out for the space of the last two decades: "Great is the enormity of the gerund-grinders."

But to him that estimates literature at its true worth, philology and archæology are, after all, only handmaids. If Matthew Arnold in his "Epilogue to Lessing's Laocoön" argued correctly that poetry can interpret life with more authority than can even music or painting, and if President Eliot at the Longfellow celebration could declare that, except religious inspiration, there is no service of man to man comparable to the writing of noble poetry, we may justly exact an inexorable *droit de seigneur* of subjects ancillary to the needs of literature.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, Providence, March 20.

PROFESSOR DÖRPFELD'S DISCOVERIES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 14, you speak, on the authority of a dispatch from Berlin, of the discovery of an Homeric city upon the island of Ithaca by Prof. W. Dörpfeld of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. In the absence of detailed information, I venture to suggest that the discovery was made, not on the island of Ithaca, but in Leucas, which, as is well known, Dörpfeld believes to be the ancient Ithaca.

I left Piræus for Genoa with Dörpfeld last July, shortly after he had finished his season's work at Leucas. He had made important discoveries which he discussed freely, although he was not then ready to make any public announcement of them. He had found the side wall of a building which, from its resemblance to the palace at Cnossus, he believed to be a Mycenæan palace. Mycenæan palaces are of two types; the Cnossus type and the Tiryns type. The palace of Odysseus, he argued, was of the former type, and this fact clears up several difficulties in the account of the slaying of the suitors in the Odyssey. A tradition of this style of building lingered into historical times, as the temple of Apollo at Bassæ shows. The vase fragments which Dörpfeld had found up to that time were of a very primitive character. He was looking forward to this year's campaign for important discoveries, and these he seems to have made. All classical scholars must await with impatience furtber news from Athens.

WILLIAM N. BATES.

University of Pennsylvania, March 18.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AND POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Even though the "Librarian" who writes of "Politics in Library Management" in your issue of March 14, limits his criticism to the "actual state of affairs in a number of our larger libraries," yet for fear that some one may jump to the conclusion that the writer really meant to describe a condition that is general, and thus unintentionally do an injustice to a body of high-minded and devoted public servants, I ask a little space for the purpose of stating my own observations on the conduct of public library affairs, in order that I may defend the chief librarians and library trustees of this country from charges which may seem to be implied in the letter you have published.

At the outset I will say that probably no one would claim that "the modern public library is *invariably* conducted with a nobility of purpose and an unselfishness of administration which amounts to sacrifice." The millennium has not yet come in library affairs, any more than it has in school or church affairs. At the same time I believe it may be claimed and shown that public libraries the country over, including especially, almost without exception, the large libraries which "Librarian" subjects to his main criticism, are managed with rare devotion to public good, and are freer from so-called "politics" than any other branch of the public service. I base this claim on relations as chief librarian with two municipal libraries, one of which has to secure part of its support from a city council, and the other its entire support from congressional appropriations, and on intimate personal relations with many municipal chief librarians, with whom I have discussed confidentially methods of securing appropriations and methods of making appointments and promotions.

Of course, every chief librarian who finds his greatest delight in conducting his library efficiently, regrets that he must spend so much time in securing appropriations from reluctant legislative bodies. Better far would it be if we had but to make known our needs to have them met to the full. But the place and needs of the public library in the scheme of public education are still so new that much time must be spent in educating the public, and especially members of appropriating bodies, on the subject. If to write newspaper articles, to appear before appropriation committees, and personally to know and attempt to influence councilmen so as to secure somewhat more adequate appropriation, is to be a "lobbyist," then the word becomes a title of honor, for it represents the fighter of the hardest battles for library advancement.

While on this subject of appropriations for running libraries let me say that no municipal library is yet doing more than one-third of the work that it could do if it had proper appropriations. The work of every live library is growing so much more rapidly than its appropriations that it is hampered at every point, and at none so much as in the matter of paying adequate salaries. America claims to believe in education, but rarely does it believe in it to the extent of paying good salaries to its teachers and especially to the employees of the younger institution, the library. To get sufficient money to secure at the same time more library assistants and to pay new and old assistants decent salaries, is all but impossible. "Librarian" complains that library assistants are better equipped in mechanical dexterity than in literary attainments. The reason is not far to seek. Proficiency in technique is a practical necessity, and through apprentice classes can be secured, but the addition of literary proficiency cannot usually be secured for the $30 or $40 a month which is perforce the usual compensation of the rank and file of library employees.

The charges of flattery and cajolery, special privileges, nepotism, appointments at behest of bosses, promotions by personal

favoritism, the creation of cumbersome and unnecessary departments, even though confined to "a number of our large libraries," are also likely to be considered as general criticisms, and as such require something to offset a possible wrong impression. My observation and experience with the municipal libraries of the large cities of this country tend to conclusions which are all on the other side. Moreover, most public libraries are either under municipal civil service commissions or, if not, their administrators have organized within the library what are practically civil service rules, in order to keep out incompetents, and to make promotions for proved efficiency. After struggling so hard to get increased funds with which to carry on our rapidly expanding work, it would be the height of foolishness on the part of librarians to fill up the library service with incompetents, and I believe that this is very rarely done. My own observation is that efficiency is all but universally the test for appointments and promotions. As for library employees, whether "chiefs" or other assistants, having so little to do that they are ever "planning and launching some fresh foolishness," this would be a severe and I believe an unjust charge if directed against library management as a whole. My own experience and observation have shown that detail work, the mere mechanics of getting books into the hands of the public, is so heavy that all too little time is left for planning new lines of activity to make the library more vital, to increase its efficiency as a literary agent.

But "Librarian" closes his letter with a paragraph which shows that he has an appreciation of trained librarianship, and the transformation library work is undergoing through its influence. It is a pity that his letter as a whole seems somewhat to negative what I believe to be the fact, namely, that the true professional spirit does dominate the situation so fully that the evils he mentions are sporadic and unusual, and largely in the past.

GEORGE F. BOWERMAN, Librarian.

The Public Library, Washington, D. C., March 21.

EFFECTS OF LARGE GIFTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Three recent benefactions must provoke thoughtful men to look deeply into the conditions that made such gifts possible, and the results of the gifts. I refer to Mr. Carnegie's $10,000,000 for pensioning teachers, Mr. Rockefeller's $32,000,000 for the use of the General Education Board, and Mrs. Sage's $10,000,000 for social betterment. The Carnegie and Rockefeller gifts would have been impossible had our laws been righteous and fairly administered. The tariff made it possible for Mr. Carnegie to pile up scores of millions in the manufacture of iron and steel; and secret and illegal freight rates, and a wholesale system of corruption, made the Standard Oil Company the fat monopoly that it is. It is true that Mr. Carnegie's wealth was acquired within the pale of the law, while some at least of Mr. Rockefeller's was not. Having no definite knowledge of the sources of Mr. Sage's wealth, I do not consider it from that point of view; but, in looking at the results of the gifts, we may include Mrs. Sage's with the other two.

Although the immediate good may be great, the ultimate result can be but deplorable. According to the very foundation principles of our government, the providing of education and the remuneration of teachers are properly within the province of the people as a whole. With juster laws the wealth of the country would have been more generally distributed, and the people at large better able to respond to the appeals that could and would have been made for better school facilities and larger salaries for teachers. This is particularly true of the South, where less money for education comes from the people than in almost any other section of the country. All of these gifts, and others of a similar nature, have a tendency to deaden the people to a sense of responsibility for their brothers; and to put them in the attitude of holding out pitiful hands for the largesses of the very rich—these largesses, in consequence of favoritism in legislation and a breaking of law with impunity, having been first wrung from the toilers.

G. S. W.

Greensboro, N. C., March 15.

Notes.

The Royal Society of Literature is about to publish, through Henry Frowde, Coleridge's "Christabel," with facsimile of the MS., and with notes by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. A good deal of illustrative material will be added.

Walter Sichel, who has already made a name for himself as a biographer, is writing a life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, for which he has obtained a large amount of new material from the Sheridan family.

The volumes of the World's Classics published by Henry Frowde succeed one another so rapidly that it is difficult to keep up with them. The latest parcel includes "The Poems of Thomas Hood," "The Pickwick Papers" (2 vols.), Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," Douglas Jerrold's "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," and, most valuable of all because least easy to get in cheap form, Dr. John Brown's ever delightful "Horæ Subsecivæ." Austin Dobson furnishes the Introduction to the last-named.

There might seem to be something incongruous in the junction of the names of Browning and Arthur Symons, but it was in writing a book about this poet that Mr. Symons—so he says—first learned the art of criticism; and now, in his more mature years, he has largely rewritten this youthful study and republished it as "An Introduction to the Study of Browning" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The work received the commendation of Walter Pater and of Browning himself.

The coming of Mr. Bryce to this country makes opportune the issue of a new edition of his admirable "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," first published in 1901 (two vols., Henry Frowde).

"Who's Who in New York City and State" now appears in a third edition for 1907 (L. R. Hamersly & Co.). This useful supplement to the national "Who's Who" reaches to nearly fourteen hundred pages, yet we note the omission of several names here which nevertheless find a place in the general work.

Professor Breasted's monumental "Ancient Records of Egypt" was fully reviewed in the *Nation* of December 27. The value of the work has been much increased by the publication of a fifth volume containing complete indices (University of Chicago Press).

There are not to be found many original records on the history of the Continental navy during the Revolution. The first ventures of ships were generally successful, but the control of the sea by Great Britain soon restricted their activity, and made privateering so much more profitable that even Washington and members of Congress were concerned in some expeditions. It is impossible not to connect the history of the naval vessels with that of letters of marque; and it would not be improper to include the record of the trading ventures of the Continent, made under cover of the firm of Willing, Morris & Co., did the documents still exist. It is among the papers of the Continental Congress that the fragments must be sought, and the Library of Congress, now the custodian of those papers, issues a calendar of the "Naval Records of the American Revolution" prepared by Charles H. Lincoln. The most valuable source is the letter book of the Marine Committee, and the reports of special committees, with the memorials and petitions laid before them. Hopkins's removal from command is an important incident, and Jones figures largely in the later years. Unfortunately the rosters of the vessels and their logs were not preserved. More than half of this volume is occupied by a list of the bonds filed under the letters of marque, in which are indicated all who were concerned in the vessels, as master, bonder, owner, or witness. This is a valuable contribution to history, as the bonds also give the nature of the ship, and the size of crew and armament, as well as the State to which she belonged. It will now be possible for investigators to identify the ship, and from local records trace her performances. The Committee on Appeals left no records, but the experience of the privateersman in the case of Our Lady of Mount Carmel proves his difficulties in securing the benefits of his capture. A full index makes this volume serviceable; but we note some obvious misprints of names.

Biographies of public men who have published their reminiscences are obviously hard to write. Unless a considerable amount of new and significant material is available, one is shut up practically to the alternatives of restating, in more systematic or artistic form, what the subject of the biography has already said about himself, or else of making the man the nominal centre of a condensed history of the time. Theodore E. Burton, whose "John Sherman" forms the latest volume of the second series of American Statesmen (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), has chosen the latter method. With a man who, like Sherman, lived, moved, and had his being in congresses and cabinets, and whose range of intellectual interests was extremely narrow, no other method, perhaps, was possible; but the book has little of the usual

human interest of biography. To future generations, as to his own, Sherman will be known as one of the ablest of American financiers, the chief agent in bringing about the resumption of specie payments, and the framer of notable anti-trust and silver-purchase laws. He knew the Republican party from its birth, and was for the most part a thick-and-thin defender of its policy and creed; but he drew back from "expansion" and furnished some effective ammunition for the Anti-Imperialists. His disregard for consistency, indeed, more than once exposed him to attack, though it does not seem ever seriously to have weakened his influence. During the last years of his public career his utterances on questions of finance carried more weight, probably, than those of any other public man. Mr. Burton's plain and unimpassioned style does little to make Sherman interesting, and his book will not, we fancy, be much read except for reference; but he deserves praise for the conscientious thoroughness with which he has traced Sherman's official career, and for his evident reliance upon documentary sources rather than upon Sherman's hastily written and often inaccurate "Recollections."

"East of Suez" (The Century Company), by the well-known diplomatist, traveller, and author, Frederic C. Penfield, is mainly a series of detached sketches of interesting places in Ceylon, India, and China. Most of these spots are familiar, but described from his point of view in an attractive, often humorous, way, they acquire a fresh interest. An out-of-the-way trip, however, was that to the famous Ceylon pearling grounds, where, during the short fishing season, Marichchikkaddi, a town of forty thousand inhabitants, springs up on the desert strand. Built entirely of palm and rattan are bungalows, courthouse, treasury, hospital, prison, telegraph office, post office, and administration building. In this isolated spot, "hours from anywhere by sea, and shut off from the large towns of the island by jungle and forest, wherein elephants, leopards, and other wild animals roam, twelve or fifteen Britons rule, with an authority never challenged, more than forty thousand adventurous Asiatics." Still more remarkable perhaps is the fact that the health of the community is so well cared for—tons of disinfectants being used—that the deaths in a recent season were only thirty-two, though malarial fever is ever present. Among the other places described are the shrine of Buddha at Kandy, the palace of the Maharajah of Jeypore, Benares with its multitude of pilgrims and their religious rites, the Taj Mahal at Agra, Canton, and Macao, the Monte Carlo of the East. The book is not, however, wholly devoted to accounts of places which Mr. Penfield has visited. In the opening chapter, "The World's Turnstile at Suez," he gives many useful facts relating to the history of the canal and its commerce, to which is appended a discussion of some of the problems connected with the Panama Canal. He also devotes a chapter to the way in which the Kaiser, whom he styles the Trade Lord, is endeavoring to absorb the foreign trade of China for Germany. He closes his book with a characterization of Japan's commercial future and some hints as to how the United States should coöperate with her in securing the trade of the Far East. Fifty-five illustrations from drawings and photographs add to the value and charm of the book.

A second edition, somewhat revised and enlarged, of the Rev. Robert John Floody's "Scientific Basis of Sabbath and Sunday" is equipped with a commendatory introduction by President G. Stanley Hall (Boston: Herbert B. Turner Co.). Mr. Floody has had practical interests in mind in his study of the origin of the Jewish Sabbath and the evolution of the Christian Lord's Day, and his suggestions are in the line of enlightened common-sense.

A study of Jewish Messianic belief, from the Jewish point of view, has been prepared by Julius H. Greenstone, "The Messiah Idea in Jewish History" (Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America). Special attention has been paid to the Talmudic and Midrashic sources, to Jewish philosophers of mediæval times, and to the Kabbalistic writings. In his treatment of the Biblical period Mr. Greenstone has relied largely upon Christian scholars, and has employed freely the German literature on the subject.

Fasquelle will soon publish for Maurice Maeterlinck a new volume entitled "L'Intelligence des Bêtes et autres essais." He has also just finished a four-act drama on an episode of the Revolution, which he has not yet named.

Under pressure of the conflict between German and Danish nationalism in Schleswig a group of Danish societies publish a "Manuel historique de la question du Slesvig" (Copenhagen). The volume is handsome, and well supplied with maps and illustrations; it sets out the history of the Danish population in Schleswig with great wealth of detail, especially on the statistical side. Since it appeared, however, has come the sudden *volte-face* in German policy towards the Danish Schleswickers, perhaps a move in the suspected campaign of German diplomacy for closing the Baltic. The children of the Schleswickers who after the war of 1864 chose Danish nationality are to be given their vote for the Reichstag, and thereby the controversy that called this book into existence is, for the present, settled. The "Manuel" deals incidentally only with the greater question of Schleswig-Holstein, that agitated Europe so much between 1846 and 1866. In regard to any wider significance that the present Schleswig settlement may bear, it may not be out of place to recall a dictum of Bismarck's in October, 1864, that the restitution of northern Schleswig to Denmark would not be a great misfortune.

The German Orient-Gesellschaft has just published a colored plate representing the results of its researches, in the shape of a reconstruction of the Egyptian pyramids in the vicinity of the ancient city of Memphis. The plate is the work of the leader in this work, Prof. L. Borchardt, and is published by Georg Büxenstein & Co. in three colors.

The annual report of the Columbia University Press shows that in the twelve years of its activity the concern has sold 20,737 volumes, representing sixty-five publications. Announcement is made of nineteen volumes, to appear in the next two years. Of these, ten are to be the result of lecture courses at the university. In the list are the current lectures on "Party Government in the United States," by Dr. Woodrow Wilson; next year's courses on the Blumenthal foundation, to be delivered by Representative Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts, and Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell; "Law and Its Relation to History," lectures delivered at the university in 1904, by James Bryce; and "The Republics of South America and Their Contributions to Culture," by Dr. William R. Shepherd.

Journalism is being added to the courses at the University of Heidelberg for the first time during the coming summer semester. Prof. Adolf Koch announces a course on the history, character, and importance of public opinion as expressed through the journalism of Germany; and, secondly, practical exercises in newspaper work.

The education of the Afghans on modern lines seems to be assured, thanks to the efforts of its enlightened Ameer, notwithstanding the opposition of his obscurantist nobles. Referring to this, he said to them in open Durbar: "I know you are all against me in the work of introducing modern education in Afghanistan. But I have determined and formed a plan, and now I will see who succeeds—I in educating you, or you in resisting my efforts in that work." By his orders the city of Kabul has been divided into forty school districts each having a primary school, from which the pupils will gradually pass to middle and high schools and from thence to the Habeebiah College, lately founded by his order. His scheme includes the establishment of technical schools for industrial instruction and a medical school, the text-books for which are now in course of translation into Persian. A special course of instruction is being provided for promising young men selected to be sent to Europe or to Japan at the cost of the State for the study of law, medicine, and other pursuits.

Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, ex-procurator-general of the Holy Synod of Russia, who died on Saturday at the age of eighty, was the son of a professor of Russian literature in the University of Moscow. In addition to his political and legal responsibilities, Pobiedonostseff won for himself considerable reputation as a scholar and writer. From 1860 to 1875 he occupied the chair of Russian civil law in the University of Moscow. In 1868 he published a series of lectures entitled "Course in Civil Law." This was immediately recognized as a standard work, and continues to be the authoritative treatise on the theory and practice of Russian law.

The death is announced of three well-known philologists: Karl Dilthey, Professor of Classic Archæology at Göttingen; Antonio Ceriani, Prefect of the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, an eminent Orientalist, and Friedrich Blass, of the University of Halle.

In the death of Blass classical philology has lost one of its most stalwart supporters. His life was in the mould of the great tradition. Born at Osnabrück, in 1843, he studied at Göttingen and Bonn, and was then for a number of years connected with various gymnasia. In 1881 he was called to

Kiel, and in 1892 proceeded to Halle, where his death occurred. Fame came to him early. His "Griechische Beredsamkeit in dem Zeitraum von Alexander bis auf Augustus," published in 1865, was immediately accepted as a standard work, and this was followed (1868-1880) by "Die attische Beredsamkeit." These studies in the orators led to his "Aussprache des Griechischen" (1870), and "Die Rhythmen der attischen Kunstprose" (1901). In the last-named work he seemed to many to fall into the common German error of allowing his erudition to run away with his common sense. Others, however, see in this study of prose rhythms the key to the much-debated mysteries of Greek prosody. But these publications did not exhaust Blass's activity. He labored for years in the field of New Testament linguistics, and was one of the most diligent students of the Greek papyri from Egypt. He was somewhat ungainly in appearance, but at heart a gentleman of the utmost simplicity and refinement. He will be much regretted as a scholar and as a friend.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

The Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle. By E. Barker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The writings of Plato and Aristotle are already almost buried under the exegesis of twenty-two centuries, and it might seem that there was little left for the twenty-third century to say. But apart from the fact that every generation must reinterpret great books for itself, progress in the elimination of error and the compact statement of established truth may continue long after the exhaustion of all permutations and combinations of ingenious hypothesis and erudite commentary. Such progress is distinctly discernible in the newest Platonic and Aristotelian "literature," and though we may not dignify it by the name of science, we cannot dismiss it as mere scholasticism. Mr. Barker's "Political Thought of Plato and Aristotle" contains, perhaps, no facts and few ideas not to be found in Newman's "Introduction to the Politics," in Henkel's "Studien zur Geschichte der Griechischen Lehre vom Staat," in Warde Fowler's "City State," in Nohle's "Staats Lehre Platons" (which Mr. Barker seems to have overlooked), in the writings of Zeller, Wilamowitz, and Gomperz, and in the various commentaries on the "Republic," the "Ethics" and the "Politics" which he has consulted. But he gives us something which few readers could find in any or all of these books—a lucid, sane, and rightly proportioned presentation of the entire subject, scholarly but free from excess of erudition and extravagance of hypothesis, philosophical but not expressed in equivocal Hegelian verbosity or pseudo-scientific sociological terminology, apt and suggestive in the use of modern illustrations without strained and fantastic analogies. There is no other book on the subject to which the intelligent layman may be so confidently referred, none which the authors of general histories of political theory may so safely follow.

The political and ethical thought of the Greeks is not, like their physics, superseded by modern science. Our experience is wider than theirs. But theirs was more intensely felt, more vividly and distinctly apprehended in its typical significance, and, as every reader of Thucydides and Demosthenes must perceive, more completely predigested in popular discussion for the final elaborations of philosophical reflection. Lowell lecturing on Democracy in England was quite serious when he said:

> He who has read his Aristotle will be apt to think that observation has on most points of general applicability said its last word, and he who has mounted the tower of Plato to look abroad from it will never hope to climb another with so lofty a vantage of speculation.

Prof. George Santayana intends no petulant paradox by the assertion that the ethics of Aristotle are final when supplemented and enriched by Plato. The sobriety of Mr. Barker does not go quite so far as this. He is well aware and constantly reminds us of the differences between the Hellenic city-state ruled by an assembly of all its freemen and the huge modern nations made possible by representative government and steam. "From the theory of the city-state," he tells us, "philosophy leapt to a theory of the world-state. From the theory of the world-state it has turned back in modern times to that of a nation-state. Yet through all its mutations it has retained a fundamental unity. Even if Greek philosophy is a philosophy of the Greek and for the Greek, yet the Greek was a man and his city was a state, and the theory of the Greek and his πόλις is in all its essentials a theory of man and the state—a theory which is always true."

The plan of the book is simple. About sixty pages are devoted to the Introduction and to the scanty remains of pre-Platonic thought. In the hundred and fifty pages given to Plato the ethico-political thought of the minor dialogues is skilfully summarized, the ideals and the essential significance of the "Republic" are presented in their true proportions with tactful omission of irrelevant detail; and supplementary chapters sufficiently explain the new suggestions or altered emphasis of the "Politicus" and the "Laws." The excellent chapter on Aristotle's Life and Times incorporates the best parts of Wilamowitz's brilliant essay in "Aristoteles und Athen," gives, mainly after Eucken, a good characterization of Aristotle's method, and tells the student all that he needs to know about the composition and text of the "Politics." Mr. Barker holds that the work as we have it is the Roman edition, with interpolated cross-references, of the author's notes for at least three separate courses of lectures. Of these only the two books on the ideal state (seven and eight) were composed with any care for style. Their natural place is immediately following the three introductory books on general political theory, and preceding books four, five, and six, which deal with the pathology of existing constitutions. In this distribution Mr. Barker studies the work through two hundred and thirty pages, judiciously blending analysis of the content with disquisition on its historical or typical significance. An epilogue sketches the history of the "Politics" to the end of the eighteenth century; and an appendix outlines still more briefly the history of the "Republic" down to More's "Utopia."

The earlier chapters of the book can be little more than an illustration of the truism that "the 'Republic' is much indebted to the seething of opinion which characterized the end of the fifth century at Athens." Mr. Barker's usual caution deserts him when he accepts as proved Dümmler's "discovery" that Euripides in his "Supplices" and "Orestes" is following a particular political pamphlet which modern ingenuity may reconstruct with the aid of Platonic parallels. There doubtless may have been many such pamphlets preceding or contemporaneous with the earliest extant piece of Attic prose, the Pseudo-Xenophontic "Constitution of Athens." But it is neither provable nor probable that Euripides took any one such pamphlet for his "source." His inspiration was the atmosphere of the Athens of Pericles and the Peloponnesian war. The very analogy adduced by Mr. Barker fails him. For it is by no means established that Euripides did versify the physics of Anaxagoras rather than that of Diogenes of Apollonia, or his general impression of the Pre-Socratics.

The chapter on Socrates is soberer than Gomperz, as Gomperz is soberer than most. But even so, more is affirmed than we know. The illusion persists that Xenophon could not tell a lie because he could not romance so charmingly as Plato did. The anti-democratic demand for special knowledge and efficiency in the statesman and the analogies of the scientific pilot, the physician, and the true shepherd, being common to all the Socratics, may go back to the master. But we cannot attribute to him the classification of governments which Xenophon extemporizes to show that he too has a philosophy of politics. Nor is it likely that Socrates, whose youth was passed in the Athens of Aristides, anticipated the reactionary pessimism of the generation whose first impressions of democracy were received from the post-Periclean demagogues.

The treatment of Plato is excellent. Slight changes in emphasis or point of view from dialogue to dialogue are noticed. But they are not made the pretext for carping Aristotelian criticism or for fantastic hypotheses as to Plato's development. The "Republic" is not pedantically scrutinized paragraph by paragraph, as if it were a bill on its way through Parliament, but is expounded as a work of imaginative art, embodying a few great ideas. Mr. Barker appreciates the true significance of Plato's far-reaching anti-democratic principle of specialization, and its logical connection with the severe training and enforced ascetic communism of the ruling class. As he well puts it, modern socialism "demands an equal division of material goods, for the sake of an equal diffusion of material happiness. Plato demands an equal abnegation of material goods, for the sake of that ideal happiness which comes from the true fulfilment of function." It would have been well to insist still more on the fact that this abnegation is confined to the rulers, and that in general the paradoxes of the "Republic" are designed to emphasize, if not to realize, the ideal postulate of all serious political philosophy, the combination of efficiency with disinterestedness. It is perhaps true "that it is not unjust to criticise the theoretic exhibition of a state based on ideal principles upon the ground that these principles are in

their application pushed to an excess." And there is doubtless for the majority of modern readers "something French in Plato's mind, something of that pushing of a principle to its logical extremes which distinguished Calvin in theology and Rousseau in politics." Yet closer scrutiny will generally discern that Plato himself has forestalled criticism by timely qualifications, explicit caveats, and self-directed irony. It is not quite fair, without such qualification, to say that Plato is hostile to law, and that his ideal is the absolute rule of the efficient man. Throughout his life he preached law to a lawless generation. Even in the "Republic" the guardians are tested by their devotion to the laws. And in the "Politicus" he goes so far in this direction that Mr. Barker, forgetting his former criticism, and forgetting explicit statements in the "Laws," tells us that "Plato's standard of classification is respect for law; and Aristotle is original in his use of a teleological standard, and of the criterion furnished by the differences between governments in the spirit of their rule." The fact is, that while preaching respect for law as the one gospel of salvation for Athens, Plato could not forbear to point out as a matter of pure theory that impersonal law is at best an imperfect substitute for the flexibility of absolute and disinterested intelligence—could we only find it. This line of defence, however, leads straight to the dogma of Platonic infallibility, which, though true enough, humanly speaking, of Plato, the artist and dialectician, would prove as misleading to the student as is the prevailing habit of captious criticism. And so we may cordially accept Mr. Barker's conclusion of the whole matter:

> Much may be criticised; yet the staple of criticism is simply this, that he [Plato] was too generously eager for the reign of pure truth and the realization of pure principle.

Reason, Thought, and Language; or The Many and the One. By Douglas Macleane. New York: Henry Frowde. $6.

According to Kuno Fischer, there are two things which the philosopher cannot neglect except at his peril: one is the "Organon" of Aristotle; the other, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason." In this treatise on formal logic the author has certainly not neglected the "Organon." His work is rather a restatement and a defence of traditional doctrines. It is significant that this should come from Oxford, for it shows a reaction against the extreme views of critics like Bradley and others, who have exposed so many weak points in the theories of the older logicians. Mr. Macleane rejects the psychology of the Associational school, and insists that reasoning is an active function of mind. According to him, however, all thought is reasoning: "thought without a middle term is at a standstill." Even "immediate inference" implies the universal. But here the author seems to confuse the mediate inference by which a rule is established with the practical application of the rule itself.

In so far as it deals with logic as an art, Mr. Macleane's book will be useful for reference, even if it is too long and discursive for the class-room. There is an almost embarrassing wealth of illustration, showing much careful reading, and there are admirable expositions of the syllogistic figures, of algebraic logic, and of that modern and cumbersome addition to the science, known as the quantification of the predicate.

There has been some danger that captious criticism by the anti-Aristotelians might impair the usefulness of formal logic as an academic discipline, and Mr. Macleane's treatise is corrective of the prevalent skepticism. But, in his discussion of extra-logical subjects, he is not always convincing. He holds, for example—and the dogmatic error is apparent—that logical necessity is prior to every other form of necessity, that "the notion of it is necessary in itself, as well as necessarily formed by our minds"; and he declares that the logician's starting point is "the reality of truth itself"; whereas it is the necessity not the reality of truth which is fundamental to logical science. His doctrine of the reason, as presented psychologically, reveals an adherence to the old "faculty psychology," and reminds one of the Coleridgian period of British thought. He attributes error not to thought, but to the will which is "the parent of laziness from prejudice, confusion, arbitrary assumption, and that inattention to the limitation of our faculties which converts nescience and suspended judgment into ignorance and error." While Mr. Macleane defends the principle of contradiction effectively against the objections of the new logicians, he misapprehends the meaning of "sufficient reason," maintaining with Schopenhauer and others that there is a sufficient reason of "being." Like the law of causation, this principle is applicable only to changes; for being as such has no sufficient reason. The premises of a syllogism are not a reason for the fact stated in the conclusion, but only for the inference drawn.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Macleane did not append to his interesting treatise examples of fallacies in deductive reasoning. His wide reading has given him unusual opportunities for making such a collection, which would have been a great aid to all teachers of logic.

CURRENT FICTION.

Felicity. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The merits of this book lie largely in its freedom from the usual features of the theatrical novel. Though it concerns itself with "The Making of a Comédienne," there is neither over-exaltation of the artist life nor over-insistence on its sordid side. Stage-folk are neither saints nor monsters, but have their faults and virtues like us others. If their manners and customs are more or less fashioned by the inverted demands of sunlight and electricity, their souls after all dwell neither in the aloofness of genius nor yet in the dungeons of depravity. The book may not be taxed with the twaddle of rhapsody nor the cheapness of melodrama; and this is perhaps more than a negative merit in a book dealing with stage life.

Aside from this it is a somewhat elementary story of a young woman, who rose by native gifts and special privileges of training to the height of her profession, and found that public success is a very lonely sort of affair. The story is rather of the effect of the stage on Felicity than of her career on the stage. She is shown as an absolutely successful artist, an attractive woman, yet a self-pitier, till life has widened her vision. "The Old Man," her master, who is the guardian spirit of the story even after his death has withdrawn him from its pages, is a world-favorite in comedy, but his maxims are less often of stage-craft than of the vagabond life of the open road. Neither he nor Felicity is avowedly biographic, but dates and places are given with minuteness; and there are positively objectionable local luggings-in, such as comment ascribed to "The Dean of American Critics," and Joseph Jefferson unburdening his mind to Felicity at the Eden Musée. There is no valuable art-criticism, but a certain amount of footlights and green-room chat, and a good deal of sound, homely criticism of life. If there are those nowadays who need to learn that the matinée idol may be a harmless fellow, with an ambition to "do the decent thing," or that the leading lady may combine intense passion for portrayal with a real liking for making pie, this is the book for them.

Frost and Friendship. By George Frederic Turner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Yet again history repeats itself in the matter of the doughty and casual Englishman who is called upon to divert himself, during a holiday, by rearranging the affairs of a sister kingdom. The "Prisoner of Zenda" was an ancient fairy-tale pleasantly done in modern costume—stage costume. The horns of elfland echo more faintly in later experiments of the kind, as the voice of the prompter becomes more clearly audible in the wings. However, not to break a butterfly upon a wheel, we make haste to say that the present narrative proceeds smoothly and amusingly upon its premises, *i. e.*, that there are quaint little principalities lying about in odd corners of Europe, more or less impatient for the transforming, if momentary, presence of some Englishman—any Englishman. From the gracious hour in which our linen-draper arrives at the court of Grimland (not in a business way, but as the invited guest of royalty), he becomes your only *deus ex machina* in Grimland affairs. It is for him to foil the plot against the sacred if flabby person of the King; for him to become, at the shortest possible notice, the champion tobogganer and curler of the realm; for him to win but not requite the affections of a queen, not to speak of the usual princess. He prefers the royal governess, not so much because she is his nearest athletic competitor, as because she is an indubitable fellow-Briton. And, having done their duty by the foreigner, home they post to domestic life and the linen-drapery. Winter sport supplies the distinguishing feature of the fable, many important events turning upon the "negotiation" of a certain perilous toboggan run.

The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Sweetest Solace. By John Randal. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The day of Black and Besant being over, innocent persons in search of pleasant fiction are hard put to it at times to find

anything worth their trouble. To such persons we cheerfully recommend the mild adventures of the lonely lady from the country who becomes the reluctant mistress of a great London house. Of course she is of noble descent, though she chances to have been reared in a Welsh village. Of course she finds herself snubbed by smart people and patronized by knowing servants, and eventually triumphs over them to more than her gentle heart's satisfaction. And not unnaturally there is a fairy duke, who conceives a project for relieving, and in fact annihilating, the loneliness in question.

From the same publisher comes another story of the same type, though distinctly feebler. Here are two lonely ladies in an English square. They also are from the provinces; they also are highly connected. They also have a fortune coming to them unexpectedly. One of them is even awarded a duke, though the other has to put up with a mere M. P.

Prisoners of Fortune. By Reuel Perley Smith. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A pirate tale of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, narrated with a garrulous simplicity suggestive of the manner of Mr. John Ridd of Exmoor. Like John Ridd, the narrator is supposed to be setting down in old age the record of his youthful adventures. His band of pirates with the lone maiden, who is supposed to be related to the chief but turns out to be a captive, naturally recalls the Doones and their Lorna. Here, however, the gift of marvellous stature and strength is apportioned to a second person, an act of noteworthy magnanimity on the author's part. Substitute an island off the Maine coast for the guarded Doone Valley, and you have a neat parallel of which the writer was no doubt unaware. The action is supposed to take place during the last years of flourishing piracy in the colonial waters. Pirate gold is involved, to be discovered at length by means of an oracular jingle and much pure luck. Then the rescue of the maiden and happiness ever after.

The Bird of Time. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Often since the days of the classic "Friends in Council" have groups of witty, beautiful, and clever men and women met out of doors or in front of hospitable fires, exchanging views on Shakespeare and the musical glasses and all the topics that lie between. "Friends of the Soul" in such circumstances always speak the same language—the language of mutual understanding—however piquantly opposed their attitudes may be, nay, must be. They have always read the same books and can follow each other's quotations (no sinecure in the present case). Mrs. Woodrow's book, sub-entitled "Conversations with Egeria," is made on this time-approved plan, and is a very agreeable blending of ancient and modern. Sitting with Egeria and her friends in her "sweet, sedate, secluded" garden, or around her birchwood fires, the reader may hear much good talk on subjects as old as the story of Joseph and as new as the balefulness of woman's economic dependence.

The subject oftenest under consideration is even older than Joseph—that of woman. Talked over once again, and freshly, it must be granted, are her head, her heart, her hand (both industrial and matrimonial), her logic, her charm, her development, her destiny. Even her clothes are glanced at, and, of course, what she likes to read and how she plays bridge. From the Eternities to Blouses the chatting ranges. It is much to say that it is all entertaining, sane and stimulating. Once or twice there steals over the reader the sense of having been drawn into a lecture course of economics. When Egeria belabors women who will not abandon clerical positions and make neckwear, there comes a horrid memory of what the writer herself calls "that bar sinister of the feminine intellect—the woman's page." A pretty wisp of story binds all the parts together. A book by a woman largely about "us women" naturally contains a good deal about "you men." But never does it fall into the humor-lacking acridities of its class. Many writers have done well, but this one has all the attraction of being *mieux femme que les autres.* The proof-reading leaves very much to be desired. Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey can endure a Bible "Sampson"?

The First Claim. By M. Hamilton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This is the story of a woman who, having made in extreme youth an uncongenial marriage, is tempted beyond withstanding to skip blithely away with a young subaltern, Charley Osborne, less from love of him than from aversion to her husband. Unluckily, in leaving this elderly and repugnant person she is obliged to leave as well a two-year-old child, whom, though she adores, she has not been able to enjoy because of the prohibitive attitudes of a stern mother-in-law and an ultra-competent nurse. Five years later she hears that her child is receiving ill-treatment at the hands of its new step-mother, and all her thwarted mother feeling awakes, goading her towards the recovery of her little daughter. Valerie's character is very well drawn, with never too heavy a touch. Half sweetness, half vacillation, she develops on the stronger side as the needs of her little girl make more and more painful appeal to her. Yet she never succeeds in being wise, for she has Osborne to consider—Osborne, who has married her, and who has always remained the soul of chivalry. The conflict of claims is the motive of the story, and the moralist may look for his innings in the fact that the two are irreconcilable. The ending in a ghastly triumph of falsehood makes an unsatisfying conclusion to a story of struggle not without genuine power.

Primitive and Mediæval Japanese Texts, Romanized and Translated into English by F. V. Dickins. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde. $6.75.

The un-Mongolian islanders of Nippon, who, in historical development, in physique, in language, and in the cast and working of their minds, differ from their Asian Continental neighbors, are here in their ancient literature seen living and enjoying nature before the advent of Mongolian influences, or of the Aryan religion founded by Buddha. Throughout the stream of the known history until the present time, Japanese poetry suffers no admixture of Chinese or alien elements. These crystals of thought expel in the very process of formation every foreign element. As with all great races of mankind, the earliest recorded utterances of the Japanese are poetical. The poems of the *Manyoshiu* (Myriad Leaves, literally, but only 264 in number) antedating the use of Chinese letters or writing, picture also a comparatively small portion of what is now the Japanese Empire—that is, the Yamato, or Kioto-Osaka, region. Some distant places, of course, such as frontier posts, are known, but China and Korea are beyond the ken of these early poets. These lands to the westward come into view toward the end of the period, in the sixth century, when the strange sound of continental speech served as the butt for the merriment of the island poet.

Frederick Victor Dickins, long an able lawyer in Japan, who learned his Chinese script in China, won his spurs in 1866 by translating and putting into English metre one hundred of the most famous early poems of Japan. He has now translated with annotations and introductory apparatus, the short poems, the long lays, and the "Story of the Old Bamboo Worker." These he has put into the first of his two volumes, with a full index, and the reproduction of a dozen illustrations in black and white from the old woodcuts by famous native artists. In the second volume we have the texts Romanized, so that one can easily study them with the aid of the grammar, which Mr. Dickins has prefixed. In the appendix, beside a generous glossary, there is a list with definitions of all the "pillow words"—without understanding which, no one can enjoy these exquisite pictures of early Japanese life. While not devoid of meaning, these words are rather to be described as fixed epithets, belonging mainly to the word following them as a verbal decoration, though sometimes necessary to the poem, both in spirit and in form.

Altogether, one has in these two volumes a sufficient apparatus for the study of the mind of pre-Mongolian Japan. It is certain that for a knowledge of real Japanese life, and for institutional if not chronological and political history, these texts exceed in value all other early writings, with the exception of the Kojiki or "Ancient Annals" (712 A. D.), together with the same body of myths and legends encased in borrowed Chinese literary forms and called the Nihongi. Here we have the mirror of a primitive people sensitive to that wonderful beauty of mountain and sea, valley, plain, and river, with all its amazing changes and coloring. Lovers, too, are seen to be much the same as in our day, playing the same tricks, circumventing authority, and finding the same joys. The morality of these poems leaves pretty much everything to be desired. On the other hand, they reflect deep parental affection, Friendship between those in the capital and absentees on the frontier is often exquisitely illustrated, while the eternal feminine lives throughout all.

Those who have enjoyed Prof. B. H. Chamberlain's "Classical Poetry of the Jap-

anese" have now the opportunity to compare the original with Mr. Dickins's literal rendering and Chamberlain's rather free versions and versifications. As Dr. Verbeck once put it, Chamberlain's work may be likened to a Shinto shrine taken to pieces and built up again in the open lawn of an English park, with a goodly proportion of Western taste and elements of beauty and ornamentation introduced into it. In Chamberlain we have archaic conceits dressed out in modern rhetoric and poetic style; in Dickins, simplicity and accuracy without poetic or translator's license. It would be easy perhaps to find fault here and there in Mr. Dickins's unrhymed literal translations; but it is practically impossible to do the original justice in English. He has at any rate succeeded in preserving the climaxes of the Japanese text.

We have said enough to indicate that in the Manyo literature is an untouched world of beauty which will repay the student's exploration. The imagery seems to one acquainted with the fairyland of English poetry frightfully impoverished, for the Japanese language, with rare exceptions, knows not personification. Nevertheless, the verses have a charm of their own, distinct from that of Chinese poetry, while yet nearer to that of Western verse than either the pre-Confucian classic poems or the later products of Japanese literature.

The Diary of a Forty-Niner. Edited by Chauncey L. Canfield. New York and San Francisco: Morgan Shepard Co.

This purports to be the veritable diary of one Alfred T. Jackson, a young Connecticut farmer, who from May, 1850, to June, 1852, mined on Rock Creek, Nevada County, California; and as such is introduced by the "editor" as "a unique contribution to the history of the era." But there are indications that the diary belongs to the class of documents so frequently found by novelists in bottles, custom-house desks, iron chests, and copper cylinders; and that we really have the reminiscences of a pioneer, or of pioneers, thrown into diary form to permit the introduction of unconnected jottings on the yield of the placers, the methods of mining, the price of provisions, and the incidents, humorous and tragic, of life in "the diggings" in "the spring of '50." These details no more give the whole truth as to that unique state of society, where all sorts and conditions of men were drawn together from the four corners of the world by one master-impulse, than do Bret Harte's sketches, of which the editor speaks so disparagingly. But they do present certain phases of a life forever passed, simply, picturesquely, and vividly, and hence, whether diary or reminiscence, have interest and historical value.

But the "compiler," as he terms himself in the epilogue, soon subordinates the incidents to the effect of the unrestrained, open-air life, in the midst of grand mountain scenery, on Jackson himself; the influence of "Pard," an older, abler, better educated, and more experienced man, in emancipating his nature and broadening his mental horizon; and the development of the romance that led him to give up his dream of wedding a prim New England maiden and settling down on a Connecticut farm as soon as he had "made his pile." The diary closes with his departure for San Francisco to marry a French widow, pretty and vivacious, but "straight as a string," whom he had met dealing twenty-one in a Nevada City gambling house. All this is presented with a literary ability that makes some of the editor's foot-notes inept, if not impertinent.

Abyssinia of To-day: An Account of the First Mission sent by the American Government to the Court of the King of Kings (1903-1904). By Robert P. Skinner. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

The object of the American mission to Abyssinia in 1903, of which its head, R. P. Skinner, for the past seven years our consul at Marseilles, tells the story in this book, was to negotiate a commercial treaty. Though our cottons had long formed the most valuable part of the import trade of the country, we never had had official relations with the Government. The possibilities of an increase of trade and the need of safeguarding our existing interests led to the dispatch of this mission. It was a complete success—the treaty was signed, and we have now a consul-general at the capital. Mr. Skinner's party of twenty-nine, mostly naval officers and marines, left the coast on November 17, and was back in just two months, having spent nine days at Adis Ababa, the residence of the Negus. The distance traversed was about a thousand miles, a third being by the French railway from Jibuti, and the remainder by caravan.

The account of the journey is uninteresting, being largely taken up with trivial details. Nor does the author describe in an entertaining manner the lively incidents of the nine days at the capital. This is the more to be regretted as the Emperor Menelik is a striking personage, living amidst strange Afric-European surroundings. At an interview with Mr. Skinner he showed a phenomenal thirst for information:

> He knew of our war with Spain, he knew something of our war with Great Britain, and he had a realization, though vague, of our might and power. . . . He had heard, evidently, a good deal about the President, whose personality interested him much. He knew him to be a sportsman, and hoped that he would one day visit Ethiopia. He wanted to know his age, and how he had come to be President. He wanted to know the length of our great rivers, the altitude of our cities, and he seemed to classify the great variety of facts which he has the habit of thus absorbing, and to bring them out again whenever occasion required.

The humorous side of this interesting man is shown in his answer to a young Haytian, who asked him, as "the greatest black man in the world," to become the honorary president of a society for the amelioration of the negro race:

> Yours is a most excellent idea, my young friend. The negro should be uplifted. I applaud your theory, and I wish you the greatest possible success. But in coming to me to take the leadership, you are knocking at the wrong door, so to speak. You know, I am not a negro at all; I am a Caucasian.

The book contains much information in regard to the country, its people, their history, and religion, but it is simply gathered from easily accessible sources, and is not the result of personal observations. The international question as to the construction of a railway through the country to the Blue Nile, not the White Nile as Mr. Skinner erroneously says, is stated at length, though not very clearly.

A deserved tribute is paid to Professor Littmann of Princeton University for his studies of the Amharic language and literature, and aid given to the mission. Thirty-two reproductions of photographs, including a striking portrait of Menelik, add to the interest and attractiveness of the work.

The True Story of George Eliot in Relation to Adam Bede, Giving the Real Life History of the More Prominent Characters. By William Mottram. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75 net.

George Eliot's relatives have been biographically mute for so long that it is almost startling to find one of them—Mr. Mottram's mother was an Evans and a first cousin—breaking into print with a title which would seem to cast reflections on other biographers. But evidently no offence is intended, and the reader who picks up the volume in search of a sensation will be sorely disappointed. It is a jumble of family traditions, diffusely written, and displaying a marvellous lack of transition; but it is a genuine production nevertheless, and, with the aid of its many illustrations, gives one a sense of having really been in George Eliot's home country and among the people of whom she wrote. The autobiographic form, which the writer seems not so much to choose as to lapse into, his earnestness and religious phraseology, even a touch now and then of provincialism, as in "it would be in such a year" for "it must have been," all add to the value of his book as document. We see him reading in boyhood "Signs from the Invisible World" "until every hedge-row and hillside is peopled with apparitions," and listening to stories of Mrs. Elizabeth Evans's messages from heaven; and when, having in the meantime himself entered the ministry, he comes upon a wonderful novel in which she walks the earth again as Dinah Morris, that also is something to be "accepted" in a special sense and collated with tradition, its inventions being set down as deviations. Of the author he had merely heard from other members of the family—rumors of Mary Ann's superior education and zeal in housewifery ("her right hand," we are told, "remained larger than her left from the labor of making cheese and butter"), scandalized whispers of her loss of faith and refusal to go to church. He had no personal acquaintance with George Eliot until a later period.

The word *true* would appear, from the subtitle and the tenor of the larger half of the book, to stand in Mr. Mottram's mind for truth as opposed, not to mendacity, but to fiction; but it really covers more than this. Writing at the turn of the tide of George Eliot's popularity, he feels that there are certain current misconceptions about her, and contributes towards their rectification a chapter on "The Marriage with George H. Lewes" and one on "George Eliot's Religion." In the former he gives the story of Lewes's first marriage, adding little, in essentials, to what has been known all along. He refutes

two prevailing myths as to George Eliot's attitude:—the idea, natural enough, but unfounded, that her pleadings for comprehension and for the sacredness of human ties were inspired by remorse; and another notion, the absurd invention of persons who began to exercise the gift of prophecy after her second marriage, that she was tired of Lewes and had maintained only a forced fidelity to him.

In writing of her religion Mr. Mottram finds that "the piety of George Eliot up to 1842 was deeply genuine, without a doubt it was intensely practical, and all engrossing, but it may be questioned whether it was natural and healthy." He notes its decay under the influence of wider knowledge, but insists, not without truth, that "in her darkest hour of unbelief George Eliot was more Christian than she knew"; and he even ventures upon the conjecture, into which we decline to follow him, that, if she had lived long enough, she might have seen the veil lifted with her friend Mr. Myers. We cannot agree with Mr. Mottram in characterizing George Eliot's girlhood religion as "deeply genuine"; it has a crudeness and insincerity from which the religious tone of her family, as Mr. Mottram shows it, is as free as that of her own early books, and which is due simply to the adoption of a religious creed by a mind too immature to sustain its weight. George Eliot's maturity, noticeable from childhood, belonged to her character; her intellect grew slowly and came late to its own. Hence her susceptibility to influences, the faith or unfaith of the minds which attracted her leaving an impress on her own, of which we can trace the successive marks. But the power and habit of analysis is not a ready-made importation from one mind to another. What George Eliot owed first and chiefly to the growth and mellowing within of her ideas was what forms the strength and distinction of her art and thought, the "plenteous flexible sympathy," the attitude of almost timid reverence, with no abandonment of reason, the concentration upon human relations as containing at once the revelation and the working out of a gospel.

Science.

The Cambridge Natural History. Vol. I. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.25.

The somewhat ambitious attempt of S. F. Harmer and A. E. Shipley of Cambridge University to give the natural history of the animal kingdom in ten large volumes is almost realized with the appearance of the present Volume I. Only the fourth volume of the series remains to be published. The object of the authors is to describe the natural history of animals in the old-fashioned use of that term, in comparison with the more modern development of morphology, physiology, and embryology. On the whole the result has been successful, although the different subjects, in which no less than twenty-five English collaborators have taken part, have been somewhat unequally treated. The special emphasis laid on English types makes these volumes rather local in interest, but this is a slight defect.

The present volume includes four of the lowest groups. The protozoa are treated by Prof. M. M. Hartog of Queen's College, Cork. He records many isolated facts that the teacher will be glad to have at his command, but the amount of space devoted to the newer fields of protozoon parasites is regrettably small; for here the reader might justly expect to find some most interesting data. With this exception the section seems up to date. The sponges are described by Miss Igerna Sollars, lecturer in Newnham College, in a sufficient but rather too detailed manner. The extensive and important group of jelly-fishes, sea-anemones, and hydroids is dealt with by Prof. S. J. Hickson of the Victoria University of Manchester. His treatment is needlessly specialized, and lacks breadth of view and the diagrammatic presentation that this group of all others so well allows. The last group, including the starfishes, sea-urchins, and their allies, is described by Prof. E. W. McBride of McGill University, Montreal, who deals with the group almost entirely from the standpoint of anatomy and classification, and makes his faunal references to English types and not to American ones.

In attempting to bring together within short compass many scattered facts the authors of this and of some of the other volumes have failed both in giving a readable account of the subjects and in distinguishing between what is important and what is trivial. Perhaps natural history recognizes no such distinction; and if not, to adhere to such an antiquated treatment is unfortunate, since other methods in vogue permit presentation of most of the knowledge in more readable form. If, on the other hand, the editors intend only to bring together the best ascertained facts in each group, a far better arrangement of material would seem possible. After all, the main fault, from our point of view, is that no one of the present authors has shown himself capable of treating his material with the hand of a master. This is the more to be regretted since the articles of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" show that Englishmen can cover the ground in masterly fashion.

The Wonders of the Colorado Desert. By George Wharton James. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5 net.

To those who have experienced the joys and mysteries of a great desert, the sight of these two volumes, bound in desert colors of gray and blue, brings a thrill of delight. A glance at the table of contents provokes the question how comprehensive treatment of such a large subject could be condensed into these two volumes. Actual perusal, however, inspires a wish that the author had limited his field and compressed his material into one volume. There is no doubt of the enthusiasm which Mr. James possesses for the Colorado Desert, which, by the way, is situated in Southern California, but he should remember that a plethora of superlatives only weakens a eulogy.

Of the two volumes, the first is by far the better, and it is the more deserving of its title, since here the author concerns himself chiefly with natural wonders. As might be expected in a comprehensive work, written by one man, there is a decided lack of balance; the most cursory reader will at once perceive that geography, geology, and ethnology are the main interests of the author. In the chapters devoted to these subjects he is at his best; and it is a pleasure to see through his eyes the beauties of mountain, canyon, sand, and oasis, and to follow his excellent account of the past physical history of the desert. Plant life is well described, but in a more superficial way. Most open to censure is the treatment of zoölogical matter, from mountain lions to beetles. This phase of the subject deserves far more than the sixty pages of fact, largely adulterated with fable and trivial incident, which is allotted to it. Since, to use his own words, Mr. James is "neither zoölogist, ornithologist, nor hunter," he would have been wise to ignore zoölogical subjects altogether. He states, for example, that the mountain lion "has a maximum length of eleven feet from head to tip of tail," whereas in truth the largest ever measured in the flesh was eight feet even. It can, no doubt, "leap fifty feet at a jump" from a tall tree or a precipice, but on the ground fifteen horizontal feet is near its limit. The account of the mountain sheep, quoted from Alfonso de Benavides, instead of being the "best, for a short popular account," could not well be worse or more untruthful. The first half of volume two treats in considerable detail the relation of civilized man to the desert—his irrigation, mines, and sanitariums—and affords much valuable information. The latter half, narrating the various trips, is interesting, but repeats facts described in the first volume.

It is a pity that the text should be so atrociously illustrated. The "cowboy artist," whose three hundred pen-and-ink sketches are reproduced, should have stuck to cow-punching. In the case of figures of men, animals and birds his drawings are but caricatures. The all too few photographs are the only true pictorial aids.

A first summary report has been presented to the Académie des Sciences concerning the recent excavations in the Grimaldi grottoes, principality of Monaco. These caverns open behind the cliff just where it plunges abruptly into the Mediterranean. The bones of men and animals, rudimentary tools and other objects which have been discovered belong to a torrid epoch anterior to the glacial period. They seem to be the earliest remains yet found of prehistoric man, at least in such quantity; and the palæontology of the period to which they belong is also little known. The animals were naturally without the fur of the mammoths, woolly rhinoceros, and reindeer inhabiting this coast at a later period. France was then the habitat of the elephas antiquus, the hippopotamus, smooth-skinned rhinoceros, and giant deer. The human skeletons are of the negroid type, approaching simians more closely than the prehistoric men hitherto known. Their dentition is almost identical with that of the Australian aborigines of our day. The tools, made of bone, comprise needles and whistles. There are a few fragments of mural painting. The excavations were made by the Chanoine de Villeneuve and

M. Lorenzi. The human skeletons have been studied by Profs. H. Verneau and H. Boule of the Muséum (Jardin des Plantes), and the tools by Prof. L. Capitan of the Paris École d'Anthropologie and Émile Rivière, who have devoted themselves so specially to caves having mural paintings. Émile Cartailhac has classified these objects for the Musée d'Anthropologie created by Prince Albert at Monaco. The report was presented to the Academy by Armand Gaudry, so that these interesting remains have passed muster before the highest special authorities of France—a proof of their historical importance. They are certainly not repetitions of the famous Red Grots, excavated by M. Rivière twenty years ago at Menton on the same coast.

A great variety of students will be glad to have Prof. L. F. Barker's handy volume: "Anatomical Terminology, with Special Reference to the [BNA]" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.). For the uninitiated it may be added that the title refers to the anatomical names discussed for some years and finally adopted by the German Anatomical Society at a meeting in Bâle in 1895, being the most successful effort ever made to establish a simple and consistent nomenclature in the place of one of great complexity. Such a list, already widely accepted, in spite of certain defects, has value in many fields of study. In this edition the Latin names of the "BNA" appear on one page while the opposite page carries what are said to be "literal English equivalents." This part of the work is not altogether well done. Certain good English equivalents are conspicuously absent; we miss unwillingly, for example: chest, teat, gullet, windpipe, gut, midriff, foreskin. The medulla *oblongata* is the extended or elongated medulla (spinalis) and not the "oblong medulla" of the text and some dictionaries. That "ala" is a "contraction of axilla," and "axilla" itself again a "prominence of shoulder," will amuse both Latinists and anatomists.

In support of his contention that visual defects, overlooked or improperly corrected, are the cause of much ill health and the explanation of many unhappy lives, Dr. G. M. Gould has issued two more volumes, the fourth and fifth, of his "Biographic Clinics" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.). With a few exceptions the chapters are reprints of articles already published in medical journals. The strictly biographical studies relate to Balzac, Tchaikovsky, Flaubert, Hearn, and Berlioz. The author's theory that opium was a factor in the life of Flaubert for many years is interesting, and his account of Hearn is based upon an intimate personal acquaintance. The rest of the material is also largely "biographic," inasmuch as many cases are given in great detail. It would do much to gain acceptance for the general doctrine of the writer were it but presented with more discretion and less acrimoniousness, and, we may add, much more briefly.

In "Birds Every Child Should Know" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), Neltje Blanchan, has taken the best-known facts about our common Eastern birds, and put them into simple language for children. The chief criticism is the number of these facts which is crowded into each short essay. Children, as a rule, enjoy their nature study in more homœopathic doses; but when diluted with judicious interpretation by a grown person, this book must prove of great use in leading children to an interest in birds. Occasionally, without reason, human standards of morals are read into the habits of birds, as where the author advises every child to know the "contemptible" cowbird, if only "to despise it." A child should be taught to find the key to such habits—in the struggle for life—and to comprehend the artfulness of the cowbird in depositing its egg in the nest of another bird, as well as the wit of the warbler, which leads it to build a second story to its nest to avoid hatching the changeling egg. Otherwise we should "despise" all hawks and owls for killing birds and mice, and the shreik for impaling his prey upon thorns. Moult is very vaguely, or rather not at all, explained, the loss of the characteristic markings of young birds being described as a fading away. "Mrs. Bob-white," in the photograph on page 237, is a male bird. But these minor slips are few, and the book, as a whole, is well up to the standard set by the numerous pictures, which is very high. They are photographs from life by many nature photographers, and are printed in pleasing sepia tones.

A new edition of Mabel Osgood Wright's excellent "Birdcraft" (The Macmillan Co.) is always welcome. Its especial value lies in the way in which the principal facts concerning a bird—length, color, song, season, distribution, nest, and eggs—are set off in distinct paragraphs, making reference easy and direct. The only change from the old editions is the absence of the badly-colored plates of minute figures of birds and the substitution of eighty uncolored plates by Fuertes, including some of this artist's best work. Many of these are from the 1903 edition of Coues's "Key."

Prof. Ernst von Bergmann, the celebrated German surgeon, died at Wiesbaden on Monday. He was born at Royen, Livonia, in 1836, and studied medicine at the Universities of Dorpat, Vienna, and Berlin. During the Austrian-Prussian war of 1866 he was at the head of the Military Hospital at Koeniginhoff, Bohemia; and during the Franco-Prussian war he directed the military hospitals at Mannheim and at Carlsruhe. He was appointed professor of surgery at Dorpat in 1871, and remained there until the outbreak of the Turko-Russian war, when he was attached to the Russian army of the Danube as consulting surgeon. In 1878 he became chief surgeon of the hospital at Wurtzburg; and was called in 1882 to succeed Prof. von Langenbeck in the chair of surgery at the University of Berlin and in the direction of the surgical clinic of that city. Von Bergmann's contribution to the scientific advancement of surgery can hardly be overestimated. His chief interests lay in the study of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, and in advanced research concerning the diseases of the brain. When he entered upon his professional career the complications of so-called "wound fevers," which arose from countless sources of infection, still terrorized the victims of gunshot wounds and the subjects of surgical operations. The knowledge of bacteriology was still in its infancy, and such antiseptic methods as had been inaugurated took the simple form of excluding air from the wound by means of antiseptic dressings. Von Bergmann took the further step of vetoing the use of steel probes, which had been a fertile source of infection. His experiments in the Turko-Russian campaign became the basis for the later developments in antiseptic surgery. He wrote much on his specialties. Among his works we may note: "Die Resultate der Gelenkresektionen im Krieg," 1872; "Die Behandlnng der Schusswunden des Kniegelenks im Krieg," 1878; in several of his later works he collaborated with other medical authorities. His seventieth birthday, as we noted in our issue of January 3, was made the occasion of a national expression of esteem. Forty delegations called upon him to express appreciation of his services. Dr. von Bergmann was not only great in his profession, but with the wide sympathies and culture which are found in the highest type of German scholarship he had devoted time to the appreciative study of art, music, and the drama. He was everywhere recognized as a leader among those who work for the public welfare.

The many young students, the many unknown foreigners, who profited for many years by the counsel of the late Henri Moissan and by free access to his laboratory after he was already a great man, and when time was valuable to him, will be glad to see the following lines which his latest pupils have thought it necessary to publish *in justam memoriam*:

Greatly occupied as he was by the exacting work of committees and learned societies of which he was a member, he still passed long hours daily in his laboratory, advising and stimulating each one of his pupils. On the spot he put aside every preoccupation foreign to his researches, and set to work himself with invariable good-nature, patience, and tenacity, giving those around him the example of his incomparable technical ability and sureness of appreciation. Those who were only acquainted with his *ex cathedra* teaching cannot realize how carefully he kept himself abreast of new physico-chemical theories. In his lessons, while striving to bring into relief important experimental facts, he never failed to point out with exact words the à priori concepts of present-day chemical theory. In his investigations he always kept in mind the newest methods, and his capacious memory let no physical discoverics pass unnoticed, when they could help to guide the experimenter in new ways. The most minute researches did not repel him; and his work in the desiccation of gases and on the influence of traces of water in numerous reactions show, among other things, that he pushed precision in his experiments as far as possible whenever it seemed useful to him.

This note was called forth by a criticism published in the *Revue Scientifique*.

Drama.

ERMETE NOVELLI.

If a dramatic imagination and executive capacity—the mimetic power of impersonation, complete control of facial and vocal expression, and mastery of all known theatrical expedients—were the whole of histrionic genius, Ermete Novelli, now playing in the Lyric Theatre, would take his

place with the greatest actors known to theatrical history. As it is, his versatility, his remarkable skill, and his wide range, put him in a class by himself so far as any visible rivals on the English-speaking stage are concerned. But in the ultimate analysis of acting, in any endeavor to establish a comparative standard of excellence between highly accomplished performers, the general conception of a p r often counts for more than the most dazzling brilliancies of execution. As in a poem, the beauty, pathos, or nobility of a sentiment gives special value to the words which express it, so in a stage impersonation the beauty, pathos, or nobility of a suggested ideal will atone for occasional imperfections of utterance. On the other hand, no richness or splendor of mere theatrical artifice can extort admiration or sympathy for a conception that is fundamentally mean, paltry, coarse, or common. A failure to discern the finer elements in a poet's creation marks a corresponding defect in the understanding or the fancy of the interpreter.

It was by his performance of the part of Corrado in Giacometti's "La Morte Civile" that Signor Novelli confirmed the suspicion, excited by his King Lear and his Shylock, that his material skill was superior to his artistic instinct, his spiritual intuition, or his imaginative grasp. The fact that his Lear, while abundantly pictorial and devoid neither of power nor pathos, conveyed no sense of majesty in his state or of sublimity in his ruin, and that his Shylock exhibited no higher qualities than avarice, cunning, and savage hate, might be explained, in part at least, by natural misconceptions engendered by a perverted text; but no such excuse is available for his vulgarization of a stock character of the Italian stage. Nor can the shortcomings of his Corrado be ascribed to any executive disability on his part. Technically, it was a most striking performance, boldly and minutely wrought, fiery in passion, terrible in suffering, and occasionally pathetic in its fierce yearning; but it portrayed a personality which must have been coarse and common from the first, without any hint of former refinement or consciousness of an abysmal fall. In ornate theatrical device and startling contrasts, it was a far more elaborate and spectacular embodiment than Salvini's, but in essential humanity, delicacy of imaginative sentiment, and tearful appeal, it was vastly inferior. On the surface, Novelli's performance was sensationally realistic, but Salvini's showed the deeper and clearer insight, because it always suggested the nobler impulses which made the final renunciation logical and irresistible, not manifestly theatrical.

In Louis XI., an eccentric, material, and almost purely theatrical character, a study in craft, cruelty, paroxysmal cowardice and passion, Novelli was superb. A more vital realization of Delavigne's stage monster could scarcely be imagined. The intellectual alertness, the moral depravity, and the physical decay were denoted with a diabolical veracity. It was a great histrionic achievement, but it is to be noted that in all the complexities of the part there is no demand anywhere for a single note of the higher human emotions; no gleam of love, sympathy, tenderness, pride, or honor. Only the baser, elemental, commonest instincts of humanity are involved. That Signor Novelli excels chiefly in the interpretation of these commoner human traits and often fails to comprehend or, at any rate to dwell upon the nobler elements in the assumed character, was again indicated in his Othello, in which the animal side, with its amorousness, suspicion, jealousy, and furious passion, was depicted with startling vividness, vanity, and physical power, while of the noble Moor, whom Lodovico knew and who fascinated Desdemona, there was scarcely a trace. There are precedents and authority for a certain rough ferocity in some of the crises of the Moor's torment, but there are many opportunities in the earlier scenes to show the finer qualities of the man; and of these signs Novelli failed to avail himself. Thus it came to pass that his impersonation, while full of brilliant histrionic achievement, was, on the whole, unattractive and unsympathetic. Salvini's was infinitely superior to it in almost every respect, in dignity, distinction, true tragic inspiration, and emotional eloquence—Novelli's astonishing versatility received another illustration in his performance of Geronte, in Goldoni's "Il Burbero Benefico," but the portrayal of extravagant choleric humor makes no great demand upon the higher intellectual or imaginative faculties. Many players of secondary rank have had this gift.

Students of pre-Shakespearean drama will be glad to get in D. C. Heath & Co.'s Belles-Lettres Series "Supposes," translated from the Italian by George Gascoigne, and "Jocasta," translated by Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmersh. The editor, Dr. John W. Cunliffe, associate professor of English at McGill, has done his work well. He has given us short biographies of Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh, concerning whom but little is known. He sketches briefly the development of the Italian drama of the Renaissance, with particular attention to Ariosto's "Suppositi", and Ludovico Dolce's "Giocasta," the two plays that Gascoigne translated. The notes to "Supposes" cite the references to it in contemporary Italian as well as English literature, and give the Italian original of many of the more interesting passages. "Jocasta" is printed with the Italian "Giocasta" in full on the opposite page. The volume, so cheap and so well printed, is a useful addition to our literature on the history of the drama.

We have so often pointed to the admirable qualities of the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare published by T. Y. Crowell & Co. that we may be excused from doing more than name the latest issue, "Much Ado About Nothing."

Chatto & Windus are preparing a series of volumes to contain reprints of the sources drawn on by Shakespeare for his plays. Professor Gollancz is general editor of the series, which is to be issued in the style of the King's Classics.

Mme. Nazimova has in rehearsal a new comedy, from the Italian by Roberto Bracco, which will be produced at the Princess Theatre for the first time on Monday, April 8.

Music.

Gregorian Chant for the Teacher, the Choir, and the School. By Edmund G. Hurley. New York: G. Schirmer.

When Mendelssohn heard the ancient Gregorian music to the Passion in the Holy Week services sung in Italy he wrote home:

> It does irritate me to hear such sacred and touching words sung to such insignificant music. They say it is *canto fermo*, Gregorian, etc. No matter. If at that period there was neither the feeling nor the capacity to write in a different style, at all events we have now the power to do so.

Nor was Mendelssohn the only musician who disliked the Gregorian Chant. Rossini once wrote to Liszt that if he lived, as Liszt did, with the Pope, he would fall at his knees and beg him to revoke his edict regarding the restoration of the old Gregorian service and the exclusion of women from the choir.

It will thus be seen that Pius X. was not the first Pope who made special efforts to restore the use of Gregorian chant by the people. His *Motu Proprio* of November 22, 1903, nevertheless created a commotion, especially the sentence reading: "Whenever, then, it is desired to employ the high voices of sopranos and contraltos, these parts must be taken by boys, according to the most ancient usage of the Church." The unwillingness to dismiss women singers had a good deal to do with the fact that, although the edict concerning the restoration of the Gregorian Chant closed with the words, "and we do by our present handwriting impose its scrupulous observance on all," it was very widely disregarded, in Rome as well as elsewhere. It was found that the exclusion of the more modern (not infrequently operatic) music from the service seriously diminished the size of the congregations. Two years after the edict had been issued, Archbishop Diomede Falconio referred to the fact that there were pastors who had not yet made a single move toward the desired reform. Inquiring into the cause of this "aberration," he was told that "it is difficult to follow out our Holy Father's instructions." It was in the hope of removing some of the difficulties which beset the pastor or choirmaster, who is anxious but unable to carry out the instructions of the Pope, that Mr. Hurley, who is organist and choirmaster of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York, prepared his little book on Gregorian Chant. In doing so he has been at pains to have the explanations and instructions written in such a manner as to bring them within the comprehension of those who are to sing the chant. He warns leaders against getting editions of the chant books in modern notation, because a Gregorian chant can be sung intelligently from its own notation solely. This old notation looks puzzling at first, but it doubtless has its advantages for the purpose in view. Incidentally, Mr. Hurley drops a number of general hints about training choirs which make it worth while even for those to read his book who are not convinced of the advisability of restoring the Gregorian Chant.

A book entitled "How to Write Music

Without Melody" would be very timely, but it would also be quite superfluous, for so much music of that kind is at present being perpetrated in Germany, Russia, France, and Italy that one gets the impression that it must be very easy indeed to make it. The English composer Sir Alexander Mackenzie remarked in a recent lecture that modern French composers had lately advanced to the writing of music in which no chords hitherto known occurred; only combinations of notes that had little or no relationship. His reference is chiefly to Debussy, the leader of the French secessionists. The audience at the last evening concert of the Boston Orchestra in Carnegie Hall had an opportunity to hear the latest product of Debussy's industry: three orchestral sketches grouped together under the head of "The Sea" and entitled "From Dawn till Noon on the Ocean," "Frolics of Waves," "Dialogue of the Wind and the Sea." The chief characteristic of these pièces is the absence of melody; even the admirers of this sort of thing admit that, but they assert that Debussy did not aim at melody! He scorns such an old-fashioned thing as that. Very well; let him write a single melody like the best to be found in the scores of Bizet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, or even Berlioz; if he succeeds, the rest of us will be more ready to believe that his lack of interest in melody is not of the "sour grapes" variety. But they will never persuade us that music without definite, original melody can be anything more than an ephemeral curiosity. Debussy in France and Strauss in Germany are the leaders of a large school of writers who are wasting much of cleverness in trying to prove that melody is not a necessary element of music. An admirer of Debussy has compared him to the proverbial French cook who can make a palatable and piquant dish out of thistle tops. Perhaps he is such a chef; but most of us will continue to prefer dishes made of more substantial material.

While Sir Edward Elgar may not be as great a composer as his admirers fancy, he is certainly original in one respect: he has applied to the oratorio the "to be continued" plan of the magazine serials. A few years ago he produced a choral work entitled "The Apostles" before he had written the conclusion. This last part was subsequently brought out as a separate oratorio under the title of "The Kingdom"; and the composer has intimated that still another chapter is to follow. After hearing "The Kingdom" under the composer's own direction at Carnegie Hall, one can easily understand that this process might be indefinitely continued. Dr. Elgar's official commentator has made the discovery that there are seventy-eight leading motives in the score, as against ninety-two occurring in "The Apostles." Many of the themes in "The Apostles" are reintroduced in "The Kingdom," after the fashion of Wagner in his Nibelung operas. Unfortunately, Elgar utterly lacks Wagner's gift of creating motives which not only characterize that for which they stand, but are also interesting as music; wherefore, in his case, the Wagnerian system, instead of being an aid, is a source of weakness. One soon tires of his insignificant themes and themelets, and the general impression given by the oratorio is one of monotony, notwithstanding some excellent choral writing and clever use of orchestral resources. There was a large audience but not much enthusiasm.

With the performance on Friday the opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House will come to an end. The cast will include Fremstad, Schumann-Heink, Mattfeld, Burgstaller, Van Rooy, Blass, Goritz, Mühlmann, and Reiss.

The last concert this season of the New York Symphony Society under the direction of Walter Damrosch will be given on Easter Sunday night at Carnegie Hall. Composers represented on the programme will be Wagner, Tchaikowsky, Verdi, Elgar, Massenet, Strauss, Schubert, and Haydn. Mme. Gadski will sing an aria from "Aïda," and "The Earl King," with orchestral accompaniment.

Among the artists to be heard here next season are Paderewski, Kreisler, Josef Hofmann, De Pachmann, Richard Buhlig, Ernest Schelling, Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Olga Samaroff, Augusta Cottlow, Rudolph Ganz, Harold Bauer, Jan Sickesz, and Katharine Goodson.

A circular has just been sent by the New York Public Library to music clubs, societies, teachers, and others interested in the scores and literature of music, calling attention to the material of this kind in the library. Of music scores, there are in the various branches about 4,000 volumes. Of the more popular titles, the library has a large number of duplicates. About 300 volumes of music for the blind are included. Besides the scores, the library has about 2,500 volumes relating to the history, philosophy, and æsthetics of music, and many works on musical technique and on the origin and development of all the more important musical instruments. A central catalogue of all this scattered material may be consulted at the catalogue department, No. 209 West Twenty-third Street.

Art.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPRING ACADEMY.

It is a strange and significant combination on the walls of the Spring Academy this year. The two societies which were in former years opposing forces—the Society of American Artists and the National Academy of Design—are now exhibiting as one body in the most important official art display of the season. The Academy, whatever its past, cannot now be accused of narrowness. The writer can recall no time when so great a catholicity of taste has been displayed. On this score alone the present show is worthy of study. Under the same roof are paintings by men who are inspired by the latest outlook on nature, and by others whose adherence to old formulas has known no change. For years the Academy stood for traditional methods in "seeing" and painting; and to one who remembers the annual exhibits in the Venetian Palace on Twenty-third Street the contrast is so marked as to excite wonder.

Of late painting has tended to leave the field of anecdote and to express those feelings concerning the outside world which may more properly be conveyed by means of pigment. A mood of day, the play of light and shadow on the landscape, or in the city's thoroughfares, the turbulence and volume of the sea, as well as its color, the vague mystery and promise of spring, the fruition of full-leaved summer, the chill and sadness of autumn, and the dazzle of snow-clad earth in winter—these, with the color, modelling, gesture, line, and character that mark the form of man under varying illumination, are some of the legitimate themes that engage the mind and hand of the painter of to-day. It is just here that artists of the old school were less sensitive, less strictly artistic, perhaps; they often mistook the right uses of their medium and sought to move the beholder by tale or incident; or, if dealing with landscape, they painted the portrait of a locality rather than an inspiring sweep of country made significant by the structure of the land and the hour of the day. It is now the sentiment of the scene, the emotion it calls up, not the strict delineation of its topographical features, that occupies the painter. In giving this sentiment he seeks to develop beautiful phases of color, delicate surprises of corresponding "values," and to invest the whole with a fine breadth and directness that testify to his generous and keen observation, his discrimination and distinction of mind. For, after all, it is character that tells in the long run; and selection, judgment, elevated point of view, are qualities by virtue of which a work enters the realm of art.

If one could visit the present exhibition, then, with a complete sense of detachment, forgetting small dissensions, with a mind familiar with the practices of the recent past and also with the drift of experimental impressionism as it has influenced French art for the last twenty years and more, one would be struck with a feeling of satisfaction and be amused perhaps by a consciousness of incongruity. Here, side by side with stolid, unillumined, stereotyped canvases, canvases that have been put forth year after year with consistent sameness, we are confronted by examples of a completely different point of view. It is the landscapes perhaps that are the most original. A new world seems to have been revealed to these painters—they have thrown open the door to outside nature for all who have eyes to see. It is an inrush of new sensations that thrills one through the medium of paint. Air, light, vibrant atmosphere, gloom of woods, mystery of twilight with its confused shapes and tonal beauty, moonlight in umbrageous village lanes, with white clapboard dwellings in subdued relation of values testifying to sensitive observation—these are among the results offered for the delectation of those who love nature and find here its interpreters. All this is a far cry from the obvious and often commonplace statements that a former race of landscapists presented to a public whose interest was in a locality rather than in cosmic beauty. This is one aspect of the current exhibition in which it greatly differs from many in the past. It is the world and its lovelliness,

its hours and its moods that have appealed to the landscape painters of the newer school; and one might cite a goodly number who are thus emotionally rendering nature in her essential charm.

Among the canvases in which this fresh vision, this emotional portrayal of nature, is happily marked is No. 231, The Golden Wood, by J. Francis Murphy, showing through yellowing trees an autumnal effect that moves the beholder with a sense of the transient and mellow glory of the season, the very breath of late October woods. An exquisite example of modern "seeing" is 284, The Old Church at Lyme, by Childe Hassam, a simple composition, spacious, calm-compelling, marked by taste in its well-disposed masses. Rising from substantial base to slender steeple, the church cuts the canvas, suggests the completing proportions, and gives the air of fragile altitude while conforming to an unstudied pattern of much distinction. This much for the design. The color is of a quality that might be found in some rare Persian tile, or better, in the opalescent air of a late summer day with a hint of autumn stirring among the branches of immemorial elms. This, with the pallid sunshine on the columns of the porch, the upper portion of the church silhouetted against a sky of radiant and subtle blue, makes a picture that touches, perhaps, the high-water mark of sensitive vision and achievement in the exhibition. It is in essence a phase of consecrated New England, and becomes art through a sustained and intelligent presentation of "the splendor of the true." River Rats, No. 18, by George W. Bellows, is so sordid a theme that it proves afresh that the artist and not the subject makes the work. Given a muddy, rocky embankment rising in the mutilated ugliness of transitional city improvements to the height of a third of the canvas, and above this unsightly bulk, unlovely buildings of factory-like character blocking all but a patch of perfectly toned sky, and you have the general structure out of which the painter has created a work of art. But he has done this by placing close to the heavy waters of the river a congregation of slender street arabs, nude, and panting for the cool but uncleanly stream. This aggregation of fragile and active forms, relieved by the massive and rugged formation of disrupted earth behind, acts on the imagination much as would some delicate conception of Cellini, in which his dainty figures appear more chaste because of their rough setting. Canaan Mountain, No. 61, by Emil Carlsen, is a dignified portrayal of a large and simple theme—sky, hill, and plain; but the treatment excites an emotion that it is the province of all true art to evoke. The balance of the above-named elements in the composition is satisfying, the qualities of painting, the actual pigment, are most agreeable, and the color fine.

The landscapes furnish the newest note in this interesting exhibition, probably because the habit of in-door labor and studio light incident to portraiture and figure work have tended to make results in this latter field less marked. The Interlude, No. 279, by Sergeant Kendall, is a figure composition, which, in its elements of color, line, disposition of masses and spacing, is very well constructed. Thus in spite of a certain want of spontaneousness in brushwork, it is too valuable in sentiment, as well as in design, not to be noted as one of the encouraging contributions to the collection. Among the other painters of figures and portraits there is competency with little that is new.

And it is the newer and fresher tendencies that one would dwell on—evidences of the progressive spirit which has seized some of our painters and which promises to carry them into the field of more legitimate exercise of their craft. This has influenced the figure men as well as those who paint landscapes, but not so strongly perhaps in manner as in matter. There are fewer "banal" subjects and more topics chosen for the opportunity they offer for artistic construction. What is most noticeable is a larger welcome to independent vision, a readier acceptance of the individual point of view.

FRANK FOWLER.

The following prizes have been awarded at the eighty-second annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design: Inness gold medal, Emil Carlsen, N.A., for Canaan Mountain; Thomas B. Clarke prize, Henry Prellwitz, A.N.A., for Venus; first Hallgarten prize, William Cotton, for The Princess; second Hallgarten prize, Hugo Ballin, A.N.A., for The Three Ages; third Hallgarten prize, Eleanor C. Winslow, for The Necklace; Julia A. Shaw memorial prize, Edith Woodman Burroughs, for a bronze statuette, Circe.

An exhibition of work in oil and watercolor by Charles Austin Needham will be open at the Salmagundi Club till April 6; and of paintings and etchings by Cadwalader Washburn at the New York School of Art till the same date. Among the dealers' shows in this city are paintings by Frank Russell Wadsworth at William Clausen's, till March 30; and masterpieces of line engraving, mainly of the nineteenth century, at W. K. O'Brien & Co.'s.

Rheims has received by bequest from the late Henri Vasnier a collection of pictures, mostly by artists of the "School of 1830." There are good examples of Corot, Daubigny, Jules Dupré, Millet, Théodore Rousseau, and Troyon.

Prof. dall' Osso's theory of a small Herculaneum has been recently noted in this column. In the *Tribuna*, Rome, for March 11, he now shows the practical bearings of the theory upon the proposed excavations. First, the task is less formidable than has been supposed. Recent observations have shown that the lava, which was supposed to cover the city, stops just short of the alleged intramural precinct. Above there are no more than seventy hovels, the expropriation of which should not involve prohibitive expense. If these views are accepted in Italy, they may accentuate a widespread dislike of the Waldstein project. If the work does not require enormous sums, nobody could blame the archæologists of the Peninsula for appealing to the historic *Italia farà da se*. Prof. dall' Osso sums up the arguments for the superior culture of Herculaneum as compared with Pompeii under the following items: the better masonry and pavements of Herculaneum, the rareness of taverns and places of low resort; finally, the fact that after the great eruption the refugees of Herculaneum settled in such old Greek cities as Naples and Cumæ, whereas those of Pompeii betook themselves largely to the provincial town of Nocera. He suggests accordingly that the excavations of Pompeii, which have already yielded about all that can be expected, be suspended, and the efforts of the nation concentrated upon Herculaneum. Such a change, we have no doubt, would be welcomed by the learned world everywhere.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* makes a specialty of the inedited, and the March number is strong in this class of article. Bernhard Berenson adds a third to the few pictures known by that rare master, who was apparently chiefly a miniaturist, Gerolamo da Cremona. The new piece is a predella panel, representing the possibly unique subject, Poppea Giving Alms to St. Peter. It belongs to Lady Henry Somerset, Reigate, England. F. Mason Perkins notes four new panels of the much exploited Sienese painter Sassetta. Two of these are in the small but interesting collection of Dan Fellowes Platt, Englewood, N. J. They are reproduced, and evidently belong to Sassetta's best. Among other articles of exploratory type, Guido Cagnola describes and illustrates Giottesque frescoes in the Lombard churches of Vibaldone and Solaro. It is a valuable addition to the accumulating evidence for a thriving Lombard school during the Trecento.

Italy's ambition to excavate on a larger scale than heretofore has been fully roused. Not only has it refused all foreign aid for excavating Herculaneum, but it is planning other undertakings of great importance. Ostia, the ancient port of Rome and one of the favorite summer resorts of fashionable Romans during the Empire, is at last to be excavated, and the work to be started within the year. An attempt will also be made to find the remains of the great buildings at Pæstum, to which both Greek and Roman historians frequently refer. At present the city walls and three magnificent Doric temples are all that can be seen of this ancient town. Moreover, the Baths of Diocletian, in Rome, are to be completely cleared. Signor Rava, the minister of public instruction, has obtained permission to expropriate all the houses in that neighborhood, and $100,000 has been conceded to carry out the plan. Finally, the money for the construction of the much talked of "Archæological Promenade" has been voted. This promenade, which is to be finished within three years, will start from the Roman Forum, will pass by the Colosseum and extend as far as the Baths of Caracalla on one side and the Baths of Titus and Trajan on the other. Preparations for a new Forum Museum, under the direction of Commendatore Boni, have already been made. To carry out these extensive plans the appropriation for excavations has been doubled and the yearly sum expended for antiquities and fine arts has been raised from $1,023,815 to $1,152,725.

M. de Mathusieulx has given the Paris *Figaro* a foretaste of what he has to say about his recent explorations in the ancient Cyrenaica—an unexplored field of immense possibilities in Greek archæology. He received less encouragement from the Turkish Government than during his three previous sojourns in Tripoli; and it seems likely that the ruins of the Pentapolis will re-

main hidden for some time to come beneath the Libyan sands. But it is something to have stood on the Acropolis of Cyrene, the city of temples and palaces, where Herodotus found a famous school of medicine, and, looking from the height along the African shore of the Mediterranean, to have identified the four ancient ports enriched by the trade in gold and ivory and ostrich plumes from the Sudan—Apollonia, where Plautus laid the scene of his "Rudens," a rock-cone with a marble-pillared shrine of Venus, and forty steps descending to the amphitheatre of its quays; Ptolemais, with porphyry edifices behind the three-mile circuit of its ramparts, and a giant aqueduct leading from mountain springs; Arsinoe, looking seaward from its hilltop; and Berenice, with its famed Garden of the Hesperides, mirrored in placid Lake Triton. From the ruins of Barka, Cyrene's rival, Louis XIV. quarried the colored marbles which still adorn his palace of the Trianon at Versailles.

By the injection of his own personality, J. C. Alfred Prost has made something distinctly entertaining of his pamphlet, printed in a limited edition, on the not enthralling subject of "Deux Œuvres de Greuze." From the amusingly self-satisfied expression of the "portrait of the author" at the beginning to the note on "Les Stroganov, Stroganow, Strogonoff, ou Strogonow" at the end, this aggressive personality is everywhere in evidence—a personality marked by arrogant self-confidence, fanatic royalism, hatred of foreigners, and the attribution of vaguely sinister motives to all opponents. M. Prost's main object is to prove that a portrait in his own possession is that of Madame Royale, painted by Greuze, and that a portrait of a child, by that artist, in the Museum of Besançon, is that of the ill-starred Dauphin; but such a controversy can rarely have been carried on in the tone of this one. Those who have had any doubts as to the reality of M. Prost's find are *les fats, les sots, les habiles, les envieux, et les prétentieux;* while Auguste Castan, author of the Catalogue of the Besançon Museum, who had catalogued the portrait of a child as that of Paul Strogonov, is accused of voluntary error and *arrière-pensée.* Another of M. Prost's treasures is a miniature which he believes to be the last portrait of the Dauphin, and apropos of this he makes a violent attack on Otto Friedrichs, an advocate of the claims of Naundorff, *un homme dont j'ignore jusqu'à la nationalité,* and who is therefore gravely suspect. Perhaps as characteristic as anything in the pamphlet is the fact that while the author gives us his own portrait, he does *not* give any reproduction of the two pictures in his own possession, from a *scrupule d'amateur,* and "not to deflower his collection." We must judge them entirely on his report.

We have received from Karl W. Hiersemann, Leipzig, Catalogue 330, "Manuscripts of the Middle Ages and of Later Times, Miniatures on Leaves Facsimiles." More than two hundred codexes are elaborately described in German and French, besides numerous single sheets and similar papers. The quarto size of the page presents the many facsimiles to advantage. In short, this must be reckoned among the trade catalogues that are also books of reference. We can mention only a tiny miniatured Vulgate of the thirteenth century, and an Old Testament of a little later date, both remarkable examples of French illumination of the best period; an Hours of the Paris school of the fourteenth century, with extraordinary foliated ornaments; a fine series of Persian and other Oriental manuscripts; a Greek lectionary with outline drawings; and, finally, the original manuscript of Beethoven's Sonata op. 96 for violin and piano.

It is not necessary to say more of Lionel Cust's "Van Dyck" in the Bell-Macmillan Great Masters' Series, than that it is an abridgment of his larger work (brought out by the same publishers in 1900, and reviewed by us at the time), with the addition of some new facts, bringing it "up to the level of present-day knowledge." These should give it a certain value, even to those who possess the essay in its original form, while to those who could not afford that splendid volume the present more modest publication will be doubly welcome.

Frederic George Stephens, one of the seven original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood founded in 1848, has just died, in his eightieth year. Mr. Stephens abandoned work as a painter at a comparatively early age, and became an art critic. Readers of Holman Hunt's autobiography, published in 1905, will remember that Mr. Hunt, as alone faithful to the early principles of the coterie, passed rather severe strictures on Mr. Stephens for his friendship in later days with the Royal Academy.

The death is announced from Cambridge, England, of J. F. Herring, aged ninety-two, at one time a well-known painter of animals and farmyard scenes. He was one of a numerous family, who all painted in the same vein. The best was his father, the original J. F. Herring, who began life by driving coach horses and ended by painting them. He was also the inventor of a peculiar type of farmyard *genre,* which had great vogue in the thirties and forties, and which was continued by his sons. The J. F. Herring who has just died, produced many clever little pictures, with horses or poultry or both as their chief feature. Many of these are well known from engravings and photographs.

At an auction at Christie's, London, on March 9, a drawing by C. Fielding, Landscape with Figures and Cattle, brought £210; by Meissonier, Le Fumeur, £493; and by Rosa Bonheur, Denizens of the Highlands, £441.

Finance.

INTERNATIONAL UNSETTLEMENT.

In the middle of last week, a report was circulated on the European money markets that the Bank of France, which occupies the same relation to the Paris money market that the Bank of England holds to financial London, would advance its official discount rate. The rumor was not credited. The French bank rate had remained unchanged since May, 1900. It had not been advanced during the struggles of the Bank of England last autumn, when the 6 per cent. rate ruled in London, and when Paris was practically driven to give up gold in behalf of London. Only on four occasions in the twenty-five past years has the Bank of France raised its rate; and for such protective action there was a visible reason on each of these occasions—the Boer war outbreak of 1899; the European famine, accompanied by abnormal gold shipment to pay for our wheat, in 1898; the collapse of the "copper syndicate" and the Panama Canal Company in 1888; and the Paris bank crash of 1882. No such conditions, it was confidently argued, confronted the bank now.

Nevertheless, last Thursday afternoon the French Bank advanced its rate, and on the foreign markets, after a brief pause of perplexity, an outbreak of general commotion and disturbance followed. Towards the end of the week, something like panic occurred on the Berlin and London Stock Exchanges; at London, all securities fell into demoralization, British consols in particular dropping ½ point in a day. At the close of the week, alarming rumors were circulated in financial London, and apparently believed in usually well-informed quarters. These reports were the more credible, because the so-called "fortnightly settlement" on the London Stock Exchange was to begin on the following Monday. Trades on the New York Stock Exchange are settled daily; within twenty-four hours after the bargain has been struck the seller must deliver his stock and the buyer hand over his check. In London, on the contrary, such settlements are made on fixed dates, separated usually by a fortnight. On that Exchange the buyer of securities may have closed his bargain only a day after one "fortnightly settlement," but he need not pay until the next ensuing "settlement day." Such a system frequently results, of course, in concealing, for some days, the straits into which a London operator may have been brought. In November, 1890, for instance, the "settlement" did not occur until a full week after Baring Brothers' failure; in the meantime nobody could know surely how badly the Stock Exchange was hurt. So of our own "May panic" of 1901, which recoiled on London. Wall Street had nearly forgotten the severity of the crisis, when, a week afterward, the most serious distress appeared at the Stock Exchange settlement in London.

That the "London settlement" this week would show the real effect on London of the Wall Street collapse of nearly two weeks before was a natural inference, and such expectation did its part in increasing last week's uneasiness. Yet the fears of last Saturday have not been realized in the event. The London settlement has passed off smoothly; no Stock Exchange failure of any consequence has occurred, and even Berlin, concerning which market equally grave misgivings were expressed, has failed to show the expected demoralization. What is to be said of so singular a case of misjudgment by a financial community?

It may be most clearly described as an instance of international unsettlement. London is always a more or less extensive speculative holder of American securities; and a fall of 20 points in New York prices

would impair to that extent the credit of a London investor in our stocks. But this is not all. Traditionally, a panicky stock market at New York leads to urgent demand for foreign gold to support our bank reserves; and in the present case New York exchange on London was already at the gold import point. In the face of such conditions and the not unreasonable apprehensions as to their outcome, the Bank of France had taken the step which was itself a warning.

There were several conclusions which other markets might have drawn from the rise in the French Bank's rate. Paris, alone of all great European markets, holds a supply of gold on which, in a possible emergency, other markets had thought they might rely. New York was known to have been negotiating for gold imports from that quarter. It was admitted, by all European financiers, that Paris was practically "financing" Berlin in the German market's time of stress. And if Paris withdrew such facilities, the chances would ordinarily be that demands would converge on London. But London was prepared to resist them; hence, very naturally, the misgiving and unsettlement as the test of the markets drew near.

The event thus far has happily proved that last week's apprehensions were needlessly acute. Of all the alarming possibilities then set forth, the higher French Bank rate is the only realized fact. Precisely what was the purpose of that institution in making the change of last Thursday, and just what the view of its managers is, in regard to the financial future, is not much clearer than it was a week ago. Two distinct inferences which may be drawn from last week's episode as a whole are that the world's great financial markets are at present more than usually bound together in the vicissitudes of the perplexing money situation; but that, on the other hand, all of them recognize the situation and are on their guard.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Appleton, Floyd. Church Philanthropy. Thomas Whittaker.
Browne, J. H. Balfour. Essays: Critical and Political. 2 vols. Longmans. $5 net.
Busbey, Hamilton. Recollections of Men and Horses. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.
Dillon, Edward. Glass. Putnams. $6.75.
Douglas, George William. The Many-Sided Roosevelt. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Doyle, A. Conan. The Croxley Master. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Eldred, C. Ballads and Lyrics. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
First Reader in Esperanto. Compiled by E. A. Lawrence. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Gaskell's (Mrs.) Cranford. Edited by Charles E. Rhodes. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Gordon, Samuel. The Ferry of Fate. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Green, Olive. One Thousand Simple Soups. Putnams. 90 cents net.
Haney, Wm. H. The Mountain People of Kentucky. Cincinnati, O.: Robert Clarke Co. $1.50.
Hamilton, Ian. A Staff Officer's Scrap Book. Vol. II. Longmans. $4 net.
Hawkesworth, John. Reinforced Concrete Design. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2.50 net.
Hay, Edwin Barrett. The Vivians. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Headley, F. W. Life and Evolution. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Hildrup, Jesse S. The Missions of California and the Old Southwest. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, A Bibliography of. Compiled by George B. Ives. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hough, Emerson. The Story of the Outlaw. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Houston, Margaret Belle. Prairie Flowers. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Ibsen's Works. Vol. VIII.: An Enemy of the People and The Wild Duck. Scribners. $1.
Intimations of Immortality. Selected by Helen Philbrook Patten. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.
Jenks, Tudor. In the Days of Goldsmith. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.
Johnson, Felicia Ross. Seamstress and Poet. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Kyle, George A. The Morning Glory Club. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Lady Nugent's Journal. Edited by Frank Cundall. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Le Dantec, Felix. The Nature and Origin of Life. A. S. Barnes & Co. $2 net.
Lillibridge, Will. Where the Trail Divides. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Loliée, Frédéric. A Short History of Comparative Literature. Translated by M. Douglas Power. Putnams. $1.75.
Loliée, Frédéric. Women of the Second Empire. Translated by Alice M. Ivimy. John Lane Co. $7 net.
MacCunn, John. Six Radical Thinkers. Longmans. $1.70 net.
McKean, Thomas. The Mermaid. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1907.

The Week.

Beginning with this issue, the editorial and publication offices of the *Nation* will be in the new Evening Post Building, Nos. 20-24 Vesey Street. The Post Office box remains unchanged—No. 724.

President Roosevelt's refusal to "make a speech" on the lines suggested, with so delightful a vagueness, by certain railway officials, should put an end to a chapter of absurdities. The gentlemen referred to have been reiterating two assertions—that the "campaign against the railroads" was solely responsible for the Wall Street disturbances, and that all such troubles would be ended if the President would only "make a speech." What was to be contained in this mysterious "speech," no railway oracle has told us; we suspect that none of them has been able to make an intelligible suggestion to the President. The reason is that they knew all the time, first, that "railway regulation" did not cause the crash in stocks, except in so far as the clamor of the railway men frightened their own shareholders; and, second, that Mr. Roosevelt could neither do nor say anything which would alter the situation as to the railway legislation. The Railway Rate bill has been enacted into law; what the States propose is a question which the States will themselves decide. As for the grave contention that a law proposing to keep the "water" out of railway incorporations would destroy vast amounts of invested capital, even school-children know that legislation cannot be retroactive.

It may be modesty for Secretary Taft's brother, in acting as the spokesman of his Presidential boom, to eliminate personalities and declare this "a direct contest between the friends of the Administration of President Roosevelt and his opponents." It is certainly not good political sense. If Taft were a man of small and unimpressive personality, lacking in moral fibre, incompetent in statecraft, there might be some point in thus reducing him to a sort of proxy, a mere abstraction representing somebody else's record. But he is none of these things. He would have been an available candidate even if there had never been such a man as Roosevelt. These tactics are as unfair to the Secretary himself as they are to the Republican voters of Ohio, who, after producing from their own ranks three former Presidents, certainly should be supposed capable of recognizing the right man now. But it has become a habit to test everything political with the Roosevelt litmus paper. Thus we can hardly blame Charles P. Taft for his method of simplifying a complicated issue. Too many Roosevelt successes have been won already on the platform that "them who is not wid him is agin' him."

Water competition being regarded more and more as the one permanent safeguard against railroad extortion. President James J. Hill of the Great Northern makes the further suggestion that improvement of waterways may relieve the present freight congestion. "There has been in the past," he said, "a feeling among some railroad men that waterway development would be inimical to railway interests. I do not think it would, and if this idea has not already wholly disappeared, it is in a fair way of doing so soon." In the popular mind, certainly, the idea that the railroads alone are sufficient to the transportation needs of the country is no longer held. This feeling we have seen expressed in the revival of river traffic last year in several streams where it had been suspended for a long time, and indications multiply that there are to be other instances of the same kind this coming season. Mr. Hill's interview will probably lend impetus to the organized demand for more money for river and harbor improvement. This year's appropriation bill was in excess of the $50,000,000 which the Waterways Congress asks to have allowed annually. Even an appropriation of that amount every year would merely equal about one-quarter of our outlay on the army and navy.

The English are quicker than we in some things. Our Philippine insurrection ended long before their Boer war. Yet complete self-government, with the defeated Boers in the saddle, will have been in working order for at least five months before our Filipinos elect their first General Assembly. The President's order, signed on Thursday night, leaves the date indeterminate, but the Philippine Commission had already fixed July 30 for the balloting. The appearance at Washington of the commissioners to be chosen at the same time will be a novel and significant incident in the next Congress. Secretary Taft, in a statement before a House committee, when the project for creating a Philippine Assembly was first under consideration, remarked that tho new body would doubtless "begin by trying to pass acts for the complete regeneration of mankind." Practical legislation is an art that neither they nor any other people can learn, except by experience. John Barrett's often-quoted comparison of the independent Philippine legislative body with the Japanese Parliament, however, remains on record. And the Islands can, at least, produce orators. It was announced only last week that the State of Illinois will be represented in an interstate oratorical contest next month by a native Filipino.

Chicago, according to the latest figures from the Census Bureau, leads the country in increase of population since 1900. Against an increase of 10½ per cent. for the nation, Chicago proudly points to a rate almost double, 20 6-10 per cent., to be precise, and one full per cent. ahead of this city. For the same period we are told that the population of all incorporated places having 8,000 or more inhabitants has increased by nearly 16 per cent. In other words, the enormous growth in Chicago and New York has been paralleled in most urban centres. At the same time, it should be noticed that all our great cities, with the exception of the two mentioned, fall below the general urban rate of 16 per cent. Thus St. Louis has increased only 12.8 per cent., Philadelphia 10.3 per cent., Baltimore 8 per cent., and Boston 7.5 per cent. The inference would seem to be that the rush from the country to the cities is directed chiefly towards the small towns because of contiguity, and our two monster cities because they *are* monstrously large, and only in a minor degree to cities that can show but a puny half or three-quarter million people; or else that such half-way cities as Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis act as pumping stations and feeders for the capitals of the East and West respectively.

The defeat of the attempts to do away with the Pennsylvania State Constabulary is of more than local significance. One of the numerous repeal bills passed the House, but none will become law. Thus ends another effort of organized labor to weaken the police power of a State. The National Guard has been assailed directly and indirectly in various quarters; the prompt attack on the new State constabulary is clear testimony to its effectiveness. But aside from the labor-union aspect of the question, a muster out of the Pennsylvania force would have discouraged efforts now making elsewhere to establish similar organizations. Nowhere are they more needed than in the South, where long stretches of country are practically without any police protection, either against lynchers or the individual crim-

inal, and where the sheriffs, as elsewhere, are often cowardly or inefficient. Two years ago it was hard to get any one in the South to see that a State constabulary would be one of the best means of preventing race trouble. To-day many have come to a different point of view. In South Carolina, for example, a constabulary measure has been under discussion in the Legislature. The success of the Pennsylvania experiment has had much to do with this change of feeling.

Public opinion will, we think, cordially support the grand jury in its indictment of Ira A. McCormick, the general superintendent of the New York Central, and A. H. Smith, the general manager, for gross carelessness leading up to the Woodlawn wreck. It is inconceivable that this, the worst of the Central's long list of accidents, should go unpunished. Nobody suffered for the tunnel accident; no one went to jail for the Hastings wreck, not even the brakeman, whose culpability was beyond doubt. When the roadbed gave way and precipitated a train into the river at Garrisons, no one paid the penalty; the Central, having at last awakened to a realization of its dangerous condition, merely strengthened its road. So far as laymen can judge, the guilt of the responsible officials in the Woodlawn wreck has been clearly proved. Both engines were partly disabled, the engineer was untrained, the speed dangerously high, and the roadbed at the curve had been reported in bad condition. If under these circumstances no one is to be punished, the New York Central should not wonder that the mass of the voters does not believe that the Public Utilities bill can be made too stringent, in so far as it affects the railroads and their operation.

As the result of the establishment of the General Education Board and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, there has been more careful and intelligent scrutiny of educational conditions in our colleges than had ever before been attempted. At last we are in a fair way to know both the actual status of the so-called higher education, and to ascertain which of the multitude of "colleges" and "universities" are what they pretend to be. The name signifies nothing, for, as the Carnegie report says, "it is not uncommon to find flourishing high schools which bear one or the other of these titles." The administrative boards of the two funds plainly have it in their power to help determine fundamentally what shall constitute the college in America. It is within their province to insist, for their purposes, upon certain definite requirements for admission, a curriculum leading in certain definite directions, and an adequate organization and equipment. The higher education of this country is largely in the hands of the small colleges, and not the great universities. The latter, from the nature of the case, are destined to be few; while the former are many. It does not matter that these many colleges are small, so long as they do actual college work. The lack of the lavish, and often bewildering, opportunity for selection in the choice of subjects presented by the universities with their unwieldy classes, is partly offset by the more definite character and clearer-cut purpose of the narrower range of courses offered, while the smaller classes mean closer contact with the teacher and with one's fellows. The small college, to seize its chance and take its proper place in the system of education that is surely coming in the United States, must, nevertheless, be a college in fact. It is not necessary that the colleges shall be all alike, for historical development and specific environment will differentiate them; and it will often be best for them to maintain their characteristic individuality. Their courses of study may vary indefinitely; and whether they favor an elective system, a prescribed system in whole or in part, or a group system will make little difference, provided they have a teaching equipment sufficient to attain their ends. Their admission requirements, however, from Maine to Mexico, should be substantially the same—at any rate in those essentials which mark the beginning of the higher as distinguished from secondary education.

One of the reasons advanced by the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education in support of a system of trade schools for children between fourteen and sixteen years of age, is stated as follows:

> Boys are not wanted in most of the skilled industries until they are sixteen years of age. The total result is a greater number of boys and girls from fourteen to sixteen years of age, most of whom are at work in various kinds of juvenile occupations, in which they learn no trade, are subject to little, if any, beneficial general education, and often to much harmful education from shifting experience and environment.

The argument is sound, and none the less so because it states succinctly the double view of the function of public education which we are getting more and more ready to accept. The school has not only its positive use, to teach children, but also a negative function, to keep children out of harm. In this State we have tied together the operation of the compulsory-education law with our child-labor regulations, by making strict enforcement of the one a preventive against violation of the other. The summer school gives the children a comparatively cool spot to play in. The evening school keeps young children, in their most susceptible years, from the maleficent adult surroundings of the factory and the shop.

France is not living up to her traditions of cosmopolitan intuition and sympathy—for example, in regard to the tariff. The French Government is said to be angry with us because we have shown no desire to meet her at least part of the way in finding some means to mitigate the rigorous, though inspired, provisions of our law. Impatient the Gallic spirit has generally been recognized to be, but that the French Government should grow petulant because a reciprocity treaty which it proposed in 1897 has so far failed to receive attention in Congress, is a little too much. We are Anglo-Saxons; we refuse to be coerced or to be hurried off our feet by weak-kneed, mawkish, mollycoddle sentiments of international generosity. What would these irritable Frenchmen have? Is not the Dingley act in the hands of its friends? Germany—well, Germany, in its rough Teutonic fashion, got tired and kicked up a row and had somehow to be attended to. But *la belle France*, we thought, had better manners than that. Friendship is a beautiful thought, but charity begins at home, and virtue assailed will stand patter than ever.

Out of the confiscated papers of Mgr. Montagnini, the Papal representative who was expelled from Paris last December, France bids fair to develop a sensation as exciting, for the time being, as that which followed the publication of the Hohenlohe memoirs. We look, however, to a different result. The German Chancellor's memoirs brought out the truth. It is difficult to say what will be brought out by the publication of excerpts, paraphrases, and vague allusions from the seized Papal documents, in this or that newspaper, save increased bitterness of party feeling and the appearance of a whole crop of personal enmities such as arose from the Dreyfus case. To attain truth in France you must *chercher la femme;* to conceal truth you must *chercher le cahier* or *le dossier*. The *Figaro* will publish facsimiles of two letters written by a well-known ex-Minister to a celebrated leader of the Extreme Right showing that the Government was courting the Vatican. Thereupon the *Matin* will declare, on the word of an "anonymous authority," that it understands the writer of the letters to have been Monsieur Dupain, and the *Aurore* will retort that the letters as photographed were stolen and incomplete, and that if published in their "integrity," they would throw quite a different light upon the matter. Duels follow as a matter of course, and in the

Chamber, Clemenceau is accused of selling the country to England, and in turn accuses M. Delcassé of selling it to Germany and the Pope. The full horror of the battle comes later, after a general amnesty has been published, in the form of a flood of *Mémoires intimes* and *Pièces justificatives*.

It is hard, indeed, that a German Imperial chancellor and an Italian minister of foreign affairs cannot meet for a pleasant two-hours' chat without being suspected of discussing the Hague Conference or the Triple Alliance. The latter topic, according to general opinion, would seem to have been the principal subject of the recent conversation between Prince von Bülow and Signor Tittoni. We are told that the existence of the Triple Alliance is threatened by growing dissension between Italy and Austria, and indubitably the events of the last few years have tended both to sharpen the feeling of reciprocal distrust and to remove the necessity of Italy's clinging to a partner she detests, by bringing her into vastly improved relations of amity with France. The riotous attacks on Italian university students at Innsbruck of some years ago are not forgotten in Italy; in the near East her aspirations are in conflict with those of Austria-Hungary; and very recently there have been reports of actual alarm felt in Italian Government circles at Austria's military preparations on her southwestern frontier. Recently published revelations dealing with the origins of the Triple Alliance have shown us that England's acquiescence in its provisions, in so far as they affected the Mediterranean balance of power, was one of the reasons which made Italy accept the alliance. With England so decidedly on the side of France, the situation for Italy must also change.

With the opening of what promises to be a prolonged agrarian debate, the Russian Duma has entered on that "constructive" programme of "fruitful" legislation to which it has been so repeatedly urged by the Stolypin Ministry. The discussion, it must be confessed, begins under no favorable auspices. Here, as in the question of amnesty, the Ministry has anticipated the Duma's decision by announcing its absolute disapproval of the principle of expropriation on various forms of which the vast majority of the deputies are bent. In other words, no broad solution of the land question is to be attempted, and the peasants are to be satisfied only by means of the present machinery of purchase and resale through land banks, with resort to expropriation in exceptional cases. That the Government should boldly announce its opposition to radical change is in line with the general policy of "strong-handed reform," with greater stress on the adjective than the noun. Perhaps the Duma's conciliatory attitude hitherto has served only to strengthen the Ministry's belief in its power to hold the country in check; or perhaps both the Duma's peaceful attitude and the Ministry's aggressive confidence proceed from a knowledge that the revolutionary zeal is slackening for the time. The dispatches say that the great mass of speakers in the debate are to be peasants "whose remarks will contribute but little to a solution of the question." How old Tolstoy's wrath would kindle at these words; and justly. Poor lawyers and statesmen though they may turn out to be, these peasant debaters ought at least to tell us what is the truth about the agrarian situation.

How serious the situation is in Rumania is indicated by the fact that Conservatives and Liberals in the Chamber of Deputies have agreed to bury their differences in order to make common cause against increasing anarchy. The Conservative Ministry under Cantacuzene has been replaced by a Liberal Cabinet under the veteran Sturdza, who as Premier from 1901 to 1905 was successful in coping with the disastrous results of a great financial crisis which visited the country in 1899, and in re-establishing the finances on a sound basis by dint of rigid economy. The Conservatives, on the other hand, have inclined to a policy of heavy taxation and broad expenditure. The Rumanian Government enjoys a monopoly of tobacco, matches, salt, and playing cards, exacts a direct capitation tax of one dollar and a half per annum, and levies an income tax of 6 per cent. on houses and from 5½ to 12 per cent. on farm property. With a population of some six millions, the nation has a debt of about $275,000,000, or nearly $50 per head. This is just about twice the per capita debt of the United States. The annual expenditure of about $50,000,000 would show the same proportional expenditure as in the United States, for a country whose wealth and resources are so inferior to our own. In other words, the Rumanian peasant would appear to be as heavily taxed as the Russian peasant; and if we add to this grievance the evil of absentee landlordism, we can grasp at least one of the conditions that have led to the present uprising.

Reports of a renewal of Moslem fanaticism in Morocco, directed chiefly against France, raise the question whether that Power, like England, has, as is often asserted, a "Pan-Islamic" problem on its hands. The *Quinzaine Coloniale* presents a condensed report by a French official who devoted the greater part of last year to investigating the situation in the French West African possessions. His conclusion is decidedly in the negative. The religious life among the Mohammedanized negroes is very intense, and the various orders and sects into which they are usually divided play a great part in their daily life; "but to speak of these organizations as secret societies formed with a view towards political action directed against us, is quite false." There is no common action among the great orders, nor do the members of any one order even follow the same political aims. The only danger arises from ambitious adventurers who aspire to establish their fame as *marabouts* or religious leaders, and traverse the country from the Gulf of Guinea to Algeria, claiming the character of *sherif*, or descendant from the Prophet; *wali*, or saint; and *hajj*, one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. These often create trouble. The report continues:

> In general, we may form a just conception of Islam in western Africa by imaging it in a juxtaposition of parishes and dioceses, under the headship of a *marabout*, in the midst of which new parishes and sees are constantly arising.

To the three older sects—the Senussi, the Kadriya, and the Tijanya—the writer adds two new orders—the Ghudf in Mauretania and the Tuhidites in the great bend of the Niger.

In anticipation of the introduction of the new Irish Home Rule bill, Lord Rosebery has set about forming a Liberal "cave." He announces that he will be against any measure establishing an Irish Parliament. This means that he has seen a great light since 1886 and 1893, when he followed and supported Gladstone in advocating such a separate Parliament. There is, however, no likelihood that the proposals of the Government will now go so far as that. The Irish themselves do not expect it. Something like an Irish Council, with an extension of the system of county government inaugurated by the Conservatives, is about all that is expected at present. Even against this mere beginning of Home Rule, however, Mr. Balfour is rallying his party to offer a bitter opposition. In a speech to the Irish Unionists the other day this statesman, so mildly philosophical as a rule, indulged in violent language. He spoke of "the criminal legislative conspiracy" of the Liberals, in connection with the Home Rule bill. Just what he meant is not clear; but apparently he dreaded the passage of a moderate Home Rule bill by the Commons, then its throwing out by the Lords, and thereafter a heightened agitation for the reform or abolition of the upper house, in which the Tories are so securely entrenched. But if the country really loves the Lords and the Tories, the Liberals would simply be rushing on their own ruin, and there would be no occasion for Mr. Balfour to get so excited.

NEW AUTHORS OF PROSPERITY.

Embittered railway men and their newspaper backers are now following a course singularly like that of arrogant high-tariff beneficiaries. They speak apprehensively and resentfully of legislation to regulate railroads, on the ground that it is a direct blow at our sacred prosperity. The tactics seem familiar. We are favored with tables showing the enormous amount of money invested; we are pointed to the vast interests wrapped up in our railway systems; we are asked to gaze upon the huge monthly pay-rolls and the great army of employees, and then the question is asked, "What condemnation can be too severe for the man or party that would imperil the ongoing of an industry so vital to the national well-being? Do you not see that American prosperity is at stake?"

At the hands of protected manufacturers, we have been long accustomed to this line of argument. It has often been put in the most brutal form. When Republicans in Massachusetts, whether disgusted at the blind and porcine greed of the extreme high-tariff men, or prompted by an enlightened desire to put fresh life into their own manufactures by admitting raw materials free, have spoken up for tariff reduction, the angry cry has come from Pennsylvania and Ohio: "Stop that, unless you want to see grass growing in the streets of Boston!" To-day, we are beginning to hear the same raucous voices on the part of railway magnates. "Why, we are the true authors and upholders of the unprecedented prosperity of this country, and dare you level an accusing finger, or direct a restraining statute, at us?"

This is a new use of prosperity as a fetich—something to conjure with, something by which to excite unreasonable prejudice and provoke the worst passions of the human breast. There is a sense in which, unfortunately, our national prosperity has become like the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians. We shout about it in the market-place for the space of two hours, if anybody undertakes to do anything which can be alleged to be in despite of our prized idol. We make this a convenient substitute for calm reason. Hysterically to affirm that prosperity is in danger, has been the only political or moral argument needed. It has stayed the hand of all Republican tariff-reformers, from Roosevelt down, these many years. It has killed treaties and blocked reciprocity arrangements. No wonder that the railway interests would like to annex so potent a political force. It is evident that they are trying valorously to do so by creating the impression that the President's attitude, with such State measures as the Public Commissions bill, pending at Albany, spells panic and points to shrunk markets, closed factories, and political upheaval.

In all this matter we need to keep a steady head and hold an even balance. General prosperity is, or may be made, a great national blessing. If it means increasing comfort and health and opportunity and education for the masses of the population; new leisure and power to drill the raw world for the march of mind; the purification of society and of politics, as men are left more free from the struggle for existence, in order to strive for purer manners and better laws —then abounding prosperity may truly bring joy to the heart of philosopher and patriot alike. But there is another side to it. Mounting wealth may mean declining civic duty. As bank accounts expand, consciences may contract. Prosperity may be made use of to induce men in office to "dodge and palter with a public crime." If this be too much the case; if money-getting and money-keeping be made superior to all questions of public justice, then we are bound to say of a state of prosperity thus perverted to base uses, what Wordsworth said of the insensate rush of Englishmen to be rich, a hundred years ago, "This is idolatry."

We do not believe that railroad managers, or monopolies sheltered by the tariff, have anything to gain, in the long run, by attempting to divert attention from the real issue. To identify their own contentment with the nation's well-being will not long be possible. The question really before us has to do with a sound public policy. Should there be a larger publicity in the management of these great properties, which are defined by the law as affected with a public interest? Should the States take firmer control of the railway corporations which they themselves have created? Ought blackleg methods of railway finance to be brought, not only under a moral stigma, but if possible within the reach of the Penal Code? If we answer all these questions in the affirmative, then there is nothing for it but to press on the movement to secure those public ends. Men who oppose, and who raise the old cry that prosperity is endangered, will also raise the old suspicion that, like the alarmed standpatter, what they really fear to be in danger is their license to prey upon the people.

A NEW STATE'S IDEAS.

Chances to fit out a new commonwealth with appropriate laws and institutions come seldom nowadays. The new Constitution of Oklahoma, drafted by a delegate convention for submission to the people next August, is the first such instrument put together since Utah was admitted, more than ten years ago. If there was ever doubt that the people of Oklahoma have ideas of their own, it was dispelled by the deliberations of this remarkable convention, which sat for 115 days and used up so much of the Congressional appropriation that there is serious doubt whether enough is left to pay for the first State election. Oklahoma's freedom does not broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent, but comes all at once and complete. Few vested rights impede the consummation of projects in which the people believe as a matter of abstract principle. Newspaper dispatches call the new instrument "the only State Constitution to be produced under modern conditions." As a matter of fact, it undoubtedly comes nearer than any other document in existence to expressing the ideas and aspirations of the day.

That Oklahoma would adopt a good many so-called "radical" ideas was, we suppose, generally expected; but the actual performance must surprise every one. It is a bad habit of States, which was pointed out by Mr. Bryce, and has grown much worse since his first visit, to embody ordinary statutory provisions in their Constitutions. "Otherwise," the champions of some particular reform sometimes naïvely say, "they might repeal our law if it didn't suit." If the statements of the local press are to be relied on, the new Oklahoma Constitution is absolutely the longest on record. It is so long that the newspapers seem to have no idea of printing its full text until they are paid for it out of public funds. A considerable proportion of this space is filled with matter which in other States appears in the ordinary session laws. That some stones were rejected by the builder must be admitted. Woman suffrage was defeated by a few votes. Negro disfranchisement and the "Jim Crow" car are not mentioned, because of the fear that a Constitution containing them would not be approved by the President. Our best information is that a determined effort will be made to engraft them after Oklahoma is irrevocably a State.

But no other Commonwealth can longer make a claim to be called "advanced." Oklahoma proposes to equal or surpass each of her sister States in that State's own specialty. The draft contains a prohibitory clause far more rigid than the Maine law, in that it forbids the introduction as well as the sale of liquor. Oregon's latest pattern of initiative and referendum is taken over, with direct primary laws as comprehensive as those of Wisconsin and Mississippi, including a practically popular choice of Senators. Elective State officers are forbidden to succeed themselves, after Missouri's plan for preventing office-holding rings. Railways are to be really kept from owning coal lands, as they are supposed to be in Pennsylvania. An elective State railroad commission, with large powers, follows the pattern of Montana. The books of corporations are to be as accessible to State

inspection as they are in Texas. Massachusetts is not more hostile to stock-watering. A fellow-servant law, such as is being fought for by labor organizations in many States, is here a part of the Constitution. So far as we know, this is likewise the first to provide in so many words for a two-cent-per-mile passenger fare.

There is an alternative proposition, to be sure, a Constitution on the old-fashioned plan, confining itself to fundamental law and leaving legislative experiments for future lawmaking bodies. This is a sort of minority report drafted by the twelve Republican members of the Constitutional Convention of 112. They intend to make rejection of the comprehensive and idealistic Constitution their party issue, but, as the indications go, with very meagre chances of success.

That the forty-sixth State is going to be in the long run less level-headed than its predecessors there is no reason to suppose. It is inhabited, as the census shows, by the purest native stock to be found anywhere on the Continent. If all the radical features of the Constitution do not work in practice, they can be amended. The real significance of the experiment is that it reverses the ordinary burden of proof, the customary presumptions of politics. What would be elsewhere entrenched interests or specially privileged corporations must take the rôle of innovators. A spectacle more delightful to the Western eye than that of magnates and captains of industry suing for a chance to enter the State is hard to imagine. In the end, however, Oklahoma, toning down its drastic legislation, is likely to arrive at just about the same pitch which her neighbors have attained by laboriously toning-up their statutes.

WHAT WE REALLY ARE.

Concerning "The American Commonwealth," Mr. Bryce said the other day:

> The book was really written by yourselves. It was put together out of many conversations I had, not only with statesmen in the halls of Congress, but at dinner parties, on the decks of steamers, in smoking cars, with drivers of wagons on Western prairies, with ward politicians and city bosses.

The historian of the distant future who shall attempt to reconstruct the archaic civilization of America in the twentieth century will, in lieu of such sources of information, resort to the advertising sections of our magazines. There the higher critic will find revealed a wealth of sociological data which he will regard as all the more valuable because it was the spontaneous expression of a nation's universal needs and characteristics. "Whatever may have been the ideal conditions in life, literature, and art that the early Americans strove for," Professor Toutsavoir of the University of Tananarivo will say, "there can be no doubt that these two hundred time-stained advertising pages of the *Straphanger's Monthly* tell us with infinitely greater clearness what these primitive Yankees really were."

"What was the average size of the American family about the year 1907?" Professor Toutsavoir will ask. And he will answer, "About twelve or thirteen. That fact is clearly established by a succession of full-page illustrated advertisements dealing with the merits of various speaking machines, games, and literature for home reading. The execution, judged by the standard of modern technical attainments, is, naturally, of the crudest; and time, too, has done its destructive work; but the trained eye can still make out a circle of faces ranging from gray-haired age to early infancy, grouped about a phonograph discoursing the sweetest music, to judge from the radiant delight in every countenance. We turn to another scene, entitled 'The Pleasures of Home.' A mechanical piano is sounding one of our own Chopin's marches under the soft touch of a slender young woman in white. A youth with extraordinarily broad shoulders leans against the piano, dreamily studying the upturned face of the player. Behind her, attentively listening, are three young girls, remarkably alike in appearance, the eldest about thirteen, the youngest about nine. In one corner, on the floor, two little boys and a golden-haired infant are busy at their games with building-blocks and picture-books. Watching them fondly we see a matronly looking woman of thirty-five smiling up at a strong-faced, clean-shaven man, some five years her elder. In a cosey nook, half-concealed by curtains, are an aged couple, listening in religious silence. With such evidence before us we may be certain that the whole outcry about race-suicide which has come down to us from the writers and politicians of that time had no other basis than a desire for notoriety and public office."

What were the chief occupations in those days? Professor Toutsavoir will answer his own question: "First, the painting of cottage roofs and varnishing of house floors and furniture. One industry was completely monopolized by men; the other seemed largely in the hands of the women. Contrary to what is usually believed, the Americans of that period builded for all time and with a sensitive eye for the beautiful. Else what is the significance of these various pigments and stains advertised to keep the roof from leaking for fifty years and not to fade? Nor is there more truth in the accepted belief that the American women of that time were the spoiled creatures of idleness and pleasure. We see them in these same pictures, unmindful of their graciously white fingers, their intricate coiffures, and their exceedingly expensive gowns of silks and lace, engaged in the simple tasks of varnishing the legs of an old piano, restoring a gilt chair to its pristine glitter, or even mirroring their fair faces in the sheen of highly polished oak flooring.

"Second in rank among American industries was the organization and management of correspondence schools. Yankee genius and system had totally dispensed with the need of personal instruction in every branch of knowledge, in every trade and profession. The universities were gradually closed and their faculties were concentrated in two or three great centres, whence by letter, telegraph, and wireless communication they disseminated instruction in law, medicine, music, mind-reading, financial speculation, tunnel-engineering, sermon-writing, executive ability, and horsemanship. Only inferior in importance to the correspondence-school managers were the compilers of voluminous popular histories, literary and natural science 'libraries,' and books of reference. Here again the intense domesticity which was so characteristic of the age finds a striking example. I have before me as I write a picture showing an entire family absorbed in the perusal of ten out of the sixty-eight volumes of 'Stories and Histories of All Ages.' The head of the family, with his faithful help-mate by his side, is reading the story of Paul's journey to Tarsus; two young lads are in the midst of Hannibal's exploit of tying torches to the horns of a number of infuriated bulls and letting them loose against the Romans; the baby is shrieking with delight at a picture of a hunter proudly erect among the carcasses of a large number of huge Rocky Mountain grizzlies.

"As to the philosophical beliefs of the early Americans, only a word can be said, or, for that matter, need be said. In their thoughts and their actions they were purely monistic; that is, they were impressed by the essential unity which rules in the universe. This is shown particularly by their inclination to find a remedy for all human ills, political, social, or bodily, in a single principle. There was a very large school, for instance, which believed that sin might be banished and death indefinitely postponed by adopting an exclusive diet of peanuts and grape-fruit; and some extremists within the school even asserted that to eat both peanuts and grape-fruit was irrational dualism, and so went in for peanuts alone, dubbing their opponents 'pragmatists.' Others gave their adherence to uncooked cats, others to all-wheat bread, others to dried figs, others to bananas, others to buttermilk, and so on. This absolute insistence on unity of purpose and aim has come down to us classically embodied in the pregnant saying attributed by

some to the semi-mythical Nebraska Man, by others to the poetess who called herself the Girl from Paris: 'I want what I want when I want it.'"

IS LITERATURE THE FOE OF ART?

Ever since Manet and the Impressionists came to their own we have had it dinned into us that to be literary is about the most despicable quality in painting or sculpture. This has become the very gospel of the studios. Atmosphere is held to be the only thing really worth painting, linear pattern or balance of color blots the only grace admissible. Such exaggeration was inevitable, and in a way salutary, for the painter's art had so fallen that it was necessary to regain consciously and with pain certain rudimentary conceptions of design that at all healthy periods of art had simply been taken for granted. The artist had to assert himself, a little bumptiously perhaps, against the mere illustrator or story-teller.

Inconsistently, these worshippers of pigment and detractors of letters appealed to precedent. Let us imitate the unfettered fantasy of a Giorgione, they said. Let us emulate the wilder inventions of the Gothic masters. Now, recent investigation has shown that not only the exuberant geniuses of the Italian Renaissance were in league with literature, but actually submissive to it. Herr Wickhoff has taught us that we must interpret the fantasies of Titian and Giorgione in the light of well-known Latin texts. We have learned that Botticelli must be regarded as in a fashion the illustrator of Poliziano and Leon Battista Alberti, while even the most savage and personal compositions of a Piero di Cosimo were dictated, stroke by stroke, by the hexameters of Ovid. And the artists of the revival did but imitate their mediæval predecessors. For every composition on stone or plaster it is safe to assume that there is a corresponding text. Every month some new parallel comes to light. Moreover, learned men intervened directly to see that the texts were scrupulously followed, nay, frequently prescribed the entire scheme. One reads, for example, that when Matthieu de Layens, architect of the splendid Hôtel de Ville of Louvain, asked instructions as to the reliefs on the bases of the statues of the façade, he was referred to a learned cleric and to a Dominican master in theology.

The result of such collaboration between bookmen and artists seems—surprisingly in view of current theories—to have been only beneficial to art. The painters and sculptors found in such definition of their themes not an embarrassment, but a steadying force—a point of departure sometimes for the loveliest and most solemn inventions the world has known. We are assured, indeed, that the artist prevailed in such case only by evading the conditions of his theme, and at certain periods this has been true; but nobody will, we imagine, assert that Giotto was a great decorator, in spite of the Bible and the Franciscan legend, or that the so-called allegories of Titian are beautiful in spite of the advice he got from his Humanist associates. The fact is quite the opposite. These subjects afforded a friendly soil in which the flower of visualized invention grew lustily. It is the absence of legend and tradition, the failure of all guiding principles except the love of landscape, that makes our art, with all its technical finesses and its experimental audacities, seem small and incomplete in comparison with the great art of the past.

It is unlikely, of course, that the alliance between letters and the representative arts can ever be renewed on the old terms. The artist will hardly again accept a position of tutelage, and, indeed, the right of letters to assume the superior position is by no means so clear as it formerly seemed to be. But just because the artist to-day stands on his own feet and takes orders from no one, it is doubly incumbent on him to enrich his store of visual impressions with those of the mind's eye. It is noteworthy that, the landscapists apart, the most inventive painters of the century just passed have gladly accepted the aid of literature. We find a Delacroix, a Burne-Jones, a Puvis de Chavannes, all fervent lovers of history and legend; while Watts, about the only painter of the century who made allegory mean anything vital, insisted ever that he was a painter of ideas; in other words, associated his work with that of the littérateur. These artists, if not in their narrower practice, at least in their course of life, may well serve as a model for the young lions of to-day. Not by denying himself the use of any faculty does the artist become great, but by cultivating all harmoniously and making all minister to the perceiving eye and recording hand. Books will no longer serve as a repertory in the old sense—for the temper of the age is no longer iconographic; but they will as ever powerfully stimulate the creative spirit. Even more, perhaps, the association of artists with literary men is likely to be, if only incidentally, helpful to their art. Mind stuff is, after all, a transmutable substance, and there may well be a point at which beautiful invention in whatever medium finds a common focus. The late Eugène Carrière, one of the most remarkable examples of the ratiocinative artist, used to say that "to the literary man ideas suggested forms; to the artist forms, ideas." The epigram hints at what one art may supply to the other, the representative arts deterring the writer from too vague an indulgence in meditation, the literary arts similarly emancipating the sculptor or painter from too barren and unintellectualized an exercise of vision.

Is it not time for us to reject the cant that what is good for every other human being is bad for the artist? There is a law of sacrifice in all success, but shall we contend that what enriches the personality in every other capacity cripples it before canvas or clay? When this seems to be the case, as it did with a whole generation of trivial anecdotalists and pompous aspirants to the academic honors, the trouble has been not too much literature, but too little art. An illiterate Meissonier or Gérôme would have painted no whit better, but probably far worse. We must admit that many persons with but the slightest artistic vocation—and possibly with the literary temperament—have tried to be painters and sculptors to the sorrow of us all. But against such misfits there is no immunity in any calling. Surely, no one who is born an artist need fear to compromise his gift by much reading and association with the makers of books—unless, indeed, he would deny that brains may still profitably be mixed with pigment.

BRUNETIÈRE AND HIS BOOKS.

The library of the late Ferdinand Brunetière, as we have already noted, is offered for sale; and an American has attempted to buy it for Harvard. Piqued by such presumption, Victor Giraud has written to *Figaro* with the avowed purpose *d'inspirer à quelque bon Français le désir efficace de retenir chez nous ce véritable trésor national.* M. Giraud describes this library—which contains twelve or fifteen thousand volumes—as skilfully chosen, patiently assembled, ingeniously classified, and, above all, in the case of a great number of the books, interestingly annotated. Brunetière, it seems, was a lover of beautiful books, elegant bindings, and rare editions. He had the collector's taste, though, we infer, he was too well balanced to let that taste run into madness. He belonged, according to M. Giraud, to the tribe of Sainte-Beuve and Silvestre de Sacy. His intellectual range was almost encyclopædic. Theology, history, philosophy, æsthetics, science, the classics, and modern belles-lettres—in all these subjects he found food for his mind. He had many first editions; indeed, he used to say that it is in a first edition that you see a writer face to face; in later editions you come to him through the medium of his publishers and editors; you are at least a step removed. He preferred Corneille in the edition of 1663, the Montaigne of 1588 or 1595; and in his view the most beautiful Ronsard is that of 1584. When we learn that most of the books over which he displayed such enthusiasm are in his own library, we can see why French bibliophiles

tremble lest Americans shall carry off the *trésor national.*

There are also volumes whose price in the market would probably be far lower than the price of such rarities as we have just mentioned, but whose value to a critic and a student of literature might be far greater. For example, there is the "Tableau de la poésie française au seizième siècle," with all the manuscript corrections and additions that Sainte-Beuve had prepared for a new edition. There is also a copy of Pascal's "Pensées," which Sainte-Beuve, according to his habit, had liberally annotated in the margins. These notes, M. Giraud assures us, are no less interesting than those of Sainte-Beuve on La Bruyère, which have been deemed worthy of publication.

But better than all are Brunetière's own marginalia. We have no patience with the impertinent scribblers who deface the books of public libraries with their silly comment. Nothing exasperates a sane reader more than to be interrupted by such childish irrelevancies. But the passing reflections of a Sainte-Beuve or a Brunetière are a different thing. These men of letters were accustomed to read with pencil in hand, underlining striking passages, and jotting in the margin the ideas which the reading suggested. Here you have a critical article in the making, "Les livres annotés de Ferdinand Brunetière," says M. Giraud, "sont comme le prolongement de son œuvre et de son action." In hastily scribbled words, which often appear so casual and disconnected, one may yet perceive the development of Brunetière's thought, of his critical principles, and of those convictions which made him—like Burke of a century before, and yet so unlike—one of the great pleaders for conservatism and the established order. The volumes which M. Giraud cites as of special significance are those of Bossuet, Vinet, Fromentin, Taine, Renouvier, Eugène Burnouf, De Maistre, and Renan.

The annotations on Renan's writings are perhaps the most illuminating; for there, according to M. Giraud, one can trace the principal steps in the religious and moral evolution of Brunetière. When Renan, in his "Histoire des origines du Christianisme," asserts that one finds in the books of the Buddhists parables of exactly the same tone and *facture* as those in the gospels, Brunetière, defender of the faith once delivered, underlines *exactement*, and writes "C'est ce que je nie!" For some of Renan's fine-spun metaphors Brunetière has nothing but the single harsh word "Galimatias!" Renan's endeavor toward an ingenious and rational explanation of the raising of Lazarus provokes from Brunetière a comment to which rationalists as well as Catholics may say amen: "Deny the whole thing outright and spare us your absurd explanations!"

In this sentence, we cannot but feel, is summed up the attitude of men, like Brunetière and Newman, who see no half-way house between full surrender to the Church of Rome and blank agnosticism. In the "Apologia" Newman laid before us the slow movement of his mind from Anglicanism to Catholicism. Once started in that direction, he saw no place to stop till he reached the end. The other way lay religious and moral anarchy, the destruction of the bonds which hold society together—madness. The parallel between Brunetière and Newman we need not press closely; but if M. Giraud has not read into these scattered phrases pencilled in the books of Renan a deeper meaning than they can bear, they are the raw material of Brunetière's "Apologia." He and minds like his must repose in a positive and external authority; he would look beyond himself and his narrow experience for the Great Imperative. From the philosophizing that resolved the God of Israel and of Christendom into a myth, the mere vision of a poet, or the hero of a folk-lore tale, he shrank with dread. Penetrated as he was with this conviction that outside the pale of orthodox belief all things were, as Thomas à Kempis has it, "full of trouble and unrest," he could look upon the "rational" explanation of miracles as only a paltering with the eternal verities. Lazarus rose and Christ rose; or else we and our creeds are such stuff as dreams are made of; and our little life is rounded with a sleep. It is because Brunetière can gather into a few poignant words the argument of a volume and the position of a whole school of thinkers that his annotated library may indeed be a national treasure.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In two sessions on April 8, the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the autograph collection of John D. Crimmins, the most notable offering of autographs in New York in a long time. The most important single feature is the complete set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The series of fifty-six pieces, of which thirty are full autograph letters, signed, and only two (Lynch and Gwinnett) are cut signatures, will be sold as one lot. Many of the specimens are very fine. The series of governors of New York is very long, beginning with a D. S., dated 1664, of Peter Stuyvesant. A number of scarce names are included, among them Sir Richard Nicholls (the first English governor), Jacob Leisler, Henry Sloughter (who served for four months only), Benjamin Fletcher, Lord Cornbury, Rip Van Dam, and Sir William Tryon (the last colonial governor). The mayors of New York city form another interesting series. Among other American autographs are Daniel Boone, a characteristic and interesting A. L. S.; Thomas Jefferson, a fine letter on the question of freeing the slaves; Gen. Henry Knox, A. L. S., referring to the evacuation of New York by the British; Lafayette, a fine A. L. S., three pages, 4to, to Thomas Jefferson; Gen. Richard Montgomery, A. L. S., his last letter, written on the night of December 31, 1775, before his attack on Quebec; William Penn, A. L. S., to the President and Council of Pennsylvania; Washington, a three-page memorandum in his autograph, being a plan for attacking the British in New York; Lincoln, a fine one-page war letter, dated Executive Mansion, May 27, 1861; letters of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Longfellow, Lowell, etc. The evening session is devoted to foreign autographs, royalty, famous English and Continental statesmen, authors, actors, and scientists. Two letters of Robert Burns to John Richmond, when Burns was expecting to sail for America to escape imprisonment, are among the most interesting. The series of autographs of Popes and Cardinals of the Catholic Church is very unusual.

On April 11 and 12, two sessions each day, the Anderson Company will sell Part V. of the library of Wilberforce Eames. This section includes the history, languages, literature, religion, ethnography, folk-lore, etc., of western, central, and northern Asia and Egypt. The catalogue has been well prepared, and specialists will find many books which seldom turn up in an American auction room.

On April 9, 10, and 11 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offers some rare items. Among the early English books are two copies of "Paradise Lost," first edition, one with the fourth title, 1668, the other with the fifth title, 1669; "Paradise Regained," 1671, first edition; "England's Helicon," 1600, a collection of verse by various authors, ascribed to the editorship of John Bodenham, of which no copy seems ever to have been sold at auction in this country; Brathwaite's "Barnabee's Journal," the extremely rare first edition, printed about 1648, probably the Foote copy, which sold for $200 in 1895; Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals," both parts, 1613-1616; Chapman's "Epicede, or Funerall Song on the Death of Prince Henry," 1612, as usual lacking the plate of the hearse; Samuel Daniel's "Works," 1602, his "Civile Wares," 1609, and the "Whole Works in Poetrie," 1623, all fine copies; Drayton's "Poems," Smethwicke's edition, about 1619; also his "Battaile of Agincourt," 1627, the latter in the original vellum; Lilly's "Sixe Court Comedies," 1632; Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Againe," 1595, and "Complaints," 1591, both good copies; Sir John Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea," 1646, first edition; and plays by Jonson, Middleton, Dryden, etc. The early printed books are numerous and important, including an uncut copy of Juvenal, Milan, 1476; two early books on music, Martinez's "Arte de Cantollano," Zaragoza, 1508, and Gafurius's "Regii Musici," 1518; and books from the presses of Aldus, Elzevir, and Bodoni. First editions of eighteenth and nineteenth century English writers include Coleridge's "Poems on Various Subjects," 1796, first edition; Cowper's "Olney Hymns," 1779, first edition; Goldsmith's "Retaliation," 1774, and "The Haunch of Venison," 1776, both first editions and both rare; a number of first editions of Pope; Tennyson's "Poems," 1842, boards, uncut; and a set of the yellow covered Miscellanies by Thackeray, all first editions. The auto-

graphs include an L. S. of Washington; an A. L. S. of Nicholas Bacon, the instigator of Bacon's Rebellion; an autograph receipt for fifty ducats by Raphael for painting done in the Vatican; a series of autographs of the Presidents, mostly full autograph letters, signed, including Washington, Lincoln, and Taylor.

On April 10 and 11, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the library of Major William H. Hodgkins of Somerville, Mass. The collection relates mainly to the civil war, and includes a remarkable series of eulogies on Lincoln, books on slavery, books printed in and relating to the Confederate States. and regimental histories, especially of Massachusetts.

At an auction at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's, London, March 16 and 17, Pope's "Dunciad," 1728, first edition, brought £55; the Kelmscott Chaucer, bound by Cobden-Sanderson, £61; the original manuscripts of Bret Harte's "The Devotion of Henriquez," "Barker's Luck," and "Susy," £82; Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, first edition, imperfect, £100; Ben Jonson's "Celestina," 1631, with his autograph, £50; a fifteenth century breviary on vellum, £70; Shelley's "Queen Mab," 1812, first edition, £53; "Adonais," Pisa, 1821, £92; Shakespeare's Second Folio, 1632, Aspley imprint, £220; "King Glumpus," 1837, £153; "The Exquisites," 1839, £76. Both these rare volumes were illustrated by Thackeray, and the text was formerly attributed to him; but it is now believed to be by the late John Barrow. A copy of "King Glumpus" brought £101 in 1906; and of "The Exquisites," £58 in 1898.

First editions of German authors have not run a sensational course in the market, but the tendency is upward, as a few comparative auction prices will show. Brentano's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" has passed from 95 to 220 marks in three years; Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm," from 115 to 160; Goethe's "Goetz," always a rare item, from 310 to 570; "Hermann und Dorothea" from 54 to 85; Schiller's "Don Carlos" from 46 to 190, and the famous first edition of "Die Räuher" from 405 to 2,650 marks, for an uncut copy last winter.

Correspondence.

FRIEDRICH BLASS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For many years I have been honored with the friendship of Prof. Friedrich Blass of Halle, and I should like to add to your words of appreciation of his work. He was one of the most incisive, independent, and learned of the classical philologists of Germany. No living scholar has published so many important volumes, covering so large a part of the field of Greek philology. He studied at Bonn in the great days of Welcker, Otto Jahn, and Ritschl, and received his degree of doctor of philosophy when he was only twenty years old. His dissertation treated of the rhetorical works of Dionysius of Halicarnassus—the first fruits of researches in a field where he has been the chief authority for forty years. He did more than any one else to call attention to the important observations and principles of the ancient rhetoricians.

From the study of rhythms, he became a leader in the investigation of the principles of Greek metres. His doctrine of rhythms led him to more changes in the texts of the Greek orators than his colleagues generally have approved, yet in most matters his philological judgment was eminently sane. For instance, his treatise on the pronunciation of Greek was the first sensible and learned treatment of this subject since the sixteenth century. For more than a third of a century this has been the standard authority on the matter. His revision of the first half of Kühner's "Greek Grammar," in two large volumes, presents the linguistic facts clearly, accurately, and almost completely.

For the study of the Greek Testament, Blass did more than any other classical scholar since the time of Lachmann of Berlin, seventy years ago. His grammar of New Testament Greek (which has been translated into English), while not so voluminous as its two chief earlier rivals, yet contains more exact and valuable information than they, with regard to the language. In a philological edition of The Acts of the Apostles, he called attention to the importance of the Cambridge Codex Bezæ, and the discussion thus begun has not ended yet. A critical edition of the Epistle to the Hebrews was intended chiefly to show that the author of that letter was attentive to rhetorical rhythms.

By his success, many years ago, in deciphering the papyrus fragments of an ode by Alcman, which had baffled all his predecessors, Blass gained fame as a paleographer. This fame has been increased by his work on Aristotle's Constitution of Athens and on the Odes of Bacchylides—both, as your readers will remember, recovered from the tombs of Egypt in recent years. Of the Constitution of Athens he succeeded in reading an important page or two, which were thought to be irretrievably lost; and probably no one but the original editor, Dr. Kenyon, has done more than he to determine the proper order of the many fragments in which the manuscript of Bacchylides was found. A British scholar said that Blass seemed to know by intuition the proper place for each fragment of Bacchylides. But when this remark was quoted to Blass, he shook his head gravely and said that it was not intuition at all, but *very hard work*. He had committed to memory the twelve or thirteen hundred verses of Bacchylides, carefully observing all lacunæ, and had memorized also the forty or fifty fragments for which no place had been found. This was a difficult matter, since many of the fragments were not long enough or broad enough to contain any independent sense. These fragments revolved in his brain, and each was tried in one connection after another until it had found its proper resting place. Blass had "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Naturally, after his work on Alcman, Aristotle, and Bacchylides, he has been the chief classical adviser in the publications of the Graeco-Roman Branch of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Never has his brain seemed more fertile than of late. Within the last two years he published a revision of his edition of Andocides, with critical apparatus; a work on interpolations in the "Odyssey," in which he argued strongly for the unity of composition of the poem; and an edition of the "Choephoræ" of Æschylus, with critical and exegetical commentary. A similar edition of the "Eumenides" of Æschylus is in the press. If one should reckon new editions, in which a work has been reset, Blass has published on the average a volume a year, since he took his doctor's degree, for forty-five years.

Since he has been at Halle, he has been in rather close connection with American scholarship, for no German university but Berlin could draw more American classical scholars than Halle, with Blass, Dittenherger, Wissowa, Robert Bechtel, and Edward Meyer in its faculty. Blass had a kindly, generous spirit. Though his views were clearly formed and expressed. he seems never to have been engaged in bitter controversy. No scholar has been more frank in acknowledging his errors—which he could well afford to do. He passed away quietly in the night following the close of the winter semester, having concluded his lectures that day, and having spent the evening with a company of friends.

The family of Professor Blass would be glad to dispose of his library in bulk to some American institution of learning. Any inquiries on this subject may be addressed to Frau Professor Blass, Lafontaine strasse 17, Halle, Germany.

Thomas D. Seymour.

Yale University, March 28.

THE ALTAR TO THE FATHERLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In reference to your comment in today's issue of the *Nation* concerning the monument now in process of construction upon the Capitoline Hill, permit me to add that there is still hope of an adherence to the original plans of Sacconi, whose untimely death was the sole spur to this piece of jobbery. The Florentine weekly, *Il Marzocco* of March 17, gives a full account of a recent meeting held at Florence of the Leonardo da Vinci, a society for the furtherance of art and humanistic study. This indignation meeting was made memorable by the attendance of an imposing number of artists, scientists, and men of letters. The resolutions of this assembly express at once such complete satisfaction in Sacconi's plans for the great monument and so unanimous a condemnation of the lobbying architects (who hardly waited until Sacconi was dead before they tried to railroad through Parliament a measure to change the first specifications) that it is reasonable to hope for a cessation of the garish works now going forward and for a return to the originally accepted ideas. These, if unworthy of a sternly classic taste, are, after all, essentially Roman in their appeal. In one of her characteristic papers upon things Italian Mrs. Wharton holds a brief for the floridly Spaniardized Rome, which is the most obvious of the four Romes that one may come to know and to love. The dignity of the elder age is gone, the noble simplicity of the early Christian period is likewise a thing of the past. Pontifical Rome and latter-day Rome vie with each other in offending every sense save, perhaps, that of proportion. However, it

may be folly to stand out against Mrs. Wharton's insistence, in which case we may frankly enjoy Sacconi's design for the "Altar to the Fatherland," which, after everything possible is said in its disfavor, is infinitely more beautiful than the proposed substitute.

We trust that the cause of good taste, honesty, architectural consistency, and mere justice to Sacconi's memory—a cause championed so strenuously during these long months by the *Marzocco*—will triumph, and that Florence will, as is her wont, show herself to be on the side of the right.

T. D. B.

Cambridge, Mass., March 28.

A PROTEST FROM ARVÈDE BARINE.

M. LE DIRECTEUR DE LA NATION:

Il me semble qu'il serait digne de la *Nation* de protester contre des mœurs qui ne sont vraiment plus de notre temps. Un éditeur de New York, Edwin C. Hill, vient de publier une traduction anglaise de l'un de mes ouvrages, "Alfred de Musset," sans en avoir demandé l'autorisation ni à moi ni à mes éditeurs, MM. Hachette. En France nous appelons cela un vol. Est-ce qu'en Amérique ces actes de piraterie passent pour honnêtes? ARVÈDE BARINE.

Paris, 16/3/'07.

Notes.

George W. Jacobs & Co. announce the following for publication this spring: "On Art and Artists," by Max Nordau; "The Negro in the South," by B. T. Washington and W. E. B. Dubois; "Judah P. Benjamin," by Pierce Butler; "The Lord's Prayer: a Sonnet Sequence," by F. H. Williams," and "With God in Prayer," by the Rt. Rev. C. H. Brent.

There is to be a new series of religious selections published by Messrs. Jack of London (the American publisher is not yet announced) under the title of "The Library of the Soul." It will include volumes on St. Augustine by the Bishop of Southampton; Thomas à Kempis, by the Bishop of Ripon; St. Francis de Sales, by Mr. Baring-Gould; Savonarola, by Canon Benham, and Cardinal Newman, by Wilfrid Meynell.

When Kipling's "They" was published many readers were curious to know the meaning of "the egg" or colors supposed to be emitted by the soul according to its emotional moods. Such inquirers may be interested to know that John Lane Co. has announced a book dealing with this subject. It is called "Man Visible and Invisible," and contains a series of color plates from the London Theosophical Society.

Zola's early letters, "Lettres de Jeunesse," are to be published within a few weeks.

Albert H. Smyth, with the tenth volume, completes his "Writings of Benjamin Franklin" (The Macmillan Co.). The letters and papers of the last year of Franklin's life possess a pathetic value, but show no diminution in mental power or in breadth of his public interest. His plea for the teaching of English and preservation of the purity of the language, his criticisms on the Pennsylvania State Constitution, and his address to the public from the Pennsylvania Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery prove this interest. Ten essays of doubtful or unknown dates follow. In the ten volumes the editor has well performed the promises made, for he has given a purer text, a more careful editing, and no little additional matter. His notes have been restrained and intelligent, conveying many a suggestion of the richness of the Franklin manuscripts in the American Philosophical Society. It was not to be expected that he would be able to change materially the broad outlines of Franklin's output, but he has discovered interesting material, located in time and place what was open to doubt, and eliminated what has been erroneously attributed to Franklin. As a result he has superseded former editions of the "Writings," and his work must be regarded as the standard, both in form and matter. The volume has a very full index to the set, and this alone makes it extremely useful. Two portraits of Franklin are given, one being the Earl Grey gift.

More than 350 pages of volume x. are occupied by a "Life" of Franklin. Completeness would be impossible in such space, and Mr. Smyth has given only the outlines of a biography, making his chapters convenient pegs on which to hang material discovered since his earlier volumes were published. Some of this material is very interesting. Franklin's success at the head of the colonial post office is developed from the postal accounts, a success highly commended by his superiors, and justifying the original "purchase" of the position. Of Franklin's nepotism the editor says: "He looked after them all: brothers, and cousins, and nephews, and brothers-in-law drew salutary incomes from public offices." Franklin's own list of his services in the colonial Assembly (pp. 187-196) is very suggestive, and his marginal notes in contemporary political pamphlets are now printed for the first time. For his diplomatic service the Stevens Facsimiles are drawn upon, and the fragments of a diary kept by Franklin only raise a keep regret that the entire record was not preserved. The contents of his wine-vault, his habits of drinking wine, and his correspondence with his woman friends in France picture his social life and the esteem in which he was held. The chapters are rather sketchy and do not hang together well, but they contain original matter and some keen criticism. Several errors in the French printed on p. 327 make the sentences meaningless, and the word *import* on p. 47 should be *impost*, a not uncommon but sometimes misleading error. The French agent mentioned on p. 300 was Bonvouloir.

Prof. William I. Thomas's "Sex and Society" (The University of Chicago Press) is mainly a compilation of articles which have appeared from time to time in the *American Journal of Sociology* and other periodicals. The first paper, on the organic differences in the sexes, paves the way for discussions of such topics as sex and primitive social control, sex and social feeling, the relation of sex to primitive industry and morality, and the psychology of exogamy and of modesty and clothing. The author's thesis, and the particular contribution of his volume at this point, is that while differences in bodily habit between men and women, especially the greater activity of man and the more stationary condition of woman, have had "an important influence on the social forms and activities and on the character and mind of the two sexes," the differences are not to be described in terms of superiority and inferiority, but in terms of "adaptations to different and specialized modes of functioning." The data upon which the conclusions rest, though drawn from a wide area of social observation, are admittedly incomplete; but Professor Thomas is commendably cautious in his inferences, and does not hesitate to point out the weak spots in the chain of evidence. Readers who are not specialists are likely to be most interested in the last two papers, on "The Adventitious Character of Woman" and "The Mind of Woman and the Lower Races." The former is an extremely suggestive discussion of the changes in character and habits which have resulted from the attempt of woman to adjust herself to a social environment dominated by the activities of man; while the latter, rejecting as unproved the assumption that the brain of woman is inferior to that of man, finds in social rather than biological conditions the fundamental reason for the differences in intellectual expression which characterize the sexes. We do not imagine that Professor Thomas holds any brief for the so-called "rights" of woman, but he has certainly put the case in an interesting light.

The Early English Text Society has just sent out four new publications: "The Brut, or the Chronicles of England: Part I. From the Earliest Times to the Battle of Halidon Hill, A. D. 1333," edited by Dr. F. W. Brie; "The English Register of Oseney Abbey, by Oxford, written about 1460," edited by Dr. Andrew Clark; revised edition of "The Book of the Knight of La Tour-Landry, compiled for the Instruction of his Daughters," edited by the late Thomas Wright, and corrected and added to by Dr. Furnivall, J. J. Munro, and Miss Evelyn Fox; and "Mirk's Festial: a Collection of Homilies," edited by Dr. Theodore Erbe.

Railway Routes in Alaska, by Alfred H. Brooks, geologist in charge of the Alaskan division of the Geological Survey, is the subject of greatest interest in the *National Geographic Magazine* for March. He treats his theme with reference to the resources of the country, showing by maps the gold, copper and coal districts. His conclusion is that there is justification for a trunk line from the Pacific seaboard to inland points, with branches and feeders. The estimated cost would be $35,000 a mile. He says, however, "that more facts are needed before scientific deductions can be drawn of the best route *for immediate construction.*" (The italics are his own.) A trip to the remarkable rock of Sigiri in Ceylon is described in her characteristically entertaining way by Miss Eliza R. Scidmore. The frescoes on the face of the rock and the archæological remains on the summit, 600 feet above the plain and accessible only by suspended ladders, give it a peculiar interest. There is a brief account of the three won-

derful natural bridges in southeastern Utah, with reproductions of oil paintings by H. L. A. Culmer; and a striking series of pictures of the Maoris of New Zealand, in many respects the most remarkable savages with whom the white man has come in contact. In consequence of the report of a French vessel of the discovery, on January 18 of this year, of a reef in the unexplored part of the Pacific where the Levant met her mysterious fate in 1860, immortalized in Dr. E. E. Hale's "Man Without a Country," James D. Hague, who conducted an exploration of this region in the U. S. S. Tacoma in 1904, says that a complete survey of the region should be made in the interests of commerce and navigation.

The Press of the University of Glasgow, represented in this country by the Macmillan Company, has added to its beautiful reprints of the classics of adventure, travel, and discovery, two volumes containing Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," "The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations," and "A Sea Grammar, With the Plaine Exposition of Smith's Accidence for Young Sea-men." By way of preface, there is a brief sketch of the author's life. Captain Smith's works, of so much interest to historians of America and collectors of Americana, had already been accessible in several editions. These volumes, however, with their large, clear type, good paper, and admirable reproductions of maps, illustrations, and title-pages, should find a place in many private and public libraries.

In the same series a single volume is devoted to "The Totall Discourse of The Rare Adventures and Painfull Perigrinations of long Nineteene Yeares Travayles from Scotland to the most famous Kingdomes in Europe, Asia, and Affrica," by William Lithgow. The "Totall Discourse," first printed in 1632, was reprinted in 1640, 1682, 1770, and 1814. Since it is therefore out of the market, the new edition is particularly welcome. During the years 1609 to 1629 Lithgow travelled through all parts of Europe, Asia Minor, and northern Africa. According to his own statement, he tramped some 36,000 miles; and he was frequently in peril from storm and shipwreck. In 1620 he was terribly tortured by the authorities of Malaga—an incident which he relates in great detail. His book, written with Elizabethan freedom of speech, contains, together with a good deal of dull description, many interesting sidelights on the social and industrial conditions of the countries which he visited. He speaks always with a furious hatred of Catholics, whom he accuses of every imaginable crime. He is equally furious in his admiration of his native country, Scotland. Here is one of his patriotic outbursts:

> For courteous penetrating lenity; industrious tractability; prompt and exquisite ingeniosity; nobly taught, vivacious, & vertuous Gentility; humane, and illustrious generosity; inviolate, and uncommixed nationall pedegree; Learned, Academicall, and Ecclesiasticke Clergy; for sincere Religion, and devoute Piety: affable and benevolent Hospitality; civill & zealous orders in spirituality; so docible a people to supreame regality; and for true valour, courage, and magnanimity; there is no Kingdome or Nation within the compasse of the whole universe, can excell, or compare with it.

The Senate of Cambridge University, England, accepted in 1904 a benefaction from Dr. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity, for the establishment of a lectureship in the philosophy of religion. The first series of lectures, delivered by Vernon F. Storr, on "Development and Divine Purpose," is now published in book form (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Mr. Storr, who is a fellow of University College, Oxford, seeks to reconcile the ideas of purpose and evolution and to find the larger truth to which both Paley and Darwin contribute.

An endeavor altogether deserving of commendation is the reprint of Benjamin Jowett's essays on New Testament subjects, including the well-known essay, "The Interpretation of Scripture," from "Essays and Reviews," fifth edition, 1861, and the "Dissertations" from the "Epistles of St. Paul" (1859) ("The Interpretation of Scripture and other Essays." New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). Sir Leslie Stephen's discerning and appreciative paper on "Jowett's Life" from the *National Review* of 1897 forms the preface to the volume. The book is a model of the publication of valuable material in convenient form at a remarkably low price.

"Heroines of French Society in the Court, the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration," by Mrs. Bearne (E. P. Dutton & Co.) contains sketches of the lives of four women: Madame Vigée Le Brun, La Marquise de Montagu, Madame Tallien, and Madame de Genlis. Scraps of contemporary history are interwoven; a number of photogravure portraits are scattered here and there; and the whole makes a fairly readable volume. One cannot help wondering, however, at the title; for no real heroine appears anywhere. These four women, living in times of much trial, arouse our sympathy, but not for any especially heroic act or even patient endurance beyond what might be seen in studying the lives of many others less prominent socially. Indeed, the book strikes one who is at all familiar with the period as a patchwork affair in which the heroic ladies have, after all, but little part. As an historical study the work has little value; as a group of biographical sketches it adds nothing to what has already been published in a much more useful and entertaining fashion.

The second volume of Ferdinand Brunot's monumental "Histoire de la langue française" (Paris: Armand Colin), a massive and handsomely printed tome of over 500 pages, deals with the sixteenth century. This was a critical period for the language, for then it was that French took the place of Latin as a scientific and literary tongue. It had to pay a hard penalty for its promotion, becoming a prey to grammarians, theorists, and Latinizers; but such was its native vigor that it issued from the trial fundamentally unaltered, save for such changes in sound, inflection, and syntax as came in the natural course of evolution. It may seem astonishing that the encroachment of the vulgar upon the scholastic idiom should have occurred at the very height of the revival of learning; but in reality this movement favored the substitution, for the new scholarship raised the standard of classicism so high as to carry Latin beyond the possibility of everyday use, while the general thirst for knowledge and the increasing abundance of things to say imperatively demanded a rich and familiar medium. How French fought its way through the obstacles of prejudice and tradition, penetrating the various sciences—medicine, mathematics, philosophy, history, and even rhetoric and oratory—making itself a place in schools, and attaining a hitherto unknown glory in literature, is told in detail by M. Brunot. A language thus exalted must needs have a fixed spelling and grammar; the not altogether futile efforts to unify and simplify the orthography make instructive reading for latter-day reformers; and the endeavor to classify and regulate the phenomena of the living tongue, though not particularly effective, appeals to linguistic collectors of all times. The idea of good usage, based on the practice of educated Parisians, was already making itself felt. Far more important, however, than grammatical or orthographical uniformity was a copious vocabulary; and in this respect the sixteenth century rather overshot the mark. A vast influx of Latinisms, Italianisms, and Hispanisms characterizes the style of this transition period; a large proportion of the newcomers failed to justify their adoption. More interesting, but less successful, was the attempt to utilize in literature archaisms and dialect words and to form new derivatives from the ancient stock. All these topics are handled with masterly clearness by our author. Pronunciation, which, in spite of the numerous elaborate treatises of grammarians, is harder to trace in this century than in preceding ages, is lucidly but concisely treated. Inflections are more extensively presented. Full, also, is the discussion of syntax, that part of language in which the Latinizing tendency of the time made the deepest impression.

A number of friends and former pupils of the late Professor Alexandre Beljame have decided to set up in the Sorbonne a medallion in memory of him. Few Frenchmen have written of English literature with such minute knowledge and sympathy, and possibly a stray scholar here and there in this country may wish to contribute to the memorial. Communications may be addressed to M. Clermont, professeur au lycée Janson de Sailly, 20, rue Scheffer, Paris.

In connection with the first centennial anniversary of the University of Berlin, to be celebrated in the autumn of 1910, for which an elaborate programme is already being prepared, a monument will be unveiled to the memory of its first rector, the great philosopher, Johann Gottlieb Fichte. A committee, with the Imperial chancellor, Von Bülow, as its president, has published an appeal for funds for this purpose.

Plans for the establishment of a permanent museum of library aids and supplies at the headquarters of the American Library Association in Boston, are progressing rapidly, and already more than fifty libraries are represented in the collection. With a view to making the collection of value, not only to those who can visit the museum, but to the whole country, the committee in charge is urging all libraries to send their samples in duplicate so that travelling collections may be sent to library schools, associations, and clubs, and to newly organized libraries.

STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY.

Frederick York Powell. A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings. By Oliver Elton. 2 vols. New York: Henry Frowde. $7.

In a little fragment of autobiography John Addington Symonds says: "I have never been able to take literature very seriously. Life seems so much graver, more important, more permanently interesting than books. Literature is what Aristotle called διαγωγή, an honest, healthful, harmless pastime." Whether or not we approve this sentiment, it should be kept in mind when considering the career of York Powell. Under modern conditions almost every Regius professor of history at Oxford is an author. As a rule it is by the production of books that one lays claim to the chair which within recent memory has been filled by Goldwin Smith, Stubbs, Freeman, and Froude. Save under exceptional circumstances, no man need apply who has failed to publish *une œuvre de longue haleine.* Lord Acton at Cambridge and York Powell at Oxford were both exceptional personages who had broken through the customs of academic procedure and established themselves in a seat sacred no less to literature than erudition. Of the two cases Powell's was the more unusual. Lord Acton, though his writings were scattered and fugitive, had claims which no reasonable being could have questioned for a moment. Apart from his extraordinary learning, he knew modern politics and diplomacy at first hand, was the trusted adviser of Gladstone, the pupil of Döllinger, an aristocrat who was both scholar and man of the world. But Powell, prior to the moment when he succeeded Froude, had only been a law lecturer at Christ Church and a colleague of Vigfússon in editing or translating sagas. Save for a few boyish articles and multitudinous book reviews, his chief contribution to historiography is represented by a single volume, covering but a portion of English history and intended for the use of middle forms in schools. It was neither from lack of knowledge nor lack of power that Powell wrote so little. He seems to have felt with Symonds that life means much more than books.

The present memoir is clever and interesting, but somewhat too diffuse. In the main Mr. Elton has sought to make Powell interpret himself through his correspondence. But the biographer's own contribution is not slight, and he has brought together from Powell's friends many tributes to the richness and generosity of a nature which largely found expression through friendship. We do not wish to damn Mr. Elton's part of the work with faint praise. Much of it is very clever indeed. But we feel sure that self-denying compression would have lent greater impact and enabled the average reader to take away from the book a clearer conception of the character therein revealed. The point, however, is one which we do not care to dwell upon, since the memoir exactly as it stands is a valuable, vivid record of a life which deserves to be held in memory and honor.

The element represented by narrative and episode is slight. Powell was born at the beginning of 1850 in Woburn Place, Bloomsbury, under the shadow of the British Museum. His father, a provision merchant, came from South Wales. His mother, an Englishwoman, was the daughter of Dr. James York, who, besides being a skilful physician, was a good Spanish scholar. Powell got his preparatory schooling at Hastings, whence he went for two years to Rugby. At Oxford he was a student of Christ Church, doing nothing spectacular as an undergraduate, but taking his degree with a first class in history and law. Two years afterwards Liddell appointed him to a law lectureship at Christ Church. Having thus gained a definite appointment, Powell proceeded at once to make a love match, choosing for his wife a young widow with two daughters. "He always spoke of this," says Mr. Elton, "as the most fortunate event in his life, and was glad he had gone on his way despite the apparent imprudence." After this, apart from the record of studies and friendships, there is little to tell. During the fourteen years of their married life (1874-88) Powell and his wife had their home on the outskirts of London, the distance from Oxford not proving an obstacle to the performance of college duties. Even after his wife died Powell continued to make his headquarters in London; through this whole period, of course, he had rooms at Christ Church, but he did not transfer his permanent residence to Oxford until 1902, two years before his death. Such, in outline, is the chronology of Powell's career, and apart from matters relating to study or friends or holiday travels, one nearly exhausts the incidents even in this brief survey. It results that Mr. Elton was bound to make his memoir a record of intellectual tastes, and an appreciation of personal traits rather than a narrative of experiences. What York Powell was will forever find its best expression in his letters, and in the glimpses of his character which are here given by his friends.

At the outset we warn the reader that he must be prepared for surprises and paradoxes. For example, every one has heard of Christ Church as the most aristocratic, wealthy, and orthodox college in Oxford. From the fact that Powell for thirty years was connected with this seat of learning one might guess him to have been highly born and a stalwart Anglican. But neither guess would be correct. His family was eminently respectable, but not aristocratic; and as for religion, he styles himself "a decent heathen Aryan." Yet at Christ Church he found himself quite at home, for he had that truest tact which springs from a sense of tolerance and fairness, while his undisguised radicalism did not prevent him from being on excellent terms with the clergy. Mr. Elton says that probably he never once entered the Cathedral at Oxford while a service was in progress, yet Dr. Paget, the present bishop of Oxford, writes:

> It was a true, deep, bountiful heart that his friends knew in him. And the other day when I was trying to see of which graces it might be said that Christianity had either brought them into the world or touched them with fresh light and life, I thought of gentleness as one such grace; and immediately found myself thinking of York Powell.

But here again we must utter a warning, for Powell, though endowed with much true gentleness, was by no means a quiet, saintly, meditative skeptic. There was an abundance of brightness about him. He admired and loved Walt Whitman, he thought the proper function of woman was childbearing. Powell loved art, set a comparatively slight value upon human life, and had absorbed from his study of the sagas much of their spirit. His temperament to a certain extent is reflected in his prejudices. He disliked Americans, Jews, and learned ladies. But here again his sense of discrimination broke into even the charmed circle of his pet antipathies. "American books," says Mr. Elton, "he reviewed with laborious equity," and he thought Lincoln's Gettysburg speech the best thing in oratory since Pericles. Likewise, despite his objection to learned ladies, he gave at Somerville College lectures which seem completely to have captured the inmates of that institution, though his discourses did not always arouse enthusiasm among Oxford undergraduates.

One could run to great length in illustrating the perplexing attributes of Powell's nature. He was at the outset a fervid democrat with leanings towards socialism, but he had little humanitarian feeling and could watch a bull fight without repugnance. He had a genuine humility, yet it did not prevent him from passing trenchant criticisms upon individuals, any more than his original love of democracy prevented him from becoming a defender of the Boer war and the President of the Oxford Tariff Reform League. Apropos of his growing Toryism in politics, Mr. Elton writes:

> Powell had never been an English Radical. He had always, so far as can be seen, detested and despised Bright and Mill. He only half-liked Gladstone, and could not forgive his desertion of Parnell and his alleged desertion of Gordon. He never liked nonconformists, humanitarians, or preachers of universal peace. Yet he could honor Mazzini and remained, or became once more, an Irish Home Ruler. The truth was that his assortment of opinions was his own; in politics he rode his own course across country, he did not seek a rigid or logical body of articles, he had profound emotions and intuitions, and was little concerned to reconcile them with one another.

These last words, we think, give us the real clue to Powell's character. He was a man of acute perceptions, omnivorous reading, and universal interests. With a mind open to influences from many quarters, he had certain fixed principles, like those which made him aspire to be "a decent heathen Aryan." He also had a few definite prejudices tenaciously held, like those against Americans, Jews, and learned ladies. For the rest, he troubled little about logic or consistency. It was enough to react to the enthusiasm of the moment. His mind never lost its snap through lassitude, and taking up very many subjects eagerly he saw things in high relief. Hence we meet in his correspondence with numerous contradictions on many subjects, identical or closely allied. Beneath all else, moreover, lay a deep kindliness of nature which made him a sure friend in need and led him to mitigate many a strong statement in favor of an individual.

The extent of Powell's erudition created at Oxford a legend of omniscience. Of his conversation Mr. Elton says: "Elizabethan verse, the methods of engraving or enamelling, the character of coming politicians, and the genius of music-hall artists; all

these might be discussed in half an hour." And the writer of the obituary notice in the *Morning Post* observes:

We have heard him establish a contrast between Walt Whitman and the patriarch Job, in the course of which he spoke of the metrical system of the Psalms and of "Piers Plowman" and made an excursus on the rhythmic scheme of the Song of Solomon. But to what end does one write of what he knew? He will live now only because he made others know.

In the annals of scholarship Powell will be longest remembered for his association with Gudband Vigfússon. Between them the pair created that interest in Icelandic lore which has meant so much to recent students of literature and language. Vigfússon had an unrivalled knowledge of the sagas and their history, but his knowledge of English was not perfect, and he required the stimulus which came to him from daily association with one who, like Powell, had an endless fund of enthusiasm and energy. Apart from the "Corpus Poeticum Boreale," Vigfússon and Powell brought out "Sturlunga Saga" and an "Icelandic Prose Reader." So far as grasp of the subject goes, the elder man was, of course, the more important of the contributors, but Powell, in the course of their labors, developed a talent for vigorous translation and contributed his full share of suggestions regarding the details of the work. His relations with Vigfússon were most delightful, and must have involved a good deal of tact on Powell's part, since the Icelander was both poor and proud. "The wise, good, kindly man is dead," wrote Powell when Vigfússon passed away in 1889, and no shadow seems to have marred a fellowship which lasted for more than twelve years with notable results.

In other fields than that of Scandinavian literature Powell proved himself an accomplished linguist. French, German, Italian, and Spanish he knew from the twelfth century downwards, and his unflagging interest in European literature won him many friends outside England. German sentimentalism he could not abide, and he seldom lost an opportunity to disparage the intellectual ideals of Germany. His warmest sympathies, so far as the Continent is concerned, seem to have gone out to France, where he was prepared to see excellence at all stages, from Paul Verlaine to the École des Chartes.

But despite his wide knowledge of language and literature, Powell was an historian by instinct and profession. His deep and comprehensive interest in all varieties of human experience fitted him to appreciate and understand many aspects of the past which remain unintelligible to those whose knowledge is not tempered by true catholicity of spirit. Mr. Elton fills up his second volume with the more important of Powell's articles and reviews. There can be no doubt that a man of his powers and knowledge deprived the world of important works by expending his energy on other things than monumental research. As Regius professor, Powell neither reorganized historical studies at Oxford nor gave popular lectures to large audiences. Indeed, his classes were very small. But those who came into close personal touch with him through the study of texts felt to the full his power and the richness of his mind. Oxford, which is fastidious, had no doubt about his quality and the heartiness with which it welcomed his appointment was a real tribute of affection, for Powell was the last man to thrust himself into the front benches.

Of Powell as a delegate of the Clarendon Press or as a member of Christ Church, we cannot now speak. It only remains possible for us to point out that this memoir portrays a scholar whom other scholars, whatever the field of their effort, will recognize as having been a rich, rare spirit. He was not, says Mr. Elton, "a mere jolly professor, learned, domestic, and humane. . . . There was a chemic difference between him and the admirable tribe of such men." Through the spontaneity of his nature, the extent and richness of his learning, the breadth of his outlook, and his genius for friendship, Powell won, and will keep, a high place among the Oxford men of his generation.

The Life of Walter Pater. By Thomas Wright. With 78 plates. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.50 net.

Mr. Wright has been drawn by the perilous attraction of dissimilarity to write the lives of several men of sensitive or fastidious mind, whom in temperament he little resembles. In his biographies of Cowper, FitzGerald and Burton we have had a constantly increasing mass of irrelevant photographic detail unrelieved by any real perception of his subject's quality, and now, despite the remonstrances of the closest surviving relatives and friends, he has "taken" the life of Walter Pater. His Preface of a dozen pages affords a pretty adequate taste of Mr. Wright's quality. After paying his respects to the previous biographers of Pater—Ferris Greenslet and A. C. Benson—in paragraphs which have already been sufficiently exploited by the publishers, Mr. Wright passes to the expression of his advantage over "superficial or less privileged writers." He is qualified, he believes, for his "self-imposed task," by being "sealed of the tribe of Dante" in his perception of the relevance of detail. The book, he thinks, "will seem practically an additional 'Marius' or 'Renaissance,'" and he asserts, "It is the kind of work, too (if I may without egotism say so), in which Pater himself would have gloried." Very few, indeed, of Mr. Wright's prefatory promises are made good. Despite his assertion that Pater wrote "an enormous number of letters—as many as four hundred. indeed, to a single friend," he prints not one; the formidable list of Paters that he gives as the source of his information are discovered to be chiefly fourth cousins. It is, by the way, a fair answer to Mr. Wright's charge that Mr. Benson "does not once mention five of Pater's most intimate friends, Dombrain, McQueen, Richard C. Jackson, Richard Robinson, and M. B. Moorhouse," to note that Mr. Wright himself does not so much as mention the name of either Hester or Clara Pater, the sisters to whom "Marius" was dedicated, and with whom he lived for practically all of his days; and finally, as we shall see, it is apparent that J. R. McQueen and Richard C. Jackson, who are respectively the heroes of Mr. Wright's first and second volumes, were men thoroughly out of sympathy with some of Pater's most cherished ideas and could never have been the confidants of that shy and elusive nature.

It may be said categorically that with the exception of one or two points to be noted hereafter, Mr. Wright's two obese volumes bring to light no detail of real biographic significance not to be found in Mr. Benson's volume, and few not adduced in Mr. Greenslet's earlier and briefer study. There is repeated reference to Pater's "plainness," to his reprehensible practice of passing the morning in bed, and to his dislike of snakes; there is an entire chapter on his first attempt to adorn his countenance with a moustache, there are multitudinous anecdotes about persons otherwise unknown to fame who had the advantage of meeting Pater or Richard C. Jackson—but the reader could arise from the closest perusal of the two volumes with little sense of Pater's peculiar and charming idiosyncrasy. It is, in short the failure of the "Boswellian" method in biography when applied by a man who is not a Boswell to a subject not a Johnson.

Mr. Wright's animadversions upon his predecessors in Paterian biography have piqued our curiosity to the extent of making some comparison of parallel passages. The result is rather surprising. A single instance chosen from many will perhaps illustrate sufficiently his method of dealing with the printed sources. In volume i., page 98, Mr. Wright says:

It has been ignorantly alleged by previous writers (and one has followed another like Carlyle's sheep jumping over an imaginary stick) that although Pater's earliest published essays are as mature in style as the author was mature in years, Pater made no attempt to write either as a schoolboy or as an undergraduate. But this is a colossal mistake, for not only was Pater one of the most prolific schoolboy authors who ever lived; but as an undergraduate, he wrote something or other—a poem, a translation, a portion of an essay—almost every day.

In Greenslet's "Pater" (New York, 1903) we find at page 19:

Though none of his undergraduate productions has been preserved, we hear of copious verse translation from Goethe, from Alfred de Musset, and from that fragrant *jardinière* for the perfuming of a young gentleman's style, the "Greek Anthology." A little later there was a time when for months he applied himself daily to the painstaking translation of a page from the prose of Sainte-Beuve or Flaubert, eminent humanists, patient artists with the file, and favored lovers of the proper word. The effect of such labor as this in forming his finished style is incalculable.

In Benson's "Pater" (London, 1906) we read on page 210:

At one time he applied himself daily for some months to translating a page of Sainte-Beuve or Flaubert, and this seems to have been his only exercise.

Mr. Wright has, indeed, swept together some odds and ends of negligible experimentation in both verse and prose, but the impression conveyed concerning them in both his preface and his text savors, as above, a little of disingenuousness.

Of Messrs McQueen and Richard C. Jackson, Mr. Wright's chief sources of fresh information, little need be said. Mr. McQueen was a school friend of Pater, but, as we learn from Mr. Wright's account, "renounced" him in 1860, owing to his "apostacy" from Christianity, and performed the friendly office of addressing a letter to the Bishop of London protesting against Pater's

being allowed to take Holy Orders. Mr. McQueen, as Mr. Wright says, has shunned the city's din, and delighted "in remote and sequestered villages and the company of husbandmen and sailors," which would not seem to be the perfect preparation for a sympathetic judgment of so complicated a product of civilization as Walter Pater. Richard C. Jackson, the hero of the second volume of Mr. Wright's work, appears to be a "poet" and "connoisseur." His qualifications for presenting a faithful view of Pater will perhaps be sufficiently evident from this stanza of a poem which Mr. Wright quotes and says was written to Pater in response to a request for a birthday song:

> Your darling soul I say is inflamed with love for me;
> Your very eyes do move I cry with sympathy:
> Your darling feet and hands are blessings ruled by love,
> As forth was sent from out the Ark a turtle dove!

The nature and degree of Mr. Jackson's intimacy with Pater is evident from an observation of Mr. Wright's in volume ii, page 91:

> Thus it happened that at the very time several other men were turning over heaven and earth in order to get on familiar terms with Pater, Mr. Jackson, on account of pressure of business, was trying by every conceivable means—short of giving offence—to keep Pater at a distance.

Mr. Wright's contention that Richard C. Jackson is the original of "Marius the Epicurean" cannot be taken very seriously by lovers of that marvellous book. Indeed, as we read Mr. Wright's elaborate and minute report of the amenities that passed between Walter Pater and Richard C. Jackson concerning this matter, it is difficult to avoid the conviction that Pater was in his quiet way chaffing him.

Perhaps the most disastrous result of Mr. Wright's dealings with Mr. McQueen and Mr. Jackson is the tone of deprecation and patronage toward Pater that he has drawn from them. If ever there was a biographic subject needing the most delicate sympathy and tact, Pater was that subject. To see him treated as Mr. Wright has treated him through two volumes is peculiarly trying to the nerves. It is not that we do not welcome truth in biography, but that this amassing of irrelevant facts results in producing the effect of a monstrous untruth. The general unfriendliness of Mr. Wright's attitude toward Pater, despite his asseveration that he has for him a sympathy that amounts almost to love, may be seen in this passage concerning his personal appearance, a subject which is mentioned on innumerable occasions throughout the work:

> In early portraits of him, taken just after the cultivation of the historical mustache, he has a rather helpless look, nor was he even then at all a strong man. In the portrait taken late in his life by Messrs. Elliott and Frye, he appears, though little over fifty, as bald as a coot, while the mustache has grown heavy and truly Bismarckian. The chin is shaven. He wears a spotted necktie. In these portraits he does not seem so very plain, but the evidence of all who knew him is the other way about; moreover, he himself was well aware of his shortcomings in this respect, and regretted them. He loved pictures; but there was one picture which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass.

And yet there is plenty of evidence that despite Pater's heaviness of body there was a certain pleasing delicacy and charm in his appearance for those who came to know him well.

About the only new fact of any significance in Pater's life which Mr. Wright has adduced, as the result of his foregathering with Richard C. Jackson, is that of his relation to the so-called "Monkery" of St. Austin's, a group of rich men of high church proclivities who in the later seventies fancied themselves hotfoot on the road to Rome. But the importance of this relation Mr. Wright, it seems to us, very much exaggerates. Pater was never an actual inmate of the establishment, and certainly never went all the way with its tenets. His speculative interest in its proceeding was quite what might be expected of a man who from his first youth had felt himself æsthetically drawn toward "the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen and holy vessels and fonts of pure water." In short, it is a question whether in biography irrelevancy may not be as great a sin as inaccuracy, if, indeed, it be not in itself a most insidious form of inaccuracy.

Of Mr. Wright's critical expressions, there is little need to speak here. Three of his dicta concerning Pater's general achievement and place in English literature will perhaps serve to indicate his critical insight:

> No man cares a pepper-corn for his studies of French churches.

> He is the grasshopper of English literature. "Thou sippest a little dew," we may say to him, and "Straight thou makest the woods and hills Echo all with thy dulcet trills."

> He is the Alma Tadema of English literature.

This notice should not be concluded without some mention of the seventy-eight half-tone plates which Mr. Wright observes in his preface "are of intense interest." Of these, something over a dozen present Pater or places and objects connected with him, twoscore are the counterfeit presentments of the persons unknown to fame to whom allusion has been made above. Twenty-four have to do with Richard C. Jackson, including views of the northeast corner of his drawing-room at Camberwell; of a corner in the gold room at Camberwell; of the northwest corner of the drawing-room at Camberwell; of the southwest corner of the drawing-room at Camberwell; and of his dog "Tiny"; also twelve photographs of title-pages and illustrations to rare books in the library of Richard C. Jackson.

CURRENT FICTION.

Madame de Treymes. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mrs. Wharton's extraordinary mental adroitness and nicety of touch tempt one to think of her as a kind of delicate mechanism which may be counted upon to record with automatic minuteness certain lesser vibrations of the social ether. There is something a little inhuman in this infallible suavity and precision, these infinitesimal modulations within the prescribed and civil range. But this is as it should be with the chronicler of the sophisticated and the well-bred. "Society" would be inhuman if it were perfect, if it were what it tries to be or tries to pretend to be; at the top of its breeding it actually achieves the appearance of inhumanity. But there is, we are told, a comfortable understanding that the appearance is sufficient. "Society," if we are to credit its chroniclers, gives with one hand while taking with the other, its morals being hardly less confessedly aboriginal than its manners are admittedly the very button on the cap of civilization. This compensatory *modus operandi* is observed with eager, if hardly magnanimous, interest by the dweller without the gates. What attraction has the Best Society to offer its public so moving as the spectacle of well-mannered misconduct in the sexual relation? What has it to offer a novelist or a dramatist so taking as the lure of its discreet variations upon the everlasting theme *à trois?* Mrs. Wharton is notably successful in rendering these variations, always with her negligent air of scorning the virtuosity with which nature and hard labor have equipped her.

Unfortunately, it is her fate to interpret episodes and persons in the light of circumstance, instead of employing them to "individualize the universal." It was not hard to understand the failure of "The House of Mirth" as a play. Divested of the accessories with which the novelist's art had surrounded her, Lily Bart was seen to be an insignificant person, suggestive of a large class of insignificant persons, but quite failing to sum them up, to give them significance. It is hard to guess whether this would be true of the figure of Madame de Treymes. This much the reviewer must confess for himself: he began by questioning whether she was a credible Frenchwoman and ended by deciding that she is certainly a credible woman.

She is, according to Mrs. Wharton, the perfect flower of the French tradition. She is surrounded by "an impalpable aura of grace"; her dress, like her manner, is distinguished by "quiet felicity." She is known to be involved in an intrigue with a nobleman, to pay whose gambling debts she has appropriated her brother's as well as her husband's money. Her brother, the disreputable marquis of tradition, has married an American girl, who now wishes to be freed from him so that she may marry an American. Madame de Treymes is asked to use her influence to gain the family consent to a divorce. She agrees on condition that the American make up the sum she has squandered on her lover. At this his sense of decency revolts, and he refuses. Presently she announces the consent of the family, professing shame for her proposal, and accepting the gratitude of the waiting pair. Eventually, after the granting of the divorce, it transpires that the family have from the first intended to consent to it. In outline, you say, it is a sufficiently sordid story, Madame de Treymes bearing a striking resemblance to the stage-worn adventuress of melodrama. Yet in Mrs. Wharton's portrait she is undeniably appealing. She is presented as a sacrifice upon the altar of French society and family convention. Her marriage is prescribed by family, her infidelity is practically sanctioned by her family, her duplicity in the present instance is dedicated to the welfare of the family. "She was simply one particular facet in the solid, glittering, impenetrable body which he had thought to turn in his hands and

look through like a crystal." "You poor, good woman," says the man as he leaves her. That the phrase does not seem impossible is a sufficient indication of the skill with which Mrs. Wharton has painted her latest portrait of feminine haplessness.

Tiberius Smith. By Hugh Pendexter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Tiberius is a showman and travelling collector of curiosities for his show. The word "is" is used advisedly, for although when his sixteenth adventure and the book end together he has been abandoned as dead in a Pacific island, there is a reasonable hope that he is not dead, but riding about the island in a mowing machine, lording it over the subjugated natives as a new chief in a man-devouring chariot. His friend and biographer, Billy Camphell, thinks so at least, and means to go some day to the rescue and bring him back. It is only natural that the public should be kept waiting a little for the compilation of exploits that shall be worthy to succeed those of the present volume. Not every day can even a Tiberius Smith play poker with Arctic giants for his own freedom; drive an automobile around the inner rim of a South American crater, quell four lions and two white leopards in a gladiator's ring with ammonia pistols, preside over a Vermont court in a will case, where the testamentary provisions were branded on cows' sides; or frighten away an attacking band of Indian tribes by feeding dynamite to their dogs. For the lover of the circus in literature here are thoughts that breathe; for the collector of the ultra modern and vaudevillainous in slang, words that burn; remain, for the lover of a book in the accepted sense of that word, feelings not fit for publication.

The Long Road. By John Oxenham. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Here is a story of Russia based upon the decree of a tyrant Governor of Irkutsk that a certain resistant to his cruel whims should for punishment wander forever within prescribed provinces of Siberia, staying never more than ten days in any one place. And so it was. The wanderings of Stepan Iline and his household, and all his sufferings, together with his death and his passing into legendary immortality, are told with dire impressiveness by Mr. Oxenham. He makes a note: "The extraordinary decree on which this story was founded is not an effort of the imagination, but simple, historical fact." If not founded on truth, the tale would be unprofitably painful. As it is, the theme may well have been irresistible to the novelist and to the humanitarian. If there are any gleams of hope in Russian skies, Mr. Oxenham makes the most of them. True, he shows how unoffending men may be driven into exile with their families for taking snuff, but equally he points out idyllic happenings by the way, and, even more significantly, the not all dreadful life of Siberia under the ordinary Governor. But Paschkin was of Satan and his ingenuities were diabolic.

The author is artist enough as well as chronicler enough to utilize his chances for contrast. The small home on wheels is, while it lasts, a happy place with the steadfast wife and the merry pair of babies. The child figure of the little Katenka is as real as the tyrant himself and as charming as the blue flowers that she loved to gather. The horses, the tame wolf-cubs, the owl—"little white brother of the woods"—are humanly alive. All these touches, added to the secret service of kindness among the fellow-sufferers from tyranny, do somewhat to relieve the awfulness of the story. The climax, where Stepan renounces the revenge he has lived for, is no less true to nature than dramatic; the choice of the agency that brings about the renunciation a master touch. The tragedy spent and the sacrifice made, the story ebbs through misery as dark as the enfolding Arctic night into its sombre, not all uncomforted end, as quiet as the despairing close of a Greek play of Fate.

Peter Moors Fahrt nacht Südwest: Ein Feldzugsbericht von Gustav Frenssen. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

In "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest," Gustav Frenssen has hurled the most effective shaft yet directed against the unfortunate campaigns of the Germans in their West African colony. The volume, which narrates in his own simple language the awful experience of a common soldier from North Germany, who volunteered for service, is dedicated to "Der deutschen Jugend, die in Südwestafrika gefallen ist"; it comes with much suggestiveness at the moment when the Government has just published the sum-totals of its dead and wounded. While the tale is, of course, more or less fiction, it is fair to assume that one so conservative as the author of "Die drei Getreuen" had access to many documents, such as letters from soldiers to their homes. Throughout the book the sombre seriousness of Frenssen, so often noted in his "Jörn Uhl" and other works, is manifest; and just as he once brooded over Holstein's melancholy landscape, he now finds unending austerity in the rolling wastes of Africa. Landed on a barren coast with no one to greet them, stuffed like sardines into rickety railway cars that cannot be drawn by steam over the heavy grades unless the soldiers get out and push, baked in the African sun by day and frozen at night, wandering, prospecting, fighting while in search of the main column they are supposed to join, ambushed by natives who are armed with weapons seized from the German dead, hungering and thirsting in a land where there is no water, becoming so delirious from wounds and lack of medical care that the sick fall from hospital wagons into the hush unnoticed by guards, praying rather for death than life—these are some of the *rührende* contents of the tale.

There is no war, as the German understands it; but there is fighting and skirmish and massacre and murder, and in all these scenes, especially amid the whistling of lead in the bush, the author of "Gravelotte" shows his clear head and trained hand. Indeed, had he made the campaign himself he could hardly have treated his experiences with more realism. What is remarkable is that nowhere is there a suggestion of the overbearing or cruel German officer; the commander wears old uniforms, shares with the lowliest all the terrible privations and even death itself. On the other hand, in conversations of officers, which Moor overhears, Frenssen makes clear his own doubts as to the wisdom of Germany's course. One time the campfire group point out the folly of preaching brotherhood and love to the natives one hour and shooting them down like dogs the next; again they impatiently declare their doubts as to the German's natural aptitude for settling and managing such a country, and ask: "Why doesn't Germany sell the colony to the English and pull out of this God-forsaken land?"

Princesses and Court Ladies. By Arvède Barine. Authorized English Version. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3 net.

Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century. By Allan Fea. New York: Brentano's. $4 net.

At first sight both these volumes might seem to be "beauty" books of the common variety, but on closer inspection it becomes apparent that there is a considerable difference between them. Mr. Fea gives us beauties with great profusion, no less than thirty-two altogether, but most of them belong to Whitehall in the days of the Restoration. When he goes outside the precincts of Charles II.'s court, it is simply to bring in La Vallière, Mme. de Montespan, Mdlle. de Fontanges, and other sultanas who flourished at the same period on the east side of the Channel. Mme. Barine, in a volume which is rather longer than Mr. Fea's, limits herself to five personages, three of them drawn from the seventeenth century, one from the eighteenth, and one from the nineteenth. With the single exception afforded by Marie Mancini, none of these ladies can be styled a court beauty. Mme. Barine seeks her criterion rather in experiences or in character than in good looks.

The chief contrast, however, which we would institute between these two books relates to the method of approach. Mr. Fea does little more than collect gossip and discuss, at times, the portraits of the Restoration Court. Mme. Barine, on the other hand, allows herself space to indulge in the luxury of criticism. Each of her subjects is selected as a type, and the range of psychology thus traversed is highly representative. Besides Marie Mancini, already mentioned, the ladies of her choice are Christina of Sweden, the Duchess of Maine, the Margravine of Bayreuth, and that Princess Salme of Zanzibar who married a Hamburg merchant and became Frau Emilie Ruete. Each of the five essays is filled with discriminating touches, and in one case, at least, Mme. Barine sketches a remarkable character with much firmness and insight. We refer here to the study in which Christina of Sweden is followed throughout the whole course of her career by one who does not suffer admiration for her talents to obscure the reprobation of her moral callousness. One rather important omission Mme. Barine seems to have made in consulting authorities for the life of Christina, inasmuch as she has not used the correspondence between Cardinal Azzolino and the Queen, which was published in 1899 by the Baron de Bildt. She is quite familiar, however, with Arckenholtz and with Granert, who have

supplied the essential data regarding this surprising woman, in summing up her judgment, Mme. Barine says:

Neither the talents of Christina nor her superior intelligence, nor her courage, can save her from an implacable judgment. She was beyond the bounds of all honest and responsible humanity. This crooked body contained a crooked soul, which knew neither right nor wrong. This brilliant Christina, almost a genius, was, morally, a veritable monster.

Oddly enough, Mme. Barine and Mr. Fea share the two most famous of the Mancini, the former taking Marie, and the latter, Hortense. The adventures of these two pleasure-loving sisters have been told so often that for the reader of memoirs there can be little excitement in any ordinary account of the plight to which their vagaries brought them, but Mme. Barine has one generalization that may be of some interest:

The Mazarin blood, mixed with that of so many illustrious families, brought ill luck with it to all. The houses of the Este, of the Stuarts, of the Vendômes, of the Contis, of the Bouillons, of the Soissons, died out, one after the other. And the treasures amassed by Mazarin, his millions, his old masters, his antique statues? The Duke of Mazarin, his heir, mutilated the statues with a hammer, smeared over the pictures, spent millions in law suits before all the courts of France; so that according to M. Amédée Renée's witty remark, "It was the Fronde that, after all, was Cardinal Mazarin's real heir."

We may have seemed to disparage the work of Mr. Fea by calling it a collection of gossip, but much depends on whether or not gossip is collected by one who knows his period. Mr. Fea, in many previous books on the times of Charles II., has shown his command of Stuart literature. The same first-hand knowledge which was disclosed by "The Flight of the King" and "King Monmouth" is amply illustrated in the present volume.

The First Forty Years of Washington Society. Letters of Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

If anywhere in the world there was a more cultivated society than that which distinguished our national capital during the first forty years of the last century, the writer of these letters did not even dream of it. She believed profoundly in Washington's charm. In one of the letters she confesses a deep sensibility to pleasure and a dread of monotony and quiet. Since she was pronouncedly social, these foes were never permitted a triumph. Even when she was alone her pen was constantly busy. At the capture of Washington by the British in 1815 she found refuge in a wayside country home, and promptly took up her pen and wrote her husband a full account of her adventures. Mrs. Smith's letters cannot be said to throw much light on the greater events of our politics, but they are nevertheless an engaging contribution to history in the form of a lively picture of social life at Washington. Possessing no special charm in themselves, they will be often resorted to for color by other writers.

She went to Washington in 1800, a bride. Her husband had just founded the *National Intelligencer* as the organ of the Republican party, and his ability gained him instant admission to the notable group of men who recognized Jefferson as their leader. Later his connection with the Treasury, and yet later with the Bank of the United States, served to maintain his friendships and keep him in touch with affairs. His wife had, besides her own personal friends, men and women prominent in Washington. The capital she describes has long since vanished. Its society in these early years was necessarily made up of persons in office, and these as necessarily lived in boarding-houses. In much that appears in these pages there is a sort of picnic flavor, an air of abandon one might expect of the officials of a young nation busy setting up a government in a forest. The cholera and the ague stalking at intervals through the letters, the deepening political animosities, heighten rather than diminish this effect of sylvan simplicity as a wilderness is slowly changed into a city and a capital.

Such political importance as the letters possess consists in the intimacy they permit with Jefferson, Madison, Crawford, Clay, and Calhoun. The character and career of Jefferson in truth furnish Mrs. Smith a sort of keynote for all the political speculation she indulges in. Whenever her great chief appears, her words breathe reverence and loyalty; and the awe he excited when she first met him persisted so steadily that her portrait of him is less life-like than those of Madison, Crawford, and Clay. Of Crawford in particular, one of the dimmest figures in our history, we are given an illuminating view. Jackson's brief appearance serves to prove what a spell was cast on women by the manner of that backwoodsman. Here and there we get glimpses of Washington flocking to the Capitol, as it continues to do. Mrs. Smith tells of Sunday services in the House of Representatives, converted by the feminine world into a striking social function; of the great debates when the same feminine world crowded the floors of the Senate and the House. She represents Hayne's seat as being occupied by a woman listener, while the Senator was engaged in his historical contest with Webster. Not the least amusing touches of the volume are the description of the far-famed cartrumpet of Harriet Martineau, and in quite another field, the flight and pursuit of Washington ladies by Winnebago Indians.

The editorial work is competently done by Gaillard Hunt. His candor in preserving the simplified spelling of the writer, and certain even more simplified grammatical constructions, contributes to the impressions of essential veracity.

The Fourth Gospel: Its Purpose and Theology. By Ernest F. Scott. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2 net.

British criticism of the Fourth Gospel has concerned itself chiefly with the questions of authorship and date. Both the external and internal evidence have repeatedly received scholarly examination. It has become evident, however, that decision on these matters could not be reached on the basis of quotations from Church fathers and allusions in the gospel to localities and customs in Palestine, but that the problems must wait for wider knowledge of the character of the writing, its purpose, aim, and place in the development of Christian life and thought. Mr. Scott has wisely confined himself to the latter questions. Assuming that the gospel was written in the early years of the second century, he seeks to discover its ultimate aim and object, the needs it was designed to meet, the difficulties and errors which it was calculated to correct. He treats the Fourth Gospel as one of the most important facts of Christian history; and he holds it more important to understand and interpret the work than to pronounce the name of the author and fix the year in which he wrote.

It would be extravagant to assert that the design of the Fourth Evangelist and the peculiarities of his method are made entirely clear in this essay, but it is not too much to say that no recent author has gripped more firmly the real problems of the most difficult book of the New Testament and thrown stronger light on the many perplexing questions that arise in its perusal. Why an orthodox writer at the beginning of the second century should have undertaken to compose a gospel, and how the rise of Gnosticism served as an incentive to its composition, are subjects which Mr. Scott elucidates with considerable success. The motives which led to the adoption of the Logos idea and the consequences of that momentous step are well set forth. The omission from the gospel of all mention of the foundation of the Eucharist is placed in proper historical light, and explanation is furnished also of the spiritualization of the doctrine of the *parousia* in the discourses at the last supper.

Mr. Scott finds in the Fourth Gospel an attempt to combine a vital religious experience, mediated through Hebraic forms of thought, with an alien philosophy. The evangelist's temper was conservative, and his motive was to preserve the faith in which he had found new life. It was perhaps inevitable in a time when criticism was winning its spurs that John's departures from the older tradition, his aberrations in historical presentation, should be chiefly in the fore. That period, however, is passing, and even defenders of the authenticity admit that the Fourth Gospel is to be used with great caution as a biographical source. Now that agreement has been reached on this matter, the way is open for sympathetic appreciation of the religious teaching of John, and for fairer appraisal of his religious genius, which could produce in the form of biography such a remarkable treatise on the religious affections. It is the merit of Mr. Scott both to have made clear the profitable line of study in connection with the Gospel of John, and also to have exhibited some valuable results of endeavor of this sort.

A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by James Hastings, with the assistance of John A. Selbie, and (in the reading of the proofs) of John C. Lambert. Volume I. Aaron—Knowledge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.00.

This work is intimately related to the "Dictionary of the Bible," by the same editors, which was published in four vol-

umes from 1898 to 1902, with a supplementary volume in 1904; indeed, the two might be regarded as one series. The purpose of the new undertaking is to give more attention to everything that relates to Christ, and also to treat all topics connected in any way with the study of the gospels with special reference to the needs of clergymen, to produce "first of all, a preacher's dictionary." The editors explain that "the authors of the articles have been carefully chosen from among those scholars who are, or have been, themselves preachers." In the long list of contributors, however, are not a few who now hold academic positions in Great Britain and America. Scottish names predominate, and Continental scholars are accorded but a single representative.

Were this work put forward as a minister's commonplace-book, a mere repository of unsifted homiletical material, certain defects might pass without notice, but since it purports to be the product of scholars, and will be regarded by many as representing the present opinions of critical students, a few sentences of criticism are demanded. The work contains, in the first place, an intolerable amount of extraneous and irrelevant matter. The titles could have been diminished at least one-third to the improvement of the book as a work of reference. A few of the superfluous titles are Abgar, Abiding, Above and Below, Amazement, Ambition, Aristeas, etc. To load a reference work with matter of this sort seems to us an error of judgment.

A far more serious defect is the choice of writers of a decidedly reactionary point of view for articles on important subjects. Without doubt, an encyclopædia should be conservative, *i. e.*, it should not yield place to conjecture, to radical departures from accepted views which have not been subjected to the test of criticism. But conservative in the sense of holding to opinions and positions which are either fast yielding ground or have already lost the field, a work of reference certainly should not be; and we confess to disappointment in discovering this latter kind of conservatism. On nearly every page the desire to minimize differences between documents and passages may be noted, together with a painful effort to harmonize and gloss over discrepancies. In some cases, the facts brought to light by historical criticism are stated, yet the irreconcilable traditional interpretation is allowed to stand, as when we read that a superstitious belief in evil-disposed demons "stretches, from the earliest times to the present day, like a great chain along the course of human history"; and, in the next column, that "the demonology of the Gospels offers something *sui generis;* one becomes conscious of the fact that this link in the long chain is very different from all the other links." Even W. R. Inge, one of the more progressive contributors, declares that the discourse on the bread of life "does not refer directly to the Eucharist," yet almost in the same breath he says that "the Evangelist undoubtedly wishes, by narrating it, to spiritualize and generalize the whole Eucharistic doctrine." Now and then a clear historical verdict is spoken, as in a few brief articles by Prof. Shailer Mathews and E. F. Scott, and in P. M. Barnard's discussion of the "Genealogies"; but for the most part the authors appear to have been constrained by the opinion expressed by Dr. C. W. Hodge of Princeton in his article on "Fact and Theory": "If we are not to lose Christianity, we must abide by the Scripture as an external authority."

In his brief treatment of the Acts of the Apostles, Prof. J. Weiss of Marburg sets forth with marvellous lucidity and penetration the Christology of the Acts, and the same author has an enlightening article on the "Ethics of Jesus," but such cases are hard to find. They show, however, what this "Dictionary" might have been had its editors found the wisdom and courage to turn to historical students rather than to dogmatists and apologists, for light on historical questions. That such a compilation should be denoted "first of all, a preacher's dictionary" is not at all complimentary to clergymen. For we do not believe that many clergymen desire encyclopædic assistance to preach that angels "form firstly an army or host," "secondly a court," "thirdly a choir," and also that they are "free from sensuous feelings" and have "extensive, yet limited, knowledge."

The History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century. By Dr. Frederik Nielsen; translated under the direction of Arthur James Mason. 2 volumes, pp. xiii., 378, 481. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50 net.

The two large volumes, which, under the above title, make an interesting contribution to a much-discussed question, are timely in the best sense of the word. The present keen interest in the French religious controversy cannot be satisfied without some knowledge of the way the Revolution treated the Church and of the character of the parties to the Concordat. The editor's preface reflects the spirit that animated the translators and explains the unevenness of style, which, however, is not too apparent. The work has a title that is not quite descriptive of its contents; but the author's preface informs us that this is unavoidable until the completion of another volume dealing with the history of Leo XIII., thus making the work really a survey of the Papacy in the nineteenth century.

Nearly half of the first volume is given over to the relation of Jansenism and Gallicanism, the Encyclopædists and Jesuitism; the abolition of the Order of the Jesuits by Clement XIV. under the political pressure of the Bourbon family treaty, the founding of the Redemptorists, and the work of Joseph II. in reforming the condition of the monasteries. This is really prefatory to consideration of the great change in the fortunes of the Papacy inaugurated by the French Revolution, from which point the work enters upon the period so disastrous to the Church. The dissipation of the vast wealth of the French Church by the abolition of the tithes, the seizure and sale of the Church lands, the reductions in the number of the clergy, the suppression of the Monastic Orders, called forth little resistance, so tepid was the Catholic feeling of the time; but when the National Assembly attempted to remodel the Church, then the conflict between the Revolutionists and the See of Rome was precipitated.

Bishop Nielsen clearly points out that although the Assembly had adopted the principle of freedom of conscience and the principle of a State Church, it forgot, in regulating the affairs of the Church, what was due to the scruples of the faithful, and returned unwittingly but surely to despotic precedents and the old contempt for human liberty. There is no better statement of the steps leading up to the famous convention defining the nature of the faith than is to be found in Bishop Nielsen's account of the Concordat. The problems of the Restoration, the troubled Pontificate of Pius IX., the Vatican Council, and the *Kulturkampf* are so dealt with as to give us a sane and restrained view of the passing of the oldest element of Mediævalism. The work accomplishes all that the editor claims for it, and recalls the contributions of Stubbs and Creighton. May we soon see the third volume dealing with the Pontificate of Leo XIII. and exhibiting the same characteristics of thoroughness of investigation and independent judgment.

No Man's Land: A History of Spitsbergen from its Discovery in 1596 to the beginning of the Scientific Exploration of the Country. By Sir Martin Conway. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In the long range of books dealing with the history of exploration and discovery there are few that afford more pleasing reading than this by Sir Martin Conway. Its scope and thoroughness may be gauged from the fact that it covers the better part of four hundred pages, devoted to a region which to the average mind appears little more than a bleak and ice-bound spot lying toward the eightieth parallel of north latitude. But there are periods in the history of Spitsbergen (we follow Mr. Conway's spelling of the word: from *spits*, a point, having reference to the pointed mountains) which show that at times the island was more than it generally appears to us, and that it played no unimportant rôle in minor history. The "No Man's Land," whence the ill-fated Andrée expedition started to reach the North Pole, and where the second balloon expedition, that of Mr. Wellman, has but recently established its base, a land whose furthest point is only 930 miles from the Pole, and whose ice-bound shores and vast interior ice fields have saved it from the grasp of nations—this country has had its place in the industrial development of the world. We are told in Mr. Conway's work, and in other narratives, that less than three centuries ago, or more precisely, in the period between 1623 and 1644, when there had been an unusual development in the whale-oil industry, in which the Danes, the Dutch, and the English had rival interests, certain features of European life were transplanted to this far-off region. The sea front at Smeerenburg was lined with warehouses, furnaces, and cooling troughs, there were *maisons de pierre, beaucoup de loges ou cabannes, et pour defense un fort, muni d'artillerie,* and even a church. Whether or not this unique settlement, which Zorgdrager believes well deserved its local appellation, "Blubbertown," had at the time of its greatest prosperity a summer population of 10,000 or even 20,000, as some historians hold, or only

1,000 to 1,200, as the author of the book before us thinks more likely, it furnishes an interesting subject for the geographer. A few ruins, the battered remains of a long line of capstans, and scraps of rusted iron are all that to-day tell of a prosperous industry that was carried on at a point further north than the point at which Kane abandoned the Advance, or Cape Sabine, where the tragedy of the Greely expedition was enacted.

Sir Martin Conway's work is a model of painstaking research. The main text is supplemented by a list of principal voyages to Spitsbergen recorded from 1847 to 1900 (with useful explanatory notes), a bibliography of history and geography, a dissertation on Spitsbergen cartography, a chronological list of maps, and a history of Spitsbergen nomenclature before the nineteenth century. The numerous illustrations, many of them borrowed from the earlier texts and carefully reproduced, contribute not a little to the general attractiveness of the volume.

The Children of the Nation: How Their Health and Vigor Should be Promoted by the State. By Sir John E. Gorst. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. x., 297. $2.50.

Not as an outsider does Sir John E. Gorst approach the problems which he handles so fearlessly in "The Children of the Nation." From 1895 to 1902, he was Vice-President of the Committee of Council for Education—the position which, before the reconstruction of the Education Department, corresponded to the present President of the Board of Education. His experience of the difficulties which hamper an English Minister of Education, who had to administer laws which put the interests of the Church of England and the National Society before the interests of the children for whom the schools ought to exist, probably turned his attention to the subjects of the present volume. Sir John E. Gorst is now seventy-two; since his retirement from the Education Department in 1902, he has been out of the hurly burly of politics. He can look back on a long and successful life, and his bitter attack on the "Governing Classes of England" cannot be regarded as the clamor of a disappointed politician or the envious utterances of one of the have-nots. It can only be the "taint of philanthropy," of which one of his Conservative colleagues accused him at the time he was Under Secretary of India, that leads him to condemn alike Conservatives and Liberals for their want of care for the children of the nation.

The bogey of Socialism cannot frighten Sir John Gorst—at any rate not when children are the objects of what some might term Socialistic treatment. It is not Socialism, he insists, to assert that children have a legal right to be maintained by others, until they are of age to maintain themselves. Under maintenance he includes food, clothes, lodging, and care in sickness. If the parents do not provide these, it is the duty of the state to step in and either compel the parents to fulfil their duty, or if this is impracticable, to take the duty upon itself. "This is not Socialism," he repeats, "it is a description of the law of the land." That a single child can go about under the eyes of public officials underfed, or insufficiently clothed, is a proof of inefficiency or malfeasance on the part of the authorities. Sir John Gorst makes out a similar case for free medical attendance in illness. It is one of the rights of every child to grow up fit and healthy, and it is economy for the nation to guard against the child developing into a burden and a liability instead of an asset.

The years spent by Sir John Gorst at the Education Department evidently convinced him of the value of women's work in all matters concerning care and education of children. He writes:

> The infant schools should be inspected exclusively by women. The Board of Education some years ago tried the experiment of appointing half-a-dozen women inspectors; but they brought to light so many defects or abuses in the schools, which no office manipulation of their reports could conceal, that they have now been withdrawn, and the infant schools are again inspected regularly by men, mostly ignorant of the wants of little children. They should be under the supervision of a Women's Department of the Board of Education, so as to secure that woman's knowledge will no longer be thwarted by man's ignorance.

Sir John Gorst had evidently finished his book before the passage of the act of last session, providing for the feeding of school children. With that legislation, so far as it goes, he must have been fully in sympathy, although he advocates a far more thorough system of feeding. "A child cannot be a pauper," he maintains against those who fear the pauperizing of the people through this Socialistic legislation, "for it is born with a right to be maintained by others till old enough to maintain itself, and the child of the rich is as dependent upon others as the child of the poor; parents may be paupers; but to call a child by the opprobrious name of pauper because its parents are such is as unjust as to call a child a criminal because its parents are in prison."

When it is remembered that Sir John is a lifelong Conservative; that he entered Parliament in 1866; that he sat in the House of Commons continuously from 1875 to 1902; and that during these twenty-seven years he held office in four Conservative Administrations, the Radical and Socialistic tone of his book is enough to cause a gasp of astonishment even in England, where Socialism has made so much greater progress than in the United States. "We are all Socialists now," was a well-remembered dictum of the late Sir W. Harcourt; and to this creed Sir John Gorst must have given hearty adherence.

Science.

Mars and Its Mystery. By Edward S. Morse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

Mars and Its Canals. By Percival Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

In 1877 Schiaparelli commenced his well-known work on Mars by mapping more precisely than his predecessors the bluish-green regions. From their color, and the seeming probabilities of the case, these regions were formerly surmised to be oceans. Schiaparelli observed them to be connected by bands of the same color as themselves, narrow in proportion, yet several hundred miles in breadth. The terms "sea" and "ocean" having been applied to the larger regions, he named these narrow connecting bands *canali.* This Italian word designates connecting strips of water, whether artificial or natural, and, had he written in English, he would have said "channels." But the idea that the works of intelligent beings had been discovered on another planet was so captivating that Schiaparelli's word, taken in connection with the spelling, was translated "canal"; and the subject naturally excited a degree of attention which the original observations would not otherwise have commanded. The canals of Mars and the supposed purpose of the beings that constructed them, became objects of curiosity, both to astronomical observers and the public generally. In the next opposition of Mars, which occurred in 1879, Schiaparelli reached the conclusion that these channels were not the broad bands he had supposed them to be, but strips so narrow that they seemed like fine lines, thus taking a step toward the justification of the mistranslation. If not what we should call canals, they were more like such works than the broad strips of water shown by the observations of 1877.

The next important step forward in the delineation of the planet was taken by Percival Lowell, who founded an observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., a point of high altitude, where the air is of exceptional purity. The special purpose of this establishment was the study of Mars, a work on which Mr. Lowell entered with the greatest energy and enthusiasm, both by observing himself, and by employing the eyes of well-trained assistants. The results of his work have appeared in three fine volumes of observations, as well as in several popular writings and courses of lectures.

The two attractive books before us may be regarded as the latest output of the Flagstaff observatory. That of Professor Morse, which came first in the order of time, was the outcome of a visit he paid to Flagstaff in the summer of 1905, during an opposition of Mars. At first blush it might seem rather venturesome for a naturalist so eminent as the director of the Peabody Museum at Salem to appear before the world as an astronomical observer. But the field that Professor Morse has here entered, though belonging to the heavens, is not an essentially astronomical one in the sense of involving subjects or methods of observation with which a naturalist is not familiar. The trained eye of a microscopist will naturally be well qualified to catch details made visible with a telescope, and the study of the surface features of another planet involves no recondite principles of astronomy. The author gives an interesting account of the difficulties which he at first encountered in detecting the canals, and his ultimate success in seeing several of them. The main purpose of his book is to discuss the general subject of the surface of Mars from a naturalist's point of view. He argues strongly that the so-called canals cannot possibly be regarded as purely natural. He adopts substantially the view of Lowell, that we here have to do with long and comparatively narrow strips

of vegetation over an otherwise arid world, a feature which is attributed to a comprehensive system of irrigation. One cannot but admire the ingenuity of his argument, even if unable to accept his conclusion.

In view of the readability and general merit of the book, the critic cannot but regret that Professor Morse has accompanied his arguments by comments which are too polemic in tone for scientific discussion, and which tend to prejudice the unbiassed reader against his conclusions. One chapter, which we must in justice say is not a long one, is devoted to "comments and criticism," in which those doubting astronomers who have questioned the reality of the canals are dealt with much as unbelievers once were in the Puritan pulpit. The most curious feature of these criticisms is that even the quotations which he lashes with such severity do not seem, to us at least, to justify the punishment. For example, he quotes the work of a committee of the British Association, which, in 1892, had twenty-six observers at work making drawings of the surface features of Mars. The director of the work, however, reported that notwithstanding the astronomically favorable character of the opposition, the result was, on the whole, disappointing, owing to unfavorable weather, while the pressure of other duties prevented his supplying detailed help. On the strength of this, the author "appeals to any honest and unprejudiced mind if a more incompetent person could have been found in England for the directorship of the work."

Mr. Lowell's book embodies such a wealth of observation and reasoning that it is not possible to do it justice within the space of the present review. How widely soever one may dissent from his conclusions, one must concede that among all the observers of the planet, he easily takes first place, both with respect to the favorable conditions under which he has worked, the energy and enthusiasm which he has displayed, and the care he has taken to avoid every source of error. The most adverse critic cannot but admire the tireless industry with which the planet has been scanned night after night, every noteworthy appearance regarded, and the mass of facts thus acquired moulded into a consistent whole. When we say that his conclusions do not always carry conviction, we still admit that there is vastly more truth than error in what he says. With any claim surely erroneous we can scarcely charge him. And yet, in all that relates to his more interesting conclusions—those which attribute the dark lines to vegetation produced by artificial processes—we cannot look for general assent on the part of critical astronomers. Perhaps this may be due, as Professor Morse maintains, to a certain professional narrowness in their habits of thought. Whether this be so or not, we shall venture to set forth the two weak points in Mr. Lowell's beautiful system.

Our first point will be readily understood by any one who will scan the planet Mars under the most favorable circumstances, with the best telescope within his reach, and notice the difficulties in the way of seeing any detail in so seemingly small, indefinite, and rather ill-defined a globe of light. Then he must conceive hundreds of lines marked all over this little globe and imagine the difficulty of making out their exact character. He must also reflect that the most careful training of the eye may result rather in the interpretation of what is dimly seen than in its exact specification. In a word, the foundation of Mr. Lowell's argument rests upon an extremely slender base of appearances, to be made out only with the greatest difficulty. The ancient maxim that "things are not always what they seem" may very well be taken to heart in forming our judgment. The other weak point is the great number of unknown possibilities as to the causes which may be acting upon another planet. Lowell's work records more than one observation of which it seems difficult to construct a really satisfactory explanation. An example is that of a bright cloud floating at a height above the planet vastly greater than any cloud is seen in our air. Of course, there is no inherent impossibility in this, but it shows that things may be going on in Mars which we cannot understand, and justifies the agnostic point of view in everything that concerns minute details and intricate processes of reasoning.

These possible weaknesses do not detract from the general merit of the work. There is no heavenly body, except the sun, in which so many complex and variable phenomena have been found as Mr. Lowell has found in Mars, and no work upon the physical constitution of a heavenly body has surpassed his in the quantity and ingenuity of its reasoning. If the general reader finds much that the thinking astronomer would fail to regard as integral parts of established scientific truth, he will still be entertained and instructed.

"Arctic Exploration," by J. Douglas Hoare (E. P. Dutton & Co.), like several other recent publications on the same subject, appeared virtually antiquated on the day of its issue; for the author was unable to take note of the latest of Mr. Peary's remarkable journeys, and therefore to give the "record" in Polar work. The book is a light compilation of old and new narratives, and gives evidence of preparation by one who has but a superficial knowledge of his topic. Neither in its estimate of researches nor in the analyses of the different journeys do the pages betray special fitness on the part of the author. Indeed, a casual glance at the concluding chapters reveals a carelessness which detracts from the usefulness of the book. Thus, on p. 299, Mr. Peary's "farthest north"—the record of the journey preceding that of 1905-1906—is given as 81° 17′ N. (instead of 84° 17′) and there is no reference whatever to the delimitation of the land-masses on the North or to the discovery of the farthest projecting point, Cape Morris Jesup. On p. 306 the reader is informed that in recent years, "with the exception of Capt. Cagni (!) and his party who perished during the Duke of the Abruzzi's expedition, only four men, Baron Toll, F. G. Seeberg, and their two hunters, have lost their lives in the cause of science in the Arctic regions." One might have thought that Andrée, not to mention others, was of at least as much consequence in the general coterie of scientific students as the two hunters here referred to. We find on p. 264 the name *Pick* for *Pike*, *Elvina* for *Eivina*, and similar inaccuracies in spelling occur elsewhere.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co. will bring out a translation of J. Grasset's "Demi-fous et Demi-responsables."

The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Linnæus will be celebrated on a grand scale in Upsala on May 23 and 24, under the auspices of the scientific associations of Sweden. Invitations have been sent to the leading learned societies, to famous naturalists, and to the universities of Germany and other lands to participate in the celebration. Among those who expect to be present is the veteran zoölogist of Jena, Prof. E. Haeckel.

The Munich *Medizinische Wochenschrift* reports that the Bundesrat has definitely decided that, beginning with the coming summer semester, candidates can enter upon the study of medicine who are graduates only of the Oberrealschulen, and that accordingly they need offer neither Latin nor Greek. It is, however, demanded that before admission to practice the medical graduates must show that in the meanwhile they have taken the Latin course in the semi-classical Realgymnasium through the Lower Secunda class; for this a testimonial from the authorities of a secondary school suffices, no examination being demanded.

Drama.

Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg: Lustspiel von Gerhart Hauptmann. New York: G. Stechert & Co.

Nearly a year has elapsed since Gerhart Hauptmann published his four-act *Glashüttenmärchen*, "Und Pippa tanzt!"—a unique departure in the fantastical that provoked the student of German drama to renewed interest in the Silesian artist. Now, while the literary world is again expecting something new and worthy from his pen, he offers a five-act piece termed a comedy, tossed off in the interval between his last serious efforts. The result is distinctly disappointing, for it is neither a good comedy nor a comedy at all; and even those of Hauptmann's admirers, who assert that a poet should write all that bubbles within him, must wish that he had suppressed this play before it was staged, or even printed. Of late, Hauptmann has steadily kept pace with Sudermann in turning out drama after drama; but this last work from the shop of "Die versunkene Glocke" suggests the thought that if Hauptmann were to retire from the lists awhile and recuperate those forces once so fruitful and promising, his ultimate position in literature would be higher and more secure.

To begin with, there is no plot in "Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg," or none that seems worthy of Hauptmann, though, to tell the truth, the author of "Hannele," or even "Fuhrmann Henschel," was never famous for laying out, or at least completing, the plots of his tales. Agathe Ruschewey, a half-orphan and one of four daughters living on a country estate on the Saale, was courted by Dr. Grünwald, who, discouraged by her father, buried himself in the pampas of South America. In the

meantime the father died; the girl became ill, and was the recipient of attentions from Dr. Nast, the town *Oberlehrer*, a man of ability, but dried to the core with book-learning and fastidious notions of propriety. On Agathe's recovery, Nast urged his suit; and supported by a busybody aunt, wrung from the timid and distracted girl the promise of hand and heart. But now Dr. Grünwald returns and becomes the guest of the guardian uncle. The arrogant teacher is deluded by a vagabond, who exhibits a carved ivory cross (belonging to one of the girls), pretends that he found it at the bottom of an old well, and induces the pedagogue to explore the pit for other precious antiquities. The vagabond's plan is, in reality, the scheme of Otto, an adopted son and art student, whom Nast had offended. The ragged beggar and the silk-hatted *Oberlehrer* explore the well at the moment chosen for a family picnic nearby. They bring to light a chest, apparently very old, but containing various kinds of modern sausage, placed there half an hour before by Otto. The realization that he has been made a laughing-stock so piques Dr. Nast that he retires; and Grünwald, of course, appears to press his claims.

The above outline shows how shallow is the story, how hackneyed the material, recalling more than one incident in mediocre novels, such as Sudermann's "Es War." Moreover, the *Lustspiel* is almost wholly wanting in real humor, and can pass as a comedy in neither the modern nor the older classical sense. For downright fun it falls short of Hauptmann's earlier "Schluck und Jau"; and one may look in vain for the scintillations of repartee characterizing the model "Minna von Barnhelm." Nor are there any vivid scenes such as in the tavern in "Und Pippa tanze!" unless the intrusion of the vagabond with his ladder at the family festival be admitted in comparison. There are eighteen characters, but none except Nast is real flesh and blood; some, including Agathe, are tolerable suggestions of reality, but several are mere phantoms. The play contains some vinegary observations about education and a poke now and then in the ribs of the arrogant German *Schulwesen*—as when the inflated Nast is made to exclaim, "Die deutsche Schule ist musterhaft! Musterhaft, sage ich: das ist eine Tatsache!"—but there is neither the sharp satire of "Der Biberpelz" nor the dialectical novelty and mystical charm of "Und Pippa tanzt!" Of all the works of Hauptmann thus far given to the world—and how rich in variety and genius they are, after all!—"Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg" is least likely to contribute to his lasting fame. How far it fell short of the expectations of the crowd that fought its way into the Lessingtheater in Berlin may be judged by the comments of the daily press, in which such expressions as *tieftraurigen Abend, verlorenen Abend*, and *Theaterskandal* were frequent.

Leo Ditrichstein has long been known as a writer of more or less successful farcical comedies, not always of the most admirable description, but his name has never yet been associated with a piece of such solid quality as "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott," which he has written in collaboration with Percival Pollard, and which was presented for the first time in this city in the Astor Theatre on Monday evening. This is a genuine comedy of intrigue, belonging to the same class as the "Dora" of Sardou and Merivale's "Forget-Me-Not," and not unworthy of comparison with either of them. If less ingenious in construction than the one and less cleverly written than the other, it is an uncommonly well-made play, with an effective story, lacking neither in dramatic or human interest, in which a striking climax, showing considerable facility in invention, is followed by a natural, pathetic, and satisfactory ending. Moreover, it contains some good characterization and reflects certain phases of Washington life with no little veracity. The story deals with the effort of an American diplomat to prevent the marriage of a younger brother with a brilliant woman, who was once the heroine of a secret court scandal in Europe. He is defeated at all points, but an incriminating document, giving the full facts in the case, falls by accident into the hands of a certain Senator, who proposes to use it. In this extremity Mrs. Alcott appeals to an elderly ambassador, who is familiar with her antecedents, and who has long been among her admirers. He secures an order for the suppression of the document on the ground that it is a state paper, and when this device seems likely to fail, boldly seizes an opportunity of destroying it. But the excitement proves too much for him, and in the moment of victory he falls dead. The shock breaks Mrs. Alcott's spirit, and she retires from the field, making full confession and surrendering her lover, who was already cooling in his suit, to a younger and purer rival. Her fight for happiness and honor gives occasion for a series of highly effective scenes, and the suspense concerning the final outcome is maintained with indisputable skill. A better acting play has not been produced for a long time, and it is for the most part entirely reasonable and natural. As a rule the acting is decidedly meritorious, but Mr. Ditrichstein, with his broken English, made a mistake in assuming the part of a native-born American. In spirit and manner his performance was very good. Miss Dorothy Dorr played the heroine with intelligence, feeling, and spirit, and William Hawtrey was admirable as the amorous foreign count. The entire representation was creditable.

In J. Hartley Manners's comedy, "A Marriage of Reason," which was produced in Wallack's Theatre, on Monday evening, the old theme of the marriage of American heiresses to impoverished English noblemen is treated in a fresh and, but for poor workmanship, ingenious manner. The idea is good, but the illustrative details are unacceptable. Lord Delcombe, soured by the infidelity of his first wife, whom he has divorced, becomes a confirmed cynic and maintains that sentimental marriage is an absurdity. But as gambling has brought him to the verge of utter ruin, he proposes marriage to an American heiress upon a purely rational basis, she to enjoy the social advantages of his title and he to have the spending of her money. She agrees, and they begin a platonic union, which proves tolerably successful, until each perceives the special virtues of the other, and begins to wish for more genial relations. Mutual misconceptions gradually breed a wider estrangement, and a dissolution of the partnership seems imminent, when explanations bring about a perfect and permanent reconciliation. There is clever writing and some situations are effective, but the general construction is slipshod, and the whole working out of the plot is altogether theatrical and conventional. The dramatic value of the piece is slight, but the dialogue is of decidedly superior quality and the sentiment, if somewhat hysterical in places, generally sound. Much worse plays have been more successful than this is likely to be. Mr. Bellew enacts the hero with a finished comedy skill rare in these days, but the part of the heroine has been entrusted to weak hands.

A dramatized version of the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has just been played in London for a hospital fund. The dramatization was done by Mrs. W. Hadley and Miss E. Ouless, who kept strictly to the words of the book in the scenes chosen for representation. A representative of Bunyan declaimed the latter part of the introductory "apology" and the whole of the epilogue; and a good many of the incidents were shown in tableaux, such as the wicket gate, the removal of Christian's burden, the arming of Christian, the martyrdom of Faithful, the River of Death, and the Celestial City. The scenes in which dialogue occurred were the City of Destruction, the Valley of Humiliation (with a combat with Apollyon), Vanity Fair, and the Delectable Mountains. The part of Christian is said to have been played with remarkable success. Miss Crosman expects to play Christian in this country before long.

Music.

Twenty Piano Compositions by Mozart. Edited by Carl Reinecke. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Although Mozart wrote seventeen sonatas and many other pieces for pianoforte, his name seldom appears on present day recital programmes. For this there are good reasons. Most of his compositions were written for the clavichord and the harpsichord, the pianoforte's predecessors, which had a thin tone of very brief duration. To make up for the absence of sonority a multitude of runs, grace notes, and other ornaments, were introduced, which are no more to our taste than the *fioriture* of Rossini and Donizetti. Moreover, he kept his best melodies, as a rule, for his operas and symphonies; many of his piano pieces were mere *pièces d'occasion*, in which there is much that is trivial and commonplace. Mr. Shedlock, in his book on the Pianoforte Sonata, goes so far as to say that to his thinking the sonata in C minor is the only one in which Mozart was entirely absorbed in his art. This may be true of the sonatas as a whole, but in most of them there are sections that are worth keeping before amateurs and students.

Hans von Bülow declared that the time had come when, in order to keep Haydn and Mozart among the immortals, we must amputate the dead and dying parts of their

compositions—in other words, print collections of only their best pieces. Dr. Reinecke's volume of twenty-one pianoforte pieces was edited from this point of view. It would have been too much to expect this arch-conservative to "amputate" parts of the individual sonatas themselves, preserving only a movement or two in each case; but he has chosen the best four sonatas for his collection, and added to them four fantasias, beside a suite, some minuets, (including one which Mozart wrote at the age of five), some sets of variations, and divers other pieces. Dr. Reinecke was certainly, of all living pianists, the one best qualified to make such a selection; for decades he has been famed as a Mozart specialist. He has written a pamphlet pleading for a revival of Mozart's piano-concertos, and the present volume he has provided with an excellent introduction relating to his idol's life and works. The current opinion regarding Mozart's music is that it is uniformly placid; but perhaps some of the performers will agree with Reinecke that "the works of such a fiery spirit as Mozart must not be played merely with a certain dignity and moderation, but in the proper place there must be sparks and brilliancy." In one thing the editor is certainly right: in maintaining that Mozart's music should be played without *tempo rubato*; Mozart himself wrote: "I always keep time strictly." He sanctioned, at most, a slight freedom of movement in the right hand while the left followed the metronome.

The season's last operatic event of importance is the return of Emma Calvé to New York, Oscar Hammerstein having secured her for eight appearances at the Manhattan Opera House in "Carmen," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "La Navarraise," and perhaps "Faust." When this remarkable French singer and actress came to this country for the first time, in the season of 1893-94, her Carmen created such a sensation that Bizet's opera had thirteen performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. She has come to be looked upon as the greatest of all Carmens, eclipsing the pleasant memories of even Pauline Lucca and Minnie Hauck. The only drawback to a thorough enjoyment of her impersonation of this rôle in recent years has been a growing disposition to take undue liberties with the composer's rhythms in the love music of the last act and in a few other places; luckily she seems to have outgrown this, and her latest appearances as Bizet's gypsy girl have been quite as fascinating as of yore. Perhaps no singer on the operatic stage (unless it be Geraldine Farrar) has ever had a face which so constantly and subtly mirrored every thought and emotion in the text and the music; given a general knowledge of the plot, no one needs a libretto to follow the dialogue when she is on the stage. Her voice has also preserved nearly all of the luscious beauty it had a decade ago, while her style is highly polished. It is a pity that opportunity will not also be given to hear her as Ophélie in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," a rather poor opera, which, however, gave her an opportunity to convince astonished music lovers of modern taste that even *fioriture* which had seemed flimsy ornaments as sung by other prima donnas could be saturated with dramatic feeling.

At the two extra Philharmonic concerts to be given at Carnegie Hall, Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Wassily Safonoff will make his last appearances before his departure for London, where he has been engaged to conduct several concerts of the London Symphony Orchestra. The programme for these two supplementary concerts will consist of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" symphony, Rubinstein's concerto in E flat major for piano, and the overture to Wagner's "Tannbäuser." Josef Lhévinne, who was so successful at his previous appearances at the Philbarmonic, has been engaged as sololst. The orchestra for these concerts will consist of 110 players.

At a recent concert given by the Royal Orchestra in the Opera House at Berlin, Mr. Felix Weingartner introduced to the public a symphonic work by Dr. J. Paul Ertel, in which an attempt is made, by liberal use of the drums, to suggest an eruption of Vesuvius. The composition, which is entitled "Pompeii," is designed to picture in tones a revival of that perished city, and its renewed destruction by the volcano. Among the many themes employed one hears frequent repetition of snatches from the familiar song, "Funiculi Funicula." The piece closes with a prolonged sullen growl from the drums, which is meant to indicate that the gay life of the new city of pleasure has been smothered under a blanket of lava and ashes. The work was very well received.

"The Art of Counterpoint and its Application as a Decorative Principle," by Dr. C. H. Kitson, will be published soon by Henry Frowde. The author points out that those who have had some experience in teaching the science of music will have found that the general crudity of students' work in applied counterpoint, that is, in fugue and in modern polyphonic writing, is due to the ignorance of the origin, premises, and aims of scholastic counterpoint. By showing the historical status of this, and by tracing principles which are true for all time, Dr. Kitson seeks to prove that scholastic counterpoint is the foundation of all progress under harmonic conditions.

Art.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL WORK IN EGYPT.

CAIRO, March 2.

One's first impression of Egyptian exploration methods is somewhat painful. All considerations of sentiment and reverence for the dead are being swept aside in the modern demand for knowledge. In the new and spacious Museum of Cairo the proud monarchs who ruled the Mediterranean world, who lived in the greatest luxury and refinement, and built the most superb tombs, now lie side by side in rude coffins which would not have been considered fit for favorite slaves. By the irony of fate the ruling religious passion of their lives, a well provisioned and secure burial place, has been denied them, and they can now be viewed for five piastres. Mummy cloths cover Seti and the Rameses of three generations, the still impressive faces alone being visible; but the bodies of Ua and Tua, which were buried with the greatest love and care by their daughter Queen Tyi, are completely exposed, with the golden plate of the embalmer at the side.

The very costliness was, of course, the fatal error in these burials. The first robberies detected by archæologists are those of the trusted and well-paid undertakers themselves, who slipped out the jewels from beneath the massive and slowly descending lids of the splendid sarcophagi. Then came the plundering by the Egyptians during the loosely governed period of priest rule, followed by the plunderings of the successive waves of conquerors of Egypt, and the long and extremely artful plundering of the Arabs, which is still in progress despite precautions of the Government. Finally, in the nineteenth century there arrive the scientific grave robbers, animated by loftier motives, but the most thorough and ruthless despoilers of all—digging on a vast scale, with small armies of highly trained and well organized laborers.

At one of the great excavations which I visited a vertical section seventy feet deep had been cut through the burial places of six successive civilizations, terminating with the Greek, Roman, Coptic, and recent. Skulls grinned at us from every corner, limb bones lay about in profusion; at one point twenty or more coffins were huddled side by side. Since wood is extremely scarce in Egypt, these coffins when broken up into splinters are set aside until evening and then divided among the laborers as a special gratuity. Formerly the skeletons were treated with similar unconcern and perhaps sold to be ground up into "mummy paint"; but now that the scientific value of the skeleton as a means of determining race is recognized, they are carefully kept together in most of the excavations, placed in small boxes, and sent to Dr. G. Elliot Smith in Cairo for comparative study. The very important conclusions drawn from this relatively new branch of Egyptology, namely, the unity of the Egyptian race from the palæolithic to the present age, are chiefly due to this modest but distinguished anatomist.

One's second impression of the modern work here is that the period of brilliant discovery has passed by, the chief exceptions being the extraordinarily successful finds of Theodore M. Davis at Luxor. The period has set in of exact, patient, and exhaustive research, animated by the German spirit of thoroughness. It is generally conceded that France, the country which with several men of genius led the way, is not at present holding its own. G. C. C. Maspero, the director of the Museum as well as of Egyptian archæological research, a man of great erudition, beloved and respected by all, is now advanced in years. The arrangement, or conspicuous lack of arrangement and labelling, of the wonderful collections in the new Museum, is a sign of the need of some energetic new blood in this institution. Similarly, the work in the field, in the many "concessions," as they are called, along the Nile, sadly needs coördination. At some points the methods are quite beyond criticism, not a bone or a token or a record which could possibly be of any value as historical evidence is lost. Careful photographs are taken at every stage of the work. The mastering motive of the present

period is the search for historical evidence, not for museum loot; and such evidence is often found in ways and objects of little or no museum value, certainly of no exhibition value. At other points some impatience for more immediate and striking results may be observed; certain museum authorities at home who are supplying the funds must be kept in good humor by a not infrequent shipment of exhibition material. This is the spirit of the "head hunter" in palæontology, of the man who sacrifices the skeleton of an extinct animal for the more striking head. It is this diversity of aim and of method which should be held in check by the central authority of the Cairo Museum. While the materials of research differ with the different dynasties, the problems are everywhere the same, and the methods should be the same. When Mariette, the famous French explorer, left few detailed records of his excavations, Egyptian history suffered a severe blow. Now that an enormous amount of evidence has been destroyed or thrown into the dump heaps, one is convinced that every shred which survives must be scrunulously preserved.

It is gratifying to an American to find his countrymen taking a prominent if not the leading place in the present excavations, to hear of American funds liberally contributed, and of American scholars at work all along the Nile from Giza to Wadi Halfa. Prof. James H. Breasted's volume is regarded as a standard history of Egypt; the author is now copying all the inscriptions between Assouan and Wadi Halfa, or the first and second cataracts. Materials for even more thorough historical writings are being gathered by two other Americans—Dr. George A. Reisner and Dr. A. M. Lythgoe. No one is doing more for the art history of Egypt than Mr. Davis. With these men are many younger Americans who will make their place in Egyptology. Especially and above all is it gratifying to learn that the American methods are generally regarded as beyond criticism either as to spirit, scope, or thoroughness. It is earnestly to be desired that the museums and other supporting institutions and individuals at home will also be patient and consider that the prosecution of this investigation must be their chief concern, and that museum specimens are a by-product.

Immense undertakings are now in progress. Beginning our review in the north, we find Dr. Reisner at the Giza pyramids, having extended his field to the abandoned Italian and, as the writer understands, French concessions. He is now in his tenth year in Egypt, and a life work lies before him. For the first seven years he was attached to the University of California, with funds provided by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst; during the last three years he has served Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. At present his excavations are at the eastern base of the smaller of the three Giza pyramids, that of Menkura, where he is removing the enormous blocks of facing granite, which, it is hoped, may have been the indirect means of protecting some sanctuaries of the pyramid temple. Here one may see the perfection of modern excavation; not an iota of evidence escapes; the laborers are the most perfectly trained, the most honest, and the best disciplined in Egypt. The volumes published or now in press under Dr. Reisner's direction are devoted to the culture of the early dynasties, and the connection with the pre-dynastic or prehistoric cultures among the Egyptians of the stone age. One volume is devoted entirely to the first dynasty; another volume covering the first to the ninth dynasties is in preparation.

A few miles farther south Dr. Borckhardt, head of all the German explorations in Egypt, is now engaged in a similarly thorough manner, but not upon quite so extensive a scale, with the pyramids of Abusir in the interests of the Berlin Museum. Continuing down the plateau at Sakkara, the necropolis of Memphis, Dr. J. E. Quibell, the field representative or director of the special explorations of the Cairo Museum, is a most able and enthusiastic excavator. He is in his second year at this point. Here can be best observed the obstacles to excavation. Along the extreme eastern edge of the desert, in the close superposition of successive burials, in the intrusive tombs which cut into the centres or the sides of older tombs, the initial difficulty is to locate a dump which shall not cover some valuable area of future research. Here, too, is best seen the easterly movement of the Libyan sands, which have been the only thing that has effectively concealed these bordering tombs. The Cairo Museum reserves for its own exploration the entire Memphis necropolis of Sakkara as well as the two more southerly pyramids of Dashur. The historical method of search is a time consumer, and even at Dr. Quibell's fairly rapid rate of progress, a half-century will be needed to complete the enterprise.

Some ten miles further south Dr. Lythgoe is beginning his excavations for the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York. The concession is regarded as valuable, promising fine results. The excavations are starting, as at Giza and Abusir, in the temple on the eastern face of the most northerly of the two pyramids. Like Dr. Reisner, Dr. Lythgoe is a graduate of Harvard, with a special training in the University of Berlin; and he has had five years in the field with Reisner himself. He is the author of one of the important volumes in the Reisner series. He has ample means, which he is expending judiciously with a large force of well-trained workers, and with full realization that the surest results will be obtained by thorough procedure through a long and difficult campaign.

This completes the list of pyramids where work is under way. The ancient southerly pyramid of Medum is reserved for the Cairo Museum, and is not now being touched.

Two hundred miles to the south, near the exquisite Temple of Abydos, Dr. John Garstang is digging in tombs of the eleventh dynasty for the Museum of the University of Liverpool. He has a large and enthusiastic camp of laborers from Guft. Among them are many typical Egyptians, with profiles resembling those on the ancient tombs; perhaps some of these very men or boys have in their veins the widely distributed royal blood. From this region of Abydos is reported an illustration of the vandalism of defective methods. An archæologist, who need not be named, was busy on a valuable conession here for three years without results; he was followed on the very same ground by Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, who in two years secured extremely important material, including the names of all the kings of the first dynasty. Dr. Petrie is now in the service of the British School of Archæology.

Opposite Luxor we observed the admirable work of Dr. Édouard Naville, the Swiss archæologist, who has been aided for ten years by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Just north of the beautiful temple of Queen Hatasu, which he has restored—an object familiar to all travellers in Egypt—he has recently laid bare a much more ancient temple of the twelfth dynasty. We were fortunate in arriving the day of the discovery of an important alabaster sarcophagus believed to be that of King Mentuhotep.

On February 26 Mr. Davis started in his dahbeah down the Nile from Luxor to Cairo, carrying the treasures which he has unearthed this winter in the tomb of Queen Tyi—the latest of his fortunate discoveries. The coffin was found intact, but the body of the Queen was reduced by the dampness of the tomb to dust, which crumbled at the first touch. On her neck were all the scattered golden pendants of a breast plate, or *pectoralis*, and upon her head a beautiful and unique golden crown designed from the mythical vulture, the head and beak descending on the forehead and the delicately modelled wings surrounding the back of the head. But the rarest and most precious objects are the four canopic jars of alabaster, surmounted by beautifully carved portraits of the Queen herself (in place of the four traditional heads of the animal gods of the dead), with inset eyes and eyebrows. In the opinion of Mr. Davis and of others whom the writer has consulted, these heads surpass as works of plastic art anything thus far found in Egypt; they most nearly approach the Greek standard. In the writer's judgment, also, nothing in the Cairo Museum can compare with them in beauty. The expression is wistful and lovable—characterstic of such a woman as Queen Tyi is known to have been. Mr. Davis's concession is very valuable; and, as every one admits, he has worked with exceptional pertinacity, liberality, and good judgment. In 1903 he reached the tomb of Thothmes IV.; in 1904, the tombs of Ua and Tua, the father and mother of Queen Tyi. The contents of these tombs, transferred in entirety to the Cairo Museum, constitute a unique and perfect exhibition of a royal burial. The room set apart by M. Maspero for this collection is certainly the most interesting in the Museum; rich as it is, Mr. Davis will now add the treasures of Queen Tyi. A special volume, succeeding those upon Thothmes IV. and Hatasu, elaborately illustrated, will soon be issued. In 1905 Mr. Davis laid open the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut. In the year 1906 he came upon nothing exceptional, though the Italian archæologist Schiaparelli discovered an unrifled tomb, the entire contents of which he was allowed to transfer to the Turin Museum. Finally, in 1907, the Davis excavations were again richly rewarded by the discovery of Queen Tyi. M. Maspero is so delighted that he has presented to Mr. Davis one of the exquisite canopic jars, which will thus come to America.

H. F. O.

The March number of the *Bollettino d'Arte* is largely devoted to museum acquisitions. The Museum of the Bargello, Florence, has

bought a little Annunciation which is ascribed to that Abruzzi artist whose work is just beginning to be distinguished, Nicola da Guardiagrele. Though cut in stone, these images reveal the habits of the worker in metal. Of the alleged author, Arduino Colasanti can tell little more than that he flourished at the end of the fourteenth century and exercised a great influence in the Abruzzo. From many quarters, so the press dispatches indicate, come complaints of the smuggling of works of art of Italy. A Syracusan director observes that the best Greek coins leave the island by the simple expedient of registering them at Government post offices. Certain frescoes, ascribed to Butinone, which were sawn from the Church of St. Agatha at Pavia have turned up at Paris. On all hands it is agreed that the present law is constantly broken with impunity. The difficulty is chiefly economic. Few will take the risk of expropriation involved in applying for permission to export, when it is known that the Government may seize the object at its own valuation—a mere fraction usually of the prices ruling in London and Paris.

There is little that is new or profound in Elizabeth Luther Cary's study, "The Works of James McNeill Whistler" (Moffat, Yard & Co.), but it is refreshing to find a book on that artist dealing entirely with his art, and making no reference to his personal eccentricities, or to the butterfly letters. Miss Cary deals, by preference, with the "human" qualities in Whistler's work, and finds more of them than would, perhaps, be approved of by the outright Whistlerians. Her "Tentative List of the Artist's Works" should prove a useful foundation for future building.

H. M. Cundall's "Birket Foster" (London: Adam & Charles Black) sets before us an amiable and worthy man, whose minutely stippled and finished drawings of landscape, in the words of the Preface, "appeal to the majority of the British public more than the works of any other artist." Perhaps this is not altogether to the credit of the public, but that it is, or was, true seems amply borne out by some of the stories in the text, notably that of a whole screen full of drawings bought, without examination, by an enterprising dealer, while his rivals were busy making their selections for purchase. The seventy-three colored plates give ample opportunity for the study of the artist's manner of work, but the slight, yet accurate, pencil sketches in the text will give more pleasure to many.

At the auction of the Massey-Mainwaring collection at Christie's, London, March 11 to 18, the following prices were paid for paintings: A. Canaletto, View of the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo and the Colleone Monument, £892; F. Clouet, Comte de la Marque, in black jerkin, £756; Quentin Matsys, Louis XI., in purple dress, £630; A. van der Neer, Village Scene, with two windmills, £483; D. Teniers, Woman Lighting a Pipe, interior of a cottage, £420.

Finance.

TREASURY RELIEF FOR THE MARKETS.

Release, by the Treasury to the money market, of some $15,000,000 cash within a week, has brought to the New York Associate Banks, whose position a month ago was the weakest for that date since 1890, the largest surplus reserve reported at the end of March in any but one of the past seven years. The relief was timely, and thereby hangs a tale. When the disorder on the stock exchanges became acute in the early part of March, people began to ask, more or less anxiously, What will the Treasury do to help the market? In this column, last October, were fully set forth the conditions which gave any warrant for such appeal to the Government, the possible methods of relief, and Secretary Shaw's application of them. For several reasons, each of these considerations appeared in a new and somewhat altered light at the opening of March. At that time Secretary Shaw was succeeded by Mr. Cortelyou. The general judgment was that from him no such stretching of the letter of the law could be expected as from Mr. Shaw, who had overstepped all precedent, first by accepting, as collateral against public deposits with the banks, other securities than United States Government bonds; second, by ruling that public money once actually in the Treasury's own vault, could be paid over to bank depositorics; third, by advancing public funds to banks on the express stipulation that such funds should be used in securing gold imports.

But even assuming that Secretary Cortelyou would refuse to follow the precedents of Mr. Shaw, there were also several particulars in which he had wider latitude. In the opening week of March, Congress amended the law which governs deposit of public moneys. To the old law, which had in substance remained unchanged since 1864, there were two serious objections. One was, that it did not allow receipts from customs to be placed in bank—a wise exception in 1864, because payment of duties in gold, instead of depreciated Government paper, was then required, and because this same gold had to be used by the Government to meet the interest on its debt. But, naturally the reason for such exception ended twenty-eight years ago, when specie payments were resumed. The other objection had a more recent origin. The law of 1864 provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should require national banks in which public moncy was placed, "to give satisfactory security, by deposit [with the Treasury] of United States bonds and otherwise, for the safe keeping and prompt payment" of such money.

Around the words "and otherwise," much controversy has recently raged. There was, however, little doubt as to what the phrase meant. In reply to questioning, on the floor of the United States Senate, the author of the proviso declared that it meant the personal bond of a bank president, which had at times been required, not as a substitute for Government bond collateral, but in addition to it. The law, beyond reasonable question, contemplated Government bonds as *sine qua non* for such bank deposits. For several decades after the law was passed, the requirement was met without difficulty. In the past ten years, however, not only have Government deposits in bank risen from $11,000,000 to $150,000,000, but national banknote circulation, against which, also, United States bonds are required as security, has increased from $230,000,000 to $597,000,000; and in the face of this increase in demand for Government bonds, the total supply outstanding is hardly $70,000,000 greater than ten years ago, and would be much less, but for the issues during the Spanish war.

As a result, the banks have found it more and more difficult to get the United States bonds with which to qualify as depositary. In this fact, Secretary Shaw justified his overstepping of the law. The so-called Aldrich bill of six weeks ago disposed absolutely of the absurd exclusion of customs revenue from bank deposits; but it handled the question of collateral security, rather queerly. Instead of revoking the old requirement of United States bonds, and declaring what would be acceptable, it left the old proviso as it stood, merely adding the following sentences:

That the Secretary shall, on or before the 1st of January of each year, make a public statement of the securities required during the year for such deposits. Provided, That the Secretary of the Treasury shall distribute the deposits herein provided for, as far as practicable, equitably among the different States and sections.

In form, this amendment gave no fresh authority; but since the author of the bill declared in the Senate that the proviso for

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a statement of acceptable collateral meant that the Secretary might use his own discretion, the Secretary now has ground for assuming that acceptance of State, municipal, or railway bonds is duly legalized. The new Secretary has thus interpreted the law. As to the suggestion that the deposits should, so far as practicable, be "equitably distributed" among different States and sections, the Treasury seems wisely to have decided that distributing "equitably" and distributing "equally" may not be synonymous terms; and that equitable distribution is best achieved by paying back surplus revenue to the money market whence it came. This principle was pursued in the return within two weeks of $15,000,000 customs revenue to New York city exclusively.

How far this new basis of bank deposit of public funds will solve the difficulties of the awkward Sub-Treasury system, is by no means certain. Two unfortunate facts remain, one of them largely due to the Aldrich bill itself. The evil influence, on a market, of constant expectation of "relief from the Treasury," is too obvious to need explanation. The time will come—as it did, a few months ago—when markets will clamor for relief to which they are not entitled Just now a surplus public revenue, since the year began, has taken $25,000,000 from the money market; the Treasury's duty was, to give it back. But if the Treasury had not drawn on the market, or if, having done so, it had already redeposited, and could therefore offer no aid to a money stringency, we should see the Nemesis of the system. At best, there is a grave and dangerous responsibility imposed on the Secretary—a responsibility which might lead to such an extraordinary idea as Secretary Shaw set forth in his last annual report, that with $100,000,000 cash placed by the Government at a free disposal of the Secretary, he could prevent financial panic, here or abroad. This would be sheer and demoralizing paternalism.

The other troublesome possibility lies in the uncertain terms of the Aldrich act. If the only authorization for other than Government collateral, against public bank deposits, is an instruction to the Secretary to declare once a year what security he is willing to accept, what limit does it set to the kind of security accepted? As a matter of fact and law, it sets none at all; the presumed conservatism of the official himself is the only safeguard.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Almanac, 1639-1800. Washington: Library of Congress.
Beaumarchais's Le Barbier de Séville et Le Mariage de Figaro. Putnams. $1.
Beddoes's Poems. Edited by Ramsay Colles. Dutton.
Barton, Marion T. D. An Experiment in Perfection. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Blackmar, Frank W. Economics. Macmillan Co. $1.40 net.
Blaisdell, Thomas C. Steps in English Composition-Rhetoric. American Book Co. $1.
Bouhelier, Saint-Georges de. Choix de Pages. Bruges: Arthur Herbert.
Boutmy, Emile. Etudes politiques. Paris: Armand Colin.
Cabot, Ella Lyman. Everyday Ethics. Henry Holt & Co.
Call, Henry Laurens. The Conciliation of Wealth. Boston: Chandler Publishing Co.
Caine, Hall. Drink: A Love Story on a Great Question. Appleton. 10 cents.
Campbell, R. J. The New Theology. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Faikins, Mary Whiton. The Persistent Problems of Philosophy. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and others. Vol. I. Robert Appleton Co.
Chapman, Frank M. The Warblers of North America. Appleton. $3 net.
Clark, Kate Upson. Art and Citizenship. 75 cents net.
Corbin, John. The Cave Man. Appleton. $1.50.
Elweli, J. B. Bridge Axioms and Laws. Dutton. 75 cents net.
First True Gentleman. Boston: John W. Luce Co.
Freeman, J. D. Life on the Uplands. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents net.
Gaskell's (Mrs.) Cranford. Edited by Charles E. Rhodes. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Gibb (E. J. W.) Memorial. Vol. III. 1. Edited and Translated by J. W. Redhouse. London: Luzac & Co.
Godkin, Edwin Lawrence, Life and Letters of. Edited by Rollo Ogden. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Goethe's Faust. Edited by Julius Goebel. Henry Holt & Co.
Golding, Henry A. The Theta Phi Diagram Practially Applied to Steam, Gas, Oil, and Air Engines. London: Technical Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Hall, Eliza Calvert. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Hannay, James. Wilmot and Tilley. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Harnack, Adolf. Christianity and History. Translated by Thomas R. Saunders. Macmillan Co. 80 cents.
Hawkes, Clarence. The Trail to the Woods. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Innes, Arthur D. History of England. Cambridge University Press.
Keats's Poetical Works. Edited by H. Buxton Forman. Henry Frowde.
Keffer, Charles A. Nature Studies on the Farm. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Kelly, Myra. The Isle of Dreams. Appleton. $1.25.
Kratz, Henry Felton. Studies and Observations in the School-Room. Boston: Educational Publishing Co.
Le Blanc, Max. A Text-Book of Electro-Chemistry. Translated by W. R. Whitney and J. W. Brown. Macmillan Co. $2.60 net.
Lewis, Elizabeth. Lorenzo of Sarzana. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. Electrons. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Lodge, Sir Oliver. The Substance of Faith. Harpers. $1.
Low, Sidney. A Vision of India. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Lucas, E. V. Fireside and Sunshine. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Lucretius's De Rerum Natura. Edited by William A. Merrill. American Book Co. $2.25.
Manners and Social Usages. Harpers. $1.25.
McCook, Henry Christopher. Nature's Craftsmen. Harpers. $2 net.
Mineral Resources of the United States. Washington.
Mitchill, Theodore C., and George R. Carpenter. Exposition in Class-Room Practice. Macmillan Co.
Naval Records of the American Revolution. Washington: Library of Congress.
Nelson's Encyclopædia. Vol. XII. Thomas Nelson & Sons.
Prince, Leon C. A Bird's-Eye View of American History. Scribners.
Ray, Anna Chapin. Ackroyd of the Faculty. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Rentoul, Robert Reid. Race Culture or, Race Suicide. Walter Scott Publishing Co.
Russell, William Ingraham. The Romance and Tragedy of a Widely Known Business Man of New York. The Lord Baltimore Press.
Sanvisenti, Bernardo. Manuale di Letteratura Spagnuola. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Scott's Kenilworth. Edited by J. H. Castleman. Macmillan Co. 25 cents net.
Sedgwick, Mabel Cabot. The Garden Month by Month. F. A. Stokes Co. $4 net.
Sévigné, Madame de. Lettres Choisies. Putnams. $1.00.
Saltus, Edgar. The Lords of the Ghostland. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25.
Shakespeare's As You Like It.—Merchant of Venice. Hudson Edition. Edited by Ebenezer C. Black. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Spears, John R. A Short History of the American Navy. Scribners. 50 cents net.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1907.

The Week.

Mr. Roosevelt announces that he regards the Presidential campaign as already on; and that he is going to make it "hum" from now on. Any one can see, from the loud series of explosions with which Mr. Roosevelt's racing machine starts off, that it is likely to be run under tremendous pressure. The usual excitements will appear as tame as crocheting by comparison with the earth-shattering thrills which the President has in preparation. Already he is bundling off the stage the old properties which once sufficed to make the people's eyes start from their sockets. The well-used Trust, a mere *Octopus vulgaris*, has no terrors fit to be named with those of the hobgoblins and chimæras dire with which President Roosevelt is to affright us. The monsters whom he sees gathering in the White House grounds are of a prehistoric bulk and ferocity. He notes them unwinding the scaly horrors of their tails, and hastens to apprise the public of the fearful things in store. We are in for a campaign which will make the apocalyptic visions of the Bloody-Bridles Populist seem like a midsummer night's dream. Seriously, we cannot wonder that the President's friends are disquieted at his ready acceptance of these gross inventions and his sending them out to the country as not only credible, but as the sole guide to political action. Now, if any tyro in politics should put about such a fantastic tale, experienced heads would wonder how he escaped from the nursery. In so hardened a practitioner as Mr. Roosevelt, the symptom of gullibility is really disturbing. It argues that he is so overwrought by his labors that his ordinary good judgment is not brought to bear. While he is in this high-strung state, the thing for the country to do is to be, like Marjorie Fleming, "most unusual calm."

Paul D. Cravath's argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission last Thursday in favor of the Chicago and Alton trausactions was prefaced by a frank admission that times and public sentiment have changed. Since the deal had been made, he affirmed, the moral aspects of such phases of high finance receive more attention than heretofore. The same might truthfully be said of the insurance methods of a few years ago; public opinion in regard to them has also undergone a notable change. But the question remains whether the people at large would ever have condoned such practices had they known or understood them. So far as the insurance matters are concerned, we do not believe for a moment that public sentiment—and by that we do not mean Wall Street—would ever have approved the obnoxious deeds. In brief, we do not think that the moral standards of the people have undergone any alteration whatever; publicity has simply given opportunity to apply them, as was not previously possible. Mr. Cravath is correct in saying that the Alton transactions were reported when they occurred; it was not, however, until they were brought out as a whole before the Interstate Commerce Commission that the public fully realized what they meant. Gratifying as is Mr. Cravath's assurance that the corporation managers have seen the handwriting on the wall, they must not expect the public to restore them to confidence and favor until they have given proof that they will live up not only to what they call the new moral standards, but those of the future as well. By no means all of the directors and managers have sinned in ignorance, or because what they did was the custom of the Street. On the contrary, there are lawyers, as Mr. Cravath must know, who have frequently warned their clients that this or that reorganization or combination was illegal, and might even lead to the penitentiary —only to have their advice disregarded. As to the standard of the future, it requires no astrologer to read it in the stars. The Decalogue is still in existence; the standards of private morality and conduct are fixed; the relationship of public corporations to stockholders need never vary much from those of the trustee or guardian to his ward. And above all, frankness and openness will be requisite. If Mr. Cravath's clients and those like them are ready to adopt these standards for the future, the public may look with more favor upon Mr. Depew's appeals for silence in regard to the past, because it is the past.

The dinner which the New York *Staats-Zeitung* gave to Ambassador Tower Monday evening was a merited recognition of his efforts to compose a difference about tariffs, and to preserve friendly relations between his country and Germany. In one sense his task, with that of the North Commission, has been an easy one—the German Government has done everything in its power to bridge over the difficulty. As Mr. Tower explained, Germany has recently made reciprocity treaties with seven of the leading European countries; her people cannot understand why the United States does not jump at the chance to conclude a similar agreement with her. Thus far a tariff war has been averted only by what may be termed the unusual international courtesy of the Imperial authorities in passing, in February, 1906, a law extending until June 30, 1907, the conventional German tariff rates. In view of the Ambassador's expressions at the dinner, it is obvious that some further agreement has been reached which will permit of the continuance of the present status. But this again is merely a stop-gap. Thus far, as Mr. Tower testified, the Kaiser and his advisers have approached every matter relating to the United States in a most conciliatory spirit. They seem to have understood the difficult position in which the State Department finds itself in endeavoring to do what our importers and exporters wish in the face of a supremely indifferent Congress. It would be hard to find a better illustration of the selfishness and indifference of protection. There is no other cause of difference between the two countries. In literature, music, and art there is the freest of trade—even to the exchange of professors. The groundless fears of German interference in South America, the equally absurd allegations of a German desire to take over the Philippines, have disappeared as rapidly as the stuff that dreams are made of. It therefore behooves every friend of peace and of progress to bring pressure to bear towards the solution of the problem upon which Mr. Tower and Mr. North have been working. Serious friction between the United States and the German Empire is inevitable if our Aldriches and Cannons are to continue to direct our tariff policy.

Secretary Cortelyou's plan to convert $50,000,000 of the maturing United States 4 per cent. bonds into 2 per cent., instead of paying them off, has in reality a double reason. The amount which would be involved in cash redemption is very large, and the retirement of so many United States bonds would inevitably contract the bank-note circulation, for which such bonds are a required security. In all, nearly $112,000,000 of these 4 per cents are due for redemption July 1, and of these some $27,400,000 are pledged against bank circulation. The redemption of the "fours of 1907" will remove the last of the specie resumption issues. Part of this loan was issued by Secretary Sherman, between 1877 and 1879, under authority of the Specie Resumption act of 1875, which empowered the Treasury to sell such bonds for the purpose of redeeming the outstanding legal tender notes. Although this maturing loan is the last of the "resumption issues," it is not the

last of the 4 per cents. There will still remain, subject to redemption in 1925, some $118,000,000 of the 4 per cent. loans made to repair the Government's gold reserve in the troubled days of 1895 and 1896. Conversion of these $50,000,000 maturing 4 per cent. bonds into 2 per cents is apparently strong testimony to our national credit. Great Britain's 2½ per cent. consols have lately fallen below 85, French Government 3 per cents are selling at 94⅞, and New York city finds it difficult to float a 4 per cent. loan, except at a discount; yet the United States Government gets par for its 2 per cents. But there is an artificial cause at work. Bank circulation must be secured by United States bonds, and note issues have in the past ten years increased $370,000,000. Until Secretary Shaw relaxed the law in regard to government deposits in bank, and the Aldrich act of last month in clumsy fashion legalized that action, government deposits had to be secured by pledge of United States bonds; and the amount of such deposits has risen $140,000,000 in the decade. It is this artificial market for the bonds which holds them at an unreal valuation.

Charles M. Schwab's emphatic declaration that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation is going out of the business of building ships for the Government, was undoubtedly a surprise to the public. At the annual meeting of his company last week he declared:

> I never knew any one to make money out of battleship construction. We have conclusive evidence of this, for we have charged off altogether a $3,000,000 loss from the shipbuilding companies. In the construction of the three ships now building at the Union Iron Works we have in the past year charged off $1,725,000.

This San Francisco loss was in part due to the earthquake, and in part to changed conditions in the trade, the contracts having been taken five years ago, when both materials and wages were cheaper. But the real reason for the loss on warship contracts, Mr. Schwab declares to be "the succession of unreasonable delays caused by governmental red-tape. On account of the delays caused by inspections, changes in specifications, and so on, the progress of government work is slow and costly. I have sometimes thought that it was possible to turn out more tonnage in steel for a private customer in a month than can be turned out under present methods for the government in fifteen years." Mr. Schwab's statement, as every one familiar with Governmental methods knows, is hardly too strong. It does take about five years to complete a contract for a battleship, whereas in England a Dreadnought may be afloat and in service within two years. Our shipyards are not lacking in efficiency or enterprise; the trouble is chiefly that our Navy Department, generally behind the times in its designs, endeavors to modernize them while the ships are well under way. The naval architect, Joseph R. Oldham, has recently in *Cassier's Magazine* told of a case in which it took our Navy Department nine months to make an approved working drawing, out of a plan which embraced not one-fiftieth of the length of the hull, and but one element of the construction of one deck.

One of the moderate results which William T. Stead hopes to see attained in the approaching Hague Conference is a general agreement among the signatory Powers to abstain from "piratical" warfare, by allowing a period of thirty days to elapse between the rupture of diplomatic relations and the beginning of hostilities. There are Frenchmen, we are told, who pick up their papers in the morning expecting to read of the advance of a German army on Paris, and there are Germans who dread the sudden appearance, like Aphrodite rising from the waves, of a British fleet at Kiel. Under the new rule there would be no ground for such fears of sudden war and devastation. Yet it is hard to see what benefit to the cause of peace would come from an attempt to apply to war the etiquette of the duel, with which Mr. Stead contrasts the Western barroom method of getting the drop on your man. If Russia accuses Japan of "uncivilized" conduct in attacking without a declaration of war, the latter might retort that acute negotiations extending over more than a half-year should have been sufficient warning to any Power that was not completely befuddled as to the seriousness of the game it was playing. So France need scarcely fear an overnight invasion by Germany, or Germany by England. The press in each country would be sure to give warning weeks before, as in the Morocco crisis of 1905. On the other hand, what Mr. Stead said at Plymouth Church Sunday concerning the rôle that this country is bound to play in the propagation of the gospel of peace, because of the fact that we are "the most international of people," is as sound as it is agreeable. The fact that we have among us representatives of all the European nations, domiciled as citizens, yet bound to their trans-Atlantic origins by ties of varying intensity, gives us a legitimate interest and influence in European matters. Mr. Stead proposed a peace pilgrimage of Americans to the various European capitals before the assembling of the Hague Conference. Getting to know people removes misunderstandings and promotes friendship. Yet such a process of rubbing up against each other is, as the speaker pointed out, already in progress on a vast scale in this country.

The decision of the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, not to grant retiring allowances to professors in State institutions, will surprise no one. Mr. Carnegie has given but little to State universities. As he has more than once declared, he believes that gifts from him or from other outsiders may tend to weaken the interests of the people of a State in their own university and lessen their sense of responsibility for its maintenance and development. The Executive Committee of the National Association of the State Universities has presented a strong argument for these pensions. The committee points out that the salaries in State universities "do not vary essentially from those in other institutions" which share the benefits of the Foundation; that the State universities, like private institutions, "have grown by the struggles and self-sacrifice of individuals," who "in their old age find themselves unable to call upon any corporation or individual for assistance"; and that without the Carnegie pensions the "State universities will certainly be at a great disadvantage." President Henry S. Pritchett of the Foundation replies that the Western State Universities are now receiving generous support. The total income of Michigan, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas, California, Illinois, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Colorado was $1,689,200 in 1896; it was $4,577,700 in 1906. The teachers of State universities, he admits, have, "as teachers, quite as good a claim to a retiring allowance system as have any other teachers." The policy of pensioning is also as desirable in State universities as elsewhere; but "retiring allowances, when established in State institutions, should be established by the States themselves as a part of the legitimate expenses of higher education." President Pritchett, like Mr. Carnegie, fears that the intervention of a private agency may "greatly weaken the sense of responsibility of the States for educational support." The experiment, then, of withholding the Carnegie pensions from State institutions is to be fairly tried. The people of most Western States, we think, take great pride in their universities, and will not see them outstripped by private institutions. If the private college, by means of the retiring allowance, begins to attract the stronger members of the faculty, the State is likely to offer a similar inducement. If this, however, is not the effect, the Carnegie Foundation can change its policy to suit conditions. In the meantime, however, individuals of the faculty must continue their sacrifices.

If a brave heart and firm determination were the only requisites, the announcement that Peary is again to go to the Arctic would mean that the North

Pole is as good as discovered. Unfortunately, the unforeseen and unforeseeable are to be reckoned with in 1908 as in 1906. On his last trip Peary would have reached the Pole if he could have carried enough provisions with him. All his arrangements were sufficient for an ordinary Arctic summer, but the exceptional season frustrated his plans. Each expedition, however, renders him better able to face the problems of the Far North, and this fact has undoubtedly aided him in getting together the $200,000 needed for this, his sixth expedition. One great change has certainly come over Arctic exploration in recent years. The dangers have been largely diminished by reason of greater care and knowledge. Time was when the departure of an expedition meant the certain end of the ship and of at least some lives. The loss of the Polaris, the Jeannette, and the Rodgers, in quick succession, and the disastrous Greely expedition, all tended to fix the impression in the public mind that exploration of this kind was about the most foolhardy undertaking on the globe. Now big ships and little go to the Arctic or Antarctic—Amundsen sails in a cockleshell clear across the American hemisphere—with far greater ease and safety than the early explorers crossed the western ocean. This changed feeling is, however, not true of those who would balloon to the Pole. The world at large would take much greater stock in these ventures if there were first trial trips, say, from New York to Chicago or in some colder climate.

Britain's undeniable instinct for recognizing the inevitable in political evolution and yielding wisely because in time, would seem to be on the point of finding its latest illustration in Egypt. There the demand for greater powers of self-government will not down; and minimize as the Conservative English press will this Nationalist movement, we must be not unprepared for a sudden about face on Egyptian affairs similar in kind, though not, of course, in degree, to that exhibited by leading British Unionist journals the moment self-government became a fact in the Transvaal. Certainly, it is of great significance that Lord Cromer in his latest annual report should have come out for a modified system of home rule and a policy of placing a greater number of public offices in the hands of natives. At present the Khedive, as nominal ruler, is assisted hy a Legislative Council of thirty members, of whom fourteen are nominated, and a General Assembly, comprising the Legislative Council plus the six Ministers and forty-six elected members. The General Assembly "has no legislative functions, but no new direct or personal tax can be imposed without its consent." When we are told that Lord Cromer's proposals call for a legislative council composed of twenty nominated and sixteen elected members, the concession to national desires will be not in the mode of its selection, but in the fact that it will possess "full power to deal with Egyptian affairs, subject to the veto of the British and Egyptian Governments." The great argument against home rule for Egypt has been the "demonstrated" incapacity of Orientals for self-government. Against this conception the Khedive recently protested in a remarkable interview with a correspondent of the Paris *Temps*. He dwelt upon the "prodigious facility wherewith it [Egypt] assimilates itself to European culture," its advance in agriculture and the mechanical arts, and its general economic progress. "It is now time," he said, "to devote all our efforts not only towards the material welfare of the population, but toward the satisfaction of their intellectual and moral requirements."

Mr. Birrell has been long enough Chief Secretary for Ireland to have had very interesting experiences. Primarily he has, as he expresses it, found himself, what he never was before, in angry controversy with himself as Chief Secretary and head of various departments. Ireland has already, he declares, made him a victim to its charm, and he maintains that the day has gone by when England can take it upon herself "to treat Ireland as a naughty child, on the principle of 'Go and see what she is doing and tell her not to do it.'" But though he is able to joke about his beliefs and findings with that exquisite humor which has resulted in his being dubbed the wittiest of Ministers, he has found much of pathos in his work, as Mr. Bryce did before him. Take, for instance, the educational situation. There is a highly centralized system, imposed by England, with a central board at Dublin controlling the school finances, but without any local authority to contribute to its expenses, and itself not amenable to any responsible person. For this Mr. Birrell sees no foreign remedy; Ireland must cure her own evils in this respect. But the schoolhouses he found in such a scandalous condition that he was "almost willing to throw aside all the principles he ever professed if he could only get cash down." As a first step forward he has obtained from the Treasury the sum of $200,000 a year for three years to begin rebuilding. But the smallness of the teachers' salaries and their scant opportunities for promotion are even more discouraging; and to these evils Mr. Birrell is also devoting his attention. Finally, on the question of the Irish language he concedes the entire right of Ireland to ask for its teaching in her schools.

The declaration of the Congress of French Independent Socialists against the employment of the general strike as a political weapon is symptomatic of a difference of opinion which exists within Socialist ranks in all European countries. The theory of the general strike is of recent growth; it rose to sudden prominence about four years ago; triumphed signally in Russia, where the manifesto of October 30, 1905, was directly won by the great national three-days' strike, and in Austria, where the imminence of a general cessation of labor wrested the grant of universal suffrage from the Government; but has since declined as suddenly as it rose. In Germany, Bebel fought the movement for a general strike at a time when the majority of German workmen, it is said, were eager to join issue with the Government under the spell of enthusiasm engendered by affairs in Russia. Bebel saw that the general strike was a dangerous weapon to play with. Successful as it might be in a cause that enlisted the sympathy of an overwhelming majority, as the case was in Russia and Austria, the situation was different in Germany, with a firm Imperial hand on the helm. There a general strike was sure to lead to civil war, and the Socialist leader hesitated. Moreover, a general strike, to stand any chance of success, involved a terrific strain that was sure to be followed by a corresponding reaction. This was exemplified in Russia, where a second general strike, proclaimed in November, 1905, proved a disastrous failure.

Chancellor von Bülow's recent declaration about himself, "this has been an Agrarian Chancellor," has only served to arouse the indignation of the Liberals, whose support he has sought to obtain. The Radicals, in particular, are recalling that Liberalism has had no dearer enemy than the Agrarians, whom they have opposed not merely on economic grounds, but because they wished to war against feudalism in a modern state and the exploitation of labor in the interest of the landlords. In short, the Liheral campaign against special privilege has been waged as persistently as anywhere in Europe. When one considers, too, that the Agrarian policy has meant the continued domination of the Prussian *Junker*, the creating of artificial prices, and the taxation of even the most necessary articles of food, one can but wonder at the Chancellor's readiness to identify himself with it. No one can assert that this action smacks of statesmanship, or even of the shrewdness of the time-serving politician, however courageous and frank it may be. On the other hand, all that the Chancellor has to offer the Liberals is a slight reform of the Stock Exchange.

THE REAL CONSPIRACY.

President Roosevelt is much disturbed by the machinations of the corporations. For some time he has seen in every effort to check or thwart him the cunning hand of capital. His troubles at Panama have been due to the plots of the railways; the criticism of his course in regard to the negro soldiers at Brownsville is, he is confident, inspired by the Trusts. Last week Wednesday he capped the climax by telling the assembled newspaper correspondents that there was a widespread conspiracy against him and his beneficent policies. Harriman and Rockefeller have struck hands with Hearst in an effort to control the next Republican and Democratic National Conventions, to the end that a reactionary, some man hostile to President Roosevelt's theory of regulating great corporations, may succeed him and undo his good work. His words recall that familiar hymn:

> Christian! dost thou see them
> On the holy ground,
> How the troops of Midian
> Prowl and prowl around?

And the President echoed the triumphant chorus, "Christian! up and smite them!" From this time forth he would give these enemies of righteousness no quarter. "My spear," he said, "knows no brother."

The fury of President Roosevelt presents puzzling features. Provoked by a report, afterward contradicted, that E. H. Harriman had asserted that whenever he wanted legislation from a State Legislature he could buy it; that he "could buy Congress," and that if necessary he "could buy the judiciary," Mr. Roosevelt denounced Harriman in the roundest terms for "cynicism and deep-seated corruption." Moreover, "the man uttering such sentiments and boasting, no matter how falsely, of this power to perform such crimes," was "at least as undesirable a citizen as Debs or Moyer or Haywood." The President was "horrified, as was Root." That horror we share to the full; but we cannot understand the suddenness of the President's moral awakening, or, for that matter, of Secretary Root's. Both of them have been Republican leaders for more than two decades. By this time they should have learned what the Republican party is and what its cardinal doctrine of protection implies. The Republican victories in Presidential elections, in Congressional elections, and often in State elections, have for years been due to the fact that "wealthy corruptionists"—to use President Roosevelt's own phrase—"could buy Congress." They could and did buy Congress. They paid the money to the treasurers of Republican campaign funds and got in return the tariffs on steel, wool, and a thousand other commodities. The transaction was not secret; it was open and shameless. Long before the late Senator Hanna became a power in the party, the Republican leaders had "fried the fat" out of those manufacturers who benefited by the tariff. This system of fat-frying Senator Hanna developed and perfected; and as a result Theodore Roosevelt became Vice-President of the United States.

In the campaign of 1904 the fat was again fried with energy and success by Mr. Cortelyou and Cornelius N. Bliss; and, according to Harriman's tale, he himself was fried to the tune of $50,000. The President, however, avers that a gift from the Tobacco Trust was refused because the Government was suing the company; and that at any rate no contributions could alter his policies one jot. This scrupulosity we cannot praise too warmly. Yet we wonder what reason he and his counsellors offer for the thousands of dollars paid to Mr. Cortelyou and Bliss in 1904, by corporations and wealthy corruptionists. Was it uncontrollable admiration of Theodore Roosevelt that loosened these tight pocket-strings? If so, what has changed this frantic love into hatred? No grown man needs to be told that the money was contributed for the election of Mr. Roosevelt under an obligation expressed or implied. Senator Thomas C. Platt, whose specialty is not resounding professions of virtue, frankly admitted that when he accepted $10,000 from each of the three big insurance companies he was morally bound to protect their interests. And when the Republican committees accepted $50,000 from Harriman and similar sums from other wealthy corruptionists, the Republicans gave a spoken or tacit pledge to make an adequate return. Otherwise, the transaction cannot be rationally explained. What is more, the Republicans fulfilled at least part of the bargain. They have not touched the tariff. The beneficiaries of the iniquitous Dingley law passed their money across the counter, and President Roosevelt, Senator Aldrich, and Speaker Cannon delivered the goods.

Now as to Mr. Roosevelt's fear that he may be succeeded by some one less hostile to corruptionists, some one, for example, who would find it "a real pleasure" to see Mr. Harriman, we hazard a prediction: the fear is groundless. In the last two or three years many events have combined to inspire the rank and file of our voters with a wholesome dread of the influence of corporations in politics; and among these events none is more significant than the publication of the letters of Harriman and Roosevelt. This has been a sickening revelation. We do not refer to Harriman's alleged boast that he could buy State Legislatures and Congress. That view, as we have already noted, he and his kind have always held. The shocking thing is to find the people's idol, the clean, the high-minded Roosevelt, our loudest preacher of private and public chastity, begging this corrupt Harriman to come to the White House, imploring him to help out in the New York State campaign. If Roosevelt will stoop to this, we may well be alarmed by the effect of money and corporations on men of softer ethical fibre, our political molly-coddles.

We believe, however, that people have made up their minds to some radical changes. Our citizens have done their best to remove from the reach of greedy politicians the huge surpluses of insurance companies. Various Legislatures are preparing more drastic rules for publicity and honest management of all public-service corporations. Across this dial the shadow will not move backward. The next step should be to attack the very citadel of our political corruption—the protective tariff. So long as it remains what it is, the tone of public life will be sordid; and Congress and Legislatures, judges and Presidents, will be bought and sold like stocks on the Exchange.

FREAK LEGISLATION.

The English press has apparently taken too seriously the proposal of a New Jersey legislator to have a license tax levied upon human whiskers. Even the humorous comments are of the kind that are made by the irreverent on sober projects, not those which merely sustain and enforce what was a joke in the first place. This is not a unique instance. Correspondents of English and Continental newspapers are continually cabling bits of news of the same kind about the work of our Legislatures. A rural legislator in Arkansas introduces some preposterous bill. It is the only feature of what may have been a serious and profitable session that gets the slightest mention abroad. No wonder that European leader-writers comment gravely on the fantastic laws which the light-minded Americans propose to enact. Yet the gibes of our friends across the water have point in this respect. Many "freak bills" are introduced every year by Senators and Assemblymen who have been honored with the confidence of their constituencies and have solemnly sworn to preserve the institutions of their commonwealths. Why, then, should any legislator deliberately propose something which only creates amusement at the expense of himself, his State, and even, as in the case of the whiskers bill, his country?

It is a question for the psychologist quite as much as the publicist. The first reason is that some men's minds work freakishly. The crotchets and mental twists that are reflected here are no different from those we find among our neighbors in private life. What shocks and surprises is their appearance in

high places and under such dignified auspices.

Another thing to be remembered is that in the legislator familiarity has bred contempt for the mere formalities of law-making. To him, "be it enacted" is a natural and flexible means of expression. Suppose an idea, noble, whimsical, or satirical, comes into his mind. If he were a poet he would embody it in verse, if an artist in a cartoon, if a journalist in a paragraph. But, being merely the gentleman from the Eleventh, he gives the same idea substance in the form of a printed and numbered bill. Perhaps he is even encouraged by the fact that he will get his name into the newspapers and the benefit of free advertising. He may also secure repute as a humorist. It is an old and effective Parliamentary device to defeat a bill by loading it with ridiculous amendments, as when the bill establishing the whipping post for wife-beaters in the District of Columbia was made to carry an appropriation for a thumb-screw and a ducking-stool. The same principle is carried a little farther by the drafting of bills for, so to speak, rhetorical purposes. But, looked at in one way, this is no more a profanation of a sacred place than when in Rome the statue of Mars was used as a bill-board for the first pasquinades.

Because a bill, *per se*, is not so grave a matter to one who lives among bills as to an outsider, legislators have a pleasant way of introducing other people's bills as a personal favor. In Congress they add the line "(by request)" as a disclaimer of responsibility. There is no cause so crazy that its advocates cannot point to some House or Senate bill which embodies their ideas. Sometimes, critics or opponents try to call to account the introducer himself. Several years ago, for instance, a Brooklyn Congressman got into endless trouble through a long bill, embodying a complete reorganizatien of every branch of the government and the creation of dozens of new departments, like "Public Fluids" and "Public Amusements." He had introduced it unread, to oblige an ultra-radical acquaintance, yet on the stump he had to reply to countless insinuations about his own sanity, based upon the visionary measure.

The freak bill is often the expression of a widely held belief. Thus thousands of citizens may personally abominate whiskers, without becoming supporters of the New Jersey regulation bill. They may desire all their friends to marry, without advocating such a bill as came before the Missouri Legislature this very winter, to tax all bachelors between twenty-one and sixty one-tenth of their earnings. We cannot, in fact, read a catalogue of measures called by the opprobrious term without realizing how many of them embody what we ourselves might like to see enforced. "A man ought to go to jail for that," we say at some petty annoyance. "There ought to be a law" against this, that, and the other thing. Well, the freak legislator has the courage of such convictions. A few years ago in Minnesota he was attacking the false measure and the deceptive strawberry box by seeking to have all fruits and vegetables sold by the pound. In Utah he was proposing a penal statute requiring house-cleanings. This year he is in Iowa trying to have every marketable egg stamped with the date when it was laid. He is in Missouri trying to prohibit "treating" by a bill so drastic that, as it is pointed out, "a young man could not buy his sweetheart ice cream" if it became law. In Minnesota he would make it a misdemeanor for a farmer not to practise rotation of crops. These are good objects, but it is the consensus of opinion that it is better not to make a crime of everything in which we do not believe.

From these we pass to a class of bills which really have nothing funny about them, but sound as if they had. Many inspection bills are of this class. When a member drew a bill to give the State of Illinois a "beer inspector," there was a howl of amusement all over the State. The real beer inspector would presumably be a lean old chemist; but he was pictured as a rotund inebriate, disciplined for neglect of duty whenever discovered sober at his office. A bee inspection bill in Missouri was ridiculed, though it meant much to the honey producers; and the bill creating the office of State Entomologist was laughed to death merely by christening it the "bug bill." Bills against the carrying of concealed weapons are supported by the best people in the South, but they sound humorous because they are locally called "pistol-toting" bills. Not long ago it was thought a great joke that the Canadian Parliament was asked to legislate for the protection of whales. This was a measure of import to two great industries, yet people simply refused to take a whale seriously.

The freak bill, after all, is both harmless and well-intentioned. Paradoxically, it is the legislative "joker" which makes the serious trouble.

THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

That the gathering of the Colonial Premiers in London will mean much for English politics, as well as for the larger interests of the Empire, evidence is accumulating to show. The question of trade preference is thrust forward by the *Standard*, which declares that, if the Conference as a whole declines to discuss the matter seriously, the delegates from the Colonies will flock by themselves to decide upon a programme. This, of course, is conceived of as a shrewd move in behalf of the Conservative party. Yet Balfour was in power at the time of the Conference of 1902, but could do nothing to promote preferential trading within the Empire. Chamberlain's scheme of food-taxes was afterwards offered as a basis for such trading, but was so decisively voted down in the last general election as to make any bargaining on those terms wholly impossible to-day. This even Lord Milner admits, though he calls it "a disastrous accident of party warfare" which has brought about that state of affairs.

One of the ablest and most powerful of the Colonial Premiers has shown, in advance, that the Conference cannot be expected to do anything practically to further preferential trade relations within the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the last speech which he made in the Canadian House of Commons, before sailing for England, put the case in a way that really leaves nothing more to be said. He stated frankly that he would like to see "a universal system of free trade between all the parts that compose the British Empire." But that is impossible at the present time. "It suits us in this country," said Sir Wilfrid, "to be tinged with protection more than perhaps I should like to have us tinged. It does not suit the British people to be tinged the same way." Colonial governments are compelled to raise revenue by means of tariffs. Yet they had made an offer of preferential trade, and were ready to go further if the British Government were prepared to reciprocate. But "this policy has not met with favor in Great Britain," the Canadian Premier said. He added:

> Well, we would not accept the idea that the British public should force upon us their own fiscal views, and no more would they tolerate the idea that we should force upon them our fiscal views, and therefore the only way in which the British Empire can be maintained upon its present foundation is by allowing every nation composing it the measure of liberty that it has, and also a free choice of the fiscal policy which it is to maintain.

After that, we need nothing more to show how absurd is the *Standard's* notion of the Colonial Premiers going outside the Conference to force the hand of Campbell-Bannerman. The trade question will, no doubt, be largely debated. Winston Churchill has said that it will be "most freely open to the Colonial Premiers to put their case with all the force of argument they can command." Yet everybody understands that the verdict of the English electorate last year must stand as a fixed fact, to be accepted by all members of the Conference. There cannot now be a tax on wheat or beef or mutton, with an exemption for the Colonies, in return for their lowering of duties on British goods; and without such a tax the proposals of the Australians and Canadians necessarily fall to the ground. It has, indeed, been sug-

gested that something could be done, not by levying new taxes, but by reducing old ones. Tea and coffee, sugar, dried fruits, cocoa, tobacco, and wines all pay duty in England now, and all are produced within the British Empire. Hence it has been proposed that colonial preference might be given by lowering the rates on those imports. But that would be, in the first place, a serious impairment of the British revenue, and would, besides, affect so small a part of colonial exports as to be a concession which would scarcely seem worth while. It is, therefore, the settled belief of all concerned that the Conference of 1907 will have no better success than that of 1902 in taking practical steps to promote preferential trade within the Empire.

There are, however, other important topics to be brought before the Conference. One of them is Imperial defence. In this matter, the demand is made, not by the Colonies, but upon them. Why should they not contribute to the military expense involved in the undertaking by Great Britain to defend them with her navy? But here, again, the Imperialists run against great obstacles. The Colonies have but little money to spend on armaments, and that little they desire to retain within their own control. They sent troops to South Africa during the Boer war. But even in the act of dispatching them, the Premier of Canada said he hoped that they would help win "a victory which would take away from the Dutch population none of the rights which they enjoyed to-day," and would display the British Empire as "deriving its strength from the most complete local autonomy." It is upon this rock of colonial pride and self-sufficiency that all the schemes of unified control of the military resources of the entire Empire have hitherto broken, and bid fair to break. Lord Milner, himself, very high priest of Imperialism that he is, admits in his *National Review* article that this is a matter which cannot be driven. The "true principle," he writes, is to "encourage the Colonies to develop their own forces," so as to cooperate with the power of the Empire, and with each other.

If the outlook for tariffs and armaments is thus poor, more may be done with the proposal for an Imperial Council. Even this, in its extreme form, would be offensive to the Colonies. When the Tory Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lyttelton, formulated in 1905 a plan for such a Council, the comment of the Canadian Government was that it would "interfere with the workings of responsible government." Nothing overbearing or arbitrary would be tolerated by the Colonies, we may rest assured. Yet there is room for some sort of body visibly representing Imperial unity. Call it Imperial Council, or call it Colonial Intelligence Department, it might easily serve a useful function in diffusing information and strengthening confidence. The smaller its power to command, the greater might be the effect of its suggestions and advice. Along this line, in fact, the Conference will be likely to reach its most important results. It will be the first one held under Liberal auspices. The Liberal colonial policy has been reproached as favoring a "loose confederation," instead of a well-knit Empire; but it may well be that the Ministry of Campbell-Bannerman, by insisting upon Imperial unity arrived at through local freedom, with diversity, may really do more to bind the Empire together than all the proud plans of the Conservatives, gone wrong.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS LEARNED.

Three instructors in English at Harvard, C. N. Greenough, F. W. C. Hersey, and C. R. Nutter, fortified by "several years' experience in reading English entrance examination books," have prepared a "Report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College." Their purpose is to point out the most frequent errors, with the hope that both teachers and pupils may lay the lesson to heart. The pamphlet, issued by the Publication Office at the price of 15 cents, contains much that should interest not merely educators, but parents and all other students of the adolescent mind.

The Harvard Catalogue contains the distinct warning that "no candidate will be accepted in English whose work is seriously faulty in spelling, grammar, punctuation, or division into paragraphs." Yet singular verbs with plural subjects, pronouns gone astray, and even sentences without any verbs at all are extremely common. Here are a few from many gems:

Then follows various scenes.

Addison wrote a description of his travels which were freely criticised.

Even an uneducated person without reading any comments but just depending on the play as they read it would brand both as the highest type of gentlemen.

The child who just able to creep was attracted by the fire within whose glow reflected on the snow through the open door.

Macbeth's bravery is seen in the way he defeated the Danes. And again when we hear Duncan compare Macbeth to Bellona's bridegroom. Then too in the respect which the other characters hold him.

The boys who wrote these sentences obviously knew nothing about grammar. The high-school teacher, according to the authors of the pamphlet, feels that he should take instruction on this subject for granted; but if he "does not spend a considerable part of the first year in reviewing, supplementing, and enforcing the instruction already given in the grammar schools," he "may be sure that much of his more advanced instruction will be misspent." From this fact the Harvard instructors draw no inference—at least for publication; but if their generalization is sound—and it is confirmed by our own observation—the teaching of grammar is badly done in a vast number of schools. Some of our experts in pedagogy have discarded as too hard and dry the rigorous old drill in parsing by which children learned at least that a sentence *must* contain a subject and a predicate. We have substituted various fancy and easy "language lessons," "exercises in diagramming," and what not. As a result, school work is more entertaining; but in grammar, children come out complete ignoramuses. A reaction against the modern method has set in, and it will, we trust, spread.

Spelling is another weak point; but apparently our golden lads and girls do not find their chief difficulty with the words which bother Mr. Carnegie and his advisers. Out of a list of 120 words often misspelled by candidates for Harvard, not half-a-dozen have been simplified by the Spelling Board. Below are some of the words which have been starred as particularly troublesome:

cheif	independant	prodjudice
decission	infinate	privelage
differant	insistant	proffession
discribe	interlectual	recieve
dissapeared	lead (for led)	rythum
dissapoint	litterary	sentance
exagerate	noticable	seperate
finaly	phamplet	supprise
godess	posess	villian
grammer		

An examination of these words makes it clear that pupils need severer training, both of eye and ear. People misspell because they do not know exactly what a word looks like or how it sounds. Written exercises tend to correct one form of error; oral, the other. Mr. Greenough and his collaborators urge that when children read aloud teachers "must insist that pupils give to each syllable its proper value." This is excellent advice, but if Henry James's censure of slovenly pronunciation, even among educated persons, be justified, the ideal is at present unattainable.

The pamphlet contains many amusing instances of sentences, paragraphs, and whole compositions that violate every conceivable principle of rhetorical construction. Unity, mass, and coherence die the death in each line. The mistakes on which we have dwelt hitherto are not such as to provoke despair, but for the boys who wrote as follows we cannot entertain much hope:

Godfrey Cass was called away from a nice time where his loved Nancy was together with the doctor by Silas Marner who had found Godfrey's daughter in his home instead of his gold.

In the causes that Shylock gives for hating Antonio, just before lending the money if all he said was true, some of the things that Antonio did was not quite like a gentleman, although he may have been provoked to such an extent that no human being could have contained himself.

These examples indicate, we fear, something like a "brainstorm"; they are not merely clumsy writing, they are confused thinking. Mr. Greenough speaks of a candidate who "wrote each sentence without knowing the direction which the next one was to take." The words in the sentences just quoted are put down in the same higgledy-piggledy fashion. There is no beginning, middle, or end. Mr. Greenough would secure "logical coördination" by means of "careful prevision." This is sound counsel; but we wish he would go further and tell us how to persuade some boys of our acquaintance to previse their work at all, to say nothing of doing it carefully.

These faults of grammar, spelling, and rhetoric are often accompanied by a staggering inaccuracy as to facts. The drudgery of reading examination papers should be much relieved by such purple patches as these.

Gareth was the youngest son of King Lot and Queen Belladonna.

Pope as a dramatist in his *Cato* is not as good as Marvell in *Dr. Faustus*.

I like Shakespeare very well, and have read most of his Waverley Novels.

Addison's first work was a poem in which he compared Wellington to the Gaurdian Angle, hecause of his ode on the Battle of Blenheim.

We should like to reprint in full the account of Addison's student days at Harvard College, but we must pass on to a masterpiece of inconsequence on Addison's life "up to the time when he began to write the *Spectator*":

In Addeson's early life he was a great scholar, and wrote Latin poetry. He was a very smart man, but was easily emharrassed. He was a whig. Being a very able man, the Whig party when they came in Power sent Addeson to france to study french. He stayed abrode ahout three years, visiting Italy, Germany, Endland. While traverling in Italy, it is supposed that he conceived the Idea to put the play of Cato upon the stage. At this period the plays were very smutty, and Addeson greatly improved them.

Addeson when talking with his friends could speak eloquently but when he once tried to make a speech in Parliment, he was unable to say one word.

Pope and Addeson were great friends, hut they had a falling out, on account of Popes jealously. They never hecame intimate friends again while they lived.

The causes of inaccuracy and illogical arrangement are many. One of them is that the schooboy cares little about Addison or Pope. Neither their careers nor their writings appeal to him strongly; and he is wholly indifferent as to the details of their achievements and their quarrels. But here we enter upon the question of teaching literature and the choice of books for the young. This is another subject.

MRS. GASKELL.

I.

It was an unusual fate that called upon the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, within a period of a few months, to supply the missing conclusions of two such novels as "Denis Duval" and "Wives and Daughters." The last number of Thackeray's half-told story, with its *cetera valde desiderantur*, appeared in the issue of June, 1864; in the same magazine for January, 1866, Mrs. Gaskell's long contrihution came to an ahrupt end, fortunately all hut finished when her busy hand was suddenly stopped. "We are saying nothing now of the merely intellectual qualities displayed in these later works," wrote Frederick Greenwood in his notice of Mrs. Gaskell; "twenty years to come, that may he thought the more important question." Well, just twice twenty years were to elapse hefore the Master of Peterhouse was to answer that question so happily in the Introductions to her complete works.* He has left not a great deal for the critical gleaner to say. There is, in fact, nothing recondite in either the heauties or the limitations of Mrs. Gaskell's genius, and my desire is merely to invite others to the pleasure these well-edited hooks have given me. We have all of us read "Cranford," and some of us "Wives and Daughters"; but how many of the younger generation are familiar with the pathos of "Ruth"; or the deeper pity of the lahor tales, "Mary Barton" and "North and South"; or the mingled satire and regret of "My Lady Ludlow"? How many are familiar with her riper work—with that humble tragedy of the sea and the moors, "Sylvia's Lovers"; or that flawless, radiant idyl, "Cousin Phillis"? And to these must he added the long series of short stories whose names almost had heen forgotten.

There are, as may be seen from this list, two main sources of inspiration in Mrs. Gaskell's writing, the lahor trouhles of the cities and the sequestered peace of the country, corresponding to the divisions of her own life. She was horn in London, in 1810, her father, William Stevenson, being a man of some intellectual distinction. But her mother died within a month after the child's birth, and the little Elizaheth grew up with her maternal relatives in Knutsford, a village of Cheshire lying some twelve miles south of Manchester. Her home here was the house of Mrs. Lumb, her mother's sister; hut she must have seen a good deal of her uncle, Peter Holland, the physician of the town, who is supposed to have furnished the model for Mr. Harrison and for Mr. Gihson of "Wives and Daughters." Her grandfather, Samuel Holland, was a gentleman farmer living at Sandle Bridge, two or three miles distant. Here she drew in part her pictures for the Woodley of "Cranford" and for Hope Farm of "Cousin Phillis." "The aspect of the country was quiet and pastoral," she writes of that famous visit of the Cranford ladies to Mr. Holhrook's, which must have been like so many of her own excursions to Grandfather Holland's. "Woodley stood among fields; and there was an old-fashioned garden where roses and currant-hushes touched each other, and where the feathery asparagus formed a pretty hackground to the pinks and gilly-flowers; there was no drive up to the door. We got out at a little gate, and walked up a straight hox-edged path." But the land was not without its heroic traditions. The great Clive had gone to school at Knutsford, was perhaps connected with the Holland family (his mother was a Gaskell), and had certainly spent some of his holidays at Sandle Bridge, where he had displayed his youthful prowess, and alarmed his hosts, hy jumping from the round hall of one gate-post to the other. When Mrs. Gaskell came to describe her Hope Farm, she did not forget that famous entrance to her grandfather's place.

*"The Works of Mrs. Gaskell." In eight volumes, Knutsford edition. With a General Biographical Introduction, and a Critical Introduction to Each Volume, by Dr. A. W. Ward, who has received the kind assistance of the Misses Gaskell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

II.

Such was the serene setting of her early life; to her maturer years came a serenity of another sort. In her twenty-second year she was married in the parish church at Knutsford to the Rev. William Gaskell, joint minister of the Unitarian chapel in Cross Street, Manchester. Mr. Gaskell was a man of large attainments and refinement, who for several years held the post of professor of English history and literature in Manchester New College. Their home, at No. 84 Plymouth Grove, hecame a centre of cultivated interests in a community more concerned with the laws of trade than with the canons of taste. But there was no shirking of the more painful realities. As a minister's wife, the poverty and rehellion of those years must have knocked at her doors, and she was not afraid also to face them in their haunts. In particular she saw a good deal of the working people in the company of her friend, Susanna Winkworth, had attended their dehates and visited their homes, and knew their grievances and errors. And so, in a season of affliction, she sought naturally to lose her personal grief in this sympathy with the poor. She had already written one or two hriefer pieces when, after the death of her infant son, she hegan her first lahor story, "Mary Barton." This was written in the years 1845-47, and puhlished in 1848—significant dates. Her other lahor story, "North and South," was written as a serial for Dickens's *Household Words*, in 1854-55, and then issued as a complete work. The material was ready to her hand, and, indeed, no one of Mrs. Gaskell's sensitiveness could have lived in the heart of manufacturing England during the "hungry forties" without reflecting the trouhle of the times.

All during that half century, while the wealth of the country was piling up, there had been recurring periods of extreme depression for the laboring classes. The chief cause of the evil in Mrs. Gaskell's day was the rapid change in economic conditions due to the newly invented methods of manufacture. But the hitterness of the suffering was magnified hy two opposite circumstances. Despite the distress inflicted by them on the city poor, the Corn Laws, until a revolution threatened, were kept in force by the great land-owners who perceived their wealth and power transferring to the manufacturing class and naturally resented the change. On the other hand the new doctrine of laissez-faire, which hegan to gov-

ern the manufacturing world, was not without its answering evil. To strip men of all their faculties save those productive commercially, to make cash payment, as Carlyle inveighed, the universal sole nexus of man to man, to find in supply-and-demand a sufficient substitute for duty and mercy—what better name could be given to this than the "dismal science"? The reaction from that heartless trust in *let-alone* is felt to-day in the humanitarian palterings with the laws of retributive justice and in the excesses of socialism. In Mrs. Gaskell's day hostility to the system could be traced up and down the country in riot and misery, in sullen plottings, and vociferous appeals to Parliament.

III.

And fiction has corresponded to these different conditions. In a word the elder novelists undertook to awaken a sense of obligation and pity in the strong toward the weak; whereas too often to-day the purpose of the reforming writer is to preach a millennium of brotherly love to be achieved through inflaming the hatred of the poor against the rich. There were exceptions then, of course, as there are now. Rumblings of the purely Jacobin clamor were still heard, as in the imprecations of the Corn Law Rhymer:

> Avenge the plunder'd poor, oh Lord!
> But not with fire, but not with sword,
> Not as at Peterloo they died,
> Beneath the hoofs of coward pride.
> Avenge our rags, our chains, our sighs,
> The famine in our children's eyes!
> But not with sword—no, not with fire
> Chastise Thou Britain's locustry!
> Lord, let them feel thy heavier ire;
> Whip them, oh Lord! with poverty!
> Then, cold in soul as coffin'd dust,
> Their hearts as tearless, dead, and dry,
> Let them in outraged mercy trust,
> And *find* that mercy they deny!

But even here the cry is for mercy from above. Carlyle was the prophet of revolt against political indifferentism, and his words might be written down as the motto of much of the labor fiction of the day: "'Guide me, govern me! I am mad, and miserable, and cannot govern myself!' Surely of all 'rights of man,' this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest." To Disraeli this right to be governed took the form of an imaginative restoration of the older hierarchy of society. Mrs. Gaskell looked for relief rather to the more feminine qualities of the heart. "They'n screwed us down to th' lowest peg, in order to make their great big fortunes, and build their great big houses," cries one of the starving workers, "and we, why we're just clemming, many and many of us. Can you say there's nought wrong in this?" And from this *clemming*—"starving," the dreadful word runs like a chorus through both these novels—grows the moral tragedy of the plots. Thus, John Barton kills the son of his employer, Mr. Carson, driving himself into haunted exile and throwing the suspicion of the murder on the lover of his daughter Mary. The scene of reconciliation, when at last Barton comes home broken by remorse, and the enemies meet face to face in his desolate home, may be quoted both as an illustration of Mrs. Gaskell's creed and as a specimen of her earlier dramatic style:

> John himself stood up, stiff and rigid, and replied——
> "Mary, wench! I owe him summut. I will go die, where, and as he wishes me. Thou hast said true, I am standing side by side with Death; and it matters little where I spend the bit of time left of life. That time I must pass wrestling with my soul for a character to take into the other world. I'll go where you see fit, sir. He's innocent," faintly indicating Jem, as he fell back in his chair. . . .
> But as Mr. Carson was on the point of leaving the house with no sign of relenting about him, he was stopped by John Barton, who had risen once more from his chair, and stood supporting himself on Jem, while he spoke.
> "Sir, one word! My hairs are gray with suffering, and yours with years"——
> "And have I had no suffering?" asked Mr. Carson, as if appealing for sympathy, even to the murderer of his child.
> And the murderer of his child answered to the appeal, and groaned in spirit over the anguish he had caused.
> "Have I had no inward suffering to blanch these hairs? Have I not toiled and struggled even to these years with hopes in my heart that all centred in my boy? I did not speak of them, but were they not there? I seemed hard and cold; and so I might be to others, but not to him! —who shall ever imagine the love I bore him? Even he never dreamed how my heart leapt up at the sound of his footstep, and how precious he was to his poor old father. And he is gone—killed—out of the hearing of all loving words—out of my sight for ever. He was my sunshine, and now it is night! Oh, my God! comfort me, comfort me!" cried the old man aloud.
> The eyes of John Barton grew dim with tears. Rich and poor, masters and men, were then brothers in the deep suffering of the heart; for was not this the very anguish he had felt for little Tom, in years so long gone by that they seemed like another life?
> The mourner before him was no longer the employer, a being of another race, eternally placed in antagonistic attitude, . . . no longer the enemy, the oppressor, but a very poor and desolate old man.

And so the chastened master of men, now but a man himself, goes out to ponder on the causes of suffering and hatred, and becomes in his own way a reformer. His new desire was "that a perfect understanding, and complete confidence and love, might exist between masters and men; . . . and to have them bound to their employers by ties of respect and affection, not by mere money bargains alone; in short, to acknowledge the Spirit of Christ as the regulating law between both parties."—How strangely old-fashioned the phrases sound; how far we have removed our theories from that simple trust! Turn from Mrs. Gaskell to the bleak skepticism of Gissing's "Nether World" or the chapters of "Life's Morning" that run parallel in theme with "Mary Barton"; or compare the doctrine of class consciousness so diligently proclaimed by some of our living American novelists—and how different the world we are in. What novelist to-day would dare to indulge in a sentimental outcry to the rich, like that of Dickens in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to "those who rule the destinies of nations!" Whether economically or not, the artistic advantage was certainly with our elders. Through their appeal and warning we seem to hear, in tones confused it may be by the perplexities of long experience and by much half-knowledge, the cry of the Greek stage, *Alas, oh generations of men!* and of all great literature, and the reader is softened and broadened by association with the ancient pity of human life. Our modern fiction of the Zola-Tolstoy school may be more effective, though even this is doubtful, in immediate reform, but to the reader it brings only a harsh contraction of spirit, and its end is in hatred and revolution and palsy and decay.

IV.

But the didactic purpose is not unpleasantly prominent in these tales. Mrs. Gaskell wrote, not because she had a lesson to inculcate, but because her heart was moved by the blind suffering about her and her mind absorbed by the problem of these contending characters. Nor is the color of the stories one of unrelieved darkness; especially in "North and South," which opens with the pretty idyl at Helstone, in the New Forest, "like a village in a poem — in one of Tennyson's poems," made up of "the church and a few houses near it on the green—cottages, rather—with roses growing all over them." And when the heroine is transplanted from this southern home to the grime and stress of a great northern factory town, there is the contrast of two civilizations, meeting and contending for her soul—the old ideal of leisurely manners and the modern of stripped efficiency. And Margaret Hale herself is one of the heroines of fiction we cherish as we cherish the memory of women known in our youth. As has been said by another, we can almost see her, as poor Bessy saw her in a dream, "coming swiftly towards me, wi' yo'r hair blown back wi' the very swiftness o' the motion, a little standing off like; and the white, shining dress on yo've getteu to wear." In one respect, like the other heroines of Mrs. Gaskell's books, she is sketched with a touch less feminine than masculine. They are all creatures of passion, yet we feel that their choice in love is not so much personal and voluntary as the result of that life-force which beats through the world, and of which they are the passive instruments. They are like vessels charged with a subtle and dangerous fluid; and this, I take it, is rather man's way of contemplating women. And when, as it does in "Sylvia's Lovers," this unregarding force takes for its vehicle a girl made up of little vanities, what can the consequence be but a life broken by the clashing of its own strength and weakness—perhaps in the end a pathetic self-abnegation? One feels this union of traits at the first glimpse of Sylvia as she comes down from her hill-home to the sea-town —in her childlike delight at the thought of buying a new cloak, in the nimble vitality of her body. She was wilful, as such women are, but she was to learn many things—to learn the nature of the forces that played upon her. "It's not in me to forgive; I sometimes think it's not in me to forget," she exclaims; and again: "I'm sick o' men and their cruel, deceitful ways."

And with this portrayal of passion there goes an entire chastity of language—the *pudor* of true art which would represent the beauty and the devastating attraction of this force without evoking the corresponding physical emotion in the reader or beholder. I happened to be reading "Eugénie Grandet" at the same time with

"Sylvia's Lovers," and I was struck by a difference in this respect. Eugénie is a noble example of the pure heroine whose passive nature is possessed by the blind force; she is of the large, still type, more like Phillis and Ruth than Sylvia, but akin to them all in destiny. There is in Balzac's portrayal of her beauty a freshness and chastity not common in his books, or, indeed, appropriate to most of his women; yet even here he forgets himself and must insinuate how she would have appealed to the Parisian roué. It is a fault in art, for in the crowded impressions that come from reading such a description the brain fails to distinguish between what is ascribed to the woman herself and what is said about her. Richardson, for example, learned this lesson of delicacy in the interval between "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe"; parts of the first work are nasty, though written with the best intentions, whereas I cannot recall in all the similar situations of "Clarissa" a single scene that produces a physical disquiet. Now in this point the purity of Mrs. Gaskell's own mind was a safeguard against error. Read the pages where Philip watches his Sylvia at the spinning wheel, or where Kinraid observes her knitting, and again at her household work, moving "out of light into shade, out of shadow into the broad firelight"—the nature of her attraction is made sufficiently clear, but there is never a disturbing suggestion.

V.

The scene of "Sylvia's Lovers" is a Yorkshire whaling village, where the bleak moors roll down to the coast. Always the sound of water is in the air, the sound of "the waves lapping against the shelving shore," the lights and murmurs of the sea of Aphrodite, though under a gray northern sky. But for the first of her idyls she turned to her own home in the quiet country just bordering on Lancashire, and it is well known that "Cranford" is an idealized, or etherealized rather, picture of Knutsford. Of the book there is no need to say anything. It was published next after "Mary Barton," and could scarcely have been written without the experience that gives force to the earlier novel. For, if we analyze the charm of "Cranford," it will be found to depend largely, I think, on a feeling of unreality, or, more precisely, of proximity to the greater realities of Manchester. This contrast was a part of Mrs. Gaskell's own life; she made use of it deliberately in "North and South," and it gives their peculiar tone to the idyllic tales, as may be seen clearly enough by comparing her country with Jane Austen's. What impresses one in Miss Austen's books is a feeling of stability; governments may fall in London, but any change in the manners and occupations of this provincial folk is inconceivable. In "Cranford" just the contrary is true. Here the grace is of something that has survived into an alien age, and is about to vanish away; there is a tremulous fragility in its beauty.

"Cranford" is flawless in a way, but not more so than "Cousin Phillis," while its colors are altogether paler. Indeed, one scarcely knows how to praise the gem-like beauty of the later pastoral without using language that might seem to place it too high as a literary work. "A Protestant clergyman is perhaps the finest subject for a modern idyl that can he found," wrote Goethe of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the words are even more applicable to Mrs. Gaskell's minister Holman. "He appears, like Melchizedec, to combine the characters of priest and king. Devoted to agriculture, the most innocent of all terrestrial conditions of man, he is almost always engaged in the same occupations, and confined to the circle of his family connections. He is a father, a master, and a cultivator; and by the union of these characters, a true member of society. On these worldly but pure and noble foundations his higher vocations rest." There could be no better comment on the meeting with Phillis and her father, the farmer-preacher:

"Well, my lass, this is Cousin Manning, I suppose. Wait a minute, young man, and I'll put on my coat, and give you a decorous and formal welcome. But—— Ned Hall, there ought to be a water-furrow across this land; it's a nasty, stiff, clayey, dauby bit of ground, and thou and I must fall to, come next Monday—I beg your pardon, Cousin Manning—and there's old Jem's cottage wants a bit of thatch; you can do that job to-morrow, while I am busy." Then, suddenly changing the tone of his deep voice to an odd suggestion of chapels and preachers, he added, "Now I will give out the psalm: 'Come all harmonious tongues,' to be sung to 'Mount Ephraim' tune."

He lifted his spade in his hand, and began to beat time with it; the two laborers seemed to know both words and music, though I did not; and so did Phillis; her rich voice followed her father's, as he set the time; and the men came in with more uncertainty, but still harmoniously. Phillis looked at me once or twice, with a little surprise at my silence; but I did not know the words. There we five stood, bareheaded, excepting Phillis, in the tawny stubble-field, from which all the shocks of corn had not yet been carried—a dark wood on one side, where the wood-pigeons were cooing; blue distance, seen through the ash-trees, on the other. Somehow, I think that, if I had known the words, and could have sung, my throat would have been choked up by the feeling of the unaccustomed scene.

The hymn was ended, and the men had drawn off, before I could stir. I saw the minister beginning to put on his coat, and looking at me with friendly inspection in his gaze, before I could rouse myself.

It is a rare scene, whose dignity verges on the humorous, and which only a writer conscious of her art would have dared venture upon. It strikes the keynote of the book, but for completion there is needed that picture of Phillis in the first flush of her love for "Cousin Manning's" friend, standing under the budding branches of the gray trees, and whistling with the birds in unconscious delight. It is a fact of pathetic significance that cousin Phillis did not know the meaning of her joy, but should understand so well the reason of her sorrow when the turn came.

In the end one is tempted to ask why this pastoral tale has failed to establish itself among our classics. One compares it, perhaps, with "The Vicar of Wakefield"; one tests the scene of Minister Holman in the fields with that of Parson Primrose drinking tea with his family where his "predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorne and honeysuckle." Why is it that the later book, with all its overtones of beauty and sentiment, does not rank with its plainer rival? We are more deeply stirred by the events of "Cousin Phillis" than by that of "The Vicar," yet we feel that a hundred years from now Goldsmith's work will be read with the same kind of interest as to-day, when Mrs. Gaskell's shall be all but forgotten. May it not be just the emotional qualities of "Cousin Phillis" which prompts one to give it so brief a period of life? Somehow the sentimental appeal has a dull trick of losing its effect in an astonishingly short time, as any one can discover by reading the chapters of Miss Burney's "Cecilia," over which Mrs. Gaskell's parents, no doubt, like others of their generation, shed copious tears; whereas Goldsmith's just mixture of satire and sentiment, his freedom from superfluous baggage, his eighteenth-century cleanness of style, have the preservative quality of Attic salt.

But these are idle surmises. It is enough that the radiant beauty of "Cousin Phillis" and the fuller charms of "Wives and Daughters" are still contemporaneous to us, and that we can now enjoy them in their excellent new dress. P. E. M.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 6.

The American Oriental Society has just held its one hundred and nineteenth meeting in Philadelphia, where courtesies were extended by the American Philosophical Society and the local Oriental Club. Then, too, the Historical Society, which was holding its annual reunion, invited the Oriental Society to join in its evening festivities. The sessions were well attended, and the number of papers presented, fifty in all, would have proved embarrassingly large, had not some of them been read by title only. Of the fifty, twenty-two had to do with Aryan civilization in the East and (by an odd chance) exactly the same number with Semitic subjects, the six remaining papers dealing with the Philippines, Borneo, Egypt, and the American gypsies.

Of the first group, the initial paper was a study of the Rig Veda. There have been many ways of attacking the problem of the comparative age of the different parts of this Veda; and since the problem is as yet by no means settled, every new method is welcomed by Sanskrit students. In this paper the point of attack was the fact that verse-lines and stanzas are repeated throughout the Veda. The bearing of such repetitions upon the age of the eighth book was considered by Prof. Maurice Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins, whose deductions seem to support the view that the book in question is not very early. In the latest contribution to this subject, published in the society's *Journal* several years ago, Prof. E. Washburn Hopkins of Yale took the same view, on the basis of a similar comparison of phrases found thus repeated and of the vocabulary of the eighth book. The long-expected completion of the Vedic concordance has now made easy the then formidable task of reviewing all such parallels; and though the result remains the same, it has additional support in the new examples added by Professor Bloomfield. Other Vedic papers of interest were offered by C. J. Ogden, who came to the same conclusion, on the basis of Sāyana's treatment of the subjunctive, that this commentator's judgment was not of much importance in

the matter; by S. G. Olyphant, who presented a study of the Vedic dual; and by Mr. Welden, who interpreted jihva purogavī in Rv. 10.137.7 as an instrumental, a decidedly clever suggestion.

Of more general character was the sketch of the rise and fall of some of the late Nayaka kingdoms in southern India, presented by the Rev. Mr. Chandler of Madura. The same gentleman offered a striking paper on the life of the early Jesuit missionaries, whose success appears to have been in direct ratio to their tact and capacity for adapting themselves to the social prejudices of their new converts. One of the most successful of these devoted followers of Xavier, Robert de Nobili, even permitted his converts to retain caste, and by so doing he won over thousands, though the attitude of his successors made havoc of his gains at a later date. This enlightened Christian first of all prepared himself for his work by becoming a Hindu. "If," said he, "God could become man to save the world, surely I may become a native of the people I would save." Modern missionaries, instead of trying to destroy the social position of the converts they make, might learn a lesson from one of the few men who have made an impression on India.

Prof. L. H. Mills on the Avestan side sent from Oxford a paper on the influence of the Ahuna Vairya doctrine upon the Christian dogma of the Logos. This was read by title, but it will appear in the society's publications. The influence of the Avestan calendar upon the names of the Persian and Armenian months formed the subject of an interesting communication by Dr. L. H. Gray, while Prof. A. V. W. Jackson of Columbia gave in abstract notes on the history of India and on Merv.

In the special session devoted to comparative religion, the chief paper was that of Prof. Morris Jastrow of the University of Pennsylvania, who gave a masterly discussion of the science of divination in Babylonia based on the interpretation of the liver. Difficult texts hitherto unintelligible have become clear through understanding how essential was the liver as a means of divination. No less important is the historical light thrown on the connection between Babylon and the West. Liver divination in the Etruscan cult seems to be connected directly with that of the Semitic East, and in both the basis of the extraordinary regard paid to the liver is not only its conspicuous markings, but also the belief, based upon the bloody appearance of that organ (perhaps, too, on the relation between health and a sound digestion), that the liver was the seat of the life and of the soul. Prof. A. T. Clay of the University of Pennsylvania announced a discovery in regard to a divine title extant in the names of endorsers of Aramaic business documents, which seems to be of some importance in rehabilitating a figure of the pantheon otherwise nearly obliterated; but it would not be fair to the author of the paper to anticipate its publication. At the same session Miss Margaretta Morris reviewed the various cases of connection between magic and morals to be found in Borneo, where, as elsewhere, morality, if not occasioned by magic (in which term Miss Morris included tabu) is at least fostered and conditioned by it; an old theme, but beautifully illustrated by the new examples presented in this instructive paper.

Out of the wealth of other papers offered, limitations of space will permit of but few being mentioned, but among the few must appear one of the two contributions of Prof. J. D. Prince of Columbia in regard to the Romany jargon of America. A very large proportion of Gypsy vocabulary still smacks of India whence it came. Considering that the Gypsies have been in Europe for six hundred years or more this is a remarkable showing. It is possible only to refer to Prof. C. Johnston's collection of more or less *intime* letters in cuneiform and his remarks on the postal service of Babylon; on Prof. C. R. Lanman's account of the "Buddhist Way of Purity," written by Buddhaghosa, the contemporary of St. Augustine; and Prof. Paul Haupt's ascription of Semitic origin to the word *cabinet;* while other papers deserving more than a reference must be omitted altogether from this cursory survey.

At the annual change of presidents Prof. C. H. Toy of Harvard was succeeded by Prof. Lanman, also of Harvard. Professor Toy himself, on retiring from office at the first session, delivered an address on the work done in Oriental languages during the last year. Prof. C. C. Torrey of Yale resigned as Semitic editor, after seven years of exacting work, and Prof. L. B. Paton of Hartford was chosen in his place. A feature of this meeting was the earnest appeal made by the officers for funds to carry on the proper work of the Society, which for more than sixty years has been the scientific representative of Oriental work in this country. The society adjourned on Friday afternoon, to meet again on April 23, 1908, at Cambridge, Mass.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

F. W. Bourdillon's extended account of the early editions of that popular book of the Middle Ages the "Roman de la Rose," which has recently been sent out to members of the Bibliographical Society, is an admirable piece of modern bibliographical research. For the first time the correct sequence of the twenty-one editions printed before 1539 has been determined. As they are in large part undated, and in many cases without name of printer or publisher, this has been a difficult task, necessitating minute study and comparison of copies. But no one who looks carefully into the matter can doubt the correctness of Mr. Bourdillon's conclusions. Just which was actually the first edition of the work has long been an open and much discussed question. The first seven editions, all in folio, are undated. Brunet described three of these, all with forty-one lines to a full page; but he was unwilling to express an opinion as to priority. The one first named by him has until recently been generally regarded as the earliest. It is, however, actually the third. The fourth edition mentioned by him, and briefly described from an imperfect copy containing 177 leaves (instead of 180), with thirty-four lines to a full page, is now known to be actually the first. It was printed at Lyons by Ortuin and Schenck about 1481. This determination of place and printer was first made known by M. Claudin in his "Histoire de l'Imprimerie," but Mr. Bourdillon has found proofs from the illustrations, from transposed lines of text, and from misprints, which seem to fix the precise status of this and the later editions beyond all doubt. His presentation of these proofs is a fine example of bibliographical reasoning. The first part of the "Roman de la Rose" seems to have been written about 1237 by Guillaume de Lorris, who died leaving a poem of about four thousand lines. About forty years afterwards another young poet, Jean de Meun, added a second part, nearly twenty thousand lines; and in its completed form for more than two hundred and fifty years the work enjoyed a vast popularity. The manuscript copies alone, mostly prepared before the invention of printing, number, according to Mr. Bourdillon, several hundred, scattered among the great libraries of the world. The popularity of the story waned, however, in the early years of the sixteenth century; and after the edition of 1538 no other appeared until 1735.

Two other publications of the Society issued as of 1906 though actually distributed during 1907 are "Abstracts from the Wills and Testamentary Documents of Binders, Printers, and Stationers of Oxford from 1493 to 1638," by Strickland Gibson; and "Alien Members of the Book-Trade during the Tudor Period," compiled by Ernest James Worman. These two books contain information which has been heretofore practically inaccessible, and will serve, with other publications of the Society, as parts of the groundwork for a history of printing and publishing in England.

On April 15 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection. The most important lot is a curious scrap-book of portraits, autograph letters, original drawings, etc., brought together by the English actor, Richard John Smith, 1786-1856, who was generally known as "O. Smith." On April 16 Anderson will sell a collection, mainly from the library of William H. Browne, containing some interesting items of Americana. Among them are Harris's "Collection of Voyages," 2 vols., folio, 1744; Rogers's "Concise Account of North America," 1765; Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America," 1684; books on André; and a long series of Lincoln orations and addresses. Two privately printed works relating to Col. Samuel B. Webb appear in the auction room, apparently for the first time; his "Correspondence and Journals," collected and edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford, 3 vols., thick small quarto, 1893, in an edition of 350 copies; the "Reminiscences," by J. Watson Webb, 1882, "published exclusively for family circulation," the number printed being undoubtedly small.

Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London will sell at auction on April 18, 19, and 20 some of the rare books and manuscripts of Sir Henry St. John Mildmay of Dogmersfield. There are several fine illuminated French Books of Hours, rare pieces of Americana, and books from the early English presses. Among the last mentioned are two Caxtons: a fine and nearly perfect copy of Gower's "Confessio Amantis," 1483, first edition; and an imperfect copy of the third and last Caxton edition of the "Legenda Aurea," 1493. Wynkyn de Worde's

press is represented by "Vitæ Patrum," 1495; "Dives and Pauper," 1496; and "Chronicle of St. Albans," 1497. There are all four of the Shakespeare folios, but the first and third are imperfect. The First Folio seems to have the genuine title, trimmed and mounted; but it lacks the leaf of Ben Jonson's verses and three other preliminary leaves. The Second Folio is sound and genuine, and has the rare imprint of Richard Meighen. The Third Folio lacks the dedication and several of the preliminary leaves are in poor condition. The great rarity in the sale, however, is a copy of Shakespeare's "Sonnets," 1609, the rare first edition, of which no copy seems to have been sold since 1874, when Sir William Tite's copy was acquired by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson for the low price of £15. The title and dedication of that copy were in facsimile by Harris. The Mildmay copy, which is not included in Sidney Lee's "Census," is perfect, that is, no leaves are lacking; but the headline and even the first line of text are cut from a number of leaves. It is inlaid throughout in writing paper. Another rare Shakespeare item is a copy of "The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England," 1622, the third quarto. Other important books in the sale are: Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96; Coryat's "Crudities," 1611; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621; Langland's "Piers Plowman," 1550; and Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600. In May, Sotheby will offer one of the finest known copies of the First Folio in private hands. It is only a little shorter than the Rowfant copy, which recently brought £3,600. The fly-leaf and title are mounted, and two leaves are repaired. About 1660 this copy came into possession of Col. John Lane of Bentley Hall, Staffordshire. When the Lane library was sold in 1856 the third Earl of Gosford bought this Folio for 157 guineas. The fourth Earl sold it for £470. It is now No. 19 in Sidney Lee's "Census." At this sale, in May, Sotheby will also offer copies of the other three folios. The Third Folio is the Langham copy, with the additional title, 1663. It brought £435 in 1894.

Full reports on the Van Antwerp sale in London March 22 and 23, show, as usual, that some items brought very good prices, while others fell off from previous records. The most notable decline was in the Shakespeare quartos. The following are examples: "A Midsumer Nights Dream," Roberts, 1600, £180; "Henry the Fift," 1608, £82; "King Lear," 1608, £200; "Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619, £120; "Romeo and Juliet," 1637, £30. These are all much below the high records made at sales a little more than a year ago. Prices on other important lots are: Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600, £40; Arnold's "London Chronicle," about 1503, first edition, £85; Malory's "King Arthur," Thomas East's edition, n. d., £277 17s. 6d.; Barbour's Life of Bruce, lacking title, but said to have been printed at Edinburgh, about 1571, £121; Beaumont and Fletcher's "Comedies and Tragedies," 1647, first folio edition, £34; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the first edition of the Second Part, £80 (this cost Mr. Van Antwerp $175); Bunyan's "Holy War," 1682, very fine copy, £100; Butler's "Hudibras," the three parts, first editions in original sheep binding, £65; Chaucer's "Workes," 1542, a very large copy, £40; Coryat's "Crudities," 1611, £40; Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" (the word "apply" in the Preface spelled correctly), with the "Farther Adventures," 1719, £160; Drant's "Two Bookes of Horace, his Satyrs," 1566 (with two leaves of errata, said to be unique), £33; Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," 1681, with the Second Part, by Tate, 1682, £20 15s.; Esquemeling's "Bucaniers of America," with the fourth part, 1684, £25; "Cato's Moral Distichs," printed by B. Franklin, 1735, £92 (this was the identical copy which brought $410 in the Proud sale, 1903, but since rebound); "Cato Major," Franklin, 1744, £62 (this copy sold at Anderson's in 1905 for $390); Goldsmith's "Traveller," 1764 (only one other copy is known), £216; "The Traveller," 1765, £30; "She Stoops to Conquer," 1773, earliest issue, in the original paper cover, uncut, £90; Gray's "Elegy," 1751, £205 (this was the McKee copy, which sold at Anderson's in 1902 for $740); Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, £76; Heywood's "An Hundred Epigrammes," 1550 (the only copy known), £126; Holinshed's "Chronicles," 1577, £50; Keats's "Poems," 1817, presentation copy, £90 (this identical copy brought $500 in the Arnold sale, 1901); Marston's "Malcontent," uncut, £70; Milton's "Masque Presented at Ludlow Castle" (the first edition of "Comus"), 1637, a poor copy, £162; "Paradise Regained," 1671, uncut, £94; "The Thrie tailes of the Thrie Priests of Peblis," Edinburgh, 1603 (only one other copy known, and that imperfect), £120; Pope's "Windsor Forest," 1713, uncut, £48; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 1624-26, £170; Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia," 1624, £90; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, £86.

At an auction at Hodgson's, London, the latter part of March, Ruskin's "Poems," 1850, the first collective edition, brought £42; the *Germ*, original issue, four parts, bound in one volume, £24; the original drawings by "Phiz" for the trial scene in "Pickwick," £50; the manuscript of Thackeray on George II., written out by C. Pearman, with corrections throughout by Thackeray, £81; Milton's "Paradise Regained," first edition, uncut, £92; Purchas's "Pilgrimes," 5 vols., 1625-26, £49.

The autographs of John D. Crimmins of this city, sold by the Anderson Auction Company on Monday, brought more than $11,000. The complete set of signatures of signers of the Declaration of Independence went for $2,850; two letters of Robert Burns, $265 and $380; a letter from Daniel Boone to Gov. Isaac Shelby, $120; a letter of Henry Clay, in 1837, discussing the Senate, $1,150; a letter of Thomas Jefferson, 1814, inveighing against slavery, $230; Gen. Richard Montgomery's letter to Gen. Sir Guy Carleton, written before the assault on Quebec, in which Montgomery was killed, $750; Washington's plan for attacking the British in New York, written and signed by the general, $825.

The death is announced from Vienna of Arthur L. Jellinek, author of a number of bibliographical works. He was born in 1876. Among his books are "Internationale Bibliographie der Kunstwissenschaft," "Bibliographie der Vergleichenden Literatur-geschichte," "Bibliographie von Goethe," and "Literarische Bibliographie von Theatergeschichte."

Correspondence.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is difficult to find words to express the loss, suffered by those who knew him, in the death of William Henry Drummond. To the world at large, Dr. Drummond was the creator of a new type in literature; to his friends he was infinitely more than this. Warm-hearted, generous, sympathetic, true as steel, he stood for all that is best in the land of his birth, and in the land of his forefathers. Patriotic in no narrow sense of the term, he took a keen interest in all public questions, and threw his influence on the side of all movements for the betterment of Canadian life. He had faith in the wholesomeness of Canadian ideals, and believed firmly that his country was destined to take a large place in the world's history. He was a broad man in every sense of the term. His modesty would not admit anything of merit in his own achievements, whether in literature or otherwise; but he always felt and expressed the warmest appreciation of what was worthy in the work of his friends and contemporaries.

Like that other well-known Canadian, "Ralph Connor," Dr. Drummond was literally forced to publish his first book by friends, who would not permit him to hide his talents. His earlier Habitant verses were written solely for the amusement of a few intimates, and when the suggestion was made to him that he should issue them in book form, he scouted the idea as absurd. The instant popularity which "The Habitant" achieved in Canada and England, and especially in the United States, left him almost aghast. And yet it was part of the charming simplicity of his character that he accepted the praise lavished upon his book without either affectation or self-consciousness. He was genuinely pleased to find that thousands of readers on both sides of the Atlantic shared his own keen interest in the personality of the French-Canadian peasant, though he did not realize that his own genius had made the type known to the world; even to those of us who lived among the Habitants, Dr. Drummond's word-pictures came as a revelation. Clothed in that extraordinary patois, so amazing to those who have not come in contact with the Habitant, and yet so familiar to any one who has travelled in the Province of Quebec, his verses reflect, with inimitable humor, sympathy and delicacy, the essential characteristics of the type. The rural population of French Canada is unlike that of any other country. The Habitant is the result of peculiar conditions. Transplanted originally from the north of France, the stock has been modified and transformed by the environment of the new world. It retains the simplicity and poetic temperament of the old stock, combined with a measure of the vigor and self-reliance of pioneer life. And with it all the Habitant remains to this day almost untouched by the influences of modern civilization, living his life in his own sufficient way, oblivious of many things that the rest of us think indispensable. It is this odd product of Old and New France that Dr. Drummond, from the abundance of his

knowledge, drew with such unerring skill and perfect sympathy.

It is important, too, that his attitude toward his subject should be made clear. It has occasionally been objected, by educated French-Canadians and others, that Dr. Drummond's Habitant poems from their very form were designed to ridicule the class they described. The warmly appreciative introduction of Dr. Louis Frechette (the truest poet that French Canada has produced, and than whom no man is better qualified to speak on this subject) to "The Habitant" is a sufficient answer to any such objection. Dr. Drummond himself explained his reason for adopting the patois of the French-Canadian peasant in the preface to his first book of verse:

> Having lived practically all my life side by side with the French-Canadian people, I have grown to admire and love them, and I have felt that while many of the English-speaking public know perhaps as well as myself the French-Canadian of the cities, they have had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the habitant. Therefore I have endeavored to paint a few types, and in doing this it has seemed to me that I could best attain the object in view by having my friends tell their own tales in their own way, as they would relate them to English-speaking auditors not conversant with the French tongue.

In his latest book, "The Voyageur," there is a poem called "The Last Portage" that possesses a peculiar appeal now that the man who wrote it has, in the very prime of his life, been called on by the inexorable captain to traverse himself the last portage. The verses were written while Dr. Drummond was suffering keenly from the loss of his little son, and they show that the patois of the French-Canadian may lend itself to something deeper than humor:

> Off in front of me as I go,
> Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—
> Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere'
> Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,
> An' almos' touch heem, so near to me
> In an' out dere among the tree?
>
> . . . . .
>
> An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
> I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
> Dead wit' de young blood in hees vein—
> An' dere he's comin' wance more again
> Wit' de curly hair, an' dark-blue eye,
> So lak de blue of de summer sky—
>
> An' now no more for de road I care,
> An' slippery log lyin' ev'ryw'ere—
> De swamp on de valley, de mountain, too,
> But climb it jus' as I use to do—
> Don't stop on the road, for I need no res'
> So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.
>
> An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
> He turn again wit' de baby smile,
> An' say, "Dear fader, I'm here you see,
> We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me—
> Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
> De road we travel so far to-night.

Dr. Drummond has crossed the last portage, but he has left behind as a legacy three books not unworthy to be classed with what is true in the world's literature; and he has left to those that knew him the memory of one who was a worthy citizen, an honorable and upright man, and the best and stanchest of friends.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

Ottawa, April 8.

Dr. William Henry Drummond died on Saturday from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. He was born in Ireland in 1854, but came to the Province of Quebec while still a young boy. He was educated at the English High School and at McGill University in Montreal. He then studied medicine; and, after practising his profession in a village of mixed population, he became professor of medical jurisprudence in Bishop's University. The titles of his volumes are "The Habitant," "Phil-o-rum's Canoe," "Johnny Courteau," and "The Voyageur."

COLLEGE COURSES IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not long ago the awkward boy who survived the ordeal of "speaking his piece" before the district school committee had completed his course of instruction in public speaking. Even if he went to college, he got nothing more. "Speaking pieces" was the one form of public address known to higher education. Twenty years ago the entire training in at least one New England college consisted of the recitation of "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Each little tin man, when sufficiently wound up, went through the performance automatically, jerking out his gestures at the appointed spots with the precision of a Christmas toy on a street corner. Then, after exhibiting to a long-suffering commencement audience the power thus developed, the finished product of this course in "Elocution" went forth to astound the world with his eloquence. And the world was astounded!

Indeed, the world was so astounded with all the fantastic tricks that came to be performed in the name of "elocution" that the word fell into ill-repute. Many institutions dropped the name; some dropped the thing also; a few tried to substitute something sensible. In the last ten years the new subject which has found its way into the largest number of colleges as a regular course is debating. When properly conducted, this course recognizes the fact that the only sound basis of effective public speaking is vigorous thinking—a thing about as foreign to the genius of the old elocutionist as to the modern stenographer, fresh from a two months' course. Debating, at first berated as an old-fashioned amusement, has swiftly proved its worth. Many believe that there is no course in the whole college curriculum of greater inherent educational value. What it may yield, however, depends in a peculiar degree on the power of the instructor, for as a college course it has no traditions, no generally accepted methods, no definite body of material. It may be a farce not to be tolerated anywhere, or it may be the fitting culmination of the whole college course, using the knowledge and the power gained in all other studies for the scientific investigation and effective presentation of the truth.

The formal joint-debate, invaluable as it is under the firm and mature guidance of Prof. G. P. Baker at Harvard, is yet only one form of debating, and debating is but one highly specialized form of public address. The fixed rules, the time limit, the number of persons on each side, the give and take of rebuttal, make a formal debate a kind of game—an intensely interesting game, a game exacting all the powers of the whole man, but, nevertheless a game—the play rather than the business of life. The student debater finds in that dim future after commencement, when he becomes marked as an educated citizen in his community, that other forms of public address are demanded of him on numerous special occasions.

Accordingly the newer college courses in public speaking deal with the eulogy, the after-dinner speech, the Memorial Day address, and various other commemorative and occasional addresses. The study of masterpieces is followed by the writing of addresses. These are sometimes delivered before the class, but unless they are delivered before the audience for which they are prepared, they must lack one essential of effective speaking—adaptation to the time, the place, and the people. To secure this, the student is urged to imagine a definite audience and a special occasion, and persuasively to adjust his thought to the intelligence, moods, and prejudices of this audience at this time. But still the work is academic. Instructors who have tried this plan say that not one student in a hundred is equal to the problem. And no wonder! The work is never brought to the final test, indeed the only true test, which is and must be the definite audience and the special occasion.

A course in public speaking offers no adequate incentive to hard work, develops no genuine enthusiasm, until it adopts the laboratory method. A course in science now brings its laboratory to the college, but a course in public speaking must go out to find its laboratory, which is the public platform. There is no more connection between the old elocution and practical public speaking than there is between the old text-book study of chemistry and the work of the dye-house. At Bowdoin College each student in the most advanced course is brought to this ultimate test—the special audience. This means, not the commencement audience of indulgent friends who smilingly accept conventional wordiness, while the speaker abuses his privilege of being commonplace, but heterogeneous social settlement groups, Memorial Day audiences, extension lecture clubs, grange meetings, city Christian associations, churches, high schools and academies, lumber camps and town meetings, party caucuses and political rallies.

This work is elective only for men who have shown proficiency in the underlying courses in English composition, voice-training, argumentation, and debate. Every address is prepared for the special occasion under the direction and criticism of the instructor. The course ends with a banquet at which every man gives an after-dinner speech. Last year every speech had a touch of humor and a definite object; it came to the point directly, emphasized it briefly, and then—O rarest of joys—it stopped. The record on the college books is the record of the student's success in attacking these perfectly definite problems. That the speakers did not fail last year is indicated by the fact that every coöperating institution has applied this year for another student-speaker. For the twenty men in this course forty special addresses have been arranged to be delivered outside the college during the next two months.

The effect on the students is striking. Note the renewed ambition when the student of medicine takes his first case under the direction of the house physician. Observe the new lease of life for the student of architecture when he sets to work

on the first plan which is actually to meet its ultimate test in the hands of the builder. The same fresh stimulus comes to the student of public speaking when he advances from the artificial exercises of the classroom into the real world. He may find in this personal problem his first incentive to do a piece of work just as well as he can do it; he begins to see that public speaking which has more than momentary effect must be based on vigorous thinking; and his attitude in the classroom changes from passive receptivity to eager solicitude for instructiou and criticism.

WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., March 28.

LONGFELLOW'S "BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Longfellow centenary reminds me of an interesting letter which I received from the venerable poet a quarter of a century ago. I was then, as now, interested in the protection of birds and, indeed, of all innocent life. In lecturing and writing on the subject I frequently referred to the beautiful story of the "Birds of Killingworth," which forms one of the delightful "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The question was sometimes raised as to whether this narrative had any basis of fact or was merely the fantasy of a poetic brain. In Longfellow's verse we read that the farmers of Killingworth, annoyed by the thefts of the birds who claimed a share of the crops, decided upon their extermination. At the town meeting the only advocate for the "winged wardens" of the field was the schoolmaster, who urged that what the feathered marauders carried off was only a fair payment for their exertions against insect foes of agriculture. The farmers, with the nnwisdom of "practical men," scorned the plea for compassion, and "doomed with dreadful words to swift destruction the whole race of birds." The result of the slaughter was a plague of insects which made Killingworth "a desert without leaf or shade." The farmers were wiser than some people, for they were willing to be taught by experience, and in the spring that followed the blight

A wagon overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose bonghs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds came down the street,
Filling the alr with mnsic wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were bronght,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

Longfellow with a poet's skill mingles his plea for the birds with a pretty love-story of the schoolmaster and the "fair Almira," who shares his humanitarian sentiments.

Was it fact or fiction—this story of the slaughter of the birds being followed by a dire plague of insects? The poet sent the following letter, which, beside putting the matter in its true light, is interesting as showing his sympathy with those who deprecate the senseless slaughter that goes on daily of so many bright and beautiful creatures:

Portland, July 11, 1881.

Dear Sir:

Your letter has been forwarded to me at this place, and I am glad to give you the information you desire, in regard to the "Birds of Killingworth."

The poem is founded on fact. Killingworth is a farming town, on Long Island Sound, in the State of Connecticut.

Some years ago there was an animated debate in the State Legislature, and the birds were doomed, as stated in the poem.

Of course, the details of the poem are my own invention, but it has substantial foundation of fact.

I sincerely sympathize with you in your exertions on behalf of the birds. In Elihu Burritt's "Foot Excursion from London to Land's End" there is a beautiful description of the place of a gentleman in Cornwall, who was a great friend and protector of birds. I think it would please you to read it.—I am, dear Sir, yours very truly, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Please excuse me not writing with my own hand; my eyes are a little out of order.

The information given in the poet's letter is more explicit than that contained in the note to the "Riverside Edition," which must now be regarded as the definitive and authoritative issue of the poet's works. The editors say:

Killingworth in Connecticut was named from the English town Kenilworth in Warwickshire, and had the same orthography in early records. Sixty or seventy years ago, according to Sir Henry Hull, writing from persoual recollections, "the men of the Northern part did yearly in the Spring choose two leaders, and then the two sides were formed; the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for birds began to grow scarce." The story based upon some such slight suggestion was Mr. Longfellow's own invention (vol. vi., pp. 262-263).

The passage in Burritt's book to which Longfellow directs attention is a notable one; in it the "Learned Blacksmith" describes a visit he made in company with John Harris, the "Miner Poet," to the home of the "Bird-Friend of Tregedna." This landowner was a lover of trees and birds. Avoiding the use of either snares or cages, he had won the confidence and companionship of the birds. "He has proved by the happiest illustration," says Burritt, "that any one with the law of kindness in his heart, on his tongue, and in his hand, may have the most intimate fellowship of these sweet singers, and their best songs from morning till night, without the help of snares or cages." Mr. Fox would call the birds to their breakfast by a whistle, "and they would come out of the thick, green leaves of the grove and patter, twitter, and flutter around and over his feet." The Bird-Friend of Tregedna was the uncle of that charming Quakeress, Caroline Fox.

As the postscript indicates, Longfellow's letter is written by an amanuensis, but the signature is in the well-known and characteristic handwriting of the poet. The letter was written in July, while he was on a visit to his native place. He returned to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the greater part of his life had been spent, and in the following March America had to lament, by his death, the loss of a leader in literature, a man whose purity of spirit is reflected in his verse, and whose words have been an inspiration to many and in many lands. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England.

A SUGGESTED MEANING FOR "BELIE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to suggest a new meaning, or rather an old meaning, for the word "belie" in that passage of Shakespeare which in the Folio reads as follows:

What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states,
Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
—Cymbeline, III. iv., 38.

The traditional sense that is given for the word in this passage is: "to fill with lies," this interpretatiou having, apparently, been first offered by Johnson, and taken from him by the other dictionaries as follows:

In Johnson (1755): To fill with lies. This seems to be its meaning here:

'Tis slander . . . whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world.

In Webster (1828): To fill with lies.

Slander doth belie all corners of the world.
—Shak.

In "Century Dictionary" (1889): To fill with lies.

'Tis slander, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. —Shak.

In "Oxford English Dictionary" (1887): To fill with lies. Obs. Rare.

To avoid this forced sense of the word Vaughan changed the Folio punctuation to make the passage read as follows:

What shall I ueed to draw my sword? The paper
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie—
All corners of the world—kiugs, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons; nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slauder enters.

Vaughan paraphrases this as follows:

Whose language is borne on the fleet winds, and, at every corner of the world, belies kings, queens, and persons of highest dignity, and both maid and matron: nay, this viperous slander wounds even the dead.

Dowden, in his edition (published since 1902) adopts the punctuation and meaning of Vaughan (mentioning this fact in a footnote); but takes no uotice of the older traditional interpretation of the word.

I query whether the real meaning of the word "belie" in this passage in Shakespeare is not, "to encompass, surround, or beleaguer." The "Oxford English Dictionary" gives another word "belie" from Old English *be-liegan*, defining it as follows: "To lie around, encompass. Specif., to lie with an army round, to beleaguer." If we take Shakespeare's word "belie" in this sense, the Folio reading makes perfect sense; indeed, it seems to me far better sense, than the proposed interpretation of Vaughan. Murray's citations under "belie" come down as late as 1627, and one of them from Lydgate is as follows:

1430 Lydg. Chron. Troy III. xxiv. Dimmed with skyes roule . . . with tempest all be-layne.

Here the context is such as to fit very well with the figurative use of the same word by Shakespeare, who might be paraphrased as saying: "The breath of slander belies the whole world like a tempest." It is extraordinary, however, that this sense should not have been proposed, at least, before, especially since the word "belie" with this meaning is given also in the "Century Dictionary" as follows: "To lie around; encompass; especially, to lie around, as an army; beleaguer."

The aptness of the sense which I propose is so apparent that I believe it is certainly the one intended by Shakespeare, notwithstanding the fact that Shakespearean critics have not (so far as I know) proposed it.

F. Sturges Allen.

Springfield, Mass., April 2.

CLOSING THE READING ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir, A notice was posted a few days ago in the British Museum, to the effect that, for purpose of renovation, the reading-room would be closed on April 15. It was *hoped* that it would be reopened on October 31. Word having gone about that there would be very limited accommodation for those who could show just cause why they should have special privileges, I —probably in common with every other reader, past, present, and prospective in London—at once applied by letter and backed up the application in person. On asking whether steps had been taken to notify the American reading public of the curtailment of accommodation in the reading-room, I was told that nothing of the sort has been done. The young gentleman in charge looked extremely unhappy, and said that he realized keenly what this curtailment would mean to many people in the United States, while to the people at the Museum it would mean the buzzing of angry Americans about the office all summer long. He thought possibly the American press would copy the paragraphs on the subject which had appeared in some of the London papers. Possibly they will; but it seems to me worth while to give some more formal notice to the many American students who go to London every summer largely for the purpose of utilizing the facilities for research offered by the British Museum. It is painful to think of all the school teachers, college professors, and writers of every degree, who at this moment are preparing to spend their holidays in London with this end in view.

The special accommodation is very limited, and so many applications have been made already that the space must soon be filled. It would be quite unsafe for any one to come over on the chance of finding accommodation. Those who mean to come should apply at once to the director of the British Museum, giving full particulars about the work they mean to do, its urgency and importance, and stating how many days a week they would need to use the reading-room. Perhaps you will befriend the writing fraternity by calling attention to these facts.

Maria H. Lansdale.

Chelsea, London, S. W., March 24.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The *Nation* has always advocated friendly relations between the United States and the British North American colonies. It was pleasant to notice that you warmly praised the Hon. Elihu Root for his recent statesmanlike and enlightened speeches on the subject during his visit to Canada, and that his views were supported by the whole American press. One must, however, notice that the genial Secretary of State, while enjoying the hospitality of the Dominion, is a very different individual from the same official penning dispatches to the British Government about the fishery question in Newfoundland. All former American ministers from Secretary Marcy's time have instructed their masters of vessels when visiting the British colonies to behave themselves properly and to be specially careful not to violate any of the local laws or regulations. Mr. Root takes quite a different line: he claims for his countrymen that they are not bound to respect the revenue laws of Newfoundland, or to pay light dues, or to respect the colonial fishery regulations.

The authority of Newfoundland in such matters is so obvious that I will not trouble you with any lengthy discussion on the subject. Every civilized Government has the inherent right to protect its revenue from smugglers, and where a common fishery is operated within its control, it has also absolute authority to make regulations to prevent the injury or destruction of such an industry. These rules, I admit, must be just and reasonable, and there must be no discrimination in carrying them out. Our fishery laws are made for one purpose, and one purpose only—to prevent waste and the destruction of the fishery. The action of the combined British and American Governments was to give Gloucester a new privilege—the right to ship natives for the herring fishery—not contained in the convention of Ghent and in opposition to the firm protests of the colonial ministry. How consistent does this kind of conduct appear when contrasted with the secretary's friendly and liberal speeches at Ottawa!

It is a very unpleasant thing to state, but every intelligent man in Newfoundland has come to the conclusion from bitter experience, that no fair treatment of this colony will ever be obtained from the American Government either by reason or argument. Our only weapon is pressure. The results so far of the policy of retaliation are eminently satisfactory to the islanders. The Gloucester fishermen, through want of their usual supply of bait from Newfoundland, have made a wretched voyage. Cod was never so scarce or so dear, and in consequence the islanders have the highest prices for their produce known within the last thirty years. The result has been to put thousands and thousands of dollars in the pockets of the Newfoundlanders and to make every American pay double prices for his fish. The New England deep-sea fishery is an almost moribund, decaying industry, as the figures I give below will clearly show. Every year Gloucester finds it more difficult to get men for the fishery. Voyages are so poor that colonials won't engage with them. As I have shown in former letters, the supply of salt water fish in the States is about one-quarter of the supply in England. British fishermen are flourishing, yours are decaying. It is the veritable *reductio ad absurdum* of protection to tax food and to make the whole American people eat dear fish for the sake of "Lodge's smugglers." In 1895 the retaliation policy began, note the results in the figures given below:

Catch of cod on the Grand and Western Banks (from the Boston Fish Bureau):

	Quintals.		Quintals.
1880	300,990	1883	578,735
1881	355,640	1905	140,040
1882	474,078	1906	142,465

D. W. Prowse.

St. Johns, Newfoundland, March 19.

Notes.

The *Psychological Review* plans to issue a new series of "Philosophical Monographs" similar to the "Psychological Monographs of the *Psychological Review*" already published. Manuscripts and inquiries should be addressed to Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Johns Hopkins University.

The University of Chicago Press will soon have ready a book by Camillo von Klenze, professor of German in Brown University, called "The Interpretation of Italy during the Last Two Centuries: a Contribution to the Study of Göethe's 'Italienische Reise.'"

L. C. Page & Co. announce a new edition in leather of C. G. D. Roberts's "New York Nocturnes."

Some time in May the J. B. Lippincott Co. will publish a new Italian romance by Antonio Fogazzaro.

Two new volumes of the Dent-Putnam Classiques Français contain, one "Le Barbier de Séville" and "Le Mariage de Figaro" of Beaumarchais, with a preface by Jules Claretie, the other "Lettres Choisies de Madame de Sévigné," with preface by Charles Boreux. The Beaumarchais seems particularly appropriate in its light form and green-and-gold cover. We observe that the Mme. de Sévigné, though supplied with sufficient notes, is unprovided with any general survey of the persons of Louis XIV.'s court—a serious omission for the ordinary reader.

As soon as the copyright on Alfred de Musset expires, in May, the Société du Mercure de France will publish a selection of his work in its "Collection des plus belles Pages." It will also bring out his "Correspondance," edited by Léon Séché, and including a number of new letters.

Jules Lemaître's study of "Jean Jacques Rousseau" is now published by Calmann Lévy.

"Fireside and Sunshine" is the title of a new volume containing nineteen essays by E. V. Lucas (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Eleven of these essays have been reprinted, sometimes with additions and amendments from Mr. Lucas's "Domesticities," 1900. This writing is in Mr. Lucas's well-known vein—agreeable, vivacious, with bits of interesting observation of men, women, and beasts, and with touches of gentle humor. The matter, however, is rather thin, good enough for a casual contribution to the London *Outlook* or *Country Gentleman*, but

much of it hardly worth preservation in permanent form.

The first volume in the Large Print Library, started by Doubleday, Page & Co., is that story of perennial interest, Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." There is a brief introduction by Jean N. McIlwraith, and a bibliography of the more important books and essays relating to the Brontë sisters. This series is well named, for the type is large and clear, the paper thick and firm. What is more, the price is only 90 cents. The market is flooded with cheap reprints of varying excellence, but in most of them the type is rather small. The present volume is so attractive that we hope the publishers may be encouraged to continue the series.

It is hard to make a flat failure of an outdoor book, but still harder to make it a distinguished success. "Hunting Big Game with Gun and Kodak," by William S. Thomas (G. P. Putnam's Sons), comes some distance from either extreme. Mr. Thomas gives his readers ample variety, hunting the bighorn and grizzly in British Columbia, the caribou and moose in New Brunswick and Quebec, and deer in Virginia and Mexico. Of course he has a camera, in the use of which he hardly appears as an expert, though he has secured some remarkably fine pictures. On his last trip he announces a final revulsion against the deadly gun, and starts for the big game of interior Canada with the camera as his only weapon. That extreme is better than the other, though it is not to be forgotten that the moderate sportsman is generally the most persistent and effective advocate of game protection. Mr. Thomas is not given to the typical hunter's yarn, but one doubts the invariable accuracy of his memory, when he tells of entering a little mining town "in the wee small hours," making all arrangements for starting bright and early in the morning, and then going out to spend the evening in sightseeing, after which diversion a season was spent in getting acquainted with a motley crowd of characters, who had drifted into the barroom in the meanwhile. One wonders what kind of hours people keep there.

"My Life as an Indian," by J. W. Schultz, is made up of a series of articles in *Forest and Stream*, where they appeared under the title of "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet." Bird Grinnell prefaces the little volume by saying: "It is a true history and not romance, yet abounds in romantic incident. In its absolute truthfulness lies its value." This statement we can but endorse, abiding by the assurance given, that it is not fiction. The author is not, like many, ashamed of acknowledging that he is a "squaw man"; and he also shows how unfair it is in many instances to attach to that term condemnation or ridicule. Through the straightforward and unaffected manner in which he pictures his life the reader learns more about the nature of the Indians among whom Mr. Schultz has lived than in the most elaborate scientific treatises. More books of the kind would be useful additions to our Indian literature. Scientific dissections of Indian customs give no adequate idea of the people who practise them, and fiction is mostly written by such as have no practical acquaintance with the subject. Only when one has lived among Indians for long periods and identified himself thoroughly with their mode of thinking, can he portray them with sufficient fidelity. The illustrations are good.

The first number of Vol. XXII. of the Modern Language Association's publications contains a paper on "Jean Paul Friedrich Richter and E. T. A. Hoffmann: A Study in the Relations of Jean Paul to Romanticism," by Robert Herndon Fife. After an Introduction, recalling the charge frequently made by historians and by Richter himself, to the anger of Hoffmann, that Hoffmann had stolen from Richter the best of what he had produced, the author discusses the personal relations and references of the two men, compares Jean Paul's bizarre figures and Hoffmann's Kreisler, and points out several minor motives common to both writers. He also emphasizes their similar irony and shows how Hoffmann caught something of the bombastic style of Richter. Then he comes to the conclusion that, while Goethe, Rousseau, Schiller, and others, besides the Romanticists, may be held responsible for many traits in Hoffmann, "in his youth and early manhood, perhaps until he began his official career at Posen, Jean Paul exercised a considerable influence on Hoffmann, not merely in sentimental moments, but in the formation of his satirical-ironical note as well"; and that this influence continued, now weak, now strong, during the remainder of his life. Other papers in the volume are: "The Sources and Mediæval Versions of the Peace-Fable," by H. Carrington Lancaster; "The Development of John Dryden's Literary Criticism," by William E. Bohn; "Italian Prototypes of the Masque and Dumb Show," by John W. Cunliffe, and "The Sege of Troye," by Nathaniel E. Griffin.

Those who care for out-of-the-way knowledge will be interested in M. Longworth Dames's "Popular Poetry of the Baloches," the Folklore Society's publication for 1905. Balochi, a speech akin to Persian, has never had any literature in the true sense of the word; its poetry has been handed down orally, and, indeed, was not known to exist until 1840, when Lieut. Leech published some specimens in the *Journal of Asiatic Studies* (Bengal). Even then it attracted but little notice, and with one exception there was no further attempt to reduce it to writing until 1875, when M. Dames began the collection printed in this volume. He transcribed and translated a number of ballads and verses, some as old as the sixteenth century, some of the present day in the northern variety of Balochi, *i. e.*, in the language spoken in the country stretching from the Bolan Pass and the Kachh Gandava to the plains on the right bank of the Indus in northern Sindh and the South Punjab. These poems, nearly all of which are intended to be sung, he classifies under the heads of heroic ballads on the wars and settlements of the Baloches, more recent ballads dealing mainly with the wars of tribes now existing, romantic ballads, love songs and lyrics, religious and didactic poems, and lullabies, rhymed riddles, etc. Unlike similar compositions in Afghanistan and Mohammedan India, these show little or no traces of the influence of Persian versification with its artificial arrangement in divans and its pedantic prosody. All the poems, whatever their length, consist simply of a number of lines of uniform quantitative metre with or without rhyme. As in form, so in substance they are simple and direct; the pictures of life and country are faithful and vivid, and the characters of the actors in the different scenes are made to stand out clearly. Along with his own renderings into English, the compiler has printed the texts from which they are made, and by so doing has doubled the value of the work. A limited number of copies may be had of David Nutt, Nos. 57-59 Long Acre, London.

Students of the relations of the Mohammedans of northwestern Africa to the local governments and of the question of the possibility of a Pan-Islamic uprising may be interested in the announcement that a group of young Mussulmans have begun the publication in French of an organ entitled *Le Tunisien*, devoted especially to educational reforms among the native population.

An important contribution to modern history (already announced in our letter from Paris, printed February 28) is "Rome et Napoléon III." (Colin, Paris), by Professor Bourgeois and E. Clermont, with a preface by Gabriel Monod. The thesis is that the Roman question, opened at the very beginning of Louis Napoleon's Presidency, and closed within a few days of Sedan, was the permanent source of weakness in the policy of the Second Empire. M. Clermont deals with the first episode, the expedition of Oudinot, and the mission of Ferdinand de Lesseps in 1849; he has little that is new to offer, and his estimate of the documents he sets out is not weighty. Professor Bourgeois deals far more authoritatively with the later period, which centres about the negotiations of France, Italy, and Austria during the period 1868-70. He is perhaps rather inclined to emphasize the Roman question, and to lose sight of the fact which always dominated Beust's attitude, that the reorganization of the Austrian army could not be completed before 1872. Beust's inner motives are extremely difficult to fathom, and will repay further study. The whole question may also well await the publication of Ollivier's next three volumes, and of the diplomatic correspondence which the French Government has just turned over to be edited by a committee of which Professor Bourgeois is one of the members. A more competent investigator could not have been selected.

The object of Capt. d'Ollone in his "La Chine Novatrice et Guerrière" (Colin: Paris) is to show that the regeneration of China is perhaps not so dangerous to the political equilibrium of the world as it appears at first sight. Taking a broad survey of Chinese history as a whole, and of the developments of the last few years, he concludes that the power of the Manchu dynasty is precarious, and that the death of the Empress Dowager will probably be followed by a dismemberment of the Empire.

One of the private secretaries of Maximilian has published reminiscences of the days of the Empire in Mexico that will deserve a passing notice from students of that phase of history. The work is entitled

"Maximiliano Intimo. El Emperador Maximiliano y su Corte," por José Luis Blasio (Paris and Mexico: Bouret). Many of the personal details which fill its 178 pages are frivolous or impertinent, and some violations of good taste and propriety (as regards the marital life of Maximilian and Carlota) are to be noted. Mingled with the gossip, however, is considerable matter of interest, though nothing of any great historical value that is new.

Lieut. Neushler of the German army has published (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn) a bilingual English and German Military Dictionary. We cannot think that he has fully employed his opportunities, inasmuch as a 16mo volume of some 250 odd pages must of necessity fail to do justice to the richness of the German military vocabulary, and similarly 230 pages is hardly enough for the English-German part. A simple test of a few minutes suffices to show that the book is almost worthless in certain departments. We can, however, honestly praise Capt. Oscar Klincksieck's German-English-French "Technisches und Tägliches Lexikon" (Berlin: Boll und Pickardt), of whose ultimate seventeen parts, nine (pages 1 to 432) lie before us. While addressed chiefly to the needs of officers and officials of the army and of the navy, commercial as well as war, and to the needs indeed of all government functionaries, yet the scope of the work is such that we may fairly assert it to be of general reference. Some idea of its range may be formed from the word *Anker*, for example, which occupies nearly six closely printed pages, as against barely a column (one-third of a page) in Sachs-Villatte. *Bahn* has three and a half pages; apparently every item of railway service falling legitimately under this rubric has been included. Entries under a single head, if numerous, are classified. We note as a defect that the gender, plural, etc., of German words are not indicated; genders are, however, as a rule given in the case of the French equivalents. The dictionary has a wide field of usefulness, part of it virgin.

In a paper read at a recent monthly meeting of the Library Association of England, and now published in the *Library Association Record*, E. A. Baker, librarian of one of the borough libraries of London, and author of "Guide to the Best Fiction," makes the general charge that English municipal libraries not only pander too much to the habit of reading fiction, but that in their supply of fiction their standard is lamentably low. The criticism is based mainly on statistics gathered from twenty-one large libraries in different parts of the kingdom showing the number of books on the shelves by each of thirty-seven authors. For convenience he divides these authors into three groups: the first comprising eleven authors whose works, he asserts, should be in every library; the second including twelve authors whom he designates as "popular mediocritics, only the best of whose books a rate-supported library should buy"; the third comprising fourteen authors whose works he regards as quite below the standard of admissibility to any municipal library. The returns show a total of 2,655 books by authors of the first group, 10,148 by authors of the second, and 5,199 by authors of the third. Coming down to individual authors, Mr. Baker says:

The greatest living English novelist has a total of 390 volumes in these libraries against Miss Braddon's total of 2,296, or an average per library of 19 against her 109; of the greatest French novelist, Balzac, there are 426 volumes in these libraries, while such authors as Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Worboise are represented by 1,903 and 1,617 respectively.

To the statement that these figures are but a reflection of the public taste, Mr. Baker replies, that this taste has been largely formed by the material given it in the public libraries; and that libraries are not formed to *reflect* public taste, but to *mould* and *guide* it. In this respect, he maintains, the library should occupy the same position as the museum and art gallery. These institutions, he urges, are also "managed for the public good and by the will of the people, but their curators do not fill their cases and adorn their walls with such exhibitions as would create the biggest sensation or draw the largest crowd."

Recent paragraphs and letters from the *Nation* bearing on the "open shelf" problem, are printed in the *Library Journal*, with a brief discussion of the question. The editor takes the ground that, in order to reach a final decision, there should be known, for a considerable number of the leading libraries whose shelves are open, the following facts: The annual losses proportionate to the use and circulation, before access to shelves was granted; the same figures for several successive years after that time; the proportion of the books reported lost at the end of the year that are later found or accounted for; and the proportion of loss from the children's department. Similar figures should be supplied from libraries whose shelves are closed.

The correspondence and memoirs of the late Constantine Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, formerly procurator general of the Holy Synod, have, according to a St. Petersburg dispatch, been deposited under seal in the Rumiantseff Historical Museum of Moscow. His will directs that they be published at the end of ten years. The papers include extensive correspondence with the last three Emperors, with whom M. Pobiedonostseff was on most intimate terms; letters from many prominent statesmen of the old régime, and a series of letters from the daughter of the poet Tutcheff, one of the court ladies, which, it is reported, will throw intimate light on hitherto obscure court intrigues.

Swinburne celebrated on April 5 his seventieth birthday. According to dispatches from London, he is engaged on a tragedy, with Cæsar Borgia as a subject.

The Rev. Malcolm Maccoll, canon of Ripon Cathedral, England, who died Friday night, was one of the most active writers on controversial topics in the Church of England. Born in Scotland in 1838, he was educated at Edinburgh and at Trinity College, Glenalmond. Soon after taking holy orders he was appointed chaplain to the British embassy in St. Petersburg. Returning to England, he became curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in 1864; but, resigning in 1867, he went to southern Italy, where he spent two years in the study of theology, literature, and foreign politics. In 1871 he became rector of St. George's, Botolph Lane, London, a post which afforded him leisure for writing and engaging in public affairs. In 1884 he was appointed a canon residentiary of Ripon. Always an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Gladstone, he wrote, over the pen name, "Scrutator," a treatise, "Mr. Gladstone and Oxford," in 1865. Three years later he published a pamphlet entitled, "Is There Not a Cause?" on the subject of disestablishment in Ireland. A man with strong convictions on many subjects, he wrote pamphlets and books on such varied topics as "Science and Prayer," "The Oberammergau Passion Play," "Who Is Responsible for the [Franco-German] War?" "The Damnatory Clauses of the Athanasian Creed Rationally Explained," "Reasons for Home Rule," "Lawlessness, Sacerdotalism, and Ritualism," "The Education Question and the Liberal Party," and "Life Here and Hereafter." He made a special study of Mohammedanism as a theocratic system of government, fatal, he contended, to moral and intellectual development. He was a zealous agitator in behalf of the Armenians. Among his published works relating to this topic were, "The Eastern Question: Its Facts and Fallacies"; "Three Years of the Eastern Question," "England's Responsibility Toward Armenia," and "The Sultan and the Powers." He was a constant contributor to reviews, magazines, and newspapers.

Numa Pompilio Llona, poet laureate of Ecuador, and a diplomat, died at Guayaquil April 5. He was born at Guayaquil in 1832, the son of Dr. José Leocadia Llona, one of the leaders in the movement for independence. After study in Colombia and Peru, he received at the age of twenty-one the degree of doctor of laws. Among the positions which he held in the next three decades were those of professor of æsthetics and literature at the University of Lima, and consul-general to Spain and to Italy. In 1883 he returned to his native country and was chosen rector of the University of Guayaquil, director of the School of Fine Arts at Quito, and finally envoy extraordinary to Colombia. He lived, however, at Guayaquil, where he had married, as his second wife, Lastenia Larriva, a poetess of Peru. Among his own poems were "Cantos Americanos," Paris, 1865; "Nuevas poesías y escritos en prosa," Geneva, 1870; "Noche de dolor en las montañas," 1872; "Clamores del Occidente," 4 vols., Lima, 1881-1882, and "Estela de una vida," Paris, 1893.

MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

Studies in Biography. By Sir Spencer Walpole. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

We welcome these essays, reprinted from the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and *New Reviews*, not only for their intrinsic merits, but because they are a sign of that trend towards biography which is needed for the enriching of historical studies in general. Sir Spencer gives us serious studies of the following eight men, all of whom, except Gibbon and Shaftesbury, played great parts in nineteenth century statesmanship: Sir Robert Peel, Cobden, Disraeli, Dufferin, Gibbon, Bismarck, Napoleon III., and Lord Shaftesbury. There is probably no one in

England to-day who could write as authoritatively as he does on such a list of men, because he has, what most Englishmen lack, an intimate knowledge of Continental politics and personages since 1815. So he is able to deal with Napoleon III. and Bismarck as satisfactorily as with Cobden and Disraeli. What strikes us at once is the fulness of his knowledge: he knows not only the official document and the printed speech, but the anecdote which reveals character or the little play of human nature which, though but a feather's weight in the balance, yet sometimes determines a crisis. Next to this ample erudition is his fairness. Even when treating English party themes, which for most Englishmen still bristle with prejudice, he is no partisan. Himself a Liberal of the great school, he yet does justice to Disraeli; without hero-worship, he shows Cobden's greatness; he treats Peel's different phases with equal sympathy, and gives to Dufferin and Shaftesbury, two secondary but important men, their due. We pass from portrait to portrait with the assurance that the features are life-like and the work honest. Sir Spencer never avails himself of the portrait-painter's license of posing his subject in a telling light, or of dressing him in rich-hued apparel; he has neither Rembrandt glooms nor Titian glows; he can say, like Cobden, "I never perorate": and so we read him as trustingly as we look at a series of portraits by Sustermans.

The most remarkable essay in his volume is that devoted to Disraeli. It gives a fine character-sketch, and should be read with Mr. Bryce's less elaborate study. Walpole limits himself chiefly to Disraeli's parliamentary and political career, with frequent telling quotations from the flashy novels, to show his insincerity, his shallowness, his cynicism, his selfishness, his wit. He does not try to explain why such a man—a Jew by race, an adventurer in politics, a cynic and scoffer as to religion, an upstart in society, should become the idol of the great English Conservative party, with its Anglicanism, its cant, its distrust of innovations, its worship of pedigrees and titles, and its John Bull aversion to foreigners.

Three-fourths of Sir Spencer's essay on Gibbon is biographical, summarizing the latest versions of the famous autobiography; at the end, it touches on the "Decline and Fall," to which it does justice. The final passage, in which the essayist describes Gibbon's narrative as a "stately river" "replenished by many tributaries," has itself the statelincss of the palmy days of the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*.

We cannot appraise, even briefly, the other papers, but we must call particular attention to the "Bismarck" and the "Napoleon III." The former is altogether the most satisfactory analysis in English of the Iron Chancellor's work as empire-builder. The Danish Question, the Hohenzollern candidature, the doctored Ems dispatch, are treated very clearly; so are the leading traits of Bismarck's character. We only regret that Sir Spencer did not lengthen his essay in order to include a summary of Bismarck's home career between 1871 and 1890. That is a theme that needs to be handled. Everybody now acknowledges Bismarck's achievement in setting Germany at the head of Europe, but his reputation as a constructive statesman has steadily waned—whether justly or not, we wish Walpole had told us. The general impression left by reading the study of Napoleon III. is that Walpole inclines to regard him less as a villain than as a well-meaning *Schwärmer*, who took to villany without scruple when his well-intended beneficence did not produce the results he expected: so we have heard of doting widowers who console themselves with drink. "Yet we must not forget," says Sir Spencer in a memorable passage, "that, from first to last, the story of the Empire is a story of crime, and that the story of the Emperor is the story of a conspirator. Through plot and counterplot he made his way to the throne; through plot and counterplot he moved to the Italian war, which was the commencement of his downfall; through plot and counterplot he drifted into the final struggle which ended at Sedan. His idea of statesmanship was intrigue; like the mole, he burrowed underground. Like the mole, his course was so tortuous, and so concealed, that those who were nearest to him were frequently unable to see whither he was trending." Interesting to reader and student alike is Sir Spencer's survey of the principal episodes in the conspirator-mole's tortuous career; for the latest French sources have been carefully explored, and they are supplemented by the special knowledge which Sir Spencer acquired as the biographer of Lord John Russell.

For a sympathetic study of a great philanthropist we commend the essay on Lord Shaftesbury—a personage as typically English as Disraeli was alien. On the biographical side it is further interesting, because it combines more of the private life with the public than suited the treatment of most of the other subjects. Such a book makes us wonder why it is that Americans who can write do not produce biographical essays like these. Is it because our magazines and reviews have become so *journalized*, in their effort to compete in sensations and novelties with the daily press, that they discourage possible contributors of the Walpole class?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Ministry of David Baldwin. By Henry Thomas Colestock. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The author designates his book a novel, but he would be better justified in calling it a novel once or twice removed. There is a hero, it is true (the minister), and an understudy for a heroine, his wife, together with many accessory characters; and there are conspiracy, dilemma, and death. If these do not make a novel, what would? It is perhaps as nearly one as can be fashioned out of a mere plea for the newer thought in the pulpit and the pews.

David Baldwin is a graduate from a Western divinity school, where the professors are all higher critics and the students more or less under suspicion of doctrinal unsoundness. Nevertheless, a Minnesota parish, languishing under long "candidating," finally compromises on David, and he is installed. There follow the annals of the difficulties that assail a modern minister in his first charge, who having most of his congregation with him, has to confront the opposition of a few champions of orthodoxy. Nothing so revolutionary as overt Unitarianism is advocated by David, nor anything quite so specific. His offence is a fondness for "the new thought" and an adherence to the higher criticism, distrust of "the older positions," and advocacy of the "newer conceptions," seldom particularized, but occasionally taking form, as in the matter of doctrine touching the Virgin Birth. There is calm and tolerant consideration of this and a few other points of belief, and various showings of the temptation to suppress the unpopular message, however it may burn within.

The story part of the book derives its sustenance from diaconal differences, scenes at the parsonage and at the various parish firesides. Of these the most congenial to David and his wife was that of the Stewarts, a large family of churchgoers, who brought home reports of the sermons to the mother, she having sustained a "partial loss of the use of her left leg."

A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This is the second edition of a book published in the eighties, as we gather from the author's preface. Of another book of Mr. Hudson's, "The Purple Land," E. V. Lucas makes one of his characters speak as "the nearest modern thing to Borrow that I know . . . the real thing." To compare him to Borrow is to seize Mr. Hudson's quality. To survey his field in the present story—a forecasting of a world that shall succeed this one—is to think of Wells. And if one can imagine a Borrow treatment of a Wells theme one may obtain a hint of the high fantasticalness of "A Crystal Age." To-day has shrivelled to an ignominious past. It has been a sacrifice to humanity's mad thirst for knowledge of good and evil; to the shameless searching into the secrets of nature; to learning gained by hands dipped in blood, "seeking in the living tissues of animals for the hidden springs of life." In gaining unsanctioned knowledge men have lost the higher faculty of discrimination; their riches have made them poorer, and the end has been death.

One Smith of Great Britain loses consciousness through a fall and wakes to find himself in a crystal age in a community of delicately organized human beings with senses of exquisite keenness and souls of crystal purity. The British gold in Smith's age-old pockets proves as ludicrously useless as ever did Robinson Crusoe's be-kicked lump. Only by a year's ploughing and tree-felling can he replace his primeval Scotch tweeds with the beautiful, decorated garments of the period. But industrial questions are only incidentally introduced. The likeness to Wells vanishes, giving way to a vision of a world not over-populated, noise-hating, beauty-loving. There is no guile or falsehood, there is intimacy with all that is good, enthusiasm for all that is lovely; tenderness for beasts, horror of the ugly. The cloud on Smith's horizon is the strange fact that warmer than fraternal love is unknown. The passion that he conceives for a daughter of "The House" brings him

against a blank wall of incomprehension. For the perfecting of the race it has come about that its renewal is vouchsafed only to elect mortals who must he fitted for their high office by a sacred training. A cryptic catastrophe ends the story, leaving the reader free to suppose anything.

Like most stories of the impossible future it contains its touches of the credible among the prevailing absurdities and the occasional touch of the tiresome amid many fascinations. Unlike most, it has the ring of genuine poetry, the zeal of the open air, kinship with beauty of all sorts, and a relieving glint of humor.

The Story of Bawn. By Katharine Tynan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A blameless little Irish story this, pleasantly situated at equal removes from politics and potheen. It is gratifying to find that though the motor car has glided in, the family secrets and family ghosts have not glided out. There is a pretty setting of Irish landscape, an amiable villain, a piquant heroine, a lover forty years old with white hair and hlack mustache, and there is the most delightful Irish precipitancy ahout the leading love affair. A good hook for those readers who like their novels to he chronicles of the heart rather than of soul problems, finance, machinery, or economics.

Frank Brown: Sea Apprentice. By Frank T. Bullen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

There is no longer hope that Mr. Bullen will add anything fresh to what he has already written of his sea experience and sea-lore. "The Cruise of the Cachalot," and "The Log of a Sea-waif" were spontaneous narratives of personal experience; even their tendency to rhetorical sentiment was acceptable as a token of the writer's ingenuousness. In "The Idyls of the Sea" the tendency had become a habit; a literary intention also became manifest, and side by side with it a leaning toward evangelical exhortation. The present book is pretty frankly a tract written for hoys who have the sea-craving. It is a random patchwork of selected adventures, lessons in seamanship, criticism of the methods of captains, owners, and marine boards, and pious moralizing. Incidentally, Mr. Bullen has repeated occasion to express his dislike for America and Americans. It is to be hoped that his pictures of brutality on board Yankee ships, and of lawlessness in Yankee ports, are overdrawn, at least so far as they may be supposed to apply to present conditions. "Frank Brown" has little or no merit as literature; and as a tract it may prove to contain certain bits of sea description and language little likely to commend it to parental or other censorship.

Vittoria Colonna: With Some Account of Her Friends and Her Times. By Maud F. Jerrold. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

On Vittoria Colonna so much has heen written that whoever wrote one more book was in duty bound to surpass all predecessors. Although of late few or no fresh documents have been brought to light, Mrs. Jerrold might have ransacked *das ganze bewiesnde Material* and gone deeper into the relations of well-known facts; but her very preface conveys a disappointing impression as to the spirit in which she conceived and carried on her work:

It must always be with diffidence that anyone puts forth a volume on such a well-worn epoch as that of the Renaissance, and this must be doubly felt in the case of a work like the present, which makes no claim to any sort of an original researeh, but is simply a selection of materials more or less generally accessible.

This is an unconscious expression of dilettantism at its worst. If dilettantism includes a love of knowledge picked up at random, with only an intermittent reverence for facts, this book on Vittoria Colonna is a dilettante book. Mrs. Jerrold's bibliography contains no mention of various essential accessihle works: Mazzone's "Vittoria Colonna e il suo canzoniere" (1900), Tacchi-Venturi's "Vittoria-Colonna fautrice della riforma cattolica secondo alcune lettere inedite'" (1901); Raczynski's "Les arts en Portugal"—a work which devotes 77 pages to the relations of Vittoria and Michelangelo; and Morpurgo's "Vittoria Colonna," a review of which by Renier is wrongly cited, though the hiography itself is not mentioned. These are a few examples to prove that the author was far from careful in research. Mrs. Jerrold indicates her sources only when she is quoting some personage described in her hook.

In the 317 pages of this volume hardly once do we get a clear vision of Vittoria, or feel the unity of her life. Through crudely interpolated biographies of her contemporaries and clouds of uninteresting generalities she emerges ever and anon, pallid and ill-discerned, like the moon on a murky night. And so with the portraits of other characters. Michelangelo, for example, cannot be resuscitated with platitudes about friendship (pp. 119-120, 137), yet the whole chapter on his friendship with the poetess is fairly padded with platitudes, or with generalizations that do not strike home.

Though Mrs. Jerrold's prose is often marred hy anacolutha, her verses are almost invariably equal in charm and style to the originals which they so faithfully translate. In a word, Mrs. Jerrold is a gifted translator, and it is to her that we owe better renderings of some of the hest poems of Bernardo Tasso, Giovanni Guidiccioni, Veronica Gamhara, Gaspara Stampa, and of Vittoria Colonna than had ever hefore been made in English verse. *Perchè . . . serbi* (p. 132) is rendered as if it were *perchè . . . serba*, but the mistake is too slight to mar the good effect of this particular translation.

Lord Milner's Work in South Africa: From Its Commencement in 1897 to the Peace of Vereeniging in 1902. By W. Basil Worsfold. With Portraits and Map. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. viii., 620. $4.50 net.

Mr. Worsfold's appreciation of Lord Milner brings the reader into contact with the high commissioner at his desk when cables and telegrams are heing decoded; shows Lord Milner on the railroad train in some of his journeys between Cape Town and Johannesburg; and also at the telephone at Johannesburg when Lord Kitchener, after the conference of the representatives of the Boer commandoes at Vereeniging, is reporting that the result is to be peace. The intense loyalty, admiration, and intimacy that characterize the book all suggest a devoted private secretary, intent on setting his chief to the best advantage before the world. Yet clearly Mr. Worsfold was not associated with Lord Milner in that capacity during the most momentous period of the high commissioner's career; for although he is familiar with South African conditions and displays a knowledge of them that none but a resident could have acquired, there is a statement in the preface that he was in South Africa, first in the neighborhood of Cape Town, in 1883-85; and again—this time in Johannesburg—in 1904-5. Although the volume is marked by this intimacy, there is nowhere anything of the trivially personal. The book is on a high level, hut it is all admiration of Lord Milner.

The South African section hegins with the banquet at which Lord Milner was entertained in London, March 28, 1897, on the eve of his departure for Cape Town; and the narrative of the high commissioner's work first at Cape Town, and later at Pretoria and Johannesburg, is carried down to the final surrender of the Boers at Vereeniging, on May 31, 1902. In these five years, according to Mr. Worsfold, Lord Milner was always and on every occasion a great and far-sighted statesman. Every dispatch he sent to Joseph Chamberlain, the colonial secretary, is a proof of his statesmanship. If Mr. Worsfold's book should long remain the only exhaustive study of Lord Milner's South African career, the impression might he left that the high commissioner did not take a single step or utter a single word that he himself would now like to recall, during his admittedly trying and anxious years at Cape Town, Pretoria, and Johannesburg. Here and there the admission is made that Lord Milner wrote a dispatch or made a speech at white heat; but Mr. Worsfold always finds justification for these ebullitions of feeling. This attitude is as marked when Mr. Worsfold is tracing the abortive negotiations which preceded the Boer ultimatum of October 9, 1899, as when he is narrating the work of reconstruction. Every step of Lord Milner at this later stage is followed in detail. Much stress is laid on his efforts to prepare the way for a large British immigration into the new colonies; hut there is no explanation of the failure of this part of the scheme.

After what has heen said as to Mr. Worsfold's admiration of Lord Milner, it is almost unnecessary to indicate his attitude towards the war. In brief he holds that the Boers had shown themselves utterly unworthy of the administrative autonomy conferred on the Transvaal and the Free State hy Great Britain, and judged by the laws of war they were saved from the alternative of physical annihilation or ahject submission by the almost quixotic generosity of the enemy. As might be expected, Mr. Worsfold is strong in his condemnation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, John Morley, James Bryce, Lord Courtney, and other Liberal leaders for their utter-

ances, especially during the guerrilla stages of the war; hut even to a student of the history of recent South African politics whose sympathies were with these Liheral leaders Mr. Worsfold's work is not without value. Its importance lies in the state papers and documents on which he has so largely drawn; and especially the letters and telegrams which fell into the possession of the Military Intelligence Department of the British army at Bloemfontein and at Roos Senekal, when the Boer Government laager was captured hy Sir Bindon Blood. These documents go far to suhstantiate the contention of the British populatlon in Cape Colony and Natal that Kruger and the Boers long aimed at dislodging Great Britain from South Africa, and that in negotiating with Lord Milner their only intention was to gain time until they were quite ready to enter on this tremendous undertaking.

Die Metaphysik Avicennas: Enthaltend die Metaphysik, Theologie, Kosmologie und Ethik. Uebersethzt und Erläutert von M. Horten. Halle und New York: Rudolf Haupt.

The place of Avicenna in the history of philosophy is important, not hecause he marked an advance or created a single new idea hut hecause, in the first place, he gathered up with astounding industry and learning the entire science of his age; and, in the second place, expressed it in such adequate and intelligihle form that his encyclopædic treatises dominated European thought until the seventeenth century and still dominate the Muslim world. We might go even further and say that they have more than an historical value for us. They suggest the possihle future of some philosophical ideas of our own time, such as, in the hroad, pragmatism. That the system formulated hy Avicenna led in al-Ghazzali's hands to a quasi-pragmatic position seems clear. Its after fate is also clear. Whether our pragmatism may look to that same fate must lie with the future. But a very pretty argument might he huilt up to prove that the pragmatic method lay at the root of all the dry rot and inanition of the Muslim civilization. It is, then, somewhat astonishing that we have so little access to Avicenna's works. Mediæval Europe knew him far more fully if only in queer Latin versions. But the printed texts of his hundred hooks could be counted on the fingers; and still fewer, and short and unimportant, are the translations into European languages. Modern discussions of his system, too, whether hy De Boer or De Vaux or Munk or in the encyclopædias, show plainly this lack of material.

All the more welcome, then, is the present undertaking hy Dr. Horten of the University of Bonn. He is preparing a complete Arabic edition of Avicenna's principal encyclopædic work, the *Shifâ*, to he accompanied hy a German translation and commentary. This is the first *Lieferung* of the translation and commentary—and cuts into the middle of the work in order to begin with the part of greatest general interest. Whether there is to he a continuation will depend, naturally, upon the success of the first parts. But that the work should he completed there can be no question and, complete or incomplete, it should find a place in every library interested in the history of philosophy. Without the Arahic text the translation cannot he criticised in detail, hut it is certainly a careful and solid piece of work. Dr. Horten has the additional advantage that he knows thoroughly his Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, the two most important keys to Avicenna. We wish him all success to his long lahor. For magnitude it should really he undertaken hy an Academy of Sciences at Cairo or Damascus or Teheran; hut such things are not in the East. Was it pragmatism that saw to that?

Science.

Experimental Evolution. By T. Hunt Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

Several weeks ago in the columns of the *Nation*, in a résumé of recent scientific work, reference was made to the dominating influence of the experimental method in almost all departments of hotany and zoölogy. Professor Morgan is the first clearly to emhody the more important results ohtained in zoölogy from this method of research as contrasted with the descriptive and historical. The author long ago won his spurs in this field, through his unrivalled researches in the phenomena of regeneration; and he has now proved himself a master of compilation—selecting the most significant experiments carried on in various countries, weighing them fairly, and summing up with a conservatism which is perhaps the most valuahle feature of the hook. The thoroughness and lucidity of the work make it serve three distinct purposes: the intelligent layman without any previous knowledge of the suhject may read and appreciate any part of it; the student of experimental zoölogy will find it a veritahle *vade mecum;* and the advanced scientist will he glad to refer to the generous summaries of literature relating to each suhject.

There is much original matter, in spite of the space necessarily given to compilation. After treating the changes arising from external influences, Professor Morgan considers the inheritance of these changes. Upon the ever-disputed questions of the inheritance of acquired characters, telegony, and xenia, his verdict, as may he conjectured from the present state of our knowledge, is "not proven." He allots no fewer than five chapters to "experimental hyhridizing," an indication of the importance of this phase of the new science. Among his other topics are cross-fertilization, inhreeding, and the theory of evolution. The author admits that "so many questions are still unsettled that any conclusion drawn from the evidence that we now possess must he provisional and perhaps premature." The conclusions which he draws are, however, almost wholly on the side of the theory of mutation as opposed to natural selection in the restricted sense. He says significantly: *"On the mutation theory, selection destroys species; it does not originate them."* Chapters detailing experiments upon growth, regeneration, grafting, and the life-cycles of animals and on the determination of sex and the secondary sexual characters, complete the volume. Such phrases as "It is surprising that no experimental proof of this kind has heen furnished" are of frequent occurrence, and are of more directive and stimulative value to the student than any amount of the thin speculation and theory with which too many of our text-hooks ahound.

Two minor criticisms relate to the make-up of the volume. The illustrations of moths and hutterflies are confusedly numhered, there heing no distinction hetween the numeral which relates to the illustration as a whole and the designation of each insect. The most serious defect is in the index, which is all too scant for such a mass of diverse suhject matter. The index might well he three times as large.

Ad-Damiri's Hayat al-hayawan (a Zoölogical Lexicon). Translated hy Lieut.-Col. A. S. G. Jayakar. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co.

Fleischer has recorded somewhere that one of his scientific colleagues never met him without saying "Kazwini!"—an admonition to translate the great cosmography of that Arahic author. Unhappily Fleischer was too much occupied with grammar and lexicon to heed this, and had hesides the too common idea that Kazwini could not he worth translating hecause he was often so far from scientific fact. Folklore and the admission that whatever men have once helieved is worth knowing were still in the future, and Kazwini is still untranslated except for a small part.

It is from this latter point of view, then, that the still more important "Life of Animals" hy Damiri is of interest to us. No one, certainly, will ever go to it for zoological information, even as to the forms of life of the desert. Its Cairene author—he was horn there in 1344—was a student and professor of religious traditions and canon law, and prohahly had as little direct knowledge of the desert, though he made the pilgrimage several times, as he evidently had of natural history. His ohject was to write a dictionary of animal names, adding to the philological an encyclopædic element. He first explains the occurrences of each animal in the Koran and the religious traditions; secondly, the lawfulness of the use of the animal in every way; thirdly, the proverhs in which it is mentioned; fourthly, the medicinal use of its different parts; fifthly, its meaning when it appears in dream. But all this is so overlaid, illuminated and ohscured, hy a mass of comment, edifying and unedifying—verses, stories, jests, pious legends, witty replies, talismans, and charms—hanging often on the merest verhal thread of allusion; that it is the veriest sheep's-head of literature for a fine, confused, mixed feeding. Even in "Tristram Shandy" there is prohahly no such case of divagation as when our author, under the rubric *Goose*, and starting from a tradition that geese hissed in the face of Ali just hefore he was assassinated, wanders off into fifty-one large quarto pages of history of the Caliphs and supreme rulers down to his own time, showing that every sixth had heen deposed or assassinated. Then he returns and takes up *Goose* again.

So Col. Jayakar could hardly have done a

better piece of work for folk-lore in general, and especially for our knowledge of Muslim ideas and attitudes of mind than this translation of Damiri's great encyclopædia. There is no question that the crying need in Arabic study at the present day is translations rather than texts. The Oriental presses are publishing texts in an abundance with which European editors can never compete. The necessary thing is to convince the Western public that there is anything in these texts worth reading. Just as the "Sacred Books of the East" increased interest in the Indian religions a hundred-fold, and practically created the science of comparative religion, so it is for Arabists to make clear that there is the great civilization of Islam awaiting our intelligent attention. That will be greatly helped by such a book as this. The translation is literal often to clumsiness and even obscurity, and would be greatly improved by sub-editing; but it is very exact, and the translator's general scholarship seems excellent. May he be able to complete this translation and then turn and take up Kazwini!

"Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity, and Evolution," by Robert Heath Lock (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is another addition to the lengthening list of volumes, both German and English, which are intended to give a sweeping review of the evolution of the doctrine of evolution. This new work is written from a strictly British point of view, but it has not the all-saving grace of presenting the old facts in a new way. The theory of mutation and biometry occupy the major part of the new volume, while such phases of evolution as mimicry and parallelism are dismissed with a paragraph or two. The method of treatment is not encouraging to the average layman, who would not get far beyond the first chapter. The subjects and their facts are well arranged, but are set forth with a heaviness of diction which makes it difficult for any one, except a biologist already familiar with the subject, properly to correlate the facts as he reads. There is a glossary, but the general reader has less need of definitions of *albino* and *botany*, than of such terms as *heterozygote* and *allelomorph*, even if the latter are explained somewhere in the three hundred pages. The sphere of usefulness of this volume will be among senior biological students rather than among either advanced scientists or general readers.

The paper of greatest interest to American readers in Petermann's *Mitteilungen*, No. 2, is Prof. H. Erdmann's discussion of the problem of the Colorado River, intended as a contribution to the history of salt lakes and steppes. He prefaces it with a reference to the changes of the Mansfeld salt lake in Prussia in 1892, and closes with an appeal to American naturalists to devote themselves to a study of the remarkable changes in California. "Would it not be in the highest degree blameworthy," he says, "if this rare, perhaps never recurring opportunity, should pass without the collection of an exhaustive mass of observations of such important alterations of the earth's surface?" Dr. R. Hermann contributes a history of the negotiations between England and Germany during the years 1885-1906 in regard to the northwestern boundary of Kamerun, in Africa. This peaceful method, in which the interests of the people most concerned were the determining factors, is contrasted with the old-time method of settling boundaries by force of arms. Professor Höck, who has for many years been collecting facts in regard to the distribution of the flora of northern Germany, publishes the first of a series of papers on this subject, which is largely devoted to a list of trees and plants. It is accompanied by a map, as are the other articles.

The scientific work of the Philippine Government is centralized in one laboratory, and the various divisions are combined under the Bureau of Science. The report of the director, Dr. Paul C. Freer, shows 70,562 examinations of various sorts (biological and bacteriological examinations, chemical analyses, and assays) made during the year ending August 1, 1906. The average of monthly examinations in these various branches of Government service is about 3,000, but during a threatened epidemic of bubonic plague in April, May, and June of 1906 some 40,000 post-mortems were performed on rats. After four or five years of effort to exterminate locusts by propagating a fungus disease among them, the attempt has been abandoned, proving unsuccessful, as it did also in South Africa. On the other hand, considerable success has been obtained in immunizing cattle to rinderpest by means of a serum, and the demand for this serum increases from many parts of the archipelago. Results of cholera vaccination in Bilibid prison had been wholly favorable up to the time of making this report. Some inoculations had also been attempted in neighboring provincial towns. In Angat, Bulakan province, 1,078 individuals (one-sixth of the population) were inoculated; of 122 cases of cholera occurring subsequently, only one case occurred among the persons inoculated. It is stated:

It is the opinion of all who have been actively concerned with this work in the bureau that the method best adapted to limit or to eradicate endemic cholera in any country is by vaccination, just as smallpox has been limited by similar means. That vaccination will entirely remove cholera from a given country is not to be supposed, any more than that smallpox vaccination has accomplished the same end with the disease against which it is practised, but vaccination against cholera would certainly remove the danger of extended epidemics, just as has been the case with smallpox, and consequently it would remove the necessity for a burdensome and costly quarantine and for many other disagreeable sanitary measures.

George Otis Smith is to be director of the United States Geological Survey, to succeed Charles C. Walcott, who has been appointed head of the Smithsonian Institution. Mr. Smith was born in Hodgedon, Me., in 1871, received his bachelor's degree from Colby College in 1893, his master's degree in 1896; and in the same year a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins. For nearly fifteen years he has been engaged in geological work, and his reports have been published by the United States Geological Survey.

The professors of the National Museum of Natural History at Paris have issued an appeal to naturalists of all countries for subscriptions to a fund for erecting in the Jardin des Plantes a monument in honor of Lamarck. Professor Joubin, 55, Rue de Buffon, Paris, is secretary.

The death of Dr. Xavier Galezowski, an oculist of European reputation, is reported from Paris. He was born in Poland in 1833, and he received his degree of doctor of medicine at St. Petersburg in 1858. He wrote a large number of treatises on his specialty. A son, Jean Galezowski, is also a distinguished oculist.

Drama.

Prof. Julius Goebel's edition of the First Part of Goethe's "Faust" (Henry Holt & Co.) is a worthy successor and a welcome supplement to the edition of Goethe's drama by Calvin Thomas, which we commended in these columns some ten years ago. The merit of Thomas's introduction and commentary consisted in this: that here for the first time there were presented to English readers, by a scholar of good sense and keen discrimination, the results of German philological criticism of "Faust" in the preceding thirty years. Professor Goebel, while equally well versed in philological research, brings to his task a faculty which cannot be said to be Professor Thomas's strong point: the power of poetic and philosophical appreciation. His edition is a decided help toward a just valuation of the artistic significance and the spiritual import of Goethe's masterpiece; and if his comments are not always final or thoroughly convincing, they certainly always betray originality of thought and often open up new views. The most striking contribution, perhaps, made by Professor Goebel in this edition to the fundamental problems of "Faust" exegesis consists in his attempt to prove a direct connection between Goethe's early "Faust" conception and Neoplatonism. Whether the verbal coincidences between certain scenes in the "Urfaust" and certain passages in lamblichus's "De Mysteriis" are indeed incontrovertible evidence that Goethe had studied this philosopher, as Professor Goebel insists, may be open to reasonable doubt. But this does not diminish the service done by Professor Goebel in having brought out more clearly than any of his predecessors the inner affinity between the religious atmosphere of the Pietist circles in the Frankfurt of Goethe's youth and Neoplatonic ideas handed down to them through Italian humanists. Altogether, this edition of "Faust" is a credit to American scholarship and an important step in the development of sound methods in the academic study of German literature.

In the last few months several well-known Norwegian and Danish actors have arrived in this country. They have finally banded together and obtained Ole Bang, the Norwegian dramatist and interpreter of Ibsen's works, to form a stock company to play in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, and some other cities. They will produce works by leading Scandinavian writers.

The secretary of the English Drama Society announces the intention of the organization to establish a "Théâtre Libre" in London, beginning with a short season in May, which, if successful, will be continued in the autumn. It is hoped

that because of the comparative smallness of the expenses—the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, will be the home of the enterprise—the society may escape the fate of other "literary theatres" in England. "Cleopatra in Judæa," by Arthur Symons, will be produced, with "The Hour," a play in three acts, by Nugent Monck. These will be followed by Browning's "Pippa Passes," Ibsen's "The Master Builder," and Shakespeare's "King Lear." Each play will be given for six evening performances and two matinées.

Music.

Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. Edited by J. A. Fuller Maitland. Vol. III., M.—P., New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

In comparing the new edition of Grove's musical dictionary with the corresponding volumes in the first edition, one notes with interest the new names that have been added; for they constitute a convenient index of progress during the last quarter of a century. The new volume iii., which begins with Maas and ends with Pyne, includes, for the first time, the names of MacDowell, Mahler, Mancinelli, Mascagni, Milloeker, Napravnik, Paderewski, Paine, Parker, Pierné, and Puccini among the composers; while to the list of singers and conductors have been added the names of Mallinger, Malten, Maurel, Mottl, Nevada, Nikisch, Nordica. Considering that this is only one of five volumes, this list is not discouraging, although, to be sure, there is a decided anti-climax when we compare this period with the seventeen years from 1797 to 1813, during which were born eight of the greatest composers: Schubert, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, Verdi, and Wagner.

Among the other subjects, newly introduced in volume iii., are Military Sounds and Signals, New York Musical Societies, and Negro Music of the United States. Altogether, the space has been expanded by over one-fifth, and the editor and his associates have almost invariably done their work well, thus making "Grove," more than ever, a necessity to every amateur and student. Of the subjects treated with special care and fulness, we may mention Mendelssohn, Mozart, Opera, Organ, Oratorio, Pianoforte, Pianoforte Playing, and Programme Music. The space originally assigned to Mendelssohn now seems absurdly disproportionate to his deserts; yet Grove's article was so admirable a specimen of biography and appreciative criticism that it would have been little short of a crime to shorten it; the present editor, in fact, did not hesitate to lengthen it still further, by asking F. G. Edwards to add the new matter bearing on Mendelssohn which has in the meantime come to light. The article on Oratorio takes up no fewer than 72 columns, all but 12 of which are new—by Dr. Ernest Walker, who seems hardly in place in a dictionary; like a bull in a china shop, he smashes everybody's favorite crockery. Handel fares almost as badly as Liszt; and as for England's pride, the choral societies, he informs them that in 999 performances out of a thousand Handel's directions are blandly and totally ignored. There will doubtless be much angry protest when the contents of this slashing article become known.

Two American composers—MacDowell and Paine—are honored with full-page portraits, and are treated sympathetically by H. E. Krehbiel, who naturally dwells particularly on MacDowell's Indian suite. The author of the article on American negro music, Frank Kidson, sums up his conclusions in these words:

> The modern "coon," or "plantation," songs, and the popular form of syncopation called "rag-time," are all easily to be traced to their source in the older negro songs, which . . . are probably to be regarded as European in melodic origin, translated into rhythms that have been handed down from the generation of slaves who actually came from Africa.

Mistakes will occur in the best-edited dictionaries. On p. 732, C. P. E. Bach's "Versuch über die wahre Art das Clavier zu spielen" masquerades as "Versuch über *das* wahre Art *den* Clavier zu spielen." Quite inexcusable is the acceptance as a fact of newspaper gossip (p. 390) concerning Mme. Nordica's alleged "third marriage."

Special interest attaches to a concert to be given at Mendelssohn Hall on Wednesday evening, April 17, by Mr. Lhévinne in behalf of the MacDowell fund. He will play three of MacDowell's pieces, three by Rubinstein, a Brahms sonata (F minor), and Chopin's Allegro de Concert.

Notwithstanding the presence of Puccini, Wagner came out ahead in the number of performances at the Metropolitan Opera House this season. His operas were heard 24 times, Puccini's 21. Verdi's figure was 11, Gounod's 9, Humperdinck's 8, Berlioz's 5, Donizetti's 5, Leoncavallo's 4, Giordano's 4. Delibes and Flotow had 3 each, Meyerbeer 2, Bizet, Mascagni, and R. Strauss 1 each. Taken by nationality, the Italians (Puccini, Verdi, Donizetti, Leoncavallo, Giordano, Mascagni) had 46 performances; the Germans (Wagner, Humperdinck, Meyerbeer, Flotow, Strauss) had 37; and the French (Gounod, Berlioz, Delibes, Bizet) had 18.

The Bonn Festival will be held May 5 to 9. The Joachim Quartet and the Carl Halir Trio, with Ernst von Dohnanyi as pianist, will appear, and vocal music will be contributed by the De Jong Quartet from Berlin. Schubert's chamber music is to be largely drawn upon this year, but the fourth day of the festival will be devoted entirely to Beethoven, and the third to Brahms—that being the anniversary of his death. A selection from the quartets of Haydn and Mozart will also be heard. At Munich a Mozart festival will be held August 1 to 11; and a Wagner festival August 12 to September 14. Among the singers to be heard at the latter are Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Knote, Burrian, Kraus, Burgstaller, and Van Rooy.

A German philosopher once called architecture frozen music. This was fanciful, but not nearly so baseless as the disposition of professional musicians to make the architectural, or structural, part of music the sole test of greatness. The greatest living composer, Edvard Grieg, has suffered much from this critical ineptitude. Concerning Chopin, W. H. Hadow wrote not long ago that he "can claim no place among the few greatest masters of the world," because "in structure he is a child, playing with a few simple types." Even if this were true, which it is far from being, it would not prove Mr. Hadow's point, for no master ever exceeded Chopin in the power of creating absolutely new melodies, new rhythmic combinations, new harmonic progressions and modulations, which are the real test of musical genius. Structure can be taught—many second and third-class composers are masters of musical architecture—but the creating of new melodies no one can teach or learn. Now comes Prof. Edward Dickinson, in the current number of the *Musician*, and declares that we must deny Schubert "the higher constructive power" and "confess that this defect must forever forbid him a place in the shining rank of the greatest artists." As a matter of fact, Schubert was too emotional, too poetic, to write "frozen music" of the architectural, sky-scraper kind. But if his last two symphonies are somewhat free and rambling, this does not alter the fact that in melodic and rhythmic originality they at least equal Beethoven's, while they surpass those in beauty of orchestration and novelty of modulation. Beethoven's sonatas for piano are better than Schubert's, not so much for structural reasons as because there are more good ideas in them. Schubert reserved his best thoughts for his songs, in which he created almost every possible variety of form—perfect in construction—and his short pianoforte pieces, which Rubinstein deemed even more unfathomable manifestations of genius than the songs, and which were the precursors of all the short pieces of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. Schubert was the first to introduce the Hungarian element into art-music; he created the Vienna waltz; he was the most spontaneous melodist that ever lived, and his harmonic system, as Dr. Riemann has said, contains the roots of not only Schumann, but Liszt. How insignificant a detail that "higher constructive power" seems compared with all these traits of supreme greatness.

Désirée d'Artot-Padilla, one of the most famous of European light sopranos, has died in Paris. She was the daughter of Jean Désirée d'Artot Monsagney of the well known French musical family. Born in Paris in 1835, she made her début at the age of twenty-one in Brussels in concert. Later she sang in opera, and was for several years at the Paris Opera House. She travelled as a star through Europe, and was especially popular in Germany and Russia. She sang all the lighter soprano rôles, and was one of the teachers of Mme. Sembrich in répertoire and mise-en-scène. She married José Padilla, the Spanish barytone.

Art.

A Manual of Historic Ornament. Prepared for the Use of Students and Craftsmen, by Richard Glazier. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

This is a large, thin octavo, crowded with

little pictures in line, and occasionally giving solid black backgrounds to relieve the patterns. For a book devoted avowedly to "ornament" there is an unexpected amount of care and thoughtful analysis given to architecture in the larger sense of construction, disposition, and ordonnance. This is seen also in the illustrations; for the whole façade of the Palazzo Strozzi, of the Palazzo Vendramini, and of many others are given, the whole east front of the Parthenon as restored, a great Roman triumphal arch, and large details of many important buildings. Still, of the six hundred little pictures, more or less, the greater number are devoted to ornament in the more usual sense of the word. Objects are included which are wholly decorative, such as pottery and glass vessels of Roman and of Venetian design, Chinese porcelains, plates and vases, and the sculpture of architectural work in wood and cut stone.

Such pictures and their accompanying text would be of great use if they could be thoroughly systematized or made accessible by complete and minute indices. In the present case there is no index of consequence—three pages of reference to the leading subjects and the chief monuments described, and that is all. On this account one doubts the practical utility of the book, and imagines that the student of more thoughtful character would be better served by a book of more narrow scope and of greater thoroughness. As for general accuracy, it is probable that no such compact treatise can be found free of rash statements and unjustifiable use of familiar terms. The margins of our copy are marked with pencil corrections, but they are too numerous even to hint at here. Still the general tendency of the book is to be praised; and the author's knowledge of the many subjects treated proves in almost every case sufficient.

If the printers would procure a new font of type, with accents on the capital letters for French and Italian words, much blundering by youthful students would be saved. To have a familiar kind of enamel described as CHAMPLEVE in one line is not wholly set right by the appearance of the word with an accent on the final *e*, three lines below. In this and in other such ways there would be perhaps several hundred errors to correct if one were to prepare a revised edition.

The latest number of George Newnes's series of The Master Etchers is devoted to the work of William Strang, A.R.A. While we cannot agree with the author of the text, Frank Newbolt, that Mr. Strang's portrait heads surpass those of Van Dyck, or that many of his designs are as perfect as Mr. Newbolt thinks them, yet there is no doubt that Mr. Strang is an etcher and engraver of a pronounced individuality and great technical power, and that the best of his plates are extremely effective. The poorer ones, such as the early Manoah's Offering, have a mechanical cross-hatch that is distressing, and his figure drawing sometimes sinks from its usual characteristic and wilful ugliness to sheer feebleness. On the other hand it occasionally rises to something suggestive, or reminiscent, of Millet's austere beauty. His handling of needle and acid, or rocker and scraper, one takes to be really masterful.

Amian L. Champneys's "Public Libraries" (London: B. T. Batsford) is the first comprehensive handbook on library architecture in the English language. As such it will supply a want that has long been felt, as well by architects as by all those concerned with the building and management of libraries. The book contains all the most modern examples and ideas and deals exhaustively with every detail. Of the fourteen chapters which go to make it up the first is introductory, ii.—xi. relate to materials and construction, installation and apparatus, fittings and furniture, and the various rooms required in public libraries, while the remaining three deal with preliminary considerations, finance, choice of site, etc., and the general principles of public library design in regard both to planning and to æsthetic treatment. In addition to two appendices with lists of the acts of Parliament affecting public libraries, there is an excellent index. The book contains 200 pages with more than 100 illustrations.

Osvald Sirén's important study, "Don Lorenzo Monaco" (Strassburg: Heitz, 54 plates), comes late to our notice, and we cannot give it the space it merits. This young Swedish critic, whose work appears in German, has brought out admirably both the technical and æsthetic qualities of the greatest of the transitional painters at the opening of the Quattrocento. Pointing out the essential differences between Florentine and Sienese painting in the fourteenth century—the city of the Virgin seeking decorative harmony and mystical expressiveness, while the city of the Baptist sought representative draughtsmanship, tangible effectiveness, and corresponding simplicity and directness of emotion—Sirén shows how Lorenzo Monaco combines in a manner the ideals of both schools. By deliberate study of the Sienese he renovated the Giottesque tradition which had been both staled and distorted by the followers of Angelo Gaddi. Thus the Camaldolite monk gained a personal style, in which harmony of line—calligraphy in the nobler sense—counted for much; intimacy and exquisiteness of emotion for more. We can take exception only to the author's attempt to show that after all Don Lorenzo was in the main current of Florentine development. In spite of his widespread influence one could hardly concede that. His manner is personal and isolated; his roots, where discernible, in the Byzantine past. His manner repeats itself in larger and more significant fashion in the later work of Botticelli. A similar passion for rhythmical line, a kindred introspective spirit, and a like mystical mood produce analogous results. One will recall, too, that Botticelli had also served his turn with the realists; in other words, made a conscious refusal of their manner in favor of one both more archaic and singularly personal. In fact, before both these artists, one is driven to such remote but spiritually genuine parallels as that of the priestly school of Japan in its best estate. These are some of the considerations that Sirén raises in this learned and enjoyable work. It is one of the few recent productions of the neo-Morellians that would repay translation into English. Finally, it is a distinction, as things go today, for so young a scholar to have written so big a book without indulging in unamiable or scornful expressions towards his predecessors and contemporaries.

The heightening of the Assuan dam sufficiently to raise the level of the water twenty-three feet will no doubt be injurious to the antiquities of the neighborhood. All possible means, however, are to be employed to minimize this injury. The temples flooded will be strengthened; a thorough archæological survey of Nubia, in which the principal archæological societies are invited to coöperate, will be undertaken at the expense of the Government; and minute records will be made of every ruin between Wady Halfa and Assuan. Moreover, there is ample time to make their survey a thorough one, since the raising of the dam will probably take six years.

Among the dealers' shows in this city are paintings of horses and dogs by William J. Hays at Powell's, till April 13; paintings by Rockwell Kent at Clausen's, April 13; portraits by old masters at Ehrich's, April 13; recent pictures by Henry Golden Dearth, Julius Oehme's, April 15; pictures in oil, pastel, and water color by Mathilde de Cordoba, Louis Katz's, April 15; eighth annual exhibition of the American Society of Miniature Painters, Knoedler & Co.'s, April 20; mezzotints from the royal collection formerly at Windsor Castle, at H. Wunderlich & Co.'s; American paintings and Dutch water colors at C. Klackner's.

The death is announced from Brussels of Félix Cogen, the Belgian historical painter. He was born in 1838, and he ultimately became director of the Normal School of Art of Saint-Josse-ten-Moode. He frequently exhibited at the Paris Salon; his picture in 1905 was Le Dernier Séjour d'Érasme à Bâle en 1535; and in 1906, Louis XVI. et Saint François.

Finance.

The Nature of Capital and Income. By Irving Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

In this volume Professor Fisher has worked out with his usual care and precision the theory of capital and income which has engaged his attention for at least ten years. He has been considerate enough to relegate to appendices the formidable apparatus of mathematical diagrams, formulas, and demonstrations, which accompanied some of his earlier articles in various periodicals, and has here set forth the essentials of his doctrine in a form that will not repel the non-mathematical reader. In point of thorough workmanship and nice finish, the volume stands in refreshing contrast to much—we had almost said most—of the economic writing in these days of unlimited license to produce undigested and indigestible literature.

So workmanlike is his performance that it is with regret that we are unable to rate the work more highly as a contribution to economic theory. Wealth he defines as all "material objects owned by human beings"; capital consists of the entire "stock

of wealth existing at an instant of time"; and income is "a flow of services" through a period of time. Having dealt with fundamental concepts, Professor Fisher proceeds to elaborate the theory of capital and income, treating at considerable length the reckoning of capital and income accounts, the summation of such accounts, and the relation of capital and income. Incidentally he is at great trouble to give a new turn to the definitions of price and value; the former being defined as the exchange ratio of a single unit of a given stock, the latter as the estimate placed upon the entire stock. This, he is persuaded, "follows closely the usage of business men and practical statisticians."

In the category of wealth Professor Fisher includes man himself, as Pareto and some others have done before him. This vagary of nomenclature has ordinarily wrought little harm, since authors have speedily forgotten it, and have not included child-bearing among the forms of productive labor or perpetrated the other absurdities to which the idea would lead if carried to its logical end. Professor Fisher, like the others, all but overlooks "human wealth" in his subsequent discussions; but in holding that all wealth existing at an instant of time is capital, he must logically consider man as capital, and must thereby confuse the theories of production and distribution beyond all remedy. In his system there can be but one factor of production—capital; and but one category in distribution—the earnings of capital, or whatever we may please to call them.

This brings us to what is, after all, the fundamental question raised by the volume: Is it logically necessary and scientifically fruitful to lump all sorts of realized wealth under the name capital, to refuse to distinguish between consumable wealth and instruments of production, and, among instruments of production, to deny that any substantial difference exists between land and what are usually called produced instruments of production? Nothing like an argument upon the subject can be undertaken in a book review, and it is difficult in the space at our command to do justice either to the skill with which Professor Fisher states his case or the weight of the countervailing objections. But in our judgment the attempt to assimilate land to the produced agents of production can be but a more or less "subtle obscuration of plain facts," as some one has well termed it. And it must he added that the more subtle and ingenious the attempt, the more we regret the misspent skill and industry of the writer.

If the traditional distinction between land and capital is "spurious," as Professor Fisher maintains, the traditional distinction between "rent as the income from land and interest as the income from capital" must disappear also; and, accordingly, our author relegates it to the scientific rubbish heap. He does Ricardo and others scant justice, however, in supposing them to be ignorant that "if we fix our attention on value return" from investments of production, the rate of return upon an investment in land is like the rate of return upon an investment in produced instruments of production. No one has ever questioned that the purchase price of land is the capitalized rent, but Ricardo and many others have maintained that the rent itself is determined by laws radically different from those governing the return received from what they called capital. The nature of the income from land, not whether the selling price shall be twenty, twenty-five, or thirty times that income, is the problem that Ricardo sought to explain; and upon that question Professor Fisher's book throws not a gleam of light.

Apart from these controverted questions the highest praise should be given to the author's discussion of capital and income accounts and of capital and income summation. There are, indeed, places where he might have omitted elementary discussion of matters of bookkeeping; but he is evidently guided by the desire to make every step of his argument plain to every reader, and in this he succeeds admirably. In the application of his theories to various economic problems, such as taxation, he is almost always interesting and helpful, and from the first page to the last retains his hold upon one's attention. Even the economists who disagree with his fundamental concepts and principles must admire the skill with which he has wrought out his arguments; while by those of his way of thinking "Capital and Income" will, doubtless, be hailed as a masterwork.

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Allen, Willoughby C. A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Gospel According to St. Matthew. Scribners.
Allsopp, Fred W. Twenty Years in a Newspaper Office. Little Rock, Ark.: Central Printing Co.
Avebury, Lord. On Municipal and National Trading. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Baring-Gould, S. The Tragedy of the Cæsars. Imported by Scribners. $3.75 net.
Becke, Louis. Sketches from Normandy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Bell, George F. Expressive Reading. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Bigelow, Edward F. The Spirit of Nature Study. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Boyles, Kate and Virgil. Langford of the Three Bars. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Bradley, Shelland. An American Girl In India. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Brown, Philetus. The Lover's Club. Chicago: The Old Greek Press.
Bruce, Herbert. The Age of Schism. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Butler, Arthur Gray. Charles I.: A tragedy in five acts. Henry Frowde.
Changed Cross and Other Religious Poems. Compiled by Anson D. F. Randolph. Putnams. $1 net.
Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library. 2 vols. Pittsburgh.
Clayton, Dion. English Costumes. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Coates, Everard. Signs and Portents in the Far East. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Colquhoun, Archibald R. and Ethel. The Whirlpool of Europe. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Conklin's Handy Manual. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Begbie, Harold. The Penalty. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Davis, M. E. M. The Prince of Silence. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dix, Edwin Asa. Prophet's Landing. Scribners. $1.50.
Edison's Handy Encyclopedia. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Ewald, Carl. The Spider and Other Tales. Scribners. $1 net.
Ficke, Arthur Davison. The Happy Princess. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Gordan, S. D. Quiet Talks on Personal Problems. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 75 cents net.
Gregg, David. Between the Testaments, or Interbiblical History. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.
Gurdon, P. R. T. The Khasis. London: David Nutt.
Hadow, G. E., and W. H. Oxford Treasury of English Literature. Vol. II. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.
Herter, Christian A. Diagnosis of Organic Nervous Diseases. Putnams. $3 net.
History of Princeton, 1906. Edited by Charles B. Bostwick. F. P. McBreen & Co.
Ibsen's Works. Vol. IX.: Rosmersholm.—The Lady from the Sea. Scribners. $1.
Ilbert, Courtney. The Government of India. Henry Frowde. $3.40.
Johnson's Rambler. Edited by W. Hale White. Henry Frowde.
Jordan, David Starr. College and the Man. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 80 cents net.
Jowett, Benjamin. Scripture and Truth. Henry Frowde.
Kinross, Albert. Davenant. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Kropotkin, Prince. The Conquest of Bread. Putnams. $1 net.
Lovett, R. M. A Winged Victory. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Marischall, George Miller. The Majesty of Man. R. F. Fenno & Co.
Martin, Martha Evans. The Friendly Stars. Harpers. $1.25 net.
Massee, George. A Text-Book of Plant Disease. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.
Mathew, Frank. Ireland. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Menpes, Dorothy. Paris. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Monroe, Will S. History of the Pestalozzian Movement in the United States. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen.
Montague, Margaret P. The Sowing of Alderson Cree. Baker & Taylor Co.
Morgan, Lewis H. Ancient Society. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Oltramare, Paul. L'Histoire des Idées Théosophiques dans l'Inde. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Paine, Ralph D. The Greater America. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Paterson, Arthur. John Glynn. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Prentis, John H. The Case of Doctor Horace. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.25.
Quelques Contes des Romanciers Naturalistes. Edited by Louis H. Dow and Prescott O. Skinner. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Rauschenbusch, Walter. Christianity and the Social Crisis. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Robertson, Alexander. Venetian Discourses drawn from the History, Art, and Customs of Venice Imported by Scribners.
Ross, Denman W. A Theory of Pure Design. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Salaman, Malcolm C. The Old Engravers of England. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.
Scott, Walter Dill. The Psychology of Public Speaking. Pearson Brothers.
Sigerson, George. Bards of the Gael and Gall. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Smith, Charles E. Pitman's Cumulative Speller. Isaac Pitman & Sons. 40 cents.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. The Veiled Lady. $1.50.
Souttar, Robinson. A Short History of Mediæval Peoples. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Speed, Thomas. The Union Cause in Kentucky. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Stirner, Max. The Ego and His Own. Translated by Steven T. Byington. Benj. R. Tucker.
Stephen, Leslie. English Literature and Society in The Eighteenth Century. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Stewart, Charles D. Partners of Providence. Century Co. $1.50.
Thurston, Katherine Cecil. The Mystics. Harpers. $1.25.
Travers, Graham. Growth. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Turgénieff, Iván. On the Eve.—A Nobleman's Nest. —Fathers and Children.—Rudin: A Romance. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Scribners. $1.25 each.
Vaughan, Charles Edwyn. The Romantic Revolt. Scribners.
Ward, C. Osborne. The Ancient Lowly. 2 vols. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Washington, Booker T. Frederick Douglass. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Washburne, Marion Foster. Family Secrets. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Weale, B. L. Putnam. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.
Weale, B. L. Putnam. The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.
Year Book of the Pennsylvania Society, 1907.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1907.

The Week.

If one but stops to consider the beginnings of the peace movement in this country, this week's Peace Congress seems little short of the marvellous. With more than a thousand delegates from all over the country, it seems as if for once peace had become the fashion. That much of what we have heard this week is purely lip-service, may be admitted without detracting from the value of the gathering. Peace, like religion, is far too often something to be discussed in the abstract, to be praised to the skies—and then to be forsworn when the test of belief is at hand. We have but to go back nine years to remember how few were willing to be known in 1898 as peace men, to say nothing of making outspoken protest against manslaughter by the nation. From those who but half believe, the cause will still suffer as it has in the past. If this Congress means that the movement is hereafter to be placed on a business basis, there is additional cause for rejoicing. Like every other, the cause needs organization, and on a far larger scale than hitherto; it should have a definite plan of campaign, and it should be as unceasing in its activity as are the navy leagues to be found in various places—latterly in this country. These work for the instruments of war by day and by night. In Germany the league has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy cruisers for the Government. The peace leaders ought to combat every effort to increase our armaments and our fighting forces. To Mr. Carnegie and the others who have brought about this Congress the thanks are due of all who believe in the brotherhood of man.

Senator Foraker burned his bridges behind him in his speech at Canton last week. Nominally, he addressed the local Board of Trade, but actually his words were intended, not merely for Ohio, but for the whole country. He appears as spokesman for that wing of the Republican party which President Roosevelt denounces as "reactionary," "opposed to my policies." We need not ask for a nice definition of these terms. Senator Foraker, indeed, protests that he has antagonized the President in only three matters: the form of the Statehood bill for Arizona and New Mexico, the Hepburn Railway Rate bill, and the treatment of the Brownsville affair. But however much Mr. Foraker may protest, his differences with President Roosevelt evidently go far deeper. He objects to the President's policy of assuming complete control of the party organization, and naming a successor. He asserts his right to enter the field without being branded as a traitor to Republicanism, and, indeed, to the flag itself. Mr. Foraker does not mince words:

> That the President of the United States should become personally engaged in a political contest to determine his successor is without precedent, unless it be the bad precedent set by Andrew Jackson as to Martin Van Buren.

This, then, is a challenge of the wisdom of the President in selecting a candidate and throwing the whole weight of the Administration for him. Many Republicans who do not admire Senator Foraker, and who think highly of Secretary Taft, entertain the gravest doubts as to the advisability of thrusting Secretary Taft forward as the continuer of the Roosevelt régime. That régime may be as beneficent as its most ardent supporters say it is; and yet we may not become enthusiastic over a man who is set before us as nothing but the image of another. For the sake of Secretary Taft himself, it would be well that the Administration should not pull wires for him too openly, and that the President should not be provoked into outspoken advocacy of his cause.

No one will find fault with Secretary Taft's plan for the restoration of the Cuban Republic, save those who have selfish motives. That there are many such is unfortunately true. Numbers of men with investments in Cuba are unwilling to take Andrew D. White's excellent advice to set up the Republic seventy times, if necessary, rather than make it a part of the United States, because the setting-up process would probably affect their pockets. In the cafés of Havana there is no more familiar talk than the gossip that the rich planters will finance a revolution every other year for the next twenty years, if need be, in order to compel this Government to remain in Cuba. This may be done—revolutions are sadly cheap in the island—but meanwhile the President and Secretary Taft are playing their part bravely and frankly. They reiterate that there has been no change in their views since they established the provisional government, and that Cuba must be turned over to the Cubans just as soon as possible. As the first step towards the essential tranquillity and stability, Secretary Taft urges the taking of a census as the basis of an honest vote, and he rightly refuses to permit either this census or the election of a President to be hurried. Some Cubans would like to have the new President take office on May 20, the natal day of the Republic; but sentiment must give way to care and deliberation in reconstruction.

Details of the new tariff *modus* with Germany are furnished from Washington. As authorized by Section 3 of the Dingley Act, the President will make a proclamation admitting German champagnes at reduced rates of duty, in return for a concession by Germany of her minimum tariff rates and a removal of the special restrictions on the importation of American bacon and dressed meats. This agreement has, of course, to receive the approval of the German Government, which will certainly not be had without violent protests from the Agrarians. Moreover, the agreement is, in any case, to run but for one year. Then it must be superseded by a broad treaty of commercial reciprocity which Secretary Root is to negotiate. This latter will require the consent of the Senate, and it is admitted that "present indications are by no means favorable" for ratification of any treaty touching the sacrosanct tariff. Yet the indomitable optimists of the State Department think that, by December, 1908, the "prospects for ratification" will be "brighter" than "present conditions seem to indicate." Can the Administration expect, not to say hope, that the standpatters will be routed at the polls next year?

The conviction of the Standard Oil Company for accepting railway rebates will be generally—and properly—accepted as proof of the charges made, not only in the press, but in official reports, that the company has profited largely by taking unfair advantage of its competitors. Into the ethics of the question we need not enter. It is evident that a common carrier, enjoying the franchises, the peculiar privileges, and the powers of a railway, is bound to treat all shippers alike. The company to which it grants a secret rate can crush all rivals. This has been the case with the Standard Oil. As Secretary (then Commissioner) Garfield said last May in his report on the subject:

> The Standard Oil Company has benefited enormously up almost to the present moment by secret rates, many of these secret rates being clearly unlawful. This benefit amounts to at least three-quarters of a million a year.

This statement was vehemently denied by the officers of the company and by their apologists—clergymen, college presidents, and editors of the religious press. The two vice-presidents of the company, H. H. Rogers and John D. Archbold, declared May 4, 1906:

We say flatly that any assertion that the Standard Oil Company has been or is now knowingly engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust. . . . But all this aside [the question of Federal jurisdiction], there have been no secret rates nor unlawful discrimination in the interest of the Standard Oil Company.

The idea that these practices, so deliberately planned, so extensively applied, were carried on without the knowedge of the active heads of the company, is preposterous. We believe, however, that the Rev. Robert Stuart MacArthur and the other clerical defenders of the Standard Oil were deceived. They supposed that the fine protestations of morality uttered by Messrs. Rogers and Archbold were true. But the verdict of the Chicago jury on Saturday night, finding the company guilty on 1,462 separate counts, should open their eyes. In one set of counts the company received a rate of 7½ cents a hundred pounds when the published rate was 19½; in the other set the company paid 6 cents when the legal rate was 18. The jury brought in a verdict under which the company is liable for fines ranging from $1,462,000 to $29,240,000. No one will be sorry if the judge fixes the amount at a round five or ten millions. The only matter for regret is that the rich lawbreakers are not sent to the penitentiary.

The burning question, "What is whiskey?" having been adjudicated by so high an authority as the United States Attorney-General, less important products may ask for their day in court. But except the makers of what Mr. Bonaparte called "something better than whiskey"—water, neutral spirits, and flavoring extract—we have seen no cases so sad as those of the manufacturers who have suddenly discovered that the trade-mark law which they had regarded as a very bulwark of defence, leaves them in reality hopelessly vulnerable. It was not generally realized that "labels" included "trade-marks." For instance, a medicine-maker whose trade-mark promises "instant cure to sufferers" may have been protected by the courts for years against rivals who offered "immediate alleviation" or "instantaneous improvement"; the device showing the venerable Dr. Waldteufel in the act of discovering the precious compound, could be reproduced on no other medicine. But all this is nothing. The cold-blooded Department of Agriculture calmly observes that the medicine does not cure instantly and that there "never was no such person" as Dr. Waldteufel. The valuable trade-mark name "Electric Oil" is in jeopardy because there is nothing electric about the stuff. "Cure" is barred as the name of a preparation. The immemorial term "hair restorer" is threatened, because it cannot be depended on to restore hair. Even the various "cereal coffees" are in danger, because they are not coffee. This is a different matter from the unmasking of the New Jersey varieties of Roquefort cheese, Munich beer, and the like. But the *Trade-Mark Bulletin*, which enumerates a number of these cases in its current issue, adds that "there is to be derived from the law a considerable degree of protection for honest marks."

If we could not have a conviction of Thaw, the fact that seven jurymen stood out to the end for a verdict of murder in the first degree, is the next best thing. Decent people will be thankful to them for thus putting an end to the perilous nonsense imported into the trial. We shall hear no more of the assertion that a rich degenerate, touched with megalomania, can in New York kill a man in cold blood, even if that man be a libertine, and that then justice will have no terrors for him. It is refreshing to learn that the preposterous pleadings of Mr. Delmas had no effect upon the jury except to disgust them. Even those of them who voted for acquittal did so in the belief that Thaw was insane. Thus all the heroics about the "unwritten law," dangerous in any case, wildly absurd in the present one, went for nothing. At least seven men on the jury had heads clear enough, and a sense of obligation to society and to their oath firm enough, to prevent them from being deluded by all the mawkish sentiment and crafty play upon the passions introduced into the defence of Thaw. If we have not, unfortunately, a clear instance of the rigid application of the law of murder, without fear or favor, we are at least spared the absolute disregard of it, with the appalling inference that no wealthy man need fear the penalty of his crimes.

The National Academy of Design, in refusing election to thirty-three out of the thirty-six candidates proposed, has merely followed the way of all academies. It is not that the ins are jealous —at least consciously—of the rising outs. The *arrivés*, the men who have in the course of years reached fame and a secure position, naturally look with a certain skepticism upon the efforts of younger men with other methods. Each Academician will give intellectual assent to the proposition that there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right; but when it comes to the practical application of this catholic theory, he hesitates. In his heart of hearts he feels that of all the nine and sixty ways but half a dozen are really praiseworthy, and of that half-dozen, one—his own—is eminently the best. This is merely to say that the Academician is a human being, with fallible judgment, and unable to detach himself from prejudices of time, place, and person. We could wish that men who have won such distinction as Ernest W. Lawson —to mention but a single name—had been welcomed to the Academy; but as Kenyon Cox remarked to a newspaper reporter, "In so large a body it is difficult to get the required two-thirds to agree upon any one man." That difficulty, we may add, is the very thing that always has been, and always will be, the standing reproach of academies, the thing that lessens their influence and casts doubt upon their authority.

Even in the *Figaro's* selections from the Montagnini papers, mostly pro-Church as they are, one document has been published which will be seized upon by the Anticlericals as a justification for their course. This is a letter from Cardinal Merry del Val to the Archbishop of Lyons, calling his attention to "the capital importance of the next political elections in France." It was no mere general warning and advice. Detailed suggestions how to proceed were given. Money was to be collected, as by the League of French Women, but the spending of it was to be entrusted to the Church authorities. Merry del Val was most specific:

> Your Eminence should persuade the ladies that it is a good thing to collect money, but it should be handed to your Eminence with every confidence, you promising them that you will employ it exclusively for electoral purposes in the manner that you may judge most prudent and most advantageous. Your Eminence will afterwards come to an agreement with M. Piou for the selection of candidates and the distribution of the money.

Now, this looks amazingly like what the Anticlericals have charged—that the Church, as such, was directly meddling in French politics. From that it was a short step to the inference that there was a clerical plot against the republic itself. We do not draw that inference; but it is easy to see what the effect of so compromising a letter would be upon an already suspicious and excited Anticlerical party in France.

The threatened strike of the Paris bakers has more than its surface significance. It is one step more in the campaign of intimidation that has been carried on by the Socialist labor elements from the very beginning of the Clemenceau Ministry, simultaneously with the Parliamentary warfare waged against the Cabinet by M. Jaurès. Between the two, the Moderate press is beginning to complain that the Socialists have made themselves masters of the Government. The Moderates point to the action of Minister of War Picquart in punishing a corps commander stationed at Nancy for remarks against Germany, but, about the same time, re-

storing to the army a lieutenant who had been cashiered a year ago for declaring at a labor meeting that he would never obey his superior's orders to fire upon the "workmen." What better proof, is asked, can there be of the Government's complete subservience to the revolutionary unions and the fanatical "pacifists"? In fact, for all M. Clemenceau's resolution in moments of labor crises, it would appear that in the end he has yielded to the repeated demands of the Confederation of Labor under their militant chief, M. Griffuelhes. The great labor demonstration in Paris planned some months ago was forbidden, but a bill was enacted extending the right of public meeting to the widest limit. The electricians' strike was broken, but the strikers obtained pretty nearly all their demands. So now there is talk of the military bakers being used to replace any bakers that may strike, but such repressive action for the moment is likely to be followed by generous concessions.

In a series of studies of present-day Germany by the French journalist and traveller, Jules Huret, we come across an estimate of William II. from a point of view with which our own Andrew D. White has already made us familiar. With sympathetic appreciation M. Huret affords us a glimpse, not of the traditional mailed war-lord and compeller of battle clouds on the European horizon, but of a sagacious and self-controlled monarch who for nearly a score of years has been a powerful factor for Continental peace. There is danger of overcoloring this new representation of the Emperor as arbiter of peace, just as the older picture was greatly overdrawn. In reality, William II. is not, and cannot be, that absolute master of fate who may, without reckoning consequences, throw his legions across the Rhine or dispatch his cruisers on a dash for Dover. We speak glibly enough of hurling the splendid German army at this or that enemy; but an army, after all, is something more than a primitive javelin, and, however well it be disciplined, it needs more than the impetus of an imperial arm to be propelled with effect. It needs a soul of its own; and because the European standing army is so inseparably a part of the nation, its animating principle in times of crisis must be something that animates the nation at large. It is almost absurd to contend that a German army would be as invincible in 1907, fighting over Morocco, as it was in 1870 fighting for national unity. The standing army, therefore, which rightly enough we regard as one of the crying evils of the European political system, has this to be said in its favor: that, from the very fact of its being an army fed by national levies, it affords an appreciable guarantee against wars waged for frivolous causes or at the instigation of a self-seeking faction. In Western Europe it is hard to imagine a great war breaking out unpreceded by an upheaval of national animosity on either side. It is Sir Ian Hamilton's opinion, given in the second volume of "A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book During the Russo-Japan War," that among the qualifications which go to make a good private soldier, the first is that he shall hate his enemy. "Each Japanese private entered into the war with burning feelings of personal anger." But just because it is becoming more and more difficult to make nations hate each other without grievous wrong, governments must hesitate to throw against each other armies whose heart may not be in the fighting.

The action of the Electoral Committee of the German Reichstag in unseating one of the Conservative Deputies, Herr Richthofen, because of interference in his behalf by Chancellor von Bülow, would indicate that the complaisance of the Government majority in the Reichstag does not go to the point of acquiescing in an aggression on Parliamentary privilege. Prince von Bülow had come to the aid of the Conservative candidate in a newspaper appeal to the members of all bourgeois parties to unite for the defeat of the Socialists. This the committee, by a vote of seven to six, decided was illegal. Evidently, the Liberal representatives on the committee voted against the Government on broad Constitutional grounds. The denial of the principle of Ministerial responsibility to Parliament must have as its correlative absolute Parliamentary immunity from interference by the Executive. That the German Government has not held fast to this appears not only from its open interference in the election, but from the recent Erzberger case, involving a restriction on Parliamentary freedom of speech. The disqualification of Herr Richthofen may indicate the precarious nature of the Government majority; in any case, the Reichstag is to be congratulated on its spirit of independence. The hardiest imagination can scarcely conceive the election of a New York Congressman being set aside because of an open letter addressed to him from the White House saying, "Your success is necessary to the safety of the country and to the interests of the Republican party."

The resignation of the Belgian Cabinet, which has been expected for some weeks, was announced on Friday. Gathering difficulties have finally brought about the downfall of the Smet de Naeyer Ministry, after it had held power since August 5, 1899. The specific measure on which the Government was defeated was the law fixing the hours of labor in mines, which was adopted last week by 94 votes to 32. The Catholic Right, or Government party, had been split for some time on the question of liberal labor legislation, and the Young Catholics, who recognized that only by such a programme could they retain their hold on the working classes as against the Socialists, united with the Opposition to overthrow the Government. But probably the Congo situation was chiefly instrumental in bringing about the fall of the Ministry. The need for a thorough reconstruction of the colonial régime has been felt throughout the country, and a Parliamentary Commission is now engaged on the task. King Leopold's attitude towards any reform tending to weaken his control has not changed, however. Hence the dilemma of the Cabinet. Finding it impossible to oppose the royal master whose interests he had served so long and so subserviently, and finding it equally impossible to resist public opinion, M. Smet de Naeyer chose to resign office. The foreign press speaks of a feeling of general unrest and dissatisfaction which pervades Belgian politics, and of which the colonial problem is the most definite cause. Certainly, politics have reached an unhealthy state when, as we learn from the dispatches, a Ministry, bent upon resigning, permits the discussion of a measure in the Chamber after a royal decree withdrawing it from Parliamentary consideration has been secretly signed.

In the history of the woman suffrage movement the Finnish Parliamentary elections of a few weeks ago should remain memorable. The results, recently announced, show the election of nineteen women as members of the Diet, or about one-sixth of the total number. It may be a not unrelated fact that the attendance at the University of Helsingfors is given as 2,640 men to 564 women, or about the same ratio as will prevail in the new Diet. "Long before the elections," an eye-witness writes, "there had been a well-organized and active agitation going on among the women, and the result was that an immensely large number of women have voted." In Helsingfors 55 per cent. of the votes were cast by women.

Many old women were brought on little sledges, drawn by their children or children's children to the polling-places. Usually, married people went together. When I stood in the row, waiting for my turn to come, I heard a young laboring couple discussing in a kind and friendly way their own family affairs—the baby, the girl's winter cloaks, the boy's schooling—while they were waiting.

The dispatches state that nine of the nineteen women Deputies are Socialists, a ratio that would probably hold good for the country at large.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND PEACE.

There appears to have been a pretty sharp difference of opinion at the Peace Congress, on Monday, over what looks a good deal, on close inspection, like a dispute about words. A phrase in President Roosevelt's letter started the controversy. He was for peace. But he was also for righteousness. If the two could be made to kiss each other, Scripture fashion, well and good; but if he had to choose between the two, give him righteousness every time. Yet the real question is if, at this stage of civilization, the great Powers of the world cannot make sure that we shall get both peace and righteousness every time.

The individual analogy—the status of the citizen before the courts of his own land—furnishes us the safest leading in this matter. A truly civilized man does not say: "I will, in general, submit my wrongs to the decision of appointed judges, to whom, also, I will confide the upholding of my rights, but in any case where I feel very strongly, and am thoroughly convinced of the justice of my cause, I will go out in person and club or shoot my antagonist." That would be border ruffianism. To take such a position would be to defend that barbarous and anti-social thing, "the unwritten law." The individual, we do not allow to decide whether he is "righteous" or not, in this judicial sense. We should be afraid that he would reduce everything to the simple formula: "What I want is righteous; what you desire is wicked." In a word, civilization has called upon men to give up being judges in their own cause, and to surrender the right of private vengeance. Murder, of course, persists, and lynch-law lingers, but both are recognized as survivals of savagery. And the real problem before the Peace Congress and the Hague Conference is whether an arrangement cannot be devised whereby a peaceful settlement of difficulties will be made as compulsory and satisfactory between nations as it has been between the citizens of each nation.

Secretary Root's address to the Congress pointed the way. He was said to have spoken for the Administration at Washington; but, to an extent, his words ate up those of the head of the Administration. Mr. Roosevelt's consuming fear lest the country may some day have to fight to prove that it is righteous, his Secretary of State showed to be practically groundless; for the chief point of Mr. Root's speech, in line as it was with the sentiment of some of the ablest and most enlightened jurists of the world, lay in his argument for a tribunal which could determine all international quarrels *judicially*. The weakness in international arbitration has always been the danger that decisions might lack this judicial quality. Arbitration tribunals have usually been made up of an equal number of delegates from each of the two disputiug nations, with foreigners added as a sort of umpire. But this may make an important verdict against a given country really that of one man, and he an alien. This fact, as Lord Salisbury said, has made great Powers unwilling to agree to submit *all* controversies to arbitration. But Secretary Root showed how vastly different the case is when you have an august and permanent tribunal charged to decide in a judicial way every question submitted to it. Then we get a true international court, before which litigant nations may as properly be compelled to go as the citizen is to his own tribunals of justice. "What we now require," said Mr. Root, "is the substitution of judicial action for diplomatic action, the substitution of judicial sense of responsibility for diplomatic sense of responsibility. We need for arbitration judges who will be interested only in the question appearing upon the record before them. Plainly, this end is to be attained by the establishment of a court of permanent judges who will have no other occupation and no other interest but the exercise of the judicial faculty under the sanction of that high sense of responsibility."

It is clear that when the world gets such a bench of international judges, the logomachy about righteousness *versus* peace will have to be abandoned. The proper word to use is "justice," not righteousness. The latter implies a sense of personal worthiness which has no place in a law-suit. What a nation in court has to establish is, not its good opinion of itself, but the justice of its claims. And all questions about the superior civilization or morality of one country, as compared with those of its contestant, would have to be ruled out, as much as would be the pretension of a rich man that he is entitled to a different article of justice from a poor man. Even national self-righteousness, comfortable as it may be, could cut no figure in a case at law. There would be no possibility, as the President seems to imagine, of the United States becoming the successor to that "censorship" which, as Lord Rosebery has said, England has always assumed towards the rest of Europe, entitling her to "administer exhortation and rebuke" to other countries. We should simply have a system of impartial justice for all, and the acutely righteous peoples would have to submit to it along with those that admitted themselves to be no better than an ordinary Christian nation.

On the side issue of disarmament, there seems also to be no little confusion of thought. The Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix triumphantly confutes those who criticised his sermon of Sunday in praise of war, by saying that the objectors would disband the militia, abolish the police, and leave us all exposed to robbery, assault, and anarchy. But no peace man in his senses disputes the need of a visible embodiment of the police power. Even courts must have officers to execute their mandates. And if we get an international court, clothed with great authority and extensive jurisdiction, there will be required a sort of international police force to see that its decisions are obeyed. Thus the question of disarmament is, at the present time, merely one of less or more. And a new argument for an international agreement to lighten military burdens is found in the state of the world's money-markets to-day. With the rate of interest everywhere rising, military debts become more crushing, and the reasons against adding to them more commanding. If the leading nations would bind themselves to knock off $25,000,000 each from their military budgets, the resulting free capital would do much to strengthen credit and give a fresh impetus to commerce and industry and all the arts of progress.

CRIMINAL LAW REFORM.

Whatever may be the result of the long-drawn-out trial of Thaw in New York, the case is a scandal of the first magnitude, and a terrible blot upon the legal procedure of the United States. We cannot but feel that the weakest judge on our bench would have long ago found a way of bringing the question to the verdict of the jury, and of putting an end to the mass of irrelevancies imported into the case, and to the long arguments, in which every rule as to the admissibility of evidence has been distorted beyond the bounds of absurdity.—[From the *Solicitors' Journal*, London, March 30.

This foreign comment but echoes what thousands of Americans have felt and said about the lamentable state of our criminal law. Its network of uncertainties; its fine-spun technicalities which, like the gossamer threads in Southey's poem, turn to steel and bind fast the arm of justice; its intolerable delays; the series of traps which it sets for prosecutors, juries and judges, and courts of appeal; the premium which it puts upon crime committed by a rich man able to employ astute counsel who will thread a way to immunity through the tortuous mazes of our criminal practice, thus outraging propriety, making a mock of the law, and reduciug to an absurdity the boast that all men are equal in a court of justice—all this has been exposed and deplored for years. Lawyers have mourned at it. Judges, like Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, have shown what a shame it is. Reformers have cried out against it. The President of the United States has brought the matter to the attention of Congress. Yet nothing has been done.

What we would ask to-day is whether the long disgrace of the Thaw trial may not work at least the good of finally arousing public sentiment and professional obligation to the pitch of setting

on foot a movement for the reform of this national abuse. Appeal must necessarily be made, above all others, to lawyers. It is their profession, for which they should have a jealous care, that most suffers from the chaotic state into which the criminal law has been allowed to fall. We could wish, therefore, that the Bar Association might speedily move in this matter, if only in the spirit of *pro domo suâ*. And the bench, also, might properly act on the precept of Lord Coke, that he considered every man who had been successful in his profession "under an obligation to benefit society." What greater benefit could any American bestow upon his kind than the removal of the reproach and danger which lie in the working—or failure to work—of our criminal law?

As in all reforms, however, it is to individual leaders that we must chiefly look. A man in whose heart the wrong burns is the source from which impulse flows to organizations and legislatures. No better or more pertinent illustration of this truth can be found than in the career of Sir Samuel Romilly, who did so much for the reform of the criminal law of England. It would be well if a copy of his Diary could be made prescribed reading for every lawyer in the State of New York. Romilly found his spur in the loftier sense of personal and professional duty. In his speech in the Commons in 1811, when bringing in his three bills for the reform of the then hideous criminal practice, he said:

> It is not from light motives that I have presumed to recommend an alteration in a matter so important as the Criminal Law of the land. I have always thought that it was the duty of every man to use the means which he possessed for the purpose of advancing the well-being of his fellow-creatures. My success and my good fortune in my profession have laid me under a debt to the society in which I live; and the way in which I intend to discharge that obligation is by endeavoring to meliorate the law, and thus to increase the security and happiness of my country.

This is not the place to recount Romilly's long struggles and large triumphs. He found the criminal law of England a barbarous code; justice being too often a synonym for horrible cruelty or fantastic caprice; he left it after years of unwearied labors, somewhat more worthy of a Christian nation. The question is whether there are not Americans, like Romilly successful in the law and like him undaunted, who will feel that for them, too, *légalité oblige*, and will give themselves to the work of rescuing our criminal law from the fearful huggermugger into which it has drifted.

To be specific, the whole subject of expert testimony clamors for a thorough overhauling. It is to the clashing of experts in the Thaw trial, and the long wrangles over them, that we mainly owe the inexcusable prolongation of the case for nearly three months. In England, the man Rayner, who murdered the merchant, Mr. Whitely, on January 24, was tried and convicted on March 22. There was a personal scandal involved, as in the Thaw case; there was also the question of the murderer's irresponsibility; but an English judge, under the English practice, strictly enforcing the rules of evidence, and ruling out the vague guesses of insanity experts, brought all to a conclusion in *five hours*. Now, are we to take it out in exclaiming at the contrast with our vicious procedure, or are we to insist upon mending that procedure? American lawyers are prominent in public life. They fill the Legislatures and Congress. Are they going to do nothing to make such a reproach to American jurisprudence as the conduct of the Thaw trial hereafter impossible?

We are aware of the difficulties and discouragements in the way of any reformer of the slow-grown and inveterate abuses of the criminal law. The Commission on the Law's Delays had, in some respects, an easier task, but has been able as yet to accomplish only a part of it. Romilly was often rebuffed and long thwarted. But he returned again and again to the charge, telling the House of Commons: "I am not to be discouraged by the consideration that I have spent a great deal of time on this subject, without doing much good." Similar persistence, we are persuaded, combined with knowledge and energy and persuasive power of presentation, will crown with success the efforts of any honest and able lawyer to reclaim our criminal law, and make it a swift and sure terror to evil-doers.

PROBING SPECULATION BY DIRECTORS.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has declared that it will appeal to the United States Circuit Court for an order requiring E. H. Harriman to answer certain questions which he refused, by advice of counsel, to answer at the February hearing. The lawyers joined issue during the inquiry as to the sale of 103,000 shares of the Chicago and Alton syndicate's stock to the Union Pacific. The Commission's counsel, F. B. Kellogg, asked Mr. Harriman if he himself had owned any of the Alton stock, thus sold to his own company. His counsel, J. G. Milburn, thus objected:

> Who the individuals were who sold to the company is not, that I can see, a pertinent matter with reference to interstate commerce for the scope of this investigation. In other words, I say that there is a line; on one side of that are matters which are related to transactions of interstate commerce that are within the jurisdiction of this Commission. I say on the other side of this line are the private affairs of individuals.

And in accordance with this theory Mr. Harriman refused to answer all other questions as to his personal interest in sales of stock to the Union Pacific. To the question, "Were you directly or indirectly interested in any Union Pacific stocks bought between July 19 [the date when the very large Union Pacific dividend was decided on] and August 17 [the date of its public announcement]?" he refused to make any response whatever. A more general inquiry, as to his personal purchases of Union Pacific stock, drew forth flippant replies—that he had bought it, for instance, after its reorganization, in anticipation of last August's dividend. It was clear that the question of authority to require answers to such inquiries would have to be determined by a Federal court.

Mr. Kellogg's argument in behalf of the Interstate Commission's power was somewhat technical; its gist was that the Commission's enlarged authority over rates, under the Hepburn Act, made inquiry into all circumstances affecting rates a necessity. Inflation of capital by a board of directors, for their personal profit or otherwise, has some bearing on the question of rates. Hence, he maintained, the provision of the Interstate Commerce Act that the Commission "shall have the right to obtain from such common carriers full and complete information necessary to enable the Commission to perform the duties and carry out the objects for which it was created," and that to this end it "may invoke the aid of any court of the United States in requiring the attendance and testimony of witnesses"—this provision would cover these questions as to personal operations of directors. C. A. Severance, in behalf of the Commission, further emphasized the point that the Union Pacific, "having seen fit to depart from the ordinary line of business for which railroad corporations are organized," had gone into the banking and investment business. Yet any unwise or unlucky venture in this line necessarily "weakens or lessens its capacity for future usefulness as a railroad corporation." Hence the propriety of the inquiry.

These arguments appear to us to have much weight—certainly more than Mr. Milburn's rejoinder that "not outside the Orient do such extraordinary powers exist" as the Commission claims. Whatever the technical right or wrong in the matter immediately at issue, the power of inquiry here asserted is not only enjoyed without dispute by Congressional and Legislative committees, but is constantly exercised by them. A contumacious witness goes to jail. Such celebrated Congressional inquiries as that into the "Credit Mobilier" scandal in the original financing of Union Pacific, or that which unearthed the facts of the Gould-Fisk conspiracy in the gold mar-

ket before Black Friday, prove that this right of inquiring into the personal speculations of men in responsible positions is a matter of long-established precedent. It is therefore our conviction that, if the right to insist upon the questions put to Mr. Harriman were to be denied to the Interstate Commission, that right is likely to be asserted in short order by a Congressional committee.

Unless they are guilty trustees, Mr. Harriman and his fellow-directors ought to welcome the full disclosure of all the facts surrounding Union Pacific's 10 per cent. dividend and $130,000,000 stock investments last autumn. These men are aware that suspicion surrounds, and has from the first surrounded, both these incidents. Presumably, they know that Wall Street holds implicitly to the belief that these directors "jockeyed" with the declaration of the dividend; suppressed monthly statements of Southern Pacific earnings which bore directly on the dividend question; fomented, in London and New York, an extravagant stock speculation in connection with Union Pacific's dividend, and eventually, by borrowings for this speculation, deranged the money market and jeopardized the business interests of the country.

We do not say that this Wall Street belief has yet been proved true. But we are certain that Mr. Harriman's refusal to answer certain questions has persuaded a good part of the public that it is true, and we further hold that, if it is, then the time has come to take further steps for the regulation, not of our railway rates, but of our railway directors. Discussion about the propriety of directors' speculating in the Stock Exchange, on secret advance information regarding their own stock, is regarded in many quarters, we are quite aware, as a purely academic dispute, an unprofitable search after counsels of perfection. It is our opinion, however, that, even in those quarters, sentiment has been changing since we have learned the power that four or five men may exercise with a $130,000,000 cash fund. The end towards which such financial power, secretly exercised and unrestrained by law or scruple, must inevitably lead our railway enterprises, ought to be plain to every one who has read the similar chapter in our railway history of forty years ago.

CROMER IN EGYPT.

Egypt without Evelyn Baring, Lord Cromer! The reading world is trying to-day to adjust itself to the thought. It was in 1877 that Major Baring arrived in Cairo, after nearly twenty years in the Royal Artillery and four years of service as private secretary to the Earl of Northbrook, Viceroy of India. Since that time, or at least since 1883, his name has stood for progress in Egypt, for the reform of the courts and of the fiscal system, the practical abolition of forced labor, the development of irrigation, and progress in a hundred other directions. A nation humiliated and impoverished by its rulers, has been set upon its feet and been helped far along the road towards prosperity and self-government. Profiting largely by the British mistakes in India, Lord Cromer has made of Egypt England's greatest success in colonization, or better, administration. Nowhere else the world over has the attempt of a superior race to guide a backward one been on the whole so praiseworthy.

How great the task which fell to Cromer only those can realize who go back to the time when he became British consul, or pro-consul. The Arabi Pasha revolution of 1882 was the sincere effort of an abominably oppressed people to throw off the yoke of a dissolute spendthrift. The foreign bondholders chose to regard it—as many writers do to-day—as merely the mutiny of an unpaid army. Acting for them, England suppressed the rebellion, banished Arabi, and took hold in Cairo. The city seethed with intrigue and discontent. The Mahdi movement grew apace; one great southern province after another fell away, until, with the tragedy of Khartum, the Egyptian frontier was forced back to the Second Cataract. Naturally, the Mahdi had his followers in Cairo itself, who gathered courage from the disputes among the hated foreigners, and particularly from the opposition of the French. For many months Cromer, with a most aggressive foe on his borders, lived in expectation of a fanatical uprising in the capital, and neither in Upper nor in Lower Egypt were there trustworthy troops, save those of the small English garrison.

Still, Cromer's spirit remained undaunted. He left the Mahdi in peace for seven years, while a new Egyptian army —and an admirable one—was built up out of raw material. Finally, after eleven years of planning and waiting, he overthrew the Mahdi's successor, and won back for Egypt her vast Equatorial territory. Meanwhile, the internal reforms had proceeded swiftly. The Barrage below Cairo, like the huge dam at Assuan, became the source of great wealth, while vast schemes for utilizing the waters of the Upper Nile for irrigation are even now under consideration. The fellah became, in the eyes of the law, an equal with the once overbearing and despotic pasha. In an incredibly short time, from a bankrupt state, Egypt became one of the most flourishing countries in the world. This financial transformation was particularly Lord Cromer's work. His first relation with Egypt was as Commissioner of the Public Debt. He found the country running behind each year in a way to make its escape from entanglements seem impossible, particularly in view of the varying opinions among the debtor nations. Just how the way to solvency and prosperity was found has recently been set forth at length by Sir Auckland Colvin, the British comptroller-general in Egypt and financial adviser to the Khedive. Sir Auckland, like Lord Milner, and Lord Cromer's successor, Sir Eldon Gorst, is eager to give Lord Cromer full credit for all he has done. "The making of modern Egypt," says Sir Auckland, "is the work of Lord Cromer; without him it might scarcely have been accomplished, and with his name it will be identified." Beyond all doubt, Lord Cromer, who is now sixty-six years old, has won for himself imperishable renown as among the greatest of England's long line of distinguished administrators.

And yet it is noteworthy that his retirement coincides with a period of great unrest along the Nile, with the demand for Egypt for the Egyptians more outspoken than ever before. Each month shows that the movement is, if anything, steadily growing stronger. Thus Sir Eldon Gorst faces a new problem, different from the old, more delicate and difficult of settlement. True, Lord Cromer has gradually increased the share of the Egyptians in their government. Their constitution comprises a Legislative Council and a General Assembly, and no law or decree calling for administrative changes can be promulgated without the Council's consent. A greater share in local administration is being granted to the natives. Yet much remains to be done. The courts have still to learn to apply the law with judgment and discrimination; indeed, as the *Edinburgh Review* said recently, "until these questions have been settled, it cannot be said that the protection of life and property in Egypt is efficiently assured." That the native has small chance in the criminal courts when opposed by Englishmen, Wilfrid Blunt and others have recently asserted.

Indeed, it may be asked whether Lord Cromer's wonderful success may not become the best object-lesson the world has had, that no government, however admirable, is so good as self-government. The powers which the native Egyptians now enjoy, instead of contenting them, simply make them long for the rights and privileges of the self-governing nations of Europe. This, indeed, is the instinct planted deep in the human heart. Lord Cromer himself has shown great nervousness—now explained, perhaps, by his physical condition—over the situation. His shockingly harsh and really illegal punishment of the natives who attacked British officers at Denshawei is proof that even this notable administrator, at the end of his career, ruled by force rather than by affection, and felt it necessary to main-

tain the prestige of his nation by mediæval cruelty. Doubtless, the debate as to whether Lord Cromer has been a benevolent despot or an iron-handed autocrat and oppressor, will go on indefinitely. But his fame is securely established as one of the great men of our times.

A UNIVERSITY AT WASHINGTON.

Just now a new claimant for intellectual headship among American cities is appearing. A movement is afoot for capitalizing, under private initiative, the immense apparatus of scholarship at the national capital. All roads lead to Washington; and so let New York, Chicago, Boston, and even Indianapolis, drop into provincial obscurity while the nation acclaims Washington as the ideal residence for the literary man, the scholar, the scientist, the jurist, the student of diplomatic relations, for whoever, in short, leads the intellectual life. A national university, embodying the conceptions of the founders of the republic, is, we are told, at last to be created. The scientific, historical, and literary treasures of governmental museums and archives are to be rendered accessible as never before to candidates for university degrees.

The promoters of the George Washington University movement are much in earnest. They are now closing a campaign for providing a suitable site. They are seeking no Congressional help, but their endeavor is to enlist the sympathies and coöperation of the entire country. Nationally prominent men, including the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, have expressed approval of the scheme. Reasons are being advanced by speakers at public meetings why Washington, already a considerable social centre, should also become the intellectual capital of the United States. In most lands, it is asserted, the seat of government contains the greatest, and in many instances the only great university. The energetic director of the Bureau of American Republics tells of meeting a Hindu potentate at the Delhi Durbar, who announced his intention of sending his son to Harvard because he wished him to have the advantages of life at the American capital, but who, when informed that the only American university with whose name he was familiar was situated nearly 500 miles from Washington, was immediately shaken alike in his determination and in his admiration of American good sense. An impressive exhibition, in fact, of arguments in favor of doing in this first decade of the nineteenth century what members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 wished to do, and what the first President sought to accomplish through his will and testament, is being set forth.

Out of the present agitation Washington seems likely to secure a university of distinct importance, devoted in the main to graduate study of a highly specialized character. That in number of students or magnitude of private equipment it will be on a footing with longer established institutions of learning, may be doubted. Its opportunity will lie in pushing the development of facilities which cannot be duplicated elsewhere. In certain branches of study it may easily outrank all other American universities; in such subjects, indeed, as diplomacy, international law, American history since 1800, meteorology, and the application of the physical sciences to agriculture, it seemingly must lead all others.

The ambitious university at Washington will not need a large acreage, with an array of museums and libraries, because these the national Government has established. Indeed, according to report, the university will be relocated on a tract of rather less than ten acres—land enough, no doubt, for such headquarters as are necessary where students do much of their work outside. In contradistinction, however, Harvard University now occupies, exclusive of lands held for investment purposes, 542 acres. The Harvard Medical School alone occupies a site of twelve acres, considerably larger than the property proposed for the George Washington University. Yale has an acreage somewhat smaller than that of Harvard; and Columbia, situated in the metropolis, where land cannot be held for the purposes of an agricultural college or of a museum of living trees, covers a tract of nearly thirty-five acres. Chicago University's troubles arising from inadequate space in which to develop were allayed only by the gift, two or three years ago, of about sixty-five acres frontage on Lake Geneva.

But when Washington has its university, what of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other important centres of population? Professors of Columbia and Harvard and Yale will hardly migrate in a body to Washington. Nor will the institutions of our large cities be henceforth devoted solely to undergraduate work, leaving the fields of special research to be cultivated at Washington alone—not while the museums, libraries, and laboratories of several great communities offer to students exceptional facilities, many of which are by no means duplicated in governmental departments. We must remember that, exacting as the teaching profession is, the research instinct is normally strong among scholars. Facilities offered in New York or Boston tempt the studious just as the resources of Washington are tempting. Moreover, utilization at one centre furthers utilization at all the others. The sections from which an important university at Washington will be most likely to draw its students are the West and South. As the result of an increased disposition to seek educational opportunities as far East as the District of Columbia, many a student will find his way for a year or two at Johns Hopkins, Columbia, or Harvard, who but for the attractions of the capital city would never have gone beyond the senior year of the little provincial college in Texas or South Dakota. Thus, with scholarly assets already well developed and with comparatively few liabilities, the other leading American communities can afford to regard with friendly interest and without jealousy the present movement to secure an educational capitalization of the Smithsonian Institute, the National Museum, the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau of Standards, the Congressional Library, and all the other working laboratories of the National Government. For the existing federation of intellectual capitals of the continent is certain to persist.

COLORLESS PROPER NAMES.

There is a fascinating if considerably discredited branch of philology in which the facts of language are, in the absence of other documents, made to imply the facts of history. Many of us preserve from college days a complete and engaging picture of that Aryan race which descended from the plateau of Iran to rule the world, and that linguistic pastoral still imposes itself in the face of a more skeptical science. Now, a philologer who studied the development of proper names from this point of view would not fail to note their melancholy tendency to bleach out in the wearing. At any early period, and indeed well towards the beginnings of modern history, proper names told something as to paternity, occupation, and habitation: to-day they are quite colorless. A new Ulysses would no longer be Laertides; no Peter indicates that he is the son of Paul. A Carpenter or a Weaver is likely to be a lily-fingered stockbroker. Even the place names have pretty much disappeared, except in the case of nobility, and since the average gentle family has not for years lived on its titular estate, or perhaps has had none at all, our new Gastons de Foix give us a name about as sapless as John Jones.

A social philosopher who should generalize fearlessly from these facts would probably infer that about the end of the Middle Ages filial affection lost its force. At about the same time he would find life became so mobile that the professions and handicrafts no longer descended from father to son, a plebeian Wright becoming a bourgeois Mercer, or even an aristocratic Chamberlain, without even taking the trouble to change his name. Then our philologer would assert that men became wanderers on the face of the earth, so that it was no longer worth any one's while to call himself

John of Paris or Robert of Lincoln. Thus no new place names were invented, and the old gradually became misnomers. If history were interpreted in this light we should have, in short, a progress towards ruthless individualism, a general renunciation of all the venerable ties of birth, home, and calling, so that names became actually less significant than the police ticket carried by the thoroughly regimented citizens of France and Germany. Having small skill either in philology or ethnology, the *Nation* does not wish to make itself responsible for this teaching in its entirety. It would merely note the fact that proper names have bleached out, and remark a tendency in naïve romantic quarters to restore the original colors.

This effort to rehabilitate a debilitated onomasticon is quite in the normal order of things. Just as once in a while some human being obligingly grows a tail to prove that we all had them once, so the real children of nature will on occasion rebel at the mere label and make it into real name, bringing it back to type. In sporting circles this is commonly the case. The Brompton Pet is merely one instance among many. Our betting ring had, perhaps still has, a Pittsburgh Phil. Mining camps, in sheer desire to cope with their miscellaneous population, rechristen all inhabitants of any prominence after their homes, or places of last departure. In this process literature gladly follows life. The dime novel presents only such titles as Klondike Kit, Bowery Bill, or Saratoga Sal. When the dime novel grew in bulk and repute it sacrificed merely the meretricious grace of alliteration. We were thrilled by Mr. Potter of Texas, Mr. Barnes of New York, and a host of imitators—all of no mean city. With a better warrant, hero-worship seeks pregnant names—Kitchener of Khartum, Tippecanoe, Stonewall Jackson, Ossawatomie Brown. The principle seems to be that whenever the mere family label is inadequate, a more honorable or descriptive title replaces it. Among boys, who in this matter repeat the history of the race, a whole category of honorifics prevails.

Whenever for any cause the baptismal name becomes unavailable, one may see the reversionary process actively at work. In Italy, for example, where the native servants cannot remember or even pronounce the foreign names, all expatriates soon gain a handier denomination. One is announced as the Gentleman from San Domenico, or the Via Ricasoli, as the Sympathetic Redhaired Gentleman, as the Tall Wife of the Short Signore, the Signorina with the Fur Hat, the Lady with the Automobile, or whatever characteristic or attribute happens to strike the keen Italian eye. Sometimes these nicknames shift according to circumstances, illustrating the celerity with which such epithets as Light Horse Harry, or, better, Charles the Bald, were coined. A certain Italianate Englishman, accustomed to hearing himself announced at a hospitable villa as the "Longhaired Gentleman," was surprised one evening to be received as the "Longhaired Gentleman, but now it's short." So was well-doing ever rewarded in the good old days when names still had color.

PARIS BOOK NEWS.

PARIS, April 2.

"Lettres de jeunesse"—the first of the three parts of Émile Zola's correspondence—is the book of the season, not from intrinsic merit, but because of the writer More than one-half of the volume is presented under the bare title of "Lettres à Baille," dated from the writer's twentieth to his twenty-third year after he came up to Paris from his college at Aix in Provence. Then follow eighty pages of letters of the same years to Paul Cézanne, who is Cézanne the painter. Finally, there are short, scrappy letters to Marius Roux, with whom he attempted theatrical collaboration; these reach from 1864 to 1872, and bring us to the Zola who was beginning to be known as an acrid defender of new men in art, like Manet. But the volume discloses practically nothing of the mind of the man who was to find Naturalism. On the contrary, it is an unknown Zola that appears copiously in these letters to college friends who shared with him the dreams of his teens. Literary ambition is the keynote, but Zola's particular ambition is lyric poetry. In his efforts to pass the University examinations in Paris he remains under the influences which began his mental formation when a boy. His inspired prophets are Michelet and George Sand, with Montaigne as he grows older; and to his friends who are still on the benches, he writes endless continuations of Sainte-Beuve's criticism. So far no Flaubert, no Taine, has crossed his path; he believes in God, and Ary Scheffer is his chosen painter. He laboriously expatiates on Shakespeare; his style has little rebound even when he is most lyrical about sylphs and veritable, complete love and the like; and he corrects realism by "spiritualism," which we call the Ideal. All has been edited without comment.

Several March books bear with varying importance on present politics. "La Conférence d'Algésiras," by André Tardieu completes the sensational article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* which first authentically disclosed "the hidden springs of the Franco-German conflict." In the Paris *Temps*, to whose staff he belongs, this same author, during the negotiations, published frequent articles signed "Georges Villiers," which were evidently inspired by the French Foreign Office. This virtually official character gives its value to the book. Since its publication the author has answered at length in the *Kölnische Zeitung* (March 30) certain criticisms made in Germany, with a final reply in the Paris *Temps* (April 1); the Cologne journal's chief reproach is significantly that he has limited himself to "stating facts exactly" instead of "discussing the interpretation of them."

"Le Vingtième Siècle politique (1906)," by René Wallier, is the annual review of French politics in the series begun in 1874 under the name of "André Daniel" (ex-Minister André Lebon). The year's Presidential and Parliamentary elections, the separation of Church and State, new social laws and strikes, the budget, the official winding up of the Dreyfus case, and the Moroccan question are treated readably, with full citation of documentary reports. The tendency of the book may be described as moderately Radical. "Luttes pour la liberté de l'Église Catholique aux États-Unis," by G. André, a priest, relates summarily how Roman Catholics in America remedied the bluuders of legislation imposing an unfavorable trustee system on their churches. This is for Frenchmen, whose public worship associations have failed so disastrously among Catholics. But it would be well if the whole subject, from the point of view of international comparison, could be handled in a complete university thesis on the Constitutional question. "Autour du Catholicisme social" is a volume of essays written mainly for the *Revue des Deux Mondes* under the Brunetière régime; the author, Georges Goyau, and his wife (daughter of President Félix Faure) are leading writers of the more modern school of Roman Catholics in France.

In books of history the Revolution is always to the fore. The first volume of the Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne, *née* d'Osmond, has gone through five editions in less than that number of weeks. This wide-awake lady, unbiassed by charity or principle, and curiously without emotion, like so many of her class, was grown up when the Revolution broke out, escaped the fate of most of her friends by a discreet emigration to England, and survived almost into our own times. She tells too good a story to be always accurate; and Chancellor Pasquier, a survivor like herself, to whom she confided her manuscript, would not consent to its publication; his heir, the Duke-academician d'Audiffret-Pasquier, allowed Taine to consult it; and now the d'Osmond family takes on itself the responsibility of its publication. The present instalment reaches from 1781 to 1814. In "Lettres d'aristocrates," Pierre de Vaissière edits exact contemporary testimony of "the Revolution as recounted in private correspondence" during the fateful years from 1789 to 1794. "Les Fils de Philippe-Égallté pendant la Terreur" is the second number of G. Lenôtre's documentary Memoirs and Souvenirs of the Revolution.

Frédéric Masson of the French Academy has published the eighth and ninth volumes of his work on "Napoléon et sa famille." In a recent letter he denies that the documents from which he has taken the matter of his extraordinary series of perhaps thirty volumes on Napoleon have been furnished to him by the family; he will disclose his sources when the time comes to do so. The present volumes take up the abdication at Fontainebleau and Napoleon's solicitude to extort ample provision for all the members of his family, none of whom seems to have been troubled about Napoleon's fate. The whole family had but one fear—"that the allied Powers

would oblige them to go to the island of Elba, and would make this a condition of the income to be assigned them." Joseph and Jérôme tried to run off with Marie Louise as a hostage. Jérôme writes to his sister Elisa: "The Emperor, after bringing ruin on us, outlives himself—he is no longer the same man." Meanwhile, Napoleon, in the agony of his Empire, was holding out for a million of francs a year for Josephine, 400,000 for Hortense, 300,000 for his mother—and so on to 500,000 each for Joseph and Jérôme. M. Masson works out to the last documented item this tragi-comedy wherein Napoleon was so great and the Bonapartes so little.

For those interested in military history there is, in the General Staff publications, the fifth volume of "L'Expédition d'Égypte," by C. de la Jonquière, centring in the victory of Aboukir and Napoleon's return; and two volumes of an "Étude sur les guerres d'Espagne," by Commandant G. Bagès, from the French invasion to the evacuation through Portugal, with the operations of Soult and Wellington. Both these works are amply furnished with technical plans.

In the history of art should be noticed the expensively engraved "L'Art byzantin," of which the third number has appeared—Pomposa and Ravenna. In Italian "Le Origine della pittura veneziana," by Lionello Venturi, has been crowned by the Royal Institute of Arts and Sciences of Venice; it is the first history of Venetian painting.

In the history of literature a subject of vast importance in every region of thought has been twice treated: "Le Romantisme français," by Pierre Lasserre, is an essay on the revolution in feelings and ideas during the nineteenth century; "Byron et le romantisme français," by Edmond Estève, university lecturer at Poitiers, is a thesis for the doctorate of letters on the fortune and influence of Byron's works in France from 1812 to 1850. Paris also publishes two volumes in Spanish on Spanish-American writers at the beginning of the twentieth century, under the title of "Los Contemporaneos," by Andres Gonzales Blanco.

The output of fiction under known names, or by writers that give promise of making themselves known, is scanty. Édouard Rod publishes "L'ombre s'étend sur la montagne," pensive and refined like all his works, but, like them, chilled with the dry cold of Calvinism; still this Swiss Parisian has undoubtedly reached all but the very first rank of French novelists. "La Terre ensorcelée," by Jean Vignaud, is the second, perhaps third, book of a writer who speculates socially to some purpose and promises much for future novels from his hand.

Finally, there are a few books of very special scope, but not without interest for a very general class of readers. "La Philosophie de M. Sully Prudhomme," by Camille Hémon, reduces to convenient compass and system the speculations of one who is a thinker as well as a poet. "Les Quatres Évangiles," by Albert Metzger, is a collection of texts and documents constituting materials for the history of the Oriental origins of Christianity. "Essai critique et théorique sur l'association en psychologie," by Dr. Paul Sollier, the authority on nervous diseases and drug addictions, gives experimental philosophy from his point of view. S. D.

Correspondence.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND LITERATURE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I venture as one interested in archæology, and—to admit a further weakness—in prehistoric archæology, to criticise two statements in your correspondence of March 28? The first, by Prof. F. G. Allinson of Brown University, is to the effect that archæology is the handmaid of literature; the second, by Pr. W. N. Bates of the University of Pennsylvania, gives a classification of Mycenæan and Cretan palaces, which is to me unintelligible, although I have spent five seasons in excavating and in studying the excavations of others in Crete.

To deal with the general statement first. Professor Allinson writes: "But to one that estimates literature at its true worth, philology and archæology are only handmaids." If this be so, what becomes of American archæology and of the prehistoric archæology of Europe, which have no literature that is as yet legible? Would Egyptian antiquities have no lesson to teach us if the Rosetta stone had never been deciphered? Although Professor Allinson's view was common enough in the earlier days of antiquarian research, no archæologist worthy of the name would be content in this twentieth century to have his labors classified as adjuncts to literature, even to classical literature. He would think the beautiful crater in the Bibliothèque Nationale deserved study even if no literary tradition existed to inform him that the figures represented on it are Poseidon, Amphitrite, and Theseus. His labors play an independent part, and have their own field distinct from that of literature. This was clearly recognized as early as 1850 by Sir Charles Newton, whose essay "On the Study of Archæology" begins with the significant words, "The record of the Human Past is not all contained in printed books." There is another record to be read in form and in color, and in the adaptation of practical means to an end, and Dr. Karl Sittl has emphasized the special qualification needed to interpret it: "Whoever wishes to be an archæologist must above all else be able to *see*." This record is no mere elucidation of the written word. Man has expressed himself as clearly and as worthily in the work of artist, artisan, or inventor as in his literature; indeed, at the present time he is expressing himself far more clearly and worthily through the visible, tangible things that, when past, form the subject matter of archæology (τὰ ἀρχαῖα), than he is in his literature. It is by the archæologists of future generations that this present generation will be vindicated, not by the students of literature. For, to quote Sir Charles Newton again,

> Wherever man has left the stamp of mind on brute matter; whether he designate his work as structure, texture, or mixture, mechanical or chymical; whether the result be a house, a ship, a garment, a piece of glass, or a metallic impiement, these memorials of economy and invention will always be worthy of the attention of the Archæologist. . . . Our true motto should be "Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

It is clear that archæology is closely allied to anthropology, is indeed included in it in the wider sense of that science which is "the proper study of mankind." This fact is recognized in England, when archæology gains admission to the sessions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by being classed under anthropology. We have too long limited it to classical fields. Dr. Montelius in a recent book is careful to state, "By Archæology I understand not only the study of classical antiquity (*klassische Alterthumskunde*), but, in accordance with its etymology, the study of antiquity in general." Possibly through the instalment of archæology as a fit subject of study in our universities, there may ultimately come an interest as broad and cultural in the arts and industries of the *present* as there now is in modern literature, both properly based on knowledge of the past. This seems to me to be the true purpose of archæology, and its hope.

To turn from the general to the particular: I wish that the meaning of Dr. Bates's interesting communication might be made clearer. He tells us that "Mycenæan palaces are of two types; the Cnossus type and the Tiryns type"; and that Dr. Dörpfeld considers the building he found last spring at Alt-Ithake (modern, Leucas) to be of the Cnossus type. This seems strange, in view of the fact that Dr. Dörpfeld agrees with Cretan excavators that the remains *now visible* at Cnossus are "old Cretan" (*altkretische*), or, as might also be said, genuine Cretan (*echtkretische*), distinctly *non*-Mycenæan.

Is Dr. Bates using the term Mycenæan in a general way to cover Prehellenic antiquities? He must be aware that this usage is out of date, now that research has firmly established the fact that in time and in importance the island civilization as developed at Cnossus is prior to the mainland civilization as seen at Mycenæ. When the Cnossus type of palace is mentioned, one naturally thinks of the vast structure Dr. Evans has laid bare, comprising a great central inner court, around which are grouped countless rooms, corridors, stairways, whole suites of apartments, bathrooms, light-wells, etc., which are the essential parts of an "old-Cretan" palace. Among these there is no great hall or *megaron*, which, according to Dr. Dörpfeld, is the characteristic feature of a Mycenæan palace. Does Dr. Bates mean that there are two types of prehistoric palaces in Greek lands, the Cnossus type (Cretan) and the Tiryns type (Mycenæan), and that the building found at Leucas resembles the former? If so, the discovery is indeed important, overthrowing Dr. Dörpfeld's contention that "Homeric palaces have no resemblance to the 'old-Cretan' buildings, but agree with the Achæan palaces of Tiryns and Mycenæ," or else proving that the building at Leucas is not the house of Odysseus, or that Odysseus, who is usually accounted an Achæan of the Achæans, did not live in an "Homeric palace."

But a few persons who read Dr. Bates's communication will remember that evidence afforded by scanty remains in the southwest corner of his excavations led Dr. Evans to reconstruct on paper a *megaron* supported by walls and pillars which are still *in situ*. This *megaron* Dr. Evans believes to have belonged to an upper story, now vanished, of his Minoan palace; but

Dr. Dörpfeld thinks it formed part of a later palace of Mycenæan style, built by Achæan invaders. In certain details of proportions and numbers of columns the Mycenæan style, which Dr. Dörpfeld finds as a late intrusion into Crete, differs from the Mycenæan style of the mainland. Does Dr. Bates mean, then, that the house of Odysseus resembles this sub-type of the Mycenæan palace, having the characteristic *megaron*, but one that is wider than it is deep, with a one- or three-columned arrangement of façade, instead of being deeper than wide, with a two-columned arrangement of façade, like the palace at Tiryns? If this is his meaning, one wonders why he did not use Phæstus instead of Cnossus as his sub-type; for Dr. Dörpfeld himself says that of the later palace of Mycenæan style which he believes to have *once* existed at Cnossus so little remains "that neither its measurements nor its plan can be determined," and its *megaron* is reconstructed after the model furnished by the Italian excavations at Phæstus. To be sure, the *megaron* of Mycenæan type which Dr. Dörpfeld sees at Phæstus is interpreted by Dr. Mackenzie as a characteristically "old-Cretan" arrangement of portico and light-well; and, while the matter is still in dispute, it would seem to some persons dogmatic to speak of a Phæstus type of Mycenæan palace. But all who are acquainted with Dr. Dörpfeld's views would know what was meant. As questions of race-migration as well as "difficulties in the account of the slaying of the suitors in the Odyssey" are involved, may we hope to have from Dr. Bates a more exact statement of what he learned from Dr. Dörpfeld concerning the resemblance of the building he has found at Leucas to ancient buildings on Cretan soil?

In the interests of clearness, "Mycenæan" as a chronological term should be carefully limited to the last phase of the Bronze Age, the only one at all adequately represented at Myeenæ. The new term "Minoan," advanced by Dr. Evans, has a wider content; for Cnossus, the capital of King Minos, was inhabited from the beginning to the end of the Bronze Age, and "Minoan" may be considered a picturesque equivalent of an adjective applicable to the entire Bronze Age of Greek lands. For convenience, Cretan excavators now use the terms Early Minoan, Middle Minoan, and Late Minoan, to denote periods of time which are roughly contemporaneous with the Old, Middle, and New Empires of Egypt. In point of time, therefore, Mycenæ is Late Minoan. As regards types of architecture, by "Mycenæan" is meant a type having *megaron*, fore-hall, portico, and court, which prevailed on the mainland of Greece at the close of the Bronze Age, and was introduced into at least one island, Melos. Whether it was introduced into Crete is, as we have seen, a matter of dispute, but if so it can only be studied at Phæstus. HARRIET BOYD HAWES.

New York, April 8.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 28, Francis G. Allinson concludes his discussion of "Literature and Philology" by saying: "To him that estimates literature at its true worth, philology and archæology are, after all, only handmaids." This statement does not, it seems to me, cover the whole ground. A philological investigation may issue in a result "ancillary to the needs of literature," but it rarely does. Grimm's Law is the greatest discovery yet made in philology, but has it anything to do with literature? English philology, to speak of the philology of a single tongue, became possible only when men realized that the English language had an individuality of its own, certain inner principles of growth and decay, that conditioned its evolution. Philology is not possible so long as men look on language as a bundle of imposed laws. As soon, however, as language is viewed as a development from within, reflecting at the same time the needs, the limitations, the intellectual gait, the racial contacts, the cross-fertilizations of a people through many centuries, its philology assumes the dignity of a science.

This science may contribute to literature, but this is by no means its only or even its primary function. Its first duty is to find and to correlate the laws of its own growth. Botany would still be a science if it contributed nothing to our æsthetic appreciation of flowers, because botany illustrates certain principles of nature, laws of life and growth, which it behooves man as man to know. The recognition of these laws brings its own reward and proclaims its own worth.

English philology to-day, as exemplified in doctoral dissertations, is at its very nadir of dryness and irrelevancy. It shows no sense of relative values, no discrimination between the essential and the unessential, and no feeling for constructive generalization. *Son centre n'est pas au milieu.* Counting has taken the place of weighing. "It is an old and firm conviction of mine," wrote Darwin to J. D. Hooker, December 21, 1859, "that the naturalists who accumulate facts and make many partial generalizations are the *real* benefactors of science. Those who merely accumulate facts I cannot much admire."

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, April 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nobody is likely, one may suppose, to deny the contention of Mrs. Hawes that archæology has long since established its place as an independent science. This was *un fait accompli* before she made her own important contributions, of which her countrymen—even heretical ones—are justly proud. My communication to the *Nation* of March 28, while incidentally combating the suicidal tendency to underestimate the worth of philology, was concerned with the real evaluation of literature; and in speaking of the content of archæology as ancillary to literature, reference, of course, was had to the monuments of those peoples who, fortunately for us, have also left us a still greater legacy in their literature.

Between those who have little interest in literature as such, and those who regard it as of primary importance, there is a great gulf fixed. There are many sciences, and their interdependences are manifold. Comparative philology, as a well-known biologist recently remarked, blazed the way by its method for comparative anatomy; and to-day the lecturer on languages in his turn draws striking illustration from comparative anatomy. But when literature is made subordinate to any science, one is tempted to point out that it occupies a different sphere, and, to repeat the words of F. W. H. Myers:

> The highest use of language, the highest use, one may say, of history itself, has been to bestow a few thousand lines of poetry, for which *all other study of bygone ages* is but practice and preparation.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, Providence, R. I., April 14.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The statements in my letter of March 28, to which objection is taken, are Dörpfeld's own. When he used the word Mycenæan—which, by the way, was correctly used—I presume he had no more idea of committing himself to any theory of the origin of Cretan building than I had in quoting him.

As to Mrs. Hawes's communication as a whole, it should be remembered that fact is one thing and theory another; and that the latter should not be mistaken for the former. WILLIAM N. BATES.

University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, April 14.

THE HITTITES AND PELASGIANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent reading of Drerup's "Homer" and an examination of the literature therein cited reminds me once more of an omission that I cannot help but regard as remarkable, particularly in view of the fact that I have noted the same omission in almost all the books dealing with prehistoric Greece. I refer to Father De Cara's "Gli Hethei-Pelasgi." Its three volumes aggregate about 1,750 large octavo pages. The first was published in Rome in 1894; the second and third in 1902. As one would infer from the title, this erudite work is an attempt to prove that the Pelasgians were Hittites. The author does not go so far as Dr. Campbell, who found Hittites scattered over almost the entire habitable globe; nor perhaps as far as Professor Sayce. But he does maintain that he has found Hittite remains on the eastern and southern shores of the Black Sea, all around the Ægean, and as far eastward as the Euphrates, in Cyprus, in Crete, almost all over Italy, and sporadically elsewhere. Whether the author's contention be right or wrong, he has made a very interesting book. He seems to have read everything ancient and modern that promised to shed the faintest light upon the subject of his inquiry. Notwithstanding his erudition he has his matter well in hand, so that his volumes are not only interesting, but agreeable reading as well. As might be expected, he relies to a considerable extent on etymologies to prove his position. Of these, it may be said that if they are no better, they are no worse than many that were regarded as strictly *en règle* a score of years ago. Dr. Menge sums up the situation in the Preface to his recent "Griechisch-Deutsches Schulwörterbuch" with the remark that "wir, trotz aller gewonnen Ergebnisse heutzutage auf etymologischem Gebiete, ungleich weniger wissen als man vor dreiszig oder gar vor fünfzig Jahren zu wissen wähnten." Here is Father De Cara's explanation of the word Pelasgi: Pel- signifies in Hamitic *advena*. Ati and Asi are equivalent to Khati, which

means Asia; that is, Khatia, the land of the Hittites, or Asia; and Pelasgi, that is, Pelatiki, are therefore foreigners from Asia. He finds the same syllable in Pelation, Velatri, Eretria, Elatia, Ferentinum, Platææ, Plothia, Latium, Latini, and in many other words.

So far as I am aware, the excavations in Crete and elsewhere that have been made since these books were published have revealed nothing that stamps the learned Jesuit's hypothesis as untenable. I have, however, not seen any reference to it in any German or American publication, and only a few in French and British periodicals.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., March 30.

PREVAILING USAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Advocates of the theory that prevailing usage is necessarily good usage must find their faith sorely tried in a democracy of eighty million newspaper readers. About once in a year the fashion of some grotesquely perverted idiom sweeps the country from Maine to California, and then settles down into an established usage. "Stand for" has completely ousted "tolerate" or "endure." "Equally as good as" was only confirmed in the favor of its votaries by the ironical quotation-marks of the *Nation*. If the *Nation* used it so often, it must be right. And now comes, "predicate." The old-fashioned text-books used to warn us not to confuse "predicate" with "predict." But about two years ago some amateur of "foine language" blundered into the employment of it as a synonym of "base." And now every proposition is "predicated upon" something, and every tub is predicated on its own bottom. I thought that the limit had been reached when the Chicago *Chronicle* the other day spoke of the lawyers in the Thaw case as introducing certain documents in order to "lay a predicate" for subsequent testimony. But worse was in store. The President of the United States in his letter of April 11 to the trustees of the Carnegie Institute writes: "The success of our Republic is predicated upon the high individual efficiency of the average citizen." Alas for Harvard! No wonder that the genial Professor Lounsbury bids us not to strive or cry, but bow to the will of the majority.

PAUL SHOREY.

University of Chicago, April 12.

HARRIMAN AND THE FUTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is perfectly true, as you imply in your diagnosis of the case of the Harrimans and the "would-be Harrimans," that it is idle to denounce Harriman the individual and ignore the fact that he is but a conspicuous representative of a large class who would follow in his footsteps if they could. But when we have given due attention to this class, may we not go a step farther and inquire into its social significance and also into the cause of this money-madness which has so infected our people as to become a national disease and revolutionize our ideals? According to the latest popular catechism, the chief end of man is to get rich; and the ideal of to-day is, not the man who has the highest intellectual and moral character, but the man who amasses the greatest fortune in the shortest time.' His methods are of no particular consequence so long as they do not land him in jail. Now is this state of things something surprising and unaccountable or is it something that might have been expected to grow out of our social and political theories, and especially from the theory of the absolute equality of all individual social units? Some forty years ago an eminent Swiss writer, Henri Frédéric Amiel, speaking in his "Journal Intime," of the ideals of that time, said in substance and effect:

> The Americans are on the road to revolutionize these ideals by the introduction of the democratic principle of the equality of individuals in a general equality of functions. In this they are seeking to realize a higher social ideal, but the results will be disappointing if not disastrous. For when this principle of equality has been carried to its logical conclusion, and there is nothing left but a multitude of equal individuals—neither young nor old, neither men nor women, neither benefited nor benefactors—all social difference and distinction will turn upon money. The whole hierarchy will rest upon wealth; and as this wealth must, through the operation of individualism, necessarily be very unequally distributed. the inevitable result of this passion for equality will be, not what it is seeking, but the most hideous and most inhuman of inequalities. What a result! Plutolatry—the worship of wealth—the madness of gold. To it will then be confided the task of correcting false principles and their followers, and of shaping the destinies of a people.

The completeness with which we have fulfilled this prophecy seems to show that this disease is not sporadic, but the general and natural product of existing conditions. If this is so, perhaps this prophet can tell us more of our future. He continues:

> But such a régime cannot be permanent. Since plutocracy always rests upon inequality it is necessarily at war with the principle of equality and one or the other must give way. In this struggle it is easy to read the fate of plutocracy. The wealthy few who constitute a plutocracy can exist only through the sufferance and support of the impecunious many, and that support will be given only so long as it fails to comprehend its burdens. When it becomes fully cognizant of the inequalities by which it is burdened, it will withdraw and leave the principle of equality to again assert its sway by tearing down and clearing away the oppressive social fabric of inequality which has been erected by unbridled individualism while falsely flying the flag of individual equality. The ideal equality will then be sought in the opposite direction by circumscribing the activities of the individual in an iron framework of social organization and repression. Thus will be witnessed the strange and self-contradictory phenomenon of Anglo-Saxon individualism developing into and producing Latin Socialism.

Our chief, if not our only, hope lies in the possibility of a moral uplift which will eradicate or permanently put to shame this wolfish rapacity which thus strains the principle of individualism to the breaking point and forces the inevitable reaction. So long as we remain on the moral plane which measures all values by the money standard; which produces and countenances the Harrimans and the would-be Harrimans, and places in their hands great public franchises to be held and manipulated by them for their own purposes as private property, and which hails as the popular hero the most successful exploiter of the property of others—so long will the great social pendulum continue to swing back and forth between a harmful extreme of individualism on the one hand and an equally harmful extreme of collectivism on the other.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, March 30.

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It was doubtless from a chivalrous desire to compensate Cambridge for the persistent tendency of the press to ascribe all things to Oxford that your reviewer of Mr. H. W. Garrod's "Religion of All Good Men" (March 21, p. 270) described him as a Cambridge tutor. But in point of fact Mr. Garrod is a tutor of Merton, and Merton is the most ancient of the Oxford colleges, and unlike many, such as the neighboring institution from which I write, it has not even a double in Cambridge to account for the confusion. In view of Mr. Garrod's contentions, it may further be worth noting that Merton is the college of Mr. F. H. Bradley, and that it possesses at present the unique distinction of having not a single cleric on its governing body.

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, April 1.

Notes.

Valuable additions are preparing to the Cambridge English Classics (Putnams). Among these are Gascoigne's Poems, edited by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe of McGill University; the Poems of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, edited by F. S. Boas; Butler's "'Characters' and Other Prose Works," the greater part of which is now first printed, and Prior's "Dialogues of the Dead," both edited by A. R. Waller; Raleigh's "Shorter Works in Poetry and Prose" and Harrington's "Commonwealth of Oceana," edited by Dr. J. R. Tanner; Bunyan's "'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Grace Abounding,'" edited by Dr. John Brown.

The facsimile edition of "The Pearl" is to be published forthwith for Professor Gollancz by Chatto & Windus. It is to be followed by a "Facsimile Series of Pre-Tudor Texts," also edited by Professor Gollancz.

To the new edition of Austin Dobson's "Henry Fielding" in the English Men of Letters Series, which Macmillans are publishing, a fourth appendix has been added, dealing with the fresh information in regard to Fielding's pedigree, his student life at Leyden, his first marriage, his family, his library, his will, and other minor matters.

The first two volumes of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," which were planned for publication this spring, will not come out until the autumn.

The best book of the kind we have seen, both for its simplicity and its comprehensiveness, is W. S. Booth's "Practical Guide for Authors" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It is in reality an excellent "style-card" for printers and proof-readers, as well as a book of directions for writers.

The excellent one-volume edition of the "Complete Poetical Works" of Keats, edited by H. Buxton Forman (noticed in our issue of January 10), has been reissued in cheaper form by the Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde). The type is the same as in the more expensive edition, but there are fewer leads between the lines, and the page is smaller.

"The Poems of Thomas Lovell Beddoes," edited by Ramsay Colles, in The Muses' Library of E. P. Dutton & Co., are practically complete, for this single and handy volume contains all his published poems, with the exception of ten, which may be found in the standard two-volume edition of Edmund Gosse. It is not conceivable that Beddoes will ever be popular, yet there will always be a few who will savor the peculiar mingling of the gruesome and the beautiful that runs through his dramas, and who will not be deterred by his incoherence. His most famous play, "Death's Jest Book," is best described as a mixture of Webster and John Ford, mitigated by "Festus" Bailey.

"The Great American Plateau," by T. Mitchell Prudden (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is purposely a simple story. He does not go deeply into matters geological, zoölogical, or ethnological. His portrayal of this desert land is essentially impressionistic—a glimpse of its formation, its scenery, its present and its past inhabitants, and the life of the stranger who, leaving behind civilization, dares enter its wastes. The author's style is most attractive; and pervading the book from cover to cover is the spirit of the ideal traveller, who, like the poet, is born, not made; and into his making must go the ingredients of enthusiasm, indomitable good temper, and indifference to all discomforts. We are delighted with the author's humorous description of crossing the Colorado, and greatly interested in his account of the present-day Indians and of the cliff-dwellers of the past. The book on the whole has the charm of freshness and reality, and it cannot fail to fulfil the author's hope "that some other town dweller may be led to wander away from the beaten tracks into the serene and inspiring solitudes of this land of wide horizons."

The *American Journal of Philology* is not designed to amuse an idle hour, but occasionally Professor Gildersleeve gets in a bit of picturesque writing in his paragraphs of "Brief Mention." Thus, in the present issue of the magazine, he has this happy characterization of Isocrates: "For my own part, in spite of sundry flippant utterances, I have long valued Isocrates as a touchstone for the appreciation of what may be called the physical charm of the Greek language." The phrase is apt. And it may be added that any one who fails to feel this "physical charm" of Isocrates's balanced periods is partly color-blind to style. Professor Gildersleeve then relates his experiences as a young student in Berlin, when he inscribed himself for Bekker's lectures on Isocrates. What was his surprise to find the smallest auditorium of the university assigned to the course. "At the appointed hour the great man came in scowling, plunged his face into his notes, and began to read with scant comment a lot of *variæ lectiones*. I was quite unprepared for that sort of lecture, and after a few times fell out, as I believe the rest did also, to the joy of the old scholar, who was thus liberated from his task."

An addition to the bibliography of periodical literature has been compiled by Prof. H. O. Severance of the University of Missouri under the title, "A Guide to Periodicals and Serials of the United States and Canada." It is arranged in alphabetical order, with the name and place of publisher and price of subscription. The material is also given in classified order, so that any one wishing to make up a list of serials on a particular subject has the material at hand. The list aims to be complete for all periodicals of importance. The purpose is to make the Guide an annual.

The parts of Prof. Morris Jastrow's "Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens" (Giessen: A. Töpelman) continue to appear at the rate of about one in nine months. The tenth part, now before us, consists of the major portion of chapters nineteen and twenty. There are five or six more chapters to follow, besides a portfolio of illustrations. Three years ago it was announced that the work would probably be complete in eleven parts. Now it is expected to contain about fifteen parts. Beginning as a translation of Jastrow's "Religion of Babylonia and Assyria," in the series of Hand-books on the History of Religions, it has developed into an altogether new work. Almost nothing of the corresponding chapters of the English original is retained in the two chapters which now lie before us, Professor Jastrow having entirely rewritten these chapters, which deal with oracles, omens, and the like, as the result of new discoveries of material and of his own further studies. The fact that there is a demand for the translation into German of this and other similar works is an indication of the changing conditions of scholarship in this country. Thirty years ago American students in such fields depended almost entirely upon German works, and foreign scholars never thought of consulting, much less of translating, American books.

A language atlas (*Sprachatlas*) of the Russian empire is being prepared by a special commission of the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg, under the direction of the academician, F. C. Korsch. The coöperation of scholars and learned bodies throughout the empire has been secured. Valuable material has also been obtained by the journeys of various investigators, especially by N. N. Durnovo of the Moscow University.

The annual report of the Pennsylvania Home Teaching Society and Circulating Library for the Blind for 1906 shows an increase of 37 per cent. in the number of blind books circulated. One hundred and fifty-nine new readers were registered, making a total of 1,121. The circulation reached 9,289 volumes, of which 2,220 were distributed directly by the teachers of the society and 4,980 were sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Territories. Three teachers are regularly employed to teach the reading of embossed type.

The Mikado has given permission to found a Catholic university in Tokio, to be manned and managed by the Jesuit Fathers. According to *Le Catholique Irlandais*, the professors have already been selected, and are nearly all either English, Irish, or American. The Mikado has also given the Jesuit Fathers permission to erect a new church in the Japanese capital city.

The improvement of rural education in England is advocated in a recent report of the Education Committee of the County Councils Association. The report suggests that the study of geography should begin with the physical features of the district, and of history with the events associated with some local battlefield, ancient church, or castle. Arithmetic should introduce as much out-of-door measurement of land, crops, etc., as possible, and the pupils should also ascertain, by weighing and measuring the weight of wheat, barley, and oats per bushel, etc. The problems of the class room should bear on rural life and work, as household accounts, the value of local products, interest on savings bank deposits, cost of cultivation, and the number of cabbage plants required per acre. Manual work should include the cultivation of a vegetable plot, the making of useful things such as hencoops and garden frames, and the boys should also learn to mend a gate by a model. The report has obvious bearings on our own problems of rural education.

Students who go abroad to use the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris will be glad to hear that the new administrator, Henry Marcel, has quickened the delivery of books by the introduction of *transporteurs automatiques*.

The death is announced of the Danish churchman and historian, Frederik Nielsen, whose "History of the Papacy in the Nineteenth Century," in its English version, was recently reviewed in the *Nation*. Bishop Nielsen was born in Aalborg, in 1846, and after studying in Germany took up his work as preacher in Copenhagen in 1873, and at the same time as *Privatdozent* in the university. In both professions he rose by gradual steps to the highest eminence. He kept closely in touch with religious movements in England. Among his many historical and theological works, besides his "History of the Papacy," are studies of "Freemasonry and Christianity," "John Wesley and the English Established Church," "Charles Kingsley and Christian Socialism in England," and "Edward Irving."

EDWIN L. GODKIN.

Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Edited by Rollo Ogden. 2 vols., pp. 322, 278. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00 net.

The influence of Edwin L. Godkin upon American life and thought is something that must be pronounced unique not only in the history of journalism in America, but in that of journalism anywhere. The very fact that no definite and concrete embodiment of its results can be pointed to as in any adequate sense the measure of that influence, only emphasizes its uniqueness. Not that such concrete embodiments are wanting. The cause of civil service reform owes to Mr. Godkin, above all other men, the impetus that was essential to its obtaining a foothold and the support that was necessary to its advancement in the pioneer days; in that liberalizing of poli-

tical thought which led to the closing of the disgraceful chapter of carpet-bag rule in the South, he was a powerful factor; in the cause of sane and honest finance he was a most formidable and effective fighter; in the development of the spirit of independence as against servile attachmeut to party, it would be difficult to measure the magnitude of his service; in the single fact of the defeat of Blaine and the election of Cleveland, which not only his splendid work in the campaign, but his teaching for a score of years before, did so much to bring about, might be found a not unworthy monument of his labors. But no one who grew up under the influence of the *Nation* in its first two decades, or who, though of maturer years, continuously felt its power in those times, would regard any or all of these achievements as more than a mere symptom of the kind of thing that Mr. Godkin accomplished for him and for the country. There have been journalists and orators who, identified with some great cause, have achieved results that stand out more definitely and boldly than anything that can be ascribed to Mr. Godkin. Cobden or Bright in the establishment of free trade, Garrison or Greeley in the abolition of slavery, occur at once to the mind. But where are we to find an example of a man to whose name the label of no one cause, the leadership of no one party or sect, the advocacy of no one dogma, is attached, and yet whose influence as a journalist was, for a quarter of a century, the most potent moral and intellectual force in the life of a great nation?

There are, to be sure, those who will doubt the justice of this estimate. The *Nation* never counted its readers by the hundred thousand. Its subscribers and readers were scattered over the great continental area of our country, and would have cut but a small figure in the census of her thirty or fifty million inhabitants. But there was scarce a community which did not count its one or two or a dozen faithful disciples of the *Nation;* men and women—aye, and youths and maidens—to whom the regular coming of that visitor was the great intellectual and spiritual event of the week. And alongside of this profound and penetrating influence on thousands of earnest natures, young and old, and together with the comfort and sustenance the *Nation* was giving to men of cultivation and of learning throughout the land, must be reckoned the influence it exercised, at one remove, upon the whole people, through the columns of the newspapers of the country. Editors might not say much about the *Nation*, but they read it; and they were, both consciously and unconsciously, deeply affected by it. To appreciate fully the vast and continuing effect of the currents thus set in motion both among individuals and in the press requires, perhaps, a vivid imagination; but it can only be a defective imagination that fails to recognize that the effect has been very great.

That the *Nation*, and this extraordinary influence which emanated from it, was the product of one man's personality and power is certain, in spite of the fact that Mr. Godkin enlisted in its service a large part of all that was best in the world of American letters and scholarship. Never was there a more striking illustration of the remarkable phenomenon, upon which Bagehot has commented so instructively, of the contagion of quality which makes all the writing in a journal of marked character seem the work of a single hand; whatever excellence each of the writers for the *Nation* may have possessed in his own right, there was superadded to it the special quality which took possession of them when they were contributing to Mr. Godkin's paper. Professor Norton, in one of the letters quoted in Mr. Ogden's volumes, after saying that his own share in making the *Nation* possible was his "best claim to the gratitude of posterity" adds: "And, after all, *You* are the *Nation*"; and in saying this he but expressed what everybody felt who knew the *Nation* in its early years.

What were the personal qualities, what the intellectual and literary gifts, that made such an achievement possible? A great store of delightful material, of varied and fascinating interest, bearing on these points, is to be found in these volumes; but in some sense the question requires no answer. Mr. Godkin's qualities were manifest in his work. It was a man, not a writer, we were listening to; it was a man, not a journalist, who stirred our pulses and provoked delicious laughter, or aroused indignant scorn, or threw flashes of penetrating light upon any question of politics or morals or manners that he discussed. The explanation of his unique power was that he possessed a unique combination of qualities; but this combination of qualities requires no research to discover. A keen speculative thinker, his analytic powers never dominated him; they were more than matched by the moral fervor and the human intensity of his nature. Earnest and intent as he was in the preaching of his gospel, his trenchant wit and abounding humor made his sermons the very antipodes of sermonizing. With a command of biting satire that has rarely been equalled, this quality, which so easily tempts either to flippancy or to cynicism, never led him astray. With a great knowledge both of books and of the world, he was as far as possible removed from pedantry; heaviness and he were many miles asunder. These are qualities that cannot be assumed; no man, by taking thought, can add so much as an inch of them to his stature. They are of the very fibre of the man; one feels an absolute assurance that to know his life is but to know him more fully as the man we have already known by the work that has delighted us and that has won our admiration and gratitude.

The volumes Mr. Ogden has made, chiefly out of Mr. Godkin's personal correspondence, his letters to the London *Daily News* and his recorded reminiscences, amply confirm this assurance. We are introduced to no new figure, we get no "sidelights," no revelations—and we do not miss them in the least. It is no new acquaintance that we are forming, but a better and closer acquaintance with the man who made the *Nation* and edited the *Evening Post*. His work in the latter position will make by itself a notable chapter, when a philosophic history of American journalism comes to be written. The shrewd and genial man of the world, the penetrating and discriminating observer, the keen dissecter of character, personal and national, the hater of sham and despiser of pretentious mediocrity, the lover of life and humor and reality—this is the figure that is disclosed to us in a hundred interesting aspects of human intercourse and of literary activity. Those, however, who look for much in the way of "psychological development" will be sadly disappointed; fortunately, there is still a very respectable minority who can get on quite comfortably without it. The fact is that the Godkin who is presented to us as the youthful Crimean War correspondent of the *Daily News*—one may almost say the Godkin of whom we get a few striking glimpses in his school and college days—is essentially the same as the Godkin whom we have known, in this country, at the height of his powers. With full justification does Mr. Ogden apply to him what was said of another: "Though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities; and his earliest productions . . . may make gray authors blush."

Mr. Godkin was born in Ireland in 1831, and was deeply moved, in his early youth, by the agitation for Home Rule. The great revolutionary upheaval on the Continent came at the most impressionable period of his life. He wrote a "History of Hungary" in 1852, and the work, whatever may be its defects, presents, as Mr. Ogden says, "abundant premonitions, both in thought and style, of the man that was to come. Indignation at injustice, hatred of oppression, love of liberty, belief in self-government, blazed in the youth as they burned in the man." Less reminiscent of his later work, but only because the subject-matter is so different, were the *Daily News* letters from the seat of war. Here we have vivid descriptions of men and events, acute comments on military situations, picturesque and humorous accounts of strange peculiarities of manners and customs; nor are there wanting perilous adventures, by flood and field, on the part of the young correspondent himself. One cannot help feeling, in reading these specimens, that a collection of all of Mr. Godkin's Crimean letters would make a most readable volume, despite the passage of time. An interval of only a year separates his Crimean War correspondence from his arrival in the country of which he was to become so illustrious a citizen. He landed at New York in November, 1856; and, though he intended from the beginning to make our country his permanent home, his first work here was the writing of a series of letters to the *Daily News*, largely from the South, of which we get a number of extremely interesting examples in these volumes. It is a marked feature of them—over and above that same graphic quality which characterized the letters from the East—that the crudities of American civilization and the absurdities and vices of American political life were laid bare with something of the same incisive art that was afterwards to do such savage execution in the *Nation;* while at the same time deep-seated sympathy with America and confident hope for her future are plainly manifest. How genuine was this sympathy was soon effectively demonstrated. In discussing the Trent affair, Mr. Godkin sent broadside after broadside into the British position, though the editorial columns of the *Daily News* were on the

other side; and this was but a premonition of the splendid service which his letters throughout the Civil War did to the upholding of the Union cause in England. Writing to Mr. Godkin in 1865, George P. Marsh, our minister to Italy, said: "I am fully aware of the vast services you have rendered our national cause by your very able letters in the *Daily News*." As in the case of the Crimean letters, the reader's only regret, here again, is that he has not the opportunity of reading them all. Almost immediately upon the close of the Civil War came the establishment of the *Nation;* and henceforward, with the exception of one or two striking letters to the *Daily News*, on general subjects, and of some of Mr. Godkin's written recollections, the collected matter in these volumes consists chiefly of personal correspondence.

Both in the selection and in the arrangement of all this material, Mr. Ogden has performed his task with admirable taste and skill. One cannot, to be sure, say how much more might to advantage have been included; but there is no difficulty in pronouncing that not a line that is given should have been omitted. There is hardly a page that is not full of interest, and much of it is of fascinating interest. We have Mr. Godkin in his relations with Norton, and Olmsted, and Lowell, and W. P. Garrison, and, in lesser measure, with a score of other men of light and leading; in his correspondence with several charming women whose affection and admiration formed one of the bright features of his life; we get, but with great reserve, some glimpses of the sadness with which his life was more than once visited by the hand of death. Both his first marriage, in 1859, and his second marriage, in 1884, were unions of rare and complete happiness; but his domestic life is touched upon only in the briefest possible way. The letters are so arranged, neither altogether chronologically nor altogether by subject-matter, as to avoid both that jerkiness which is apt to be produced by the one arrangement and that feeling of mechanicalness which is apt to result from the other. The connecting portions of the work, in the shape of narrative and comment, supplied by Mr. Ogden, are confined to modest proportions, but are both interesting and illuminating. Altogether, the book is one which all who have loved Mr. Godkin will prize, and which all to whom he is only a name will read with equal pleasure and profit.

It is the fate of those who serve their generation as Godkin did to get little of the reward—such as it is—of either contemporary or posthumous fame; the work of a journalist, however splendid, cannot possibly be, in its embodied form, a "possession for all time." Its spirit, when it is of the lofty quality of Mr. Godkin's work, survives through a thousand agencies that it has set going; but the work itself is not preserved, and the memory of its author is apt soon to become little more than the shadow of a name. It is, therefore, no small service to the present generation to set before it, "in his habit as he lived," with his warm and loyal friendships, his playfulness and his affection, his bitterness and his humor, his joys and his sorrows, such a "man and leader of men" as Edwin L. Godkin.

CURRENT FICTION.

Partners of Providence. By Charles D. S. Stewart. New York: The Century Co.

In the five hundred and odd pages of this rambling account of river life on the Missouri and the Mississippi there is not a false note, a sentence out of key, or—rare quality in books of popular humor—one second of doubtful taste. Like Huckleberry Finn, Sam Daly is drifting down stream, hunting for a mislaid comrade. Where Mark Twain dropped the chronicle of Western steamboat life, Mr. Stewart has taken it up, fixing for a moment the changing customs of the period which came after central grinding mills appeared in the cane country, and before New Orleans covered her gutters.

No student of child life has been happier in catching the ardor, the inconsequence, of the average small boy, with his queer pockets of mental confusion and his equally disconcerting minutes of illumination. Mr. Stewart tells his story at great length, with every possible divagation and detail, but it is a genuine wealth of detail of which no one would willingly spare a word. It is hard to say exactly in what the charm of his humor consists, except that he has the apt and natural comic word and point of attack, as some comedians have the indescribable mirth-provoking gesture. He understands his little boy as few have done since Mr. Howells in "A Boy's Town"—the wary, inquiring, part-savage creature, taking half the universe for granted and thinking himself into a fever over matters of small consequence. "Partners of Providence," however, is entirely free from the pseudo-scientific taint; there is no conscious or unconscious effort to identify Sam with the childhood of the race, or otherwise turn his extremely human and personal little figure into an edifying generalization.

The whole bears the mark of first-hand observation, made with a delightful and unhurried humor. Books about the Mississippi call for leisure, for time to dally with irrelevant incident, to wind forward and back like the bends of the river itself. The episode of the roustabouts' chicken dinner may not be "structural," but without it the reader would be many laughs the poorer. The part played by Aunt Jemima's flatiron is as racy as anything told by Tom Sawyer. Any isolated bit does scant justice to Mr. Stewart's fun. It is too much made up of a whole point of view and a happy aptness of phrase, a sympathetic understanding of small things, to lend itself to quotations; and its greatest achievement is to travel over so well worn a road and yet produce something as unhackneyed as if the Mississippi Basin were a fresh ground for fiction.

The New Chronicles of Rebecca. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of "The New Chronicles of Rebecca" it need only be said that it is absolutely certain to enthrall those people to whom such bits as the following appear in the light of humor:

> Written language is for poems and graduations and occasions like this—like a kind of Sunday-go-to-meeting dress that you wouldn't go blueberrying in.
>
> Thirza, you mustn't chew gum at a missionary meeting; it isn't polite nor holy.

Rebecca saves a baby from the poorhouse. She organizes the little girls of her village as home missionaries, only to be routed at their first attempt upon the village cynic. She writes many poems (all of which are quoted) in the style of rustic obituaries, and keeps a diary (also quoted at length) which suggests a question. Would the readers who enjoy this artless product be pleased, or over-stimulated, if chance introduced them to Marjorie Fleming, and gave an opportunity for comparison between its genuine oddities and the somewhat labored quaintness of Rebecca? The present volume conducts Rebecca to her eighteenth year, and closes, or, rather, is left sufficiently ajar, to permit a vista of indefinitely prolonged future chronicles.

The Miracle Worker. By Gerald Maxwell. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

Mr. Maxwell makes his hero an Afghan prince, and does well, since only upon an Oriental could sit gracefully such powers in occultism. He makes him a Leipzig doctor of medicine, and thus gives plausibility to almost unearthly scientific attainment. He makes him a vivisectionist, and thus facile in the beneficences of cruelty. Finally he makes him a winning youth with the doctor's passion for rescue, and thus an easy candidate for feminine favor. He is a combination of Dr. Isaacs and Daniel Deronda with Svengali. He embarks upon the impossible, and failing, has recourse to the yet more impossible. To have him return to his princely surroundings in Afghanistan at the last with his red-haired German-nurse wife, is logical; he is too eerie a being for Europe. The author, however, does not tell his tale eerily in the least. All is as calm and practical as an inventory; the nocturnal journeys, the anæsthetics, the antiseptics. Hypnotism rages, but soap and hot water are not forgotten.

However mild its manner, it is a wild story of endeavor to save the life and looks of a woman who has been frightfully burned at a Christmas tree; of a parallel attempt to save from execution a poor weak woman criminal; of a startling likeness between the two, and so on and on to gruesome concludings. It is ingenious and up to a certain point interesting, but credulity and sensibility finally rebel. The exit to the Orient is rather finely dramatic, and the Jesuitical turn by which the doctor's immunity from discovery is made to hinge on the success of missionary work in the slopes of the Hindu Kush is almost satanically clever.

Phantom Wires. By Arthur Stringer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Those who enjoy melodrama will have a treat in Mr. Stringer's latest book. The plot is constructed with skill and worked out with more than ordinary ability. The struggles between Durkin and MacNutt are strongly reminiscent of those between Sherlock Holmes and Professor Moriarty. But there is this difference: Conan Doyle gave us the strugle of the criminal with the representative of society; Mr. Stringer depicts the conflict between two criminals.

Indeed, Mr. Stringer seems to have a penchant for the apotheosis of the criminal; he paints the underworld *couleur de rose.* He has rare descriptive powers, and can create

an atmosphere or a background with artistic skill. One can but regret that he does not choose worthier themes for the exercise of his unusual talent.

The Giant's Strength. By Basil King. New York. Harper & Bros.

The casual reader of "The Giant's Strength" will be tempted in the course of the third chapter to turn to the title-page to convince himself that he has not inadvertently picked up a copy of the *Congressional Record* and opened it at a debate on railway rebates. We have most of us become reconciled to having our magazines turned over to the "muck-raker"; but some of us still have a feeling of resentment when that indefatigable individual claims the novel for his own. Surely the reader in search of innocent amusement has some rights.

But the fiction lover who forces his way through that third chapter will be repaid by a story of considerable dramatic power. The theme is the love of a daughter of a Trust magnate for the son of a victim of her father's wicked rebates. Her love is returned, and her lover's strength of character is at least equal to that of her father. The conflict between the wills of these two strong men culminates in the eighteenth chapter in a scene of unusual dramatic effect. The tale, unlike most of its class, ends happily.

Neither the father nor the lover is convincingly drawn, but the slow development of the daughter Paula's character under the stress of trial and trouble is admirable.

Midsummer Madness. Translated from the Spanish of Emilia Pardo Bazan by Amparo Loring. Boston: L. C. Clark Publishing Co.

Señora Pardo Bazan is one of the most accomplished and versatile writers in the world, equally brilliant as critic and as novelist, and a principal champion of realism in Spain. The present novel (rendered in admirably vigorous and idiomatic English) is a delightful realistic *jeu d'esprit.* Its buoyancy, its daring, its latinity lift one along in a pleasant flow of somewhat apprehensive spirits to a surprisingly innocent event. The two very human and amiable, if indiscreet, young persons in question are presented with a realism which it would be idle to dismiss as photographic or commonplace. One's heart warms to these grown-up scapegraces who feelingly remind us what we are; or what in certain moods we may be. Indeed, the little tale is conceived in a spirit of tender gayety which marks it for that rare thing, a work of true humor.

Under the Harrow. By Ellis Meredith. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

One can but admire audacity, no matter how far short of the goal its ambitious arrows fall; but one admires audacity the more when it is tempered with discretion. The older generation of readers, who remember Murger's "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" and Du Maurier's "Trilby," will find Mr. Meredith's little story of Bohemian life in New York insipid and futile; but it will not be without interest and encouragement for the younger generation. There is nothing in Mr. Meredith's Bohemia to bring a blush to the cheek of a young person; none of its doors need be bolted to keep out Mr. Comstock; all the dwellers there are unquestionable geniuses. Of course, the captious may question the realism of such a description of Bohemia; but this is a matter of little moment, as no one is likely to take the book seriously. The female characters may be said to be drawn, however badly; but the male characters are at most only vaguely suggested.

The book is full of encouragement for writers and artists who have not yet arrived; but is it necessarily ill-natured to question whether such encouragement is needed? Murger told us long ago that the only claim the majority of the dwellers in Bohemia have to the title of Bohemians is their undoubted possession of Bohemian vices. If that is still true to-day, they need rather than encouragement an earnest exhortation to depart from Bohemia.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By George B. Ives. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Another of the series of Bibliographies of American Authors which Houghton, Mifflin & Company have under way now appears in the "Bibliography of Oliver Wendell Holmes," compiled by George B. Ives of the staff of the Riverside Press. Holmes was such a fruitful author, his muse lending itself so easily to commemorate the birthday of a famous contemporary, or the centennial of some important event, that tracing all the offspring of his pen would have seemed next to impossible. Mr. Ives's work, however, has been done well. G. W. Cooke's "Bibliography of Lowell" was better than that of Hawthorne, and this of Holmes seems to be, in completeness and method, a distinct advance upon Mr. Cooke's effort. The Hawthorne, Lowell, and James have been printed on but one side of the leaf; the Holmes, however, is more extensive, filling 322 pages, which, if printed like the others, would have made the volume too bulky. A few blank leaves are bound in at the end for additions or emendations. An important innovation, for a bibliography, is the introduction of several entire poems which have not previously been collected, thus giving the compilation a literary flavor, and making it, perhaps, more interesting to the general reader. But the bibliography, while extensive and remarkably full, does not recognize adequately the wants of the collector of first editions of Holmes. The matter is here, but scattered, and in part hidden by the record of later editions. This record, though of small interest to the collector, increases the value of the book to the student.

After the short title list of Dr. Holmes's published books comes an alphabetical list of single titles, filling, with examples, extracts, and comments, 115 pages. Then follows the chronological list of single publications, whether leaflets or books, which, with the exception of the first and the two last entries, are entirely by Holmes. The first entry is "The Harbinger," generally regarded as Holmes's first volume of poems, though one-third only was by him; Park Benjamin supplied Part I., and John O. Sargent Part III. The last two entries are medical works edited by Holmes, which are put in this section because there is no other suitable place. Then, after the Collected Works, filling two pages, come the lists of selections and compilations, books containing letters by Holmes, Holmes's contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and biographies and criticisms. Following these are the records of sales at auction, an important appendix of items about which information was secured too late for insertion in its proper place, and a (not very useful) index.

Holmes's earliest printed verses seem to have been in the *Collegian*, of February, 1830. To identify positively his first appearance in a book is impossible. "The Gleaner, or Selections in Prose and Poetry from the Periodical Press," published at the office of the *New England Galaxy*, 1830, contained five of his poems, one of which had appeared in the *Collegian* and the others in the *Amateur*. In Morse's Life of Holmes is a letter by Holmes, then a junior at Harvard, March 28, 1828, in which he says:

> I smoke most devoutly, and sing most unmusically, have written poetry for annual, and seen by literary bantlings swathed in green silk and reposing in the drawing-room.

This "annual" may have been "The Token" for 1828, which was bound in silk; but all the contributions were anonymous and no poem therein was ever claimed by Holmes. In the absence of positive evidence, "The Gleaner" may be set down as the first book to which Holmes contributed.

Additions to Mr. Ives's lists are certain to come from time to time. Other volumes containing letters are likely to turn up; and Holmes's fondness for printing poems in leaflet or broadside makes it probable that a few of these fugacious scraps may be discovered. A copy may yet be found of the broadside. "Old Ironsides," which was circulated in Washington in 1830, and which seems to have disappeared entirely.

Mr. Ives has not made wholly clear the various issues of Holmes's "Oration delivered before the city authorities of Boston on the Fourth of July, 1863." There were two distinct printings in large type, quarto. The first, twelve copies only (besides an unknown number "which the printers were allowed to preserve as typographical specimens"), was undoubtedly printed before the oration was delivered, and, as Holmes says in an introductory note, "for the sole purpose of rendering easier its public delivery." The types were evidently kept standing, and, after delivery, a few changes were made and some additional copies struck off. Both of these varieties have the imprint of John E. Farwell & Co. There were also at least two issues in small type, octavo. Besides those with the Ticknor & Fields imprint, as described by Mr. Ives, some copies, in cloth, as well as in paper, have the name of John E. Farwell & Co. on the title. Of course, the manuscript of "The Chambered Nautilus" offered at the Whipple sale was not "the original manuscript," as stated by Mr. Ives, but a copy written off by Dr. Holmes as a Christmas remembrance for Mrs. Whipple. The inscription reads, "For Mrs. Whipple," instead of "For Mr. Whipple."

Hugh A. Morrison has compiled what he calls "A Preliminary Check List of American Almanacs, 1639-1800," which is print-

ed by the Library of Congress. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this feature of early American imprints, for the Almanac occupied a unique position in the colonial household, and its thin trickle of literary expression watered many an unpromising field. An Evans or a Franklin had followers, and some of the products are of permanent value. Pennsylvania was the largest manufacturer of almanacs (fifty pages of the list), with Massachusetts second (thirty-four pages), and New York third (twenty-one pages). As a preliminary list this issue shows great care and accuracy on the part of the compiler.

On April 22 to 25, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offers Part 4 of the library of Dr. Kopetschny of Jersey City. This portion includes bibliography, biography, music, natural history (some fine and rare works with colored plates), poetry, and drama.

On April 24 and 25, Stan. V. Henkels at Davis & Harvey's in Philadelphia, will sell Part 4 of ex-Gov. Pennypacker's library. This is his collection on general American history. The first hundred lots comprise American genealogies. Books on the Revolution make up an important section, the list of Tory tracts printed by Rivington, New York, being one of the most extensive offered in a long time. Of earlier books one of the most valuable is David Pietersz de Vries's "Korte Historiæl ende Journæls æntepekeninge Van verscheyden Voyagens," 1655, which contains an interesting description of New Netherlands. Other important books are: Edwards's "Materials towards a History of the American Baptists, 1770-1792," vols. i. and ii., all published and very scarce; Loudon's "Narratives of Outrages committed by the Indians," 1808, extremely rare; Livingston's "Review of the Military Operations in North America," New York, 1760; George Keith's "Presbyterian and Independent Visible Churches in New England," 1691; Ward's "Simple Cobler of Aggawam," 1647; and Rogers's "Coneise Account of North America," 1765. There are several valuable narratives of early Western travels, among them: Zadok Cramer's "Navigator," Pittshurgh, 1811; Cuming's "Tour to the Western County," Pittsburgh, 1810; Fisher's "Account of the Travels of Lewis and Clark," Baltimore, 1812; Gass's "Journal," Pittsburgh, 1807; Michaux's Travels to the Westward of the Alleghany Mountains," 1805; Pattie's "Personal Narrative," Cincinnati, 1833; and Pike's "Expeditions to the Sources of the Mississippi," 1810. Part of a manuscript orderly-book, kept by Gen. Henry Dearborn at Valley Forge, January 13 to February 4, 1778, is also interesting.

Collectors of books and prints relating to the French Revolution and the Napoleonic period will enjoy an unusual opportunity at the dispersal, April 24 and 25, by Libbie & Co., Boston, of the library of A. D. S. Bell of Cambridge. With few exceptions the books are in English. Many unusual early American publications are included. Among illustrated works are the "Description de l'Égypte," 1822-29, 37 vols.; Ireland's "Life of Bonaparte," 4 vols., with 27 folding colored plates by George Cruikshank; Combe's Hudibrastic "Life of Napoleon," 1815, with 30 colored plates by George Cruikshank; Mudford's "Campaign of Waterloo," and Nicholson's "Wars of the Revolution." The collection of Napoleonic caricatures by Gillray, Rowlandson, Cruikshank, and other artists is extensive.

At an auction of books of George Gray, held by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, March 20 and 21, the following prices were paid: Z. Boyd's "Last Battel of the Soul in Death," Edinburgh, 1629, £55; autograph letter of Burns to John Ballantyne, January 14, 1787, £141; the Kilmarnock Burns, 1786, short copy, £260; 101 uncut leaves of the same edition, £120; Shakespeare's Fourth Folio, 1685, Knight & Saunders imprint, £772; Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," 1820, £27.

At an auction at Dowell's, Edinburgh, March 26, the first draft of Burns's "Thou Liberty, Thou Art My Theme," brought £33; a copy of the first Edinburgh edition of Burns's "Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," with a few blanks filled up by the poet, £60.

History of the Italian Republics in the Middle Ages. By J. C. K. Sismondi. Entirely recast and supplemented in the light of subsequent historical research, with a memoir of the author, by William Boulting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Exclusive of introduction, chronological tables, and index, this volume contains 799 pages, with an average of over 600 words to the page; and its excellence is well-nigh as phenomenal as its cheapness. There is no other book in the English language which covers anything like the same ground; and Mr. Boulting's assertion that he has entirely recast and supplemented the work of Sismondi in the light of subsequent historical research, is no idle boast. The volume in all its larger aspects is entirely up to date, as witness the ruthless destruction of the silly old fable that feudalism never took root in Italy. On the contrary, as our author justly remarks (p. 25), "Italy is the country where feudalism in its essence most flourished and longest survived"; and we welcome this statement all the more warmly that some of the most authoritative among our English contemporaries still adhere to the ancient heresy (*e. g.*, The London *Athenæum* of December 31, 1904, page 900). On the other hand, as was almost inevitable in attempting to cover so wide a field, Mr. Boulting has occasionally fallen into errors of detail; and, since his book is likely to go through several editions, we venture, in the hope that this admirable work may ultimately be rendered perfect, to point out certain slips in regard to the history of Central Italy, and in particular that of Tuscany and Umbria. Other critics may help in other fields.

Mr. Boulting has divided his volume into eight books, representing various periods of Italian history; each book being again divided into numerous sections and subsections, a fair proportion of which deal separately with separate republics—Rome, Milan, Venice, Pisa, Genoa, Florence, Siena. This method, although it entails a certain amount of repetition, has undoubted advantages. We are, however, by no means convinced that all these cities deserve to have their histories recorded in detail to the end of the chapter. Take, for example, Pisa and Siena. What have they to teach us, after the end of the thirteenth century, concerning any of the larger issues of Italian history? It is perfectly true that they had their period of vigorous life, and that each of them held the hegemony of Tuscany in her turn; but it is also true that, after the battle of Colle di Val d'Elsa in the case of Siena, and of Meloria in that of Pisa, the history of Florence is the history of Tuscany, and comprehends that of the neighboring communes. By the history of Florence we, of course, mean her political history. Artistically, the history of Siena continues to be of primary importance for another two hundred years; while her chronicles, though they deal mainly with intramural discords, remain a joy for ever, vivid and picturesque as any in Italy. Nevertheless, from the last quarter of the thirteenth century she was only a pawn in the great game of Italian politics, and a pawn which was generally pushed about the board by Florence. In fine, the substance of our contention is that both she and Pisa should have been treated with greater fulness while they were greater than Florence, and then no longer dealt with separately.

With regard to Pisa, Mr. Boulting tells us (p. 93) that "there are so many gaps in her history that it is difficult to trace the development of her municipal self-government." We will not dispute his statement, but we believe that he might see his way to filling some of those gaps if he would consult Professor Volpe's learned works, and especially his "Studi sulle istituzioni Comunali a Pisa (Città e contado, Consuli e Potestà) sec. xii.-xiii." In the case of Siena no such difficulty exists, and thanks to the indefatigable labors of Professor L. Zdekauer, we have ample materials for the reconstruction both of her *vita privata* and *vita pubblica* in the days of her greatest triumphs. Yet the sections which Mr. Boulting devotes to Siena of the thirteenth century are both colorless and inaccurate. He attributes the foundation of the Sienese Cathedral to the year 1249, though Professor Langton Douglas, in his "History of Siena," avouches excellent reasons for accepting the statement of Malavolti that the work was actually begun in 1245. Then he follows Villani in providing Siena with a gate she never possessed (p. 277); he sets Asciano on the Roman road, and asserts (p. 281) that it was taken by the Florentines between 1267 and 1282—apparently in 1274—whereas it really fell to their arms in 1234 (Tommasi, "Historia," ad annum); while, finally, he tells us that Siena was Ghibelline in 1307 (p. 290)—mistakes, all of them, which he could hardly have made had he studied the history of Siena from Sienese documents and Sienese chronicles.

These, however, are matters of comparatively little moment, and it is not until we turn our attention to the Umbrian communes that we are aware of what we can only regard as a serious lacuna in any work which purports to be a History of the Italian Republics; for Mr. Boulting scarcely deems those communes worthy of notice. It is true that, on page 66, we are informed that Orvieto was "specially early in development"—a dictum which is directly opposed to the opinion of the greatest living authority on Umbrian history (see

L. Fumi, "Codice Diplomatico d'Orvieto," pp. iii.-iv.); but Orvieto was, after all, a town of secondary importance, and we have a far more serious ground of complaint in the matter of Perugia. Since Perugia, during the first half of the fourteenth century, exercised considerable influence in Italian politics, she should, we contend, have been singled out for separate treatment. Mr. Boulting, on the contrary, looks upon her as a negligible quantity, declaring (p. 446) that "owing to the occasional presence of the Papal Court, she had never acquired the same degree of liberty as the other cities of the Papal States." Where he got such information we are unable to imagine, unless, indeed, he has been misled by the inaccurate "Story of Perugia" in Dent's Mediæval Towns Series. Perugia at this period was unquestionably as free as any commune of Central Italy, and, next to Florence, was the most powerful. From the first her relations with the Papacy had been rather those of an ally than of a vassal (Bartoli, "Storia di Perugia"), and, after the removal of the Papal See to Avignon, its rectors were flouted, its cities usurped, and its authority openly set at naught. Yet the alliance continued, because Perugia alone upheld the Guelf cause in Umbria; and but for Perugia the Papal States would probably have been lost forever. It follows, therefore, that if the history of the Papal States is important, that of Perugia is important too. We recommend Mr. Boulting to study such works as Fumi's "Eretici e Ribelli nell' Umbria dal 1320 al 1330," "I Registri del Ducato di Spoleto," by the same author; Antonelli's "Vicende della Dominazione Pontificia nel Patrimonio di S. Pietro in Tuscia," Calisse's "I Prefetti Di Vico," and, last but not least, Filippini's "La Riconquista dello Stato della Chiesa per opera di Egidio Albornoz." They will, we trust, convince him that he has neglected a most important branch of his subject.

In conclusion we would point out that the bibliography is far from satisfactory, and that the too frequent lack of footnotes, giving chapter and verse for the statements made in the text, is much to be regretted. The index also needs enlargement and revision. Yet, with all its faults of omission and commission, the work remains a monument of painstaking compilation, and not even the most modest English library which has a shelf for books on things Italian can do without it.

The Labor Movement in Australia: A Study in Social Democracy. By Victor S. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

In 1903 Mr. Clark visited Australia and New Zealand, under commission from the United States Bureau of Labor, and prepared two excellent reports upon social conditions at the Antipodes, which were published in the "Bulletin" of the bureau. In the volume now before us he undertakes a philosophical account of the rise, policy, and results of the political labor movement in Australia. That this movement is frankly socialistic he tells us at the outset, observing, however, that it differs from European socialism as British political history has differed from Continental. Australasian socialism is a vigorous popular demand for concrete reforms which are immediately brought into the domain of practical politics; and it has been little influenced by anyone's theories about surplus value, the class struggle, or the iron law of wages. It is, indeed, almost "a socialism without doctrines," but always strong upon the side of its practical programme.

Mr. Clark shows that the causes of the present labor movement in Australia reach back into the distant past. The paternal government necessary in the early convict settlements is reflected in the paternal policies of the modern democratic communities; the prevalence of the grazing industry gave rise to large estates which prevented the growth of a conservative middle class in the agricultural districts and created a distinct agrarian problem; the stream of immigrants was diverted from the land to the cities, where a very large percentage of the population soon came to consist of hired laborers suffering periodically from unemployment; the construction of highways and other public works by convict labor while transportation continued, established the precedent for government railways and public works to employ idle labor; and then when parliamentary government was introduced, about the middle of the nineteenth century, the large landed interests were virtually placed in control and permitted to set up a class government of an aristocratic type, which was bound to provoke revolt and invite transition to class government of the so-called democratic kind. In 1890, when the present labor movement began to gather strength, it was necessary for the workers to contend simultaneously for equal suffrage, free schools, and rational land laws, as well as for the higher wages, shorter hours, old-age pensions, and other things believed to be necessary or desirable. All things considered, the only reason for surprise is that the agitation did not begin sooner.

Once started, the labor movement found all conditions favorable for rapid growth. Forty-seven per cent. of the population lived in towns, where the proportion of hired laborers was large and the work of organization easiest. Then the laboring classes were of the same stock, and the agitators did not encounter those racial difficulties which so greatly complicate the task of the "organizer" in the United States. The industrial workers of the towns and cities were first "unionized"; the railway employees, seamen, and waterside workers followed suit; and then the miners and shearers, non-urban laborers, but easily organized because congregated in mining camps or thrown together in isolated groups on ranches, were brought into line. Since there was no considerable class of small landed proprietors to serve as a makeweight, opposition could come only from the large landed proprietors, who were not numerous. It needed, therefore, but a wave of popular discontent, such as followed the failure of the maritime strike in 1890, and the industrial depression of 1893, to turn the battle overwhelmingly in favor of the labor party, which has maintained its ascendency ever since.

While the party has never looked far ahead of the practical reforms demanded at any moment, a survey of its policies for the past ten or twelve years shows a steady advance towards the ideals of social democracy. The progressive taxation of land values, the breaking up of large estates, and the retention of the public domain not already alienated, point unmistakably toward the policy of land nationalization. The all-comprehensive factory acts and sweeping employers' liability laws mean increased governmental control of industry, which the demand for a statutory eight-hour day and national minimum wage may yet greatly intensify. The growing popularity of State-trading in all its forms—railways, telegraphs, land-banks, coal mines, insurance, warehouses, and the like—implies a corresponding increase of the functions directly exercised by government; while old-age pensions, which have already been established in three States, further enhance public agencies at the expense of private. And all this is not considered a final programme; gradually, yet as rapidly as feasible, the labor leaders propose to abolish, or so far regulate, private employment that in practice, if not in theory, the goal of the collectivists will be reached.

Mr. Clark has something to say about each important part of the labor programme, but is at his best in the chapter dealing with the economic and social effects of industrial regulation, particularly compulsory arbitration. Beginning early in the nineties and culminating in the Federal act of 1904, which applies to disputes reaching beyond the boundaries of a single State, compulsory arbitration has been in operation for a considerable time, and some of its results can be determined with reasonable certainty. As might have been expected, the outcome has been, at various points, very different from what its advocates predicted; yet the laws have all but abolished strikes, and have in some respects improved the condition of labor. But, upon the other hand, the existence of the industrial courts has unduly encouraged laborers to bring cases before them, thus multiplying litigation and making business conditions uncertain. There are single employers who work under as many as seven awards, and some of them have several cases awaiting decision. Wages have been standardized, with the inevitable result that the better workers receive little or no more than the mediocre, thereby losing incentive to efficiency. The least efficient workers, who cannot earn the minimum legal wage, have been discharged; and have either been employed on public works carried on, with borrowed money, for their benefit, or have crept into attics and basements to establish little shops where they make goods which they peddle directly to retailers at cut prices. The courts have regulated such matters as the speed at which the machines are to be run, and the number of men to be employed on a machine. Under these conditions the sole function remaining to the employer would seem to be to pay the bills, for the control of his establishment has virtually passed from his hands. By restricting employers and raising the wages of mediocre workers the cost of production has been largely increased, so that a higher tariff has been called for in order to protect the industries from foreign competition. Indeed, the cost of living has advanced so that the labor leaders are complaining that the workmen are losing the advantages gained by

"progressive legislation," and are beginning to call for State regulation of prices as a necessary concomitant of regulation of wages. In some cases employers "have entered into collusion with their employees to enforce an industrial agreement . . . for the purpose of justifying a rise of prices," so that monopoly has been built up behind "progressive" laws enacted for the benefit of the workers. And, finally, it appears that while employers, by reason of their financial responsibility, are held to strict compliance with the terms of any award, the laborers are able practically to evade the decrees of the courts at many points when the outcome of litigation is not to their liking.

Who pays for it all is clearly shown by Mr. Clark. Up to the present time only a small percentage of the population is engaged in the industries which have been "regulated,"—in New Zealand 3 per cent., in western Australia 7 per cent.; and the "regulated" industries are not those which are the main sources of national income. Agriculture, grazing, and gold-mining have had to bear the burden, and since they produce for a world-market, they have no way of recouping their losses from industrial regimentation. Yet, compulsory arbitration is, after all, but a single factor—and not a principal one at that—in the economic conditions of Australasia; and it is not possible as yet to secure much tangible evidence concerning its effects, one way or the other. Perhaps, as Mr. Clark suggests, the tendency may be for the awards of the courts to become "mere formal statements of average conditions of employment," which will merely prevent great inequalities from existing in particular establishments, and will not attempt to reverse economic law. This would minimize the harm that compulsory arbitration could do, but would also, we fear, decrease its attractions for social reformers.

In his final chapter, Mr. Clark discusses, with genuine insight, the future of the Australasian labor movement. That political responsibility will breed conservatism, he considers certain; and in the growth of a class of small farmers he finds a force that may ultimately check the development of "progressive" policies. The results thus far achieved may "represent progress," but they are no final solution of the problem; while for the United States the experience of Australasia is interesting, but not conclusive. Mr. Clark has covered a large field, and has done his work well; to our knowledge no other writer—in America at least—has brought back from that economic wonderland so reliable a report of the alleged marvels wrought in the name of "progress." His publisher should have seen to it that the book was provided with a better index.

A Revolutionary Princess: Christina Belgiojoso-Trivulzio, Her Life and Times. By H. Remsen Whitehouse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

It is curious that the great statesman who more than any one man helped to create modern Italy is, in a sense, the least characteristic figure of the Risorgimento. And if Cavour, who accomplished so much, is the least characteristic, it might almost be said that the Princess Belgiojoso is the most typical. To catalogue the traits of her character would require much space, but the dominant one was clearly her sense of the dramatic. Give her a background, and her imagination would quickly evolve the pose to catch the eye. Whether decked out in fancy dress for the aristocratic balls of Milan, or in classic costume for Lehmann's morbidly staring portrait, or with Phrygian bonnet and tricolored flag to lend a band of fiddlers with Garibaldi and Mazzini through the streets of apathetic Rome in the last days of the Republic, she was always beautiful, always picturesque, always *outré*, and often high-minded. And what more effective background could she find than the Risorgimento? In her earliest youth it was already arising behind her; her heart and her imagination accepted it; and to the end of her days she postured faithfully before its curling clouds of battle smoke and windy rhetoric. For the cause of Italy she poured out her money and her talents with open hands. She even served in the field, for under the fire of Oudinot's batteries and the unjust sneers of many of her own countrymen she organized the hospitals that took in Garibaldi's and Manara's wounded, during the siege of Rome. And in the end what does it all come to? The frail figure of an extraordinary woman fleeting across the historic stage, a woman who could fascinate Alfred de Musset and Margaret Fuller; who advised Charles Albert and Mazzini; who, courted by Milan and Paris, had no lovers, yet may well be suspected of political assassination; whose political judgments were as the weathercocks in March, but who could master and translate that most terribly abstruse or all philosophical works, the "Scienza Nuova" of Vico.

Rafaello Barbiera published in Milan two books, "La Principessa Belgiojoso," 1902, and "Passioni del Risorgimento," 1903, which deal in excellent literary form with the curious personality of Christina Belgiojoso. He is very much at home in the Italian, if not in the French, literature of the period, and his books deserve the success with which they have met in Italy. Mr. Whitehouse supplements Signor Barbiera on some details of the Princess's life in Paris, and though his book cannot rank very high either as literature or history, it will do well enough to introduce to the subject those who cannot read Italian.

Uganda to Khartoum. Life and Adventure on the Upper Nile. By Albert B. Lloyd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

This book is a record of travel, adventure, and work among the natives of a little-known part of Central Africa. Its special interest lies in the fact that many of the author's journeys were made in response to appeals for teachers from the kings and chiefs of the savage tribes of the northern provinces of the Uganda Protectorate. It shows also some of the new methods of missionary work: religious instruction being aided by exhibitions of the magic lantern and the phonograph; the drunken dances of the Acholi being combated by the western game of football. Mr. Lloyd's descriptions of these peoples and their manner of life are much more vivid and trustworthy than those of the casual traveller, and he presents the pure savage at times in an unusually favorable light. The naked Acholi, for instance, are so determined to prevent immorality that "the young women are kept in their houses soon after dark, and the young unmarried men have to live in curiously constructed houses erected on piles many feet above the ground."

When the natives learned that the white teacher was coming to live with them, they all with one accord, chiefs and their followers, women and young girls, set to and built a fine house of poles and mud walls for him. Occasionally a woman, carrying on her head a huge earthenware pot of water, instead of emptying its contents on the dry clay which had been shovelled into a pit for mixing, "would splash it all over the body of some fine young warrior who might be busily engaged in ornamenting himself with colored earth or wood ashes; then there was a chase until the culprit was caught, amid much laughter and good will, only to be allowed to go again with nothing worse than a laughing admonition."

Mr. Lloyd's exciting adventures while hunting to obtain food for the natives occupy a prominent place in the early part of his narrative. They were chiefly with lions and elephants, but in one instance he fell into a death-trap for antelope. The closing chapters are devoted to an account of his journey to Khartoum, which necessitated his passing through the sudd, the floating vegetation which for so many centuries has blocked all navigation on the upper reaches of the Nile. So vast is the mass, that the winding channels through the papyrus grass "added at least 300 miles" to his river journey. Incidentally he confirms the testimony of Lord Cromer and other travellers that nearly all the natives of the Congo State Nile region have taken refuge on the British side of the river from the tyranny of the Belgians. Eighty well-chosen illustrations, especially those of the wild tribes, add much to the interest and value of the book.

Science.

Lectures on the Method of Science. Edited by T. B. Strong, Dean of Christ Church. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. $2.50.

These lectures formed part of a course on scientific method delivered at the request of the delegates for the Extension of University Teaching during the summer meeting at Oxford, in August, 1905. They are not, what the title would lead the reader to expect, a series of lectures on scientific method as such, but rather samples of investigative problems in diverse fields—including biology, physiology, anthropology, archæology, history, psycho-physics, and mathematical-astronomy. The first two lectures ("Scientific Method as a Mental Operation," by Prof. T. Case, and "Some Aspects of the Scientific Method," by Prof. F. Gotch), which treat explicitly of the subject designated in the title of the book, are in reality the least valuable chapters.

The real contributions to the study of method are tacit and incidental features of the other papers, which make the least overt reference to the subject. These are not so much discussions, as exemplifications, of method. It remains for the methodologist to dissect out the logical import.

Prof. C. S. Sherrington's paper on "Physiology; Its Scope and Method" does not deal with even this subordinate problem of method, but is an interesting exposition of the mechanism in the body for maintaining an equilibrium of animal heat. Prof. W. F. R. Weldon's paper on "Inheritance in Animals and Plants" likewise, while treating in an interesting way of certain phases of the statistical method in science, deals in the briefest possible fashion with its ostensible subject. The next two papers, that of Prof. W. McDougall on "Psycho-physical Method" and that of Prof. A. H. Fison on "The Evolution of Double Stars," represent the book at its best; the latter paper especially (while itself making no explicit mention of method as such) inevitably stimulates the thoughtful reader to a reflection on the methodological implications. This lecture and the three concluding ones on "The Evolution of Currency and Coinage" by Sir Richard Temple, "Archæological Evidence" by Prof. W. M. F. Petrie, and "Scientific Method as Applied to History" by the editor, combine to raise the one clear issue on the side of methodology in the book, viz., the difference in point of departure and kinds of proof between the historical and the mathematico-physical sciences. The problem is but stated; it is not discussed. But this in itself would repay the reader who is interested in the methodology of science.

The *Annales de Géographie* for March contains the first of a series of articles on the Philippines, by F. Maurette, a summary of the facts contained in the reports of the census of 1903 and of the Philippine Commission. In this he treats of the physical geography and climate of the islands. Paul Le Cointe describes the configuration of the little known part of Brazil lying to the north of the Amazon, and gives some interesting facts as to the amount of deposits in the valley from the erosion of the hills. A remarkable map showing the results of his explorations during fourteen years, together with those of other travellers, accompanies the article. The much debated question as to whether the level of the Mediterranean has changed in historic times is decided in the negative by L. Cayeux, who bases his conclusions upon personal investigations in the islands of Delos and Crete. The other contents include a study of the region of the sand dunes in the Sahara illustrated by phototypes, and of a remarkable valley in Algeria.

The *American Astronomer* is begun with vol. i., No. 1, April 15, issuing from Marlborough, Mass., and edited by William D. McPherson. It is a four-page monthly, devoted to news from the observatories, reports of observations, discussion of problems, reviews of current literature, personal notes, book reviews, reports of astronomical meetings, etc. In short, it aims to be the practical astronomer's newspaper. Dr. Joel Metcalf of Taunton has the only original observations published in this initial number—many new asteroids of his own finding. Two new large telescopes are projected, a twenty-four-inch refractor for Swarthmore, and a thirty-six-inch reflector for Ann Arbor. Prof. D. P. Todd's forthcoming expedition to the Andes is noted in a paragraph, and the annual reports of the Carnegie Institution and Harvard Observatory.

The Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin has just sent out a special research commission to the West Indies, consisting of Prof. W. Kükenthal, director of the Zoological Institute in Breslau, and Dr. H. Hartmeyer, of the Zoölogical Museum in Berlin. Its object is to make collections of both land and water fauna, and to study certain kinds of fish systematically. The researches will be extended to the Lesser Antilles, Cuba, and the Tortugas Islands, the last mentioned at the invitation of the Carnegie Institution.

Drama.

ALLA NAZIMOVA.

That Alla Nazimova is an actress of the first class, by virtue of natural aptitude and artistic accomplishment, cannot be doubted, but whether she possesses the highest order of histrionic genius, that is to say the tragic, is a question that yet remains to be answered. The impulsive verdict of those enthusiastic admirers who accepted her performances in the Russian drama as proof of her supremacy is not conclusive. To most of these eulogists at any rate Russian was an absolutely unknown tongue and, in such a case, susceptible observers are only too apt to take *omne ignotum pro mirifico*. Vivid pantomime and passionate declamation are not necessarily evidence of an inspired or noble interpretation. Neither in Ibsen's Nora nor in his Hedda, and certainly not in the Countess Nina of Roberto Bracco's "Infidele" ("Comtesse Coquette") is there any product of intellectual, moral, or emotional greatness to employ the highest resources of the actor's art. The very essence of these characters is either common, debased, or trivial. Manifestly, they require no extraordinary powers for their comprehension or expression. Each of them has been played effectively and satisfactorily by actresses of second-rate capacity. But nobody, on this side of the Atlantic, has embodied them so brilliantly as Nazimova, with such finished technical skill, such distinctive individuality, or such bold and harmonious coloring. She may not always have realized the ideal of the author—her Hedda, indeed, was a complete perversion of it—but, for the present purpose, that is a matter of very small importance. The significant point is that she demonstrated her ability to conceive and vitalize three strongly contrasted types of womankind: a child wife of good natural instincts, but conscienceless through lack of moral training; a malignant degenerate, and an arch coquette, insatiable in conquest, but proof against the temptation she provoked. In spite of her striking personality she made of each of these personages a separate entity, clearly and sharply defined, which could not at any moment be confounded with either of the others.

And this effect she created by the sheer force of sustained impersonation, by natural and appropriate changes of carriage, gesture, and action, without adopting the cheap expedient of disguise, exaggeration, or studied eccentricity. She is not altogether devoid of mannerisms, but none of those which she has is so peculiar or so idiosyncratic as to weaken the illusion of the assumed personality. In respect of versatility it is tolerably safe to declare, even now, that there is no actress known to the American stage who can approach her. She is worthy of comparison, in this regard, with Novelli himself, and it is a rather humiliating reflection that it is necessary to go to the foreign stage for examples of a faculty supposed to be inherent in all true actors. The explanation, however, is simple. Novelli and Nazimova both learned their art by long labor in stock companies. But versatility in itself is not an assurance of greatness, or Novelli might be the equal of Salvini. The supreme test lies in the interpretation of the passions or pathos of nobler natures than are to be found in the social dramas of Ibsen or contemporaneous sexual comedy. Until Madame Nazimova has passed through some such ordeal her exact artistic position cannot be determined.

Harrison Grey Fiske has bought the stage rights of Percy Mackaye's poetic tragedy, "Sappho and Phaón," and will produce it next season with Bertha Kalisch in the character of the heroine. Mr. Mackaye by his "Joan of Arc" has demonstrated his ability to write dramatic poetry. In the new piece there is only one scene, the exterior of a Greek temple overlooking the Ægean Sea, which will be seen in the effulgence of full daylight, under the midnight moon, and at dawn. Whether the play succeeds or not, the presentation of a literary and imaginative work is an encouraging sign.

The new "fantastic comedy," by William J. Locke, "The Palace of Puck," which has just been produced at the London Haymarket Theatre, seems to have proved somewhat of a disappointment. Its object is to contrast representatives of the artistic world with those of the suburban Philistia, but the types of both seem to be entirely theatrical and conventional.

The Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell, on April 22, 23, and 24, two sessions each day, the library of Charles N. Mann of Philadelphia. The material is mainly dramatic, and includes collections relating to David Garrick, Colley Cibber, Jeremy Collier, Edwin Forrest, and the history of Covent Garden and Drury Lane and other London theatres. Among rarities are Goldsmith's "Good Natur'd Man," 1768, and "She Stoops to Conquer," 1773; "The Life and Memoirs of the late Ann Catley," 1789; Dunlap's "The Father," Philadelphia, 1789, first edition; Godfrey's "Juvenile Poems," Philadelphia, 1765; Prynne's "Historio-Mastix," 1633; Rainolde's "Overthrow of Stage-Plays," 1629; and Mercy Warren's "Poems," Boston, 1790, with manuscript corrections apparently by the author. There are several extra-illustrated books. The second part of the collection, comprising engravings, autographs, and play-bills, will be sold April 25 and 26.

Music.

Ratschläge für Aufführungen der Symphonien Beethovens. Von Felix Weingartner. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

The Irishman who, on being asked whether he could play the violin, replied that he didn't know, as he had never tried, had about as clear an understanding of the matter as a great many concert-goers have of the functions of an orchestral conductor. So far as they can see, anybody could do what he does—rap his desk for silence, and then wave his bâton or his hands to make his men keep time. There have even been operatic managers who could not be made to comprehend the importance of the conductor until experience taught them. Oscar Hammerstein is not one of these; he was wise enough to engage Cleofonte Campanini at $12,000 for five months at the Manhattan Opera House, and found him a great deal cheaper than a $1,000 man would have been, as he became a greater attraction than any of the singers, with perhaps two or three exceptions. Wassily Safonoff got $12,500 for conducting the eighteen Philharmonic concerts of the season now closing and he was worth it; the hundred members of the orchestra have received the unprecedented dividend of $350 apiece.

What is it that makes the conductor such an important personage? An eloquent answer to this question may be found in Weingartner's "Suggestions for Performances of Beethoven's Symphonies." The eminent Berlin conductor devotes 197 pages to a discussion of the proper way of interpreting these nine works, and every one of his pages illustrates some phase of the diverse knowledge and skill required of an orchestral leader. What the auditor sees in the concert hall is merely the pilot turning his wheel. But as the sea pilot must know his ocean bottoms thoroughly, so the musical pilot must have fathomed all the depths of his scores. He must know more than one coast, too—must be at home equally on German, French, Russian, and other territory. He must be thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of all the great masters; in the words of Weingartner, "a great conductor must unite in himself as many personalities as there are masterworks for him to interpret."

Most difficult of all the great masters to interpret satisfactorily is Beethoven. Not that his music is deeper or more intricate than that of some other composers. What makes it difficult is that, largely through Beethoven's own fault, there is frequently a lack of lucidity if the notes are played just as they are written. Beethoven was deaf during the second half of his life, which prevented him from always correctly estimating his color values; he was, moreover, hampered in the natural expression of his thoughts quite frequently by the fact that some of the instruments in use in his time, notably the horns and trumpets, were unable to play certain tones; this caused him suddenly to break off a melody assigned to them and give it to another, to the detriment of clearness. Wagner was the first who had the courage to retouch the Beethoven scores, saving the melodic curve by using modern instruments. Beethoven would have doubtless done the same had he had these modern instruments, yet Wagner was violently abused by the purists.

Times have changed. Wagner applied his method of retouching chiefly to the ninth symphony, which needs it most; Weingartner has now applied it to all of these works, and apparently not a voice has been raised in protest. He does not always agree with Wagner, and he is inclined to sneer rather unnecessarily at Wagner's pupil Bülow, whom he accuses of sensationalism and other dreadful things, at least in the last years of his life. He is a believer in modifications of pace, where they seem advisable, though not indicated by the composer; he rejects Beethoven's own metronome marks in many cases as misleading or even impossible, and he agrees with Wagner as to the much-disputed tempo of the third movement of the eighth symphony. He indicates where certain groups of instruments should be doubled, for the sake of balance and clearness; calls attention to the fact that what is advisable in one hall may prove unwise in another. He gives his reasons in detail why the soloists and the chorus needed for the last movement of the ninth symphony should be on the stage from the beginning of the whole work, instead of interrupting the continuity by coming in, as ordinarily, just before the last movement.

A particularly subtle illustration of the conductor's function occurs on p. 171, where Weingartner calls attention to the fact that in a certain passage Beethoven, oddly enough, assigns a difficult solo to the fourth horn player. Weingartner advises its being given to whichever of the four hornists plays best. And on another page (113) we have an eloquent reference to the demands made on the conductor's emotional side. Referring to a certain passage in the finale of the seventh symphony, the author declares that the effect designed can be produced only if the conductor has the power to kindle in all the players, for the production of a jubilant sonority, an overabundant outpouring of energy—a process requiring a degree of devotion and willpower which is both physically and mentally most exhausting. "He who conducts these pages without sacrificing part of himself, will miss fire."

Now that "Hänsel and Gretel" has achieved the distinction, two years in succession, of having had more performances at the Metropolitan Opera House than any other opera, the other works of Humperdinck are more likely to receive attention. His latest production is a "Shakespeare Suite," made up of pieces connected with scenes in the "Tempest," "Winter's Tale," and "Merchant of Venice." It had its first performance at a recent Berlin concert, and the critics praised it for the elegant structure of the pieces, the beautiful orchestration, and the gayety of the shepherds' dances.

While no composer is more popular in the concert hall than Tchaikovsky, his operas, nearly a dozen in number, have not achieved much success outside of Russia, with the exception of "Eugene Onegin." Recently the Berlin Royal Opera made an attempt with "Pique Dame." The first act fell flat, but with the second the audience began to be more interested, and the final verdict was favorable, notwithstanding the fact that, as one critic said, Tchaikovsky is weakest where he ought to be strongest—in dramatic climaxes.

Weber died before he could rewrite his last work, "Oberon," which he composed in haste for London during his fatal illness. There is so much exquisite fairy music in it that every now and then some German musician attempts to rescue the whole opera by editing it. Some years ago Josef Schlar made an effort of this kind, but it was not appreciated. A greater man, Gustav Mahler, has now undertaken the task. His version of "Oberon" will be produced at Vienna.

Among the leading articles in the April *Etude* are the following: "Making a Community Musical"; "Considerations on Foreign Study"; "Technical Delusions"; "Dangers of Thoughtless Automatic Practice"; "Aim and Scope of Music for the Left Hand Alone"; "Rubinstein in His Classroom." There is also a translation of an essay by Heinrich Pudor on the "Control of Nervousness in the Musician."

Art.

THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE EXHIBITION

PITTSBURGH, April 15.

Not only has Pittsburgh been supplied, by the liberality of Mr. Carnegie, with far ampler and finer galleries than any we have in New York—she supplies the crowds to fill them. Thirty thousand people are said to have visited the Institute yesterday afternoon, the first Sunday after the opening of the new building. Of course, this is an exceptional occasion, but I am assured that fifteen thousand is not an unusual number of visitors for the first Sunday after the opening of the annual exhibition.

More than five hundred pictures are hung in the exhibition, yet there is some space around each picture, and no picture is hung very high. All are well in sight, and well lighted. The collection has a special interest in that so considerable a part of it comes from abroad, giving an opportunity to compare the work of some of the most conspicuous painters of other countries with that of our own men. It is not a strictly contemporary exhibition, there being a sprinkling through it of pictures by painters no longer living, and of pictures painted some time ago by still living men, but the bulk of it is fairly enough representative of the current work of today. Of the American work by far the greater part has been seen already in New York, for our own exhibitions, in spite of all difficulties, remain the only ones in this country in which most of the pictures shown are seen for the first time.

The effect of some of the earlier pictures, hanging here among those more recent in date, is very interesting. Here are Boudin, Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, represented by pictures which were thought revolutionary in their day, and which now seem very sane, very quiet, almost classic. Boudin, to be sure, was always gray in color, and never impressionistic, except in the disdain of detail, but just beside his view of Étaples, painted in 1886, hangs Monet's The Seine at Lavacour, painted in

1880, and it looks almost as quiet as the Boudin. It is a little gilded with time, but it can never have been raw or extreme in color. It is spacious, luminous, silvery; not more vague in form than many a Corot; showing a clear sense of arrangement. It contains no brown—that is all the revolution marked by it. The Renoir looks merely feeble and inefficiently pretty; it would be rococo if it could. But Sisley's Terrace at St. Germaine-en-Laye, painted in 1875, is grave, almost austere, admirably and thoroughly drawn, with every yard of earth accounted for, sober in color, without a violence of surface or a gap in its completion.

The authoritative air of pictures once so fiercely discussed bids us beware of rashness in our present judgments. Is it possible that what seem to us the eccentricities of the moment will, in another thirty years, take their place in this same easy way? Or is it not possible that these same eccentricities of to-day lend, by their extravagance, an air of conservatism to works which still retained some elements of the art of a great past? The earlier impressionists founded their art upon the academic tradition from which they broke away, and owed a great part of their strength to that against which they protested. What will be the result of an art which is in turn founded upon the work of these impressionists, and which has never known their discipline? And it is not possible really to judge the art of to-day by this, or by any one, exhibition. The pictures are likely enough to be here because of a conspicuity due as much to their faults as to their merits, and we cannot tell what good and honest work is doing in the world that has not found its way here. But the exhibition, as one sees it, gives certain general impressions, and one can but record them with a word of caution.

The strongest of these impressions is that beautiful painting is hardly any longer attempted save in America. It is not merely that the finest things here, from the great Sargent and the great Thayer, hanging opposite each other in one of the large galleries, to small pictures in unregarded corners, are by Americans; it is that a love for the art itself, for beauty of workmanship, beauty of color, beauty of tone or line or arrangement, seems almost extinct in the European schools. The French and German pictures here are blankly commonplace and photographically realistic, or they are sensational, brutal, decadent. The English do better, and send some bits of real enough art, not greatly successful, but art, nevertheless; in which beauty has been the principal aim. But every canvas that reaches real distinction, every picture that gives one pleasure in a high degree from its perception of some form of beauty in nature or its intrinsic quality as a work of art, will be found to bear an American name.

One of the most curious things in the painting of the day is the utter demoralization of the sense of color. The impressionists are supposed to have "liberated the palette" and to have brought back natural color to an art that was lost in bitumen. What has come to their descendants? Here is chalky and plastery color, muddy and inky color, darkness and dirt and grime, varied by an occasional explosion of fireworks. It would seem that the numbed color-sense of some of these men no longer responded to anything short of raw vermilion. The study of the later nineteenth century was the study of light and air. In some strange way it has brought these men of the twentieth to the denial of both. Their canvases are flat and hard and airless, as lacking in luminosity as they are in quality. Look at Cottet's Cathedral of Segovia, with its naïve red and black to represent the evening glow and the shadow; at Dauchez's Highroad, white with black shadows; at Simon's Woman with a White Glove, in an atmosphere of ivory black. Is this the color and light we have regarded as the mark of modern painting? These pictures have no more color than had those of the victims of asphaltum. Or, take Besnard's Portrait of Madame Besnard and Portrait of My Children. The first is plain black and white; the other has interesting color and interesting character, and it is well drawn also, but it has no atmosphere. The back of the room is as near you as the front, and the landscape is as near as either. With all this study of the tricks of light and air the feeling of light and air has disappeared. For Besnard has studied these things—apparently, the others have not.

Three pictures more may be cited as typical of the faults of the foreign painting represented here: Morot's portrait of Robert S. McCormick, of its crude realism; La Touche's The Bath, of its sensationalism; Stuck's Saharet, of its decadence. Morot's portrait is drawn with photographic accuracy, forced in light and shade almost to pure white for the lights, violently modelled. Everything seems to have been sacrificed to the mere illusion of corporeal presence. It "stands out," and it is like—horribly like—that is all. It is impossible to deny cleverness to Gaston la Touche, to whom the jury awarded the medal of the first class, but one could wish it otherwise employed. Perhaps there is a satiric intention in this confusion of epochs, of sedan chairs and rococo fountains, with a naked satyr and a badly drawn woman just removing the last of her very modern garments. But, putting aside all questions of subject or of artistic ethics, the curious, vermicelli-like handling; the hot, red and yellow color; the lack of substance or surfaces anywhere—these are far from pleasing. But the work is charming by comparison with the black-ringed eyes, the green complexion, the twisted vermilion lips with pure black dots at the corners, of Stuck's Saharet. It is a picture which suggests nothing but disease.

One must mention that there is real beauty and refinement, both of character and of color, in Aman Jean's portrait of a lady, and much sound painting, of the sort that has always been good since the Dutchmen practised it, in Joseph Bail's Bakery in Pontivy, and then we may pass on to the American pictures.

The largest, and, in a general view, perhaps the most important of these, is Mr. Sargent's portrait of the four professors of Johns Hopkins University, but I cannot think it altogether the happiest effort of its brilliant author. No one else now painting could have produced it, but Mr. Sargent has done things one likes better. The composition is a little restless, as if a breeze were agitating the robes and scarves of the academic costume, and the contrast between the rather cold black of the gown, and the warm tones of the background is a trifle sharp. It is a prodigiously skilful work, or it would not be his, but perhaps there is more pleasure to be got out of his portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Frederick Guest or his fresh sketch of William Thorne. Even the heads, except that to the extreme left, seem less vitally realized than usual.

Directly opposite this group hang two pictures by Abbott H. Thayer, both well known, the Caritas belonging to the Boston Museum and the Portrait of a Young Woman lent by the Metropolitan. There are lacunæ in both—unexpected lapses in continuity, changes in color not quite accounted for—but both are works of art and of very fine art, delicate and strong, noble and refined. The grand silhouette and large pattern of them, the restrained and beautiful color, the repose shot through with energy, the justness and beauty of line and value—these things strike the keynote of what seems an American quality to-day—the devotion to art and to the production of beauty. Or, take, instead of these large canvases, a very small one that hangs next the Sargents, Dewing's little picture called The Letter. Some hundreds of years hence the historian of our time may be puzzled by Mr. Dewing's treatment of our life, and wonder if the ladies of the day usually sat in such bare rooms or wore low-cut dresses in the daytime; but what does it matter? It is a fantasy, but what a delicate one! What dainty sureness of line, what exquisite modulations of faint color, what discrimination of values, what beauty of the pigment itself, of mere paint, treated with a sense of its possibilities as a material, laid thinly and fluidly with due respect to its nature, and responding, as even dead materials do, to loving treatment! If you wish for a more robust handling, look at Miss Cassatt's Reading Lesson; the color, with its combination of orange and pale blue, a trifle shrill, perhaps, but with a tart pleasantness; the mother's head, good in type and thoroughly drawn and modelled; the paint simply and naturally laid on, softly solid, free yet firm, a delight to the eye and a temptation to the touch. Look at the close tissue of Brush's early painting of a Sioux Brave; at the virtuosity, subjected to the rendering of character, in Wiles's portrait of Henry Wolf; at the sure and early brush-work of Miss Beaux, in a whole group of portraits, equal to Sargent in freedom, superior to him in sense of color, only inferior in that grasp of form, that absoluteness of draughtsmanship, which is his supreme distinction. In all these canvases, various as they are, there is evidenced the love of painting as an art, the desire to do things beautifully, the respect for the trade, which seem to be fading from the world.

You may find the same qualities, shown still otherwise, in the work of Weir and Hassam. The textures are rougher here and more rugged. The ideal of material beauty is different, but beauty is what is sought. Mr. Hassam's three pictures are none of them quite his best—in the largest, called Aphrodite, there is a rigidity and sharpness of edge hardly to be expected of his method, and he has not quite succeeded

in enveloping his figure in air. But look at the authority of the pattern, the determinate decorative substance. It is conceived, thought out, seen. Things are where they should be—where they must be. There is no haphazard about it; this "impressionist" is, above all, a composer. As for Mr. Weir, how infallibly he is the artist we all know. He may fail, now and then, to express his intention, but the intention is always of the highest. You feel in him, always, the utmost sensitiveness to beauty, the utmost sincerity of aim. At his best, no one is better and even his failures are lovable. His June, his Summer Evening, his Gray Gown, show him nearly at his best, subtle, delicate, refined, yet with a frank simple-mindedness that is a great part of his charm. Now and then, perhaps, he has added to these qualities a breadth and force that have placed him on a still higher level, but as he is seen here he is a very fine painter.

It is not my intention to attempt a mention of all the good pictures. I have said nothing of Homer or Schofield or Redfield or Ochtman or Foster, and I shall say nothing of the Whistlers or of Mr. Eakin's sturdy portrait of Prof. Leslie Miller, which took the Proctor prize at the Academy of Design a year or two ago, and has now taken the second prize here. All these and many other things I must overlook. I have chosen for comment those pictures which came first to mind as illustrations of my thesis. Doubtless I have neglected good pictures by foreigners also, as I have certainly neglected bad ones. But the large general impression left upon my mind by the exhibition is this—whether it is due to prejudice and inflexibility on my part, or to an actual state of facts—that the schools of painting on the Continent of Europe are in a state of decadence; that the British painters are in a healthier state than their Continental brethren; and that the best and most hopeful work being done anywhere to-day is being done by Americans, and largely in America. KENYON COX.

"Le Fonti di Siena e i loro Aquedotti," by Fabio Bargugli Petrucci (Florence: Leo S. Olski), is one of those painstaking works in mediæval archæology of which Italy produces so many. No less than sixty public fountains are described and illustrated. All legislation concerning water supply is epitomized. The courses of Roman aqueducts are traced, and even plans that were begun but left unfinished are duly charted. Since the fountains were often (notably Quercia's Fonte Gaia) works of art, the study touches art history at many points, and since the story of aqueducts is an index of that of civilization, the book must be reckoned with the minuter works in *Kulturgeschichte*. The survey extends from the earliest times to 1555, occupying two stout volumes in folio, of which the second consists exclusively of documents, with an index. Quite apart from aqueous concerns, the book will be useful to all who study narrowly the past of Siena.

The same publisher announces for publication this spring an important four-volume work by Prince d'Esseling, "Les Livres à Figures Vénitiéns." Ever since the late Dr. Lippmann's excellent treatise on early Italian wood engraving, there has been a growing interest in that charming form of graphic design. Nobody of late years has contributed more acceptably to this branch of bibliography than Prince d'Esseling, and this forthcoming work will sum up his studies of a lifetime. He will review 2,600 illustrated books from the beginnings to 1525. A novel kind of research will be the tracing of the migrations of the early wood blocks. The Venetian inventions were widely plagiarized; frequently the blocks were circulated, and Venice made appropriate reprisals upon the foreign printers. There are to be four large folio volumes, the typography, paper, and illustration being of the finest. The edition is limited to 300 copies, and the subscription price is 125 francs a volume, for such subscribers as are registered before the appearance of the first.

Several archæological discoveries of interest are reported from Italy. In Cattolica Eraclea, in Sicily, the foundation walls of a magnificent theatre, dating from the classical age, have been uncovered, and extensive researches have been begun. In Ancora a number of Roman tombs have been found, containing, among other things, two beautiful silver vases, a number of urns, with ashes of cremated persons; gold earrings with smaragd stones. Signor Pellegrini, the director of the Museum at Ancora, believes these finds belong to the third pre-Christian century.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has lately increased its accessions of work by American artists by purchase of five bronzes, four by Frederic Remington, and one by Edward Kemeys; and four paintings, one by Eastman Johnson, The Corn Husking, and one by William Gedney Bunce, Morning View in Venice. The other two canvases, which are perhaps the most important of the recent accessions, are portraits by Gilbert Stuart of Don Josef de Jaudenes y Nebot, Spanish minister to the United States, and Doña Matilde Stoughton de Jaudenes, his wife, signed and dated September 8, 1794.

Paintings by Emil Carlsen, William M. Chase, Arthur B. B. Davis, Ernest Lawson, Kenneth Hayes Miller, F. Luis Mora, James Wilson Morrice, John Sloan, John H. Twachtman, and J. Alden Weir will be shown till April 20 at the Gallery of the New York School of Art. Lithographs by Whistler are on exhibition at the Grolier Club till April 27; and work by representative American engravers will be shown at the Lenox Library till June 1. Pictures by William L. Lathrop will be on exhibition at Montross's till April 27; miniatures by Hugh Nicholson are shown at Fishel, Adler & Schwartz's; and paintings by Josef Israëls, Jacob Maris, Weissenbruch, Blommers, and De Bock at C. W. Krauchaar's.

The pictures of the late Stanford White, offered at auction in this city last week, brought rather low prices. A Portrait of Kitty Fisher, attributed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, brought $3,100; Portrait of the Earl of Dorset, early Spanish school, $3,200; Portrait of a Young Lady, Juan Carreno de Miranda, $2,350.

James Clarke Hook died in London Monday night. Born in London in 1819, he entered the Royal Academy as a student in 1836, and at once gave evidence of ability. As early as 1845 he was awarded the gold medal for an historical painting: The Finding of the Body of Harold. His early work was inspired chiefly by subjects from English history, but after an absence from England of eighteen months he turned his attention to scènes from Italian and French history and romance, with occasional reference to scriptural themes, and to Shakespeare's Italian subjects. The following pictures, all of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy, belong to this period: Pamphilus Relating His Story, 1844; Bassanio Commenting on the Caskets, 1847; The Chevalier Bayard Wounded at Brescia, 1849; A Dream of Venice, 1850. In this year, 1850, Mr. Hook was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and ten years later he received the full honors. About 1855 he abandoned the romantic and historic vein and turned to pastoral and modern subjects. Of this later style—the middle period—the following are well known examples: The Birthplace of the Streamlet, The Market Place, 1855; A Pastoral, The Coast Boy Gathering Eggs, 1858. In the late fifties, Mr. Hook entered upon work by which he is best known, that is, as a painter of marine subjects. His work of this period won him wide popularity, due in a measure to the homely nature of his themes. His pictures of the sea are almost without exception anecdotal in character, and, indeed, the same comment may be made of all his work. Among the productions in his later style should be mentioned, Leaving Cornwall for the Whitby Fishing, 1861; The Trawlers, 1862; Salmon Trappers, Norway, 1871; The Samphire Gatherer, 1875; Little to Earn and Many to Keep, 1879; The Sea-weed Raker, 1889; Low Water at the Tidal Crossing, From the Shore to the Field, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1897; and Water Cresses, 1899.

Three French artists have recently died. The first is the sculptor, Jean Barnabé Amy, who was born at Tarascon in 1839, and studied under Dumont and Bonnassieux. His first contribution to the Salon was his La Béatitude, 1869. In subsequent years he exhibited a number of portrait busts, and latterly he had been showing some grotesque and satirical "masques." Among his statues are L'Innocence, Le Remords, Thiers couronné par l'Histoire, and Le Tambour d'Arcole. Léon Richet, who died in Paris March 26, at the age of sixty-three, had studied under Diaz, Jules Lefebvre, and Boulanger; and he followed chiefly the style of Diaz. He exhibited his first landscape at the Salon of 1869; and he drew his later subjects largely from Normandy, Picardy, and the forests of Fontainebleau and Compiègne. Jules Monteigner, who died March 27 at Dompierre-sur-nièvre, where he was born in 1836, was well known as a painter of genre pictures and portraits.

Finance.

AN "APRIL CROP ESTIMATE."

When the stock market recovered from its low prices of the second and third weeks of March, and the panicky state of mind in Wall Street appeared to be at an end, the upward movement continued with little interruption for a fortnight. Such

a recovery is usual, the reason being that a panicky decline is invariably overdone. At some point in the fall, a level of values is reached which attracts real investors; when they arrive, speculators for the decline, who have borrowed for delivery stocks which they must return, begin buying. Thus there is a partial retracing of the lost ground. It rarely continues long, because the real investor stops buying when prices have risen to a less inviting level, and because the speculators for the decline have soon "covered" their contracts for delivery. When this point is reached, a new decline, more or less prolonged, is likely to follow; and such a decline has gone on during most of the present month.

This series of movements, it will be seen, is more or less automatic. It is Wall Street's nature, however, always to demand some new explanation for a change in the course of prices, and on the present occasion the cause assigned most commonly on the Stock Exchange was reported damage to the crops. The Government's Agricultural Department had issued, on Wednesday of last week, an estimate of the early condition and promise of the wheat crop. That estimate was favorable; it showed a condition considerably better than that of a year ago, when a total wheat yield never but once exceeded was the outcome. Reduced to figures, the "condition" was better than that reported in April, by the Government, in any but five of the past twenty years. But the "condition estimate" for the "winter wheat crop" as a whole, which the Department gives out on April 10, is based on reports from the various producing points, and these are mailed to Washington on April 1. During the nine intervening days, weather in the wheat belt may be so unfavorable that the April first estimate may be misleading; and this was exactly the assertion current in the grain market this past week. Large grain houses, with speculative connections on the produce exchanges, send their own experts into the wheat district to find out actual conditions. Their dispatches, it was declared, showed great damage to the growing wheat since the Government figures were compiled. Dry weather in the Southwest, where winter-sown wheat, just emerging from the ground, needs abundant moisture, and ravages by destructive insects, were the causes alleged. While Stock Exchange prices were going down, wheat prices in the speculative markets went up, last week, two cents per bushel.

This "crop scare" was probably much exaggerated; it was in the interest of speculators, both in wheat and in stocks, to exaggerate it. But since more will be heard, between now and the autumn, of "crop reports," "condition percentages," and "estimated yield," it will be interesting to see just what these expressions actually mean. The Agricultural Department maintains a Statistical Bureau, whose officers receive the estimates from the field. Those estimates come from various sources. There are "State statistical agents," each of whom has a corps of subordinate experts; "township correspondents," who report on crop conditions in their own neighborhood; and a multitude of business men—merchants, bankers, millers, manufacturers of fertilizers, and farm machinery—whose location or trade connections give them opportunity for correct observation. Some of these agents are on salary; more do the work gratuitously. The system of a dozen years or so ago, when the Washington statistician's main reliance was the postmasters at agricultural towns, who gossiped with farmers and framed their own deductions accordingly, has long since been abandoned.

What frequently puzzles the reader of government crop estimates, however, is the "percentage." Last week, for instance, winter wheat was barely above the ground; the Department reported that "the crop's condition is 89.9 per cent." What did this figure mean? Indication of a perfect crop—that is, of a yield to the full capacity of the district reported on by a given correspondent—would be denoted by 100. This figure would not mean the same promised yield of bushels per acre in one town as in another; the best that a field of inferior richness would produce would run far below the best of the Red River Valley. Observation through a series of years will establish in each case what is a perfect crop, and each field correspondent reports, by his "condition percentage," how far short of that yield the growing crop seems likely to fall. Thus the Department has only the task of averaging the percentages, sometimes with more weight allowed to one group of experts than to another. The 89.9 percentage of April 10 means that the whole winter wheat belt promised to produce 10.1 per cent. less than the best it has shown itself able to do. With this information, the Produce Exchange expert whips out his pencil and figures out what the average yield per acre promises to be. In December the Department, having asked the correspondents how the acreage devoted to winter wheat compared with that of the previous year, worked out an increase of 1.1 in acreage. The ascertained acreage for the previous harvest was 31,312,000 acres. The market, adding 1.1 per cent. to that acreage, and multiplying the result by what the April report indicates, arrives at its "April forecast" of the winter wheat harvest of 1907.

What, it may be asked, does this forecast amount to, in the way of throwing light on the actual yield of the year? So far as the early wheat crop itself is concerned, the "condition estimate" has considerable value. Since the crop is not absolutely out of danger until the latter part of June, there is of course opportunity for serious impairment through bad weather or insect pests. There are instances in which the April condition estimate has been cut down 10 or 15 per cent. in the monthly estimate for July. Nothing would seem more natural than such a result, in the vicissitudes of the American climate. Yet the April percentage has, on the whole, been singularly well maintained. Only in three out of the twenty-four past years has the condition estimate been reduced, between April and July, as much as 10 per cent.; in four years, of the period, the July figure was higher than April's.

But the forecast of "total indicated yield," deduced by the market from the April condition estimate, is worth little. The estimate of acreage planted, which is used necessarily in such calculations, is that compiled by the Government at the opening of December. It takes no account of "winter-killed" wheat, in regions where "snow-covering" has been inadequate, or where floods and frost have destroyed the tender plant. Not until the monthly crop report of May is this essential item corrected. Last year, the May report found that on 1,718,000 acres, or 6 per cent. of the December-planted area, the wheat had been destroyed. In 1905, the loss was 4⅝ per cent., or 1,432,000 acres; in 1904—when January and February in the Southwest were marked by unusually destructive weather—15⅜ per cent., or 4,932,000 acres, were reported as abandoned between December 1 and May.

Clearly this acreage reduction, of which the precise results are not yet known, must cut down materially any April estimate of expected yield. Furthermore, though the early crop makes up the greater part of this country's wheat harvest, the so-called spring wheat, of whose condition no estimate appears until June, and whose harvest falls in August and September, contributes some 40 per cent. to the total yield. These elements of doubt make it plain enough why the speculators in the grain exchanges use the present interval to convince their market that supplies will be short this coming autumn, and prices higher; while speculators in stocks insist that with crop yields below expectations, farmers will have less grain to sell, railways less to carry, and prosperity, therefore, a less favorable basis. But the read-

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er must now perceive that such prophecies are as premature as are the expert forecasts of total yield, based on an "April percentage."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer. Translated by R. Grant. Dutton. $3 net.
Bussell, F. W. Christian Theology and Social Progress. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Collier, Nick Sherlock. Frenological Finance. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Cooke, R. J. The Incarnation and Recent Criticism. Eaton & Mains. $1.50 net.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Windfall. Duffield & Co. $1.50.
Dampier, William. Dampier's Voyages. 2 vols. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Druce, G. Claridge. The Dillenian Herbaria. Henry Frowde. $4.15.
Duncan, Norman. The Cruise of the Shining Light. Harpers. $1.50.
English Poetry. Selected by John Matthews Manley. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.70.
Farnell, Lewis Richard. The Cults of the Greek. Vols. III., IV. Henry Frowde.
Frost, Margaret A. Sunny. Philadelphia: Griffith & Rowland Press. 75 cents.
Hepner, Adolf. Der Schutz der Deutschen in Frankreich, 1870-1871. Stuttgart.
Hyperides. Orationes et Fragmenta. Edited by F. G. Kenyon. Henry Frowde.
McCraekan, W. D. The Italian Lakes. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Maclaren, Ian. Graham of Claverhouse. Authors and Newspapers Assoelation.
Meany, Edmond S. Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. $2.50 net.
Morrison, Arthur. The Chronicles of Martin Hewitt. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Ober, Frederick A. Ferdinand Magellan. Harpers. $1 net.
Omond, T. S. English Metrists in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries. Henry Frowde.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VII.: Piper-Polygeuistic. Henry Frowde.
Paterson, W. Romaine. The Nemesis of Nations. Dutton. $3 net.
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A. The Birth of the Nation. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Pyle, Howard, and others. Strange Stories of the Revolution. Harpers. 60 cents.
Railway Problems. Edited by William Z. Ripley. Boston: Ginn & Co. $2.25.
Romanes, Ethel. The Story of Port Royal. Dutton. $5 net.
Russell, George W. E. Seeing and Hearing. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Salmon, George. The Human Element in the Gospels. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Scudder, Vida D. The Disciple of a Saint. Dutton. $1.50.
Terhune, Albert Payson, Caleb Conover, Railroader. Authors and Newspapers Association.
Tomalin, H. F. Three Voyages in Friesland. Dutton. $3 net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1907.

The Week.

President Roosevelt never did a finer thing than his reply, Wednesday morning, to the protesting labor unions. They have been showering him with demands that he retract his statement that Moyer, Haywood, and Debs were "undesirable citizens." Now, as we have said, we think it was indiscreet for the President to make that public reference to men on trial for their lives, but he has certainly made up for the indiscretion by a manly and courageous utterance. His retort upon the labor intimidators is overwhelming. If his phrase could be twisted into an attempt to prejudice a fair trial of the indicted men, what must be said of their excited and inflammatory appeals? "Death Cannot, Will Not, And Shall Not Claim Our Brothers" was on the very letterhead of the protest sent to the President. Mr. Roosevelt points out with great force that this and the other banded activities of the labor leaders can bear no interpretation except that they are determined *not* to have a fair trial, and to tolerate no verdict but that of acquittal. Protestations from such men are farcical. Their mouths are shut. And when, in honest indignation, President Roosevelt holds up to public scorn those wicked chiefs of labor organizations whose policy is violence, incitement to crime, and bloodshed, he puts the whole country in his debt. Such a frank and timely deliverance will help to keep alive that ideal of Roosevelt which we all like to cherish.

It cannot be too distinctly laid down that President Roosevelt's removal of Collector Archie A. Sanders of the Port of Rochester, purely for political reasons, as is officially admitted, is directly in violation of his own professions and pledges, as it certainly is of all sound principles of civil-service reform. It is not alleged that Sanders was in any way incompetent or derelict. He was simply "Wadsworth's man," and therefore had to go. Of such ruthless use of public offices, the President has put on record his indignant condemnation. In the brave days when he was a civil-service reformer, he said (1895):

> Removals for political reasons in places where the duties are wholly non-political, cannot be defended by any man who looks at public affairs from the proper standpoint.

Even his afterthought about the duty of using patronage to hold up the hands of Hughes, he had accurately branded in advance. In his *Century* article of 1900, he wrote: "No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency." Also:

> As soon as a politician gets to the point of thinking that, in order to be "practical," he has got to be base, he has become a noxious member of the body politic.

And if anybody says that we ought not to criticise a great and good President for being false to his promises and careless of reform, we have a warrant in his own words. In his valiant essay on "Civil-Service Reform," he spoke of the duty of "all friends of reform" to watch carefully the course of public officials:

> They should be condemned when they do ill; and attention should be called not only to what they do, but to what they fail to do. To an even greater extent, of course, this applies to the President.

It is probable that Mr. Roosevelt did not fully realize the shock and dismay which his action would bring to those civil-service reformers who used to be glad to fight under the same banner with him. He has done many things before to try their faith. He has made some appointments hard to justify; he has "taken care" of too many personal friends. But never before has he bluntly announced such a policy of proscription as he now tells us he means to follow.

In the last number of *Pearson's* James Creelman writes of Secretary Taft with evident admiration, and sets forth his good qualities and his fitness for high office. The article is entitled "The Mystery of Mr. Taft," and what is the great mystery? Why, that "a statesman of stainless name, unshakable independence, and creative and administrative abilities that have compelled admiration throughout the world, should stir so little enthusiasm in the American people"! One can imagine how distasteful such an appeal for pity, mixed with reproach of the people for being blind to his transcendent merits, must be to the hearty, frank, and unambiguous Secretary of War. For the rest, Mr. Creelman's article gives a well-informed and sympathetic description of Mr. Taft's training and public career. Some new material is included. Perhaps the most interesting part of this relates to the Secretary's strong preference for the Supreme Court, yet his putting away that ambition when it seemed to him that duty required him to stay in the Philippines. Mr. Creelman refers also to those judicial opinions of Mr. Taft in labor cases, which politicians have thought would be fatal to his chances. If it so prove, then it is a highly honorable part of the record which will be disastrous. His decision finding the Bricklayers' Union in conspiracy; against the Typographical Union for illegal boycotting; and his granting of an injunction against the Locomotive Engineers were all judicial acts based upon the principles of the Common Law and our charters of individual liberty, as clearly as was his famous decision in the case of the Addystone Pipe Company, perpetually enjoining that illegal combination, too. If these decisions of an upright judge are a bar to political advancement, they will be one more evidence of the premium which politicians put upon "low and crouching men." The politicians are often wrong, however. As in Burke's day, they frequently show that they do not know their own business. And it may yet be that the Taft candidacy will shake itself clear of blundering friends and misguided official sponsors; so that the people, left to their own choice and not prematurely rushed from the White House, will come freely to think of the Secretary as a man in whose hands they might safely place the responsibilities of the highest office.

We are opposed to a large navy, but we believe that such ships as we get should be constructed according to the latest and best methods. Take the case of the two 20,000-ton battleships, of which we have heard so much. The plans approved last week call for a speed of only 20 knots, although the English Dreadnought, which they are supposed to rival, has made 22¼ knots. By great effort, the Department hopes to complete them in three years, which would surpass previous American building records by from one and one-half to two years. But, supposing these ships are afloat and in commission in three years, they will only be contemporaries of some British vessels which will be laid down a year hence. It is idle to expect that the English battleships of 1910 will have only the same speed as the Dreadnought; they may be counted on to be capable of at least 23 knots, for England is already building three armored cruisers of 22,500 tons, with a speed of 25 knots. Again, the object of the Navy Department was to have the "biggest ships afloat." So its experts are planning for vessels 2,000 tons larger than the Dreadnought. But Japan is already ahead of them, since she has placed an order for two 21,000-ton ships, to say nothing of the British cruisers. Thus not even the title "biggest in the world" can be applied to our sea-monsters. So far as their engines are concerned, while no definite announcement has been made, it is understood that our

newest boats are to be provided with turbines. Lest anybody think that this is an original idea, we hasten to say that the Navy Department scoffed at turbines long after they had been tried by the British, and found to be the engine of the future. Fully a year ago the Admiralty announced that on most classes of ships, turbines alone would be installed hereafter. At this time, we believe, only one vessel of the sixteen now under construction for the United States navy is being equipped with turbine machinery. The nine first-class battleships now nearing completion have reciprocating engines, and not one is planned for a speed of twenty knots. Even Germany has adopted turbines for her new vessels, and, as is usually the case, the American merchant marine is ahead of the navy, for there are several turbine steamers, including the Harvard and Yale of a New York-Boston line, ready to go into commercial service.

Not in years has a more notable gathering been held in this city than the Peace Congress, which concluded its sessions last week. Its success was due quite as much to the earnestness of speakers and audiences as to the presence of men of great reputation who of themselves would attract a crowd. The public should not be misled by the manner in which the local press has emphasized an occasional passage at arms, or by the admission to the programme of one or two men who have only just begun to understand what the crusade for peace means. As Mr. Bryce pointed out at the final dinner, there was a remarkable unity of opinion; those present at the sessions were, whether temporarily or permanently, enthusiastically in favor of abrogating war. Intensely practical suggestions abounded. Some of them were of the utmost value, notably President Eliot's appeal for an international police force, with duties of preserving the peace, instead of violating it. In this he but elaborated his recent admirable address to the Boston police, in which he exalted their functions as contrasted with those of mere soldiery whose functions are primarily destructive. The demand for a supreme court for the nations was strongly presented, as were also the various pleas for a better understanding between the nations. Mr. Bryan would advance the brotherhood of man by educating young foreigners here, and then sending them back to heir own homes as ambassadors of peace and good will. The exchange of professors he would supplement by an exchange of students. So far as the resolutions are concerned, the most scrupulous diplomat could not cavil at them. A more permanent and comprehensive international union; the establishment of the Hague Conference and Hague Court as permanent institutions; the drafting by the former of a general treaty of arbitration for ratification by all the nations; the endorsement of the Interparliamentary Union's plan for an international commission of inquiry or for mediation where arbitration is impossible—all these are proposals which are easily capable of fulfilment if the influence of the leaders of world opinion is but thrown behind them. Never was there a cause in which the will could find the way more easily.

Mr. Bryce was not present at the dedication of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. As yet, however, we have observed no demand, even from Mr. Carnegie, that we therefore declare war upon Great Britain. Many people in this country were not aware of Mr. Bryce's failure to attend the exercises; and those who knew have kept calm. But the matter came up in Parliament Monday, and Mr. Bryce was criticised in both the Lords and the Commons. Lord Leith of Fyvie went so far as to say that "Great Britain had stood aloof, and it would be most disappointing to see the late Lord Pauncefote's great work of reëstablishing a good understanding between the United States and Great Britain endangered by an act of indifference, which might be misconstrued into something stronger." All this, of course, is partly Opposition tactics. Naturally, the Conservatives lose no chance to worry the Government. But beneath the words of Lord Leith lies a somewhat exaggerated notion of the touchiness of Americans. We are proud of our institutions of art and learning, and therefore, so runs the argument, we must be incensed whenever the effete kings and emperors of the Old World are not properly represented at the commencements, anniversaries, and the laying of corner-stones. Whether this view was ever tenable, we shall not undertake to discuss. At any rate, there has been a change since the days of Dickens's Jefferson Brick, and the Americans whom Mrs. Trollope saw. We are proud of our colleges and libraries; we are glad to have distinguished foreigners attend our celebrations; but, if Mr. Bryce, M. Jusserand, or Baron Speck von Sternburg have previous engagements, we are not spoiled children, that we should fly into a rage over an imagined slight.

The historic Massachusetts policy of exempting from taxation the property of educational institutions is attacked by a bill now pending in the Legislature opening to taxation "such real estate . . . as is occupied as a residence by an officer of instruction, administration, or government." This is a bill which would make relatively little practical difference to any of the colleges within the State, and to some, perhaps, none at all; but its very proposal is new evidence of the disposition which has been manifested in some of the smaller college towns of New England to tax certain college property. It is a strange phenomenon that Massachusetts, the pioneer in fostering public education, should join a movement like this at a time when the Western States are treating higher education with unprecedented liberality. While Cambridge and Williamstown are begrudging the sum that would accrue to their treasuries if certain college property were in private hands, every dollar's worth of property in Michigan, Minnesota, and other Western States is levied upon annually for the support of the State universities. Not only that, but these States are voluntarily raising their rate of taxation for education. The Wisconsin Legislature, for instance, recently increased the University tax to two-fifths of a mill on every dollar of assessment. With encouragement of this kind offered in the newer sections of the country, it would be indeed unfortunate if fresh obstacles were put in the way of Eastern institutions depending on private endowment.

Mr. Asquith's budget for the coming twelvemonth, presented to the House of Commons last week, is in several ways an adroit compromise. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had been confronted by a dilemma. On the one hand, the Labor party was urgent in its endorsement of the "old-age pension" project; to which, indeed, the Ministry had already tentatively committed itself. On the other hand, there was a loud demand for remissions in the heavy income tax. At the outbreak of the Boer war the British were paying 8 pence on every pound of income, a tax of slightly more than 3 per cent. In the stress of the Transvaal war the rate went as high as 15 pence. In 1903 it was reduced to 11 pence by Mr. Ritchie, but a deficit frightened his successor, Austen Chamberlain, and the rate was increased to a shiling, a tax of 5 per cent. Every successive Chancellor has admitted that the failure to remit the war buden was unfair, and all have agreed that this heavy tax is largely responsible for the declining market for British Government securities. Nevertheless, fear of another deficit has prevented action, and the present Ministry approached the problem hampered by the counter-demands of the workingmen's party. "Old-age pensions" and a reduced income tax were flatly incompatible; this was Mr. Asquith's problem. He met it by reaffirming the Ministry's belief in old-age pensions as "the most serious and urgent of all demands for social reform," but by granting for the purpose only an investment of $7,500,000 of the surplus, to be the nucleus, hereafter, of the necessary fund. To income-tax-payers, as a whole, he grants no remission, but on

"earned incomes" of less than $10,000 a year he offers reduction from 12 pence in the pound to 9. This lower rate, it will be observed, is still above any exacted in the forty years before the Boer war; and, since it does not apply to income from investments, it may be doubted if the troubles of the "consols market" will be greatly relieved by it. Politically, however, its effect may be considerable. The British Treasury, in a statement compiled a year ago, showed that, out of some 356,000 individual assessments under the income tax, 217,000 were based on an annual income of less than £2,000. To what extent this represented incomes exclusively derived from earnings, is a matter of pure conjecture; but it is reasonable to assume that a numerical majority of the income-taxpayers will be relieved. The fact, however, that relief is so restricted, and that the Socialist element is already protesting against postponement of the promised pension legislation, suggests that Mr. Asquith will have to meet the unpleasant results which usually follow compromises that really satisfy nobody.

The agreement to submit to a joint American-Canadian commission the question of uniform fishing regulations for the Great Lakes and contiguous waters is of vital importance to an industry that on this side alone employs some seven millions of capital, and markets a product of three millions. As in other international disputes, one of the initial difficulties is that a question on which the Canadian authorities have adopted a uniform policy is here handled by the eight States bordering on the lakes in eight different ways. Some of our States have closed seasons; others, using the same waters, have none. Some are active in restocking the fisheries; others do little but catch the fish their neighbors have planted. One of the remarkable assertions made in all seriousness by a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* is that the fish themselves have developed an instinct to "seek refuge in Canadian waters." That is certainly evidence of our wasteful policy, from those who should know most about it.

The significant feature about the succession of strikes with which Paris has been visited of late is the comparatively small number of workmen involved. A handful of electricians, about 500 in all, were able to plunge the *Ville-Lumière* into a desolation of darkness. The threatened defection of some 2,000 bakers brought the capital for a moment face to face with partial famine. Then, too, the unfortunate Parisian has just been made miserable by a strike of café waiters. The French labor leaders seem to understand that the general public may be more incommoded by the shutting down of an electric power-house for a few days than the suspension of coal-mining or iron-forging for weeks. The ordinary strike involving tens of thousands of men has been shown repeatedly to be inefficacious. Better policy it is to fight with small but highly organized forces, and to strike at the nerve centres, so to speak of the enemy. This plan appears to find its fullest development in the contest that is now on for the complete unionization of all branches of the Government service as the speediest means of storming the citadel of the present social order. On this point, the radical Clemenceau Ministry seems to be preparing to fight. A dispatch from Paris tells of the suspension of three postal employees who had joined in an open letter to the Premier protesting against the provisions of the proposed Ministerial bill dealing with Government employees and the right of combination. Of this letter the *Temps* declared: "It is impossible to assume a more impertinent or audacious tone." The Government's bill concedes to public employees the right of combining, for the protection of common interests, into incorporated associations, "free to appeal to the law against alleged violation of their rights by the Administration." The right to strike, however, is denied; or, what amounts to the same thing, they are refused permission to affiliate themselves with the General Confederation of Labor, whose policy, as energetically carried out by its president, M. Griffuelhes, is avowedly revolutionary. M. Clemenceau has by no means an easy task. The central committee organized for promulgating the principles of trade-unionism among Government employees, contains representatives of the "naval reserve men, municipal laborers, employees in the Government tobacco and match factories, the school teachers' union, the postmen's union, the mint, the prison guards, and the custom-house officers."

The elections to the lower house of the Spanish Cortes have resulted in an estimated majority for the Conservative Government of some 120 in a house of 431. The numerical strength of the two leading parties is nearly the reverse of what it was after the general election of 1905, in which the Liberals won an overwhelming majority, only to fritter it away in internal dissensions. In the ordinary course of events, the Maura Cabinet should now maintain itself for a year or two; and the more or less anti-clerical programme of the Liberals, including the projected Associations law and Civil Marriage bill, is, of course, indefinitely postponed. From the figures is would appear that many Liberal voters, disgusted by the anarchy within the party, have cast in their lot with the radical parties. Thus the Republicans and Catalonian Regionalists have increased from 37 in 1905 to 52, while the Carlists have risen from 3 to no less than 13. In spite of the prevailing sympathy with which the nation must supposedly be looking forward to a royal heir, the anti-dynastic influences are by no means to be overlooked.

As to the extent to which anti-Semitism enters into the recent Rumanian disturbances, there is considerable disagreement. Indeed, the whole question of the economic rôle played by the Jews in Rumania is in dispute. On the one hand, one of the leading Jewish citizens of Great Britain has denied that the Rumanian Jews have succeeded in securing control of a large portion of the land, in the capacity of middlemen, and rack-rented the peasants. But the charge is reiterated by the London *Spectator*.

> The majority of these bailiffs are clever Jews, who, armed with the whole powers of the landlords, and backed by the officials whom they "conciliate," demand double, and in some cases triple, the accustomed rents, which were already heavy; and this takes from the people—who, it must be remembered, have no alternative mode of living—the whole product of their toil beyond the barest and roughest means of subsistence, means so attenuated that they are compelled to live in rotten huts and to starve not only themselves, but their wives and children.

The case here is probably overstated, but from what we know of the important part formerly played by Jews in Poland as the lessees and managers of the estates of the nobility, it cannot be far from the truth. When we are told that university professors and students, the schoolmasters, and the professional classes have taken the lead in Jew-baiting, the suspicion arises that the Rumanian educated classes are pursuing the same tactics as those of the early Russian Nihilists under Alexander II. Then many believed that, by inciting the peasants against the Jews, the *mujik* might be aroused from his indifference and torpor to a sense of his needs and rights as against the Government. If the Rumanian Government, as seems probable, did nothing to check the anti-Semitic agitation, it acted foolishly, as events showed; for what the Russian peasant under Alexander II. could not be brought to do, namely, to turn on the government, the Rumanian peasants attempted. Russia, by this time, has learned the lesson. When Plehve stirred up the Christian against the Jew, the Tatar against the Armenian, and the Lettish peasant against his German landlord, he scarcely foresaw how soon these weapons would be turned against the throne. Anti-Semitism among the lower classes may long continue, but Jew-baiting from above must slacken, when the ruling classes recognize that it means playing with fire.

THE MONTAGNINI LETTERS.

Apparently, they do *not* order their lying better in France. The publication of the Montagnini letters to the Vatican has led to a perfect deluge of passionate *démentis*. It reminds one of that passage in the Mémoires of Saint Simon where he speaks of his father's indignation at being slandered in a book of La Rochefoucauld's:

> My father felt so acutely the atrocity of the calumny that he seized a pen and wrote on the margin, *L'auteur a menti*. Then he went to the book store and made the same marginal note in every copy.

On March 30, the *Figaro* began printing an analysis of the 1,300 letters in the Montagnini *dossier*. They reflected gravely upon many men prominent in public life, as also upon highly placed ecclesiastics. Instantly, they all with one consent began to denounce and repudiate the statements of the former Papal Nuncio in Paris. Premier Clemenceau came out with the roundest denial of all that related to him. Ex-Minister Berteaux hastened to declare Montagnini's references to himself totally unfounded, and added:

> It is not strange that the Pope, with this sort of information, became the best collaborator of those who, like me, desired the separation of Church and state.

M. Barthou, Minister of Public Works, arraigned Montagnini as a slanderer in his case, too. So it went on. Even Catholics cried out upon the late Nuncio. M. Piou, the Parliamentary leader of the Church party, had to admit that many of Montagnini's assertions were "inexact," while the venerable Archbishop of Besançon, Monsignor Fulbert-Petit, flatly said: "All the imputations against me are calumnies." The Bishop of Tarentaise came out with a letter in which he said that Montagnini had evidently got his information, "not from real bishops, as he alleged, but from lamplighters and charwomen." Finally, a dispatch from Rome stated that letters were pouring in from France, written by "bishops, priests, laymen, great ladies," and all complaining bitterly of the way in which Montagnini had swallowed all the gossip and rumor brought to him. Yet it was largely upon the information and advice furnished by this credulous and careless agent that the Vatican founded its policy in a momentous question!

Montagnini's reports on French politics were certainly as inept as upon the attitude of the French Catholic press and the bishops. In 1906, he reported that the Government would lose forty seats in the elections; it gained more than that number. He predicted that the Separation bill would not pass the Senate; it did so easily. The most unhappy impression made by the letters is that of constant meddling in French politics by the Vatican. We have already referred to the damaging note addressed to the Archbishop of Lyons by the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val. There is other matter as bad. In 1904, it was said by Montagnini: "When the moment arrives, the campaign will be resumed against Pelletan and Delcassé." In 1905, when local elections were taking place, Merry del Val wrote of the good political effects of religious persecution, which he hoped might be extended, yet he warned Montagnini to burn his letter lest the intervening of the Vatican in French politics should become known! And to this agent who is now shown to have been so incompetent and misleading, the Papal Secretary wrote, praising him for his zeal and prudence, adding, "Try to listen well, to report everything, and to talk little." It is evident that the Holy See was badly served; and the rumors that Merry del Val is to retire would seem to be warranted by what has been made public about his activities, in these Montagnini papers.

Doubtless, there are more of them to come. They were seized by the Government, at the time of the breaking off of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and France, and the expulsion of the Nuncio. The documents have been under official investigation. Nearly all the letters already published were obtained from Rome; and Premier Clemenceau, in his letters to the *Figaro*, has distinctly asserted that they were garbled, in the hope of breaking the force of the *coup inévitable* which will result when the whole are officially printed. "No one will lose anything," he added significantly, "by waiting a couple of weeks." But, even as they stand, the revelations have caused a tremendous reverberation in France. They fully confirm, what has been plainly intimated before, that the majority of the French bishops desired to accept loyally the Separation law; and show in the most painful way upon what misinformation about actual conditions the Vatican was led to act.

THE WHITELEY CASE AND THE DEATH PENALTY.

The commutation of the death sentence in the case of Horace G. Rayner to imprisonment for life has created but little less of a sensation in England than his murder of William Whiteley. Opinion is strongly divided. The *Spectator*, for instance, feels that the Home Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, acted "with insufficient reason," and that the only grounds "for respiting Rayner were sentimental, which are not only not valid reasons, but highly dangerous." On the other hand, the Liberal *Tribune* rejoices that mercy was shown, "in harmony with the spirit of Easter," and suggests that the time has now come when the general question of capital punishment should be reviewed. To this the *Spectator* replies that the commutation of the prisoner's sentence "amounts almost to an abolition" of that punishment.

Reasons of sentiment undoubtedly actuated most of the half-million persons who signed a petition for a reprieve and forwarded it to Mr. Gladstone. The story of the crime is not without its pathos. The very circumstances of Rayner's birth, if there is anything in heredity, predetermined him to a tragic ending. Drink, poverty, starvation, and the distress of mind that comes with seeing wife and child without food did the rest. That the crime was deliberate was beyond doubt; Rayner tried to blackmail Mr. Whiteley, and failing, threatened to kill himself on the spot. When Mr. Whiteley sent for the police, Rayner killed him and attempted to end his own miserable existence. That he was nursed back to health for the purpose of being hanged was to many of those who protested against his execution an especial aggravation. Finally, there were other pathetic family reasons which appealed strongly to the public. The attempt to make Rayner out insane failed when the two experts were compelled to answer a point-blank question as to whether they considered Rayner crazy. The answer "no" ended their testimony; there were no long technical squabbles, and no hypothetical questions of 13,000 words. It is obvious, therefore, that the sentimentality against which the *Spectator* protests was in no wise due to a public belief that the prisoner was mentally incapacitated.

Of course, if capital punishment is to be abolished, the grounds should be general and not special. Ethical reasons should prevail; "Thou shalt not kill" should be held to apply to states as well as to individuals. Yet, it is just such individual cases as Rayner's which seem to increase the growing feeling against the death penalty. Gen. N. M. Curtis, one of our foremost American opponents of executions, has recently told how he became a convert to the belief that the state should not kill any of its criminals. It was when serving as an officer of the Army of the Potomac that he was horrified by being paraded with his company to watch the hanging of a deserter. Yet he was himself engaged in killing some of his countrymen, and was by no means so moved when he saw whole regiments mowed down as he was by the execution of that one misguided youth. Similarly, the execution of Mrs. Rogers in Vermont a year or so ago, for the murder of her husband, caused many to apply, for the first time, the term "barbarous" to the whole proceeding. Here, too, was a criminal who had been much sinned against, yet about whose guilt there could be no doubt. Her sex added to the feeling of indignation in many hearts when the Governor brave-

ly announced that consistently with his duty, he could not commute her sentence. The thought that many an insignificant man whose case is quite as moving as Rayner's goes to his death almost unnoticed, because there is no special feature to attract attention of the press, is also unsettling some persons, if we may judge by letters to the English newspapers.

But the great mass of men do not as yet share Montesquieu's view that "in countries remarkable for the lenity of their laws the spirit of the inhabitants is as much affected by the slight penalties as in other countries by severer punishments." When Sir Samuel Romilly sought to abolish the penalty of death for the theft of five shillings' worth of goods from a shop, Lord Eldon declared that, if this bill passed, "then may your Lordships expect to see the whole frame of our common law invaded and broken in upon." Many humanely disposed persons are moved to apply similar language to the proposal to do away with the death penalty; and the passage, subsequent to the death of McKinley, of a statute making it a capital crime to attempt the life of a high Federal official is proof that reactions are still possible in times of popular excitement.

The question may therefore be asked, particularly in view of the Rayner case, whether the abolition of the death penalty is not likely to come quite as rapidly by way of executive remission of sentence as by direct agitation. The experience of Kansas would seem to confirm this theory. There the jails have for years past contained murderers condemned to death, but living on, because no Governor could bring himself to sign their death warrants. At the last session of the Kansas Legislature this anomaly was ended by the formal abolition of the death penalty. This step evoked no protest whatever from the general public, which was doubtless aware that those American States which have for many years abolished the death penalty have not as a result suffered from more crimes of violence.

There are still murders and executions enough in England to make it unlikely that the story of Kansas will repeat itself there; yet the yielding of the Home Secretary in the Rayner case will for a long time to come furnish ammunition to those who believe that, as has been the case for generations, the law must be made to grow more humane and more lenient. The strongest argument of those who advocate a milder punishment is that death is irrevocable. It gives the guilty man no opportunity to reform, and allows no one to aid him in developing his better side —that residuum of goodness and virtue to he found in every human breast. And if any error is committed—there are many such cases on record—it is impossible to right the wrong either to the victim or to his family.

SANITY IN LITERATURE.

The first Leslie Stephen Lecture, delivered last February at Cambridge University, and now issued by the Clarendon Press in a shilling pamphlet, is an utterance which we commend to the attention of rising authors. The lecturer, Prof. Walter Raleigh, took as his subject Samuel Johnson. He could not have made a happier choice; for Johnson was a central figure in that eighteenth century life concerning which Leslie Stephen himself wrote so much and so sympathetically; and, more than that, Stephen prepared two admirable biographies of Johnson, one in the English Men of Letters Series and the other in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Professor Raleigh emphasized that side of Johnson's character which Stephen particularly admired—a side, we may add, which Johnson and Stephen had in common—sanity. For Johnson, in spite of certain whimsicalities and prejudices, was chiefly distinguished for what Stephen calls "massive common-sense."

Turning from the Johnson whom Boswell paints in such vivid and enduring colors, Professor Raleigh considers the Johnson who reveals himself in his own works, the Johnson of the *Rambler* and the "Lives of the Poets." Taine complained that Johnson's "truths are too true, we already know his precepts by heart"; that Johnson's writings are nothing more than a treasury of commonplaces. Professor Raleigh, however, maintains that Johnson had not, as Taine implies, a commonplace mind, but that he is undervalued because he presented the "odd spectacle of a journalist who cared passionately for truth, and nothing at all for novelty." He made no effort to surprise or startle his readers; he indulged but sparingly in the cheap luxury of paradox, because he "knew that what he had to say was no commonplace, so far as he himself was concerned. Among all his discourses on human life he utters hardly a single precept which had not been brought home to him by living experience."

But human experience is an old story. We invent new machinery of life. Hoopskirts disappear; hats and houses change from day to day; but the hearts of men and women are much the same as in the time of Homer or Job. This is why a great work of literature, a real criticism of life, though the product of an alien tongue and a distant age, is always, in its essentials, contemporary. The task of the philosopher, the novelist, and the poet of this twentieth century is not to discover new truths; for, speaking broadly, there are none. He is simply to give the everlasting verities a different guise from that of a generation ago: a few fresh words and phrases, the background of the modern world, and the work is done. Creative genius, after all, does nothing but offer us the old clay of humanity in a slightly different mould. The lines which impart an aspect of strangeness are, when examined closely, seen to be wholly superficial—merely a rearrangement of the drapery. Robinson Crusoe is Ulysses three thousand years later; Shakespeare's Romans are only Plutarch's, talking Elizabethan English.

Thus it is that the books which are freakish and morbid, aberrations from the great norm, sooner or later fall into oblivion. The brimming stream of sane and wholesome life moves on, "out of the mist and hum of that low land," overwhelming the little books which have had their success of impudence or nastiness. We do not deny, of course, that the very qualities which render a book ephemeral may make for quick notoriety and large sales. If any man—or, better still, woman—of fair ability as a writer, will put forth a book advocating polygamy or free love, the volume will be sure of wide notice in the sensational press; and every one who is ambitious to know about "the latest thing in literature" will buy or borrow a copy. A novel that barely escapes suppression under the law against obscene publications will command the suffrages of those callow youths of all ages who pose as "advanced" or "emancipated" thinkers. Any book, in fine, which is based upon the shallow theory that our conventions, customs, and laws are simply artificial and transient affairs, not the crystallized experience of millions of men through thousands of years —any such silly outgiving is foreordained to immediate popularity and ultimate oblivion.

We should not, therefore, be profoundly disturbed by the rubbish, erotic or neurotic, which is the fashion of the moment. A worthy English prelate, the Bishop of Norwich, asserts that books now read in the best English families are so immoral that they could not have been printed a few years ago. He adds that out of eighty novels recently published seventeen show that marriage is an antiquated institution, eleven set up marital infidelity as the spiritual ideal, and twenty-three are so vulgar in wording that they should not be placed on sale. The vogue of such writing, we admit, is an evidence of thoughtlessness, perhaps viciousness, in a class of society from which we might expect better things. But pornographic books have always had too large a circulation; though in the past the number of people who fed on such filth was probably larger, in proportion to the total number of readers, than it is in 1907. We must not forget that the recent enormous increase in the output of our presses and in the reading public tends

to distort our view. In 1807, out of a total of less than eighty novels, there were probably twenty-three quite as nauseating as any now current; and in 1707, Jeremy Collier was still crusading against the dirty drama of the Restoration. But Wycherley's "Country Wife" is as dead and buried as the novels of Aphra Behn; and not one reader in ten thousand has ever heard of Lewis's "Monk," which was the target of the moralists of 1795. On the other hand, the novels of Scott survive in perennial vigor. As it has been, it is now, and ever shall be. The minds and souls of men in the mass remain sound; and inevitably they will reject the work of authors who are bent on attracting attention at any price, whether it be by wearing cap and bells or wallowing in the mire.

THE POWER OF THE DRAMA.

The Paris *Temps* contains an apparently authentic account of a literary experiment carried out recently in a village in Russia. To an assemblage of typical *mujiks*, there were read in succession "King Lear," "Hamlet," and "Othello," and all three plays succeeded in moving the peasant audience to heights of emotional transport and pleasure which their distinguished compatriot, Count Tolstoy, has lately declared himself quite incapable of attaining. With the story of "King Lear" there was no difficulty at all. The old king's senile arbitrariness and peevishness were instantly comprehended and condemned, though later his due meed of pity was not refused him. The wicked sisters were properly execrated, and Cordelia won many tears throughout the play. "Othello" was somewhat of a puzzle at the beginning, but soon seized the audience and held it to the last pitiful moment, which to many came unexpectedly. "Hamlet" was the most difficult of the three plays; the famous soliloquy had to be twice repeated before its meaning was clearly grasped, and Ophelia's conduct gave rise to varying speculations. But it is nothing less than amazing that the humble Russian audience should have hit upon the very mooted point that more intelligent Shakespearean audiences have so long debated, and immediately fallen to arguing whether Hamlet's irresolute conduct proceeded from inherent defects of character or the irresistible force of circumstances.

The incident, if true, is a good deal of a joke, both on the sage of Yasnaya Polyana and the bard of Avon. Here is Tolstoy girding at Lear's extravagances and vulgarities, denying the play the rank of high art; and yet his position is emphatically condemned by that very peasant audience whose naïve judgment he makes the standard of all æsthetic value in his "What is Art?" Would the peasants have better appreciated, let us say, Racine's "Agamemnon" or Lessing's "Nathan," because the protagonists did not go into fits of vulgar anger and address their enemies in a mixture of Isaiah and Billingsgate? We doubt it. The elemental turgidity of the play was too much like what, in coarser form, they may have very well known and experienced in person; for we may say that the manners of British royalty in the sixth century, B. C., were not very different from those of the Russian tiller of the soil to-day. And so history has its little game of irony with Shakespeare, who must appeal for justice from Prospero Tolstoy and Mercutio Bernard Shaw to an audience of his own clowns, to Touchstone and Bottom and Dogberry and, possibly, Lear's Fool.

It would be interesting to know just what process of change the Shakespearean plays were put through before they were given to the Russian peasant public. There must have been much simplification. The very translation of "Hamlet" into a foreign tongue is a step towards verbal simplicity; "there's the rub" becomes "voilà l'obstacle," and a "bare bodkin" cuts like a "petit couteau." And once you remove the occasional obscurity or ambiguity that arises from figurative style or complicated sentence structure, why should not "Hamlet" seize immediately on an uneducated bucolic audience? To appreciate the merits of the play as an acting drama, as a "thriller," one should see it on the Bowery, interpreted by a poverty-stricken Italian company, with the very rags of costume and débris of scenery. What a splendid melodrama it stood forth as scene followed scene, and laid its grip on an American audience, ignorant of Italian, by sheer force of dynamic situation and tableau! It may be a grievous thing indeed to speak of "Hamlet" as stripped of its poetry and its rhetorical splendor; but stripped is not the word; most of the play remained there, strangely enough, in the threadbare Italian, just as it must have remained in the colloquial Russian, showing conclusively that, after all, the play is the thing with which to move the conscience of peasants no less than of kings.

And is not this efficacy of the drama before a popular tribunal coming to be more generally recognized every day? We are accustomed to say that once upon a time, under the Elizabethans, the play was the unversal literary form, and that in time it was replaced by the novel. Surely, at this moment the play is struggling to regain its early supremacy. The novel of purpose seems to have had its day. Authors now prefer to preach from the stage. Is it all due to the influence of Ibsen? Possibly. But the fact remains that the world's best-known contemporary writers are the dramatists or novelists attempting the drama. Since the death of Zola, the theatre in France has had things almost all its own way, with Rostand, Donnay, Brieux, Capus, Lavedan, Mirbeau, Battaille, Fabre, and others. Contemporary German literature to the man in the street means Sudermann and Hauptmann, with an occasional novel of military scandal. Italy is just the Annunzio of the Duse plays. The reformer or the rebel instinctively turns to the stage, whether he be Gorky in "The Abyss," or Galdós in "Electra," or Shaw in everything.

Is this drift to the drama due to the higher rewards which the theatre is said to offer? Hardly; the field as compared with that of the novel is so narrow, and the chances of success are so correspondingly small, that, to the average writer, dramatic authorship should be the least tempting of all callings. But it is rather in the nature of the serious task dramatists set themselves that the cause probably lies. A novel with a purpose is well enough, but, after all, the man who wants to preach usually tries to gather a crowd. Your novel reader cannot be counted upon. He is alone in his easy chair, or in a railway car, or on some rural veranda, and who knows what mood of the moment may shape or destroy the potency of your appeal? Your theatregoer comes attuned more or less to the message that is to be conveyed. But, more than that, he presents there in company with a thousand others a much more powerful emotional medium than he would be by himself; and all of us would rather sway a symphonic orchestra than play a mere fiddle.

KEEPING ART IN ITALY.

The manœuvres of the Italian authorities and the private owners of works of art resemble a game in which it is agreed that the Government shall lose. No sooner have most of the Cattaneo Van Dycks disappeared from Genoa than the alarm changes to Ferrara, where a notable collection is under siege from Paris, the bribe being extraordinary; for the pictures are not. Then Pistoia, resentful at the loss of a handful of good pictures and a chimney-piece, decides to establish a museum to keep the dealers at bay. It should be noted that every movement of aroused civic pride is just a shade too late. For fifty years it may be said that there has been but one striking exception to the rule of shutting the stable door after the theft of the horse. The Casino Borghese, with its invaluable contents, was saved for the nation, by purchase, in the face of impending loss.

Under the new law, as under the old, the traffic has gone on apace. The statute requires that every important object should be entered in the Government inventory, and, when sold for ex-

portation, submitted to the Central Commission of Fine Arts. As a matter of fact, this inventorying goes ahead lamely, for the excellent reason that the art treasures of Italy are ill-explored, even by the constituted authorities; whereas owners are, for obvious reasons, slow in seeking the honor of registration. The Cattaneo Van Dycks, for example, were never registered, and it is doubtful if the Government has legal recourse against the vendors. Private owners who thus evade the requirements of the law are subject either to the absolute veto of a favorable sale, or to what amounts to expropriation at a price far below the market. An American critic purchased a fragment of a Grecian frieze at 2,500 francs for a college museum. The piece was duly presented for appraisal and payment of the export duty. The Commission promptly offered half the price in behalf of a Roman museum. Without especial luck or influence, the college may be forced to choose between sale at a loss or keeping its marble indefinitely in Italy. But to do the new law justice, it does bring under the eye of the Government experts a number of objects of art which are thus purchased for the national collections on very favorable terms; but the practice has an undignified savor of confiscation, and practically only things of minor interest are thus retrieved—objects like a couple of Bellottos recently ceded to the Uffizi, the loss of which to Italy could hardly be regarded as serious. So far as the fact of the inventory discourages churches, hospitals, and similar public institutions from peddling off the remnant of their original artistic heritage, it is wholly good. No lover of Italy would willingly see its public display of art diminished. The real offence is to move pictures or sculpture from the places for which they are made. What becomes of many of them, once they have been moved, seems to us, in spite of the panic prevailing in Italy, rather a matter of indifference.

There is, in fact, an enormous and sentimental exaggeration of the importance of the vendible objects of art in Italy. Everything that could conceivably be sold might be shipped across the Alps to-morrow, yet to the average person of taste Italy would remain unchanged. The churches and public galleries are so enormously rich, the private collections relatively so little visited, that a wholesale exportation would scarcely alter the look of things. Indeed, so far as the tourist is concerned, the dear soul would never know the difference were all the private collections of Genoa, Milan, and Venice sold *en bloc*. The alarm when a chimney-piece or a minor picture is exported smacks of the pedantic. It bespeaks the antiquarianism that has ever crippled Italian criticism, rather than a truly discriminating love of art. It would be easy to show that even in the most deplored instances of sale abroad, Italy has suffered no substantial harm. The possession of the Chigi Botticelli, for example, is immensely important to us; its loss can hardly be considered grave to Italy in view of the roomful of Botticellis in the Uffizi. Even the Inghirami of Raphael, which passed from Volterra to the same Boston collection, should not be unduly mourned, since the Pitti contains a superb replica of that masterpiece. Generally speaking, Italy has lost only that in which she was immensely rich. One may heartily applaud the attempt to keep Van Dyck, in which the museums are rather poor, in the country; one may wish all success to the campaign against the dissipation of the riches of churches and other institutions; but the movement is late—the harm was done fifty and more years ago.

Guido Cagnola, the learned editor of the *Rassegna d'Arte*, suggests a reform in the administration of fine arts—to wit, a concentration of effort upon objects that are truly, in the words of the law, "of highest value" (*di sommo pregio*). Let the central authority make a minimum list of objects with which the museums cannot rightly dispense—not troubling about the rest—and then let the Government, like any honest buyer, take the refusal of such objects at a fair price. Such ordinary square dealing would make the present evasions superfluous, while the simplification of its task would make the activities of the new Central Commission of Fine Arts more dignified and useful. A minimum of interference with private property, and an honest allowance in case of expropriation, would seem to be the golden rule of the game of keeping art in any country.

We fancy that the panic, which has prevailed not only in Italy, but in England and Germany, will subside when it is perceived that there is a natural law of flux and reflux in these matters. One hears much of the American peril, but fine pictures are already being bought back from us for Europe in considerable quantities. For years England was the most dreaded purchaser, but under the inexorable conditions of economic law she has given up many of her finest pictures to France, Germany, and America. In other words, the game is an international one, and to attempt to make it less so is only to try in vain to spoil sport. By the time that the wealthy and enlightened amateurs of Milan are capturing fine Italian paintings from London, Paris, and New York, we shall hear less about keeping art in Italy.

PRESENT NEEDS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In the present article I shall speak chiefly of the New York public schools, with which I am most familiar; but many of my arguments apply to the school systems of all our larger cities.

During the past ten years great advances have been made in public education in this city. The standard for entrance to the teaching profession has been considerably raised. Ten years ago the vast majority of the teachers had a preparation of only four years above the elementary schools—a preparation which did not usually include professional training. To-day all teachers must have had at least four years of academic and two years of professional training, or, in lieu of such training, must have had five years' successful experience in teaching, and must show by examination that they have had an education at least equivalent to that given in our high schools and training schools. Ten years ago it was difficult to obtain a position, except through political, social, or religious influence. To-day all appointments are made by competitive examination; so that political, social, and religious influence has been almost completely eliminated. There has been a corresponding improvement in the work of the elementary schools. The course of study is in line with the best scientific educational thought; the teachers, as a rule, show zeal and intelligence. Ten years ago there were no high schools in the former city of New York. During this period not only has the high school system of the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx been developed, but the high schools of Greater New York have been placed upon a basis which commands the respect of the people, and the admiration of educators throughout the world. Our high schools not only prepare for the best colleges, universities, and professional schools, but they are also preparing through specialized schools—commercial high schools, manual training high schools, and a technical high school for girls—in a most efficient way for some of the most useful productive activities. Ten years ago there were large waiting lists of pupils who could not obtain entrance. To-day all pupils of school age who apply are admitted; and, if the facilities do not allow full time for all, part-time is given. By part-time is meant instruction for three and one-half hours per day, instead of the standard day of five hours. During the current year considerably over 600,000 children will have received instruction, only about ten per cent. on part-time. Improvements in buildings have fully kept pace with other improvements. Our buildings, both in exterior beauty and in interior arrangement, are regarded as models.

These are some of the more important reforms of the past decade. While those of us who are engaged in the work may regard them with pardonable pride, we must not lose sight of the fact that many things are still wanting to make our system worthy of this great city, and able to meet all the demands of our rapidly increasing and heterogeneous population. Among the more pressing needs are the following:

I.—SMALLER CLASSES IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

At present the average number of pupils to a teacher in the elementary schools is about forty-three. Unfortunately, this average, as is generally the case with averages, is deceptive. In many outlying parts of the city, where population is sparse, the classes are small. In more densely populated sections, such as the lower East Side of Manhattan and the Brownsville district in Brooklyn, classes are very large. Some teachers have charge of fifty or even sixty pupils, and there are cases where we find sixty-five. Bad as is this state of affairs, it is a great improvement over conditions within my own recollection. I have seen the time, in Brooklyn, when there were hundreds of classes with over seventy pupils, and when even one hundred was not uncommon. While these extraordinary registers have passed away, I trust forever, the health and happiness of thousands of children are menaced in classes that have even fifty pupils. There are only 1,500 minutes in the school week. If we deduct 300 for opening exercises, recesses, and physical training, we have only 1,200 remaining for instruction. In a class of fifty, therefore, each pupil may speak or read separately for only twenty-four minutes a week, or less than five a day. It is obvious that under such conditions work cannot be thorough. One of our crying needs is for more individual instruction. In a very large class such instruction is out of the question. The reduction of all classes, so that no teacher shall have more than forty pupils—even that is not ideal—I place foremost among imperative reforms. To effect this change an expenditure of $1,500,000 per annum, for salaries of teachers at present rates, to say nothing of the cost of the new buildings for additional classrooms, would be required. When, however, we consider that a large proportion of our pupils are born abroad and cannot speak English when they enter upon school work, that the great majority of children must go to work at fourteen, and that their health, happiness, and economic value due to better education would be vastly improved, the reform would seem cheap at the price.

II.—CHANGES IN THE COMPULSORY EDUCATION LAW.

The reduction of the number of pupils to a teacher naturally brings me to consider the compulsory education law. This law, which was enacted in practically its present form about twelve years ago, now seems defective in several respects:

(1.) While it provides for the punishment of parents who do not send their children to school, it lays the penalty chiefly upon the child. The law recently adopted in Illinois follows the more reasonable plan of holding parents and guardians to a strict accountability. The difference between the effect of the New York compulsory education law and that of Illinois is shown by the number of parents fined or imprisoned during the past year. In New York the number fined was 39; imprisoned, 4. In Chicago, the number fined was 532; imprisoned, 59. It has been said that so few parents are punished in New York because police magistrates do not sympathize with the objects of the law, and, some would venture to say, fear to offend possible voters. For instance, the number of parents arrested in New York at the instance of truant officers was last year 262, while only 43 were punished. Doubtless, the assertion contains some truth. I believe, however, that the trouble lies not so much with the magistrates as with the law.

(2.) The compulsory school age is now from eight to fourteen for all children, and from fourteen to sixteen in the case of children not engaged in legal employment. I believe it would be greatly to the advantage of this community, and indeed of all communities, if the legal age were reduced to seven. Even the most zealous advocate of delayed school instruction will admit that a child's brain and body are sufficiently developed at seven to endure the strain. The recent school census shows that of children between seven and eight about 19,000 are not attending school; of children between six and seven, 33,000; between five and six, 50,000. Under our local regulations children under six, if admitted at all, must be placed in a kindergarten. It would probably not be wise to attempt to force all children between six and seven to attend school. There can be no question, however, of the wisdom of requiring children between seven and eight to attend. A year of school instruction at this critical period may mean the difference between success and failure in after life.

III.—HIGH-SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.

The great weakness of the public high schools is that so many students leave before graduation, particularly during the first year. For this exodus many causes are assigned. The hard necessity of earning money is undoubtedly the controlling motive with a majority. There are many others, however, to whom this reason does not apply. Some have not ability to cope with high-school studies, and naturally fall by the way. Others are bewildered for a time and too often demoralized by an atmosphere very different from that of the elementary school. In the elementary school the teacher stands close to the pupil and helps him over most of his difficulties; in the high school the teacher stands more aloof and throws the pupil more on his own resources. The latter finds the required home study exceedingly heavy. Too often, particularly in the case of the children from tenement houses, of whom we have vast numbers in our high schools, there is no spot at home for uninterrupted study. The kitchen, which is at once the dining room and living room of a large family, is the only place. Hence many such children soon become disheartened and leave. For the sake of these children I have recommended to the Board of Education that the high-school buildings should be kept open in the afternoon, and that pupils should be permitted to remain to study. Teachers of special ability should be assigned to the task of supervision and assistance. In support of this recommendation I have used the following argument:

The advantages of this plan are manifold. It will utilize the school buildings more fully than at present. It will secure to each pupil favorable conditions for study. It will enable him to obtain needed advice and assistance from those best able to give advice and assistance—his teachers. It will afford the teachers an opportunity, through private conference, to obtain an insight into the character of their pupils which they could not gain in any other way, and so will react favorably on the work of the classroom, and, lastly, it may be put into operation at a very slight cost.

Yet with all these possible advantages, there is still the great difficulty: our highly specialized schools—commercial schools and manual training schools—are not used to the best advantage. Pupils who have no natural aptitude for mechanics often go to manual training high schools, and pupils who have no natural ability in literary or scientific directions take the literary and scientific courses. The children themselves who are between fourteen and fifteen when they enter high school are, it need not be said, quite unfit to make a rational choice. In such a matter parents are often as helpless as their children. To whom, then, can these children turn for guidance in a step which has such important and far-reaching consequences? We must, I believe, call upon principals and teachers in elementary schools to assume a large share of this responsibility. The elementary course is now so arranged as to develop whatever natural talents a boy may possess. If he has shown special ingenuity in the use of tools in the shop-work class in the elementary school, he should be encouraged to go to the manual training high school. If he has evinced ability in literature he should be advised to take the regular high school course, and so on. Probably no economic waste is so great as that involved in setting people to do work for which they are not fitted. It is time, then, that the elementary teachers and supervisors took up this burden of directing their pupils.

IV.—MORE WORKSHOPS, KITCHENS, AND KINDERGARTENS.

I have said that the course of study in the elementary schools is now so arranged as to develop whatever talents a boy or girl may possess. Theoretically there are kindergartens for children under the age of six, in which a child's self-activity is directed in appropriate channels. For girls there are sewing and cooking; for boys there is workshop practice in the use of wood-working tools, and in the making of useful and ornamental articles. Unfortunately, however, not nearly all the elementary schools are provided with these equipments. They are to be found in all newer buildings, but in many older buildings they are still conspicuous by their absence. We have 549 kindergartens, but 109 schools containing children of the first-year grade are still unprovided with kindergartens; 113 grammar schools for girls have no cooking rooms, and 118 grammar schools for boys, no workshops. Obviously, then, one of the great needs is that all schools should have this equipment at the earliest possible moment. It is essential not only for the proper education of eye and hand, as well as of mind, but also for disclosure of the child's nature to himself and to his teachers. It is only when a child's talents have been discovered through the work of the elementary schools that he can make an intelligent choice of his work in the high school or that his teachers can give him sound advice.

V.—SCHOOLS FOR DEFECTIVE CHILDREN.

For some years past the Board of Education has been establishing classes for children who are mentally defective. Re-

cently this undertaking has been reorganized, and is now proceeding along lines which will, we trust, render it highly efficient. The effort, however, to provide for children who are physically defective is still only in its infancy. We have taken over two small schools for cripples, and supplied teachers, to the great advantage of the children in these schools; and we bave organized one class for cripples in a public school building. A project is now under consideration to establish a school for the deaf and dumb. We also hope at an early date to organize a school for the blind. The parents of physically afflicted children are placed in a most unfortunate position. For the training and instruction of such children there are schools in which large fees are charged. There are schools of a similar character which are purely charity organizations. The man of moderate means cannot afford to send a child to the former and he feels humiliated by sending him to the latter; and yet the child who lacks some of his physical powers has just as much right to an education as the child who has them all; indeed, he has an even better right, because through physical infirmity he has a smaller chance of making his way in the world and becoming self-supporting. It would seem, therefore, to be the duty of the public school authorities to make ample provision for children who are suffering from physical infirmities. Otherwise such children are denied the right secured to them by the State Constitution—the right to an education at the expense of the State.

VI.—PHYSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

Up to a comparatively recent date the Health Department of the city, in its examinations of school children, confined its energy to the detection of contagious disease, and to the temporary exclusion of pupils suffering from such disease. Except in Manhattan, the work of the Health Department in the schools is still so limited. When Dr. E. J. Lederle was commissioner of health a beginning was made in the examination of children in Manhattan to discover defects which retard physical development and intellectual progress. Under Dr. Thomas Darlington this work has been continued and extended. During the year 1906, 78,401 children were examined; and the following are some of the results:

No. of cases of bad nutrition	4,921
No of cases of enlarged anterior glands	29,177
No. of cases of enlarged posterior glands	8,664
No. of cases of chorea	1,380
No. of cases of cardiac disease	1,096
No. of cases of pulmonary disease	757
No. of cases of skin disease	1,558
No. of cases of deformed spine	424
No. of cases of deformed chest	261
No. of cases of deformed extremities	550
No. of cases of defective vision	17,928
No. of children of defective hearing	869
No. of children of defective nasal breathing	11,314
No. of children of defective teeth	39,597
No. of children of deformed palate	831
No. of children of hypertrophied tonsils	18,306
No. of children of posterior nasal growths	9,438
No. of children of defective mentality	1,857

The total number found to require medical or surgical treatment was 56,259, out of 78,401 examined. The great majority requiring treatment were among those backward in studies, from one to five years behind the grade to which, on account of age, they would naturally belong. Experience has amply demonstrated that when a child is intractable or deficient, and is at the same time suffering from a removable physical cause, the removal of that cause almost immediately works a wonderful change, both in deportment and ability. If any way could be devised by which all children suffering from the maladies reported by the Health Department could have proper medical and surgical treatment, not only would such children be enormously benefited, but the present school facilities could be utilized to much better advantage. In all the tenement-house neighborhoods the schools are congested by children who are away beyond the normal age for their grades. Any plan that would advance these children more rapidly would add enormously to the seating capacity of our schools, and enable us to reduce the size of classes. I have recommended to the Board of Education two plans for at least partly relieving these bad conditions: (1) The establishment of lunch-rooms in which simple and nutritious food would be sold at cost price, because malnutrition is indubitably the original cause of most of the physical defects; (2) the furnishing of eye-glasses to children of defective vision. The latter suggestion is now under consideration by the Board of Education. It seems folly to supply books to children who cannot read them or to place children in classrooms when they cannot see what is written or drawn on the blackboard. If the sight is defective, the child is hopelessly handicapped. The expenditure of a few thousand dollars for glasses would enable thousands of children who are now unable to do their school work to stand on the same level with their fellows.

The argument is frequently advanced that the furnishing of eye-glasses and the provision of medical and surgical attendance should be left to parents. Unfortunately, however, only a small percentage of the parents whose children are suffering have taken the necessary action. For instance, fifty boys were recently examined in one of our truant schools; thirty-three were suffering from physical defects which were retarding their progress and were probably the cause of the restlessness that had led to truancy. In every instance the parents were requested to have the necessary operations performed, and were told of hospitals and dispensaries in which these operations could be performed without expense in case they could not afford to pay. In only one case was the advice taken. The other boys continue to suffer. They are being punished for truancy for which they are not morally responsible; they are prevented from using the advantages which the city provides. Their usefulness in after life will be seriously impaired; in all probability many of them will become criminals; and yet it is reasonably certain that a slight surgical operation would change their whole course of life and set them on the high road to health and happiness. De Quincey in his incomparable autobiographical sketches, shows how a brutal beating inflicted upon his gifted brother at school drove him forth a wanderer on the face of the earth: and how he himself, through lack of a dose of calomel at a critical moment, was estranged from his family, and so weakened in his will power that he became the most renowned of all the victims of opium. So small a thing may affect in childhood the life of a human body and soul.

I have stated that the examinations for physical defects made by the Department of Health are conducted only in Manhattan. That Department has not yet found means to conduct similar examinations in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond. Enough has been done, however, to show that such examinations should be made regularly and thoroughly, and that some means should be adopted to cure the defects discovered. I raise the question whether the examination for physical defects, as distinguished from the examination for contagious disease, should not be placed under control of the Board of Education with sufficient funds to make the work general and effective.

VII.—MORE MONEY.

All of the projects described above will require considerable money. A bill now before the Legislature provides that over $6,000,000 per annum, in addition to what is already paid the teachers, shall be devoted solely to increasing their salaries. I have always stood for liberal pay for teachers. I believe that the time has come when the salaries should be raised. If, however, this mandatory legislation is passed, it will inevitably mean that money for necessary improvements and necessary equipment will not be forthcoming, because the budget for salaries will be so large. The interests of the children demand that not all of the possible increase shall go into the pockets of the teachers.

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first printed account of the settlement on James River, made in April, 1607, the three hundredth anniversary of which is now being celebrated, was a thin quarto by John Smith, "A True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia," London, 1608. It was probably a letter, as it begins "Kinde Sir," but to whom it was addressed is not now known. It gives an account of affairs in the colony from the first landing, April 26, 1607, to June 2, 1608. It was entered at Stationers Hall on August 13, 1608, by "John Tappe, printer and William Welby bookseller at the sign of the Greyhound, in Paules Churchyard." It is a book of great rarity; and among the few copies known there are no less than four varieties. These do not represent four distinct editions, but show only that the title-page was four times printed. The one which seems to be the earliest issue states that the "Relation" was "Written by a Gentleman of the said Collony"; the second issue was "Written by Thos. Watson, Gent."; the third was "Written by Captaine Smith one of the said Collony"; and the fourth was "Written by Captaine Smith Coronell of the said Collony." Some copies have two pages of preface lacking in others. This preface "To the Courteous Reader" is signed "I. H.," probably the editor's initials. In it he says:

> Some of the bookes were printed under the name of Thomas Watson, by whose occasion I know not unlesse it were the over rashnesse, or mistaking of the workmen, but since having learned that the saide discourse was written by Captaine Smith, who is one of the Counsell there in Virginia: I thought good to make the like Apollogie.

It therefore seems likely that the two earlier issues are perfect without the leaf of Preface, but that the two forms with Smith's name on the title-page, are imperfect without it. Twelve copies are known. The Lenox Library has three copies, the first, third, and fourth varieties; the British Museum, two, both with the Watson title; the New York Historical Society, two; the John Carter Brown Library, Harvard University, and the Boston Public Library, each one. The last mentioned brought $570 in the Barlow sale in 1890. The Deane copy, which brought $1,450 on March 31, 1898, is in a private library in New York, and presumably the Ouvry-Kalbfleisch-Lefferts copy is also in private hands.

Bertram Dobell, the London bookseller, has printed an interesting "Catalogue of Books Printed for Private Circulation." This class of books, the circulation of which is restricted to the friends of the authors, or to a limited number of subscribers, has not yet received much attention from bibliographers. The only important work in English, Martin's "Catalogue of Books Privately Printed," which includes, also, the publications of literary societies, was first issued in 1834, a second edition appearing twenty years later. Such books are, as a class, extremely difficult to trace, or to assemble. Mr. Dobell's list includes only books which he has owned himself during the last twenty years. He lists numerous books printed before 1854, which were unknown to Martin, but the major part of his two thousand or more titles are books printed since the last edition of Martin. Besides the title and collation, there is for almost every item an interesting note, telling something of the book and its contents. Although Mr. Dobell at one time owned those two little plays for which Thackeray furnished the illustrations, "King Glumpus," 1837, and "The Exquisites," 1839, they are not included; nor does he mention any of the privately printed Tennyson booklets, the most important of which was "The Lover's Tale," 1832. Mrs. Browning's first publication, "The Battle of Marathon," of which fifty copies were printed in 1820 by her father, is another rare volume, which might have been included. The only American book which we have noticed (although there may be a few others) is Henry M. Field's "History of the Atlantic Telegraph, to the Return of the Expedition of 1865," New York, 1866, an edition which is not mentioned by Sabin. The first American privately printed book is by John Eliot, the translator of the Bible into Indian, Cambridge, Marmaduke Johnson, 1665. It is a small sixteenmo of thirty-eight pages, with a title, too long to transcribe in full: "Communion of Churches by the Ordinance of Councils, Constituted in Order According to the Scriptures." Only three copies are known: One, uncut, with manuscript notes in the margins, supposed to be by Eliot himself, which brought $155 in the Menzies sale, November, 1876, is now in a private library in New York; Brinley's copy, which brought $110, March, 1879, is now in the Lenox Library; the third copy is in the Bodleian.

On April 29, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers a miscellaneous collection, containing an unusual lot of about one hundred and sixty volumes of American poetry, mostly by minor authors. An especially interesting volume is the copy of George W. Kendall's "Narrative of the Texan Santa Fé Expedition," which the author presented to Charles Lever, with the autograph inscription saying that he "had beguiled many hours of imprisonment" in a Mexican hospital "by perusing and reperusing 'Charles O'Malley.'" On May 1, 2, and 3, they sell a collection containing an extensive series of Lincolniana. A copy of W. D. Howells's first book, "Poems of Two Friends," Columbus, 1860, is included.

Correspondence.

ENTRANCE ENGLISH REQUIREMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: From one source and another much adverse criticism has been directed against the syllabus in English of the College Entrance Examination Board and against the papers set upon this syllabus. Particular fault has been found with the lists of books prescribed for reading and for study. That they please no one is to be expected. The discontent is due to the way in which these lists are made. To prepare them, delegates from our leading educational organizations meet every few years. Each delegate brings to the convention an ideal of his own. Those of a practical turn would like a college entrance requirement, the preparation for which would supply directly the immediate needs of students of the community which they represent. Hence the views of delegates from large cities offer a marked contrast to those of delegates from the country. Representatives from schools, most of the pupils of which pass after graduation into college, aim at a course such as will fit closely into that of the freshman year. Other teachers look for books affording a rich fund of general information. Others still wish books around which can be woven a history of the English language and literature. Others again desire lists offering the largest possible number of representative literary types. Then, too, one teacher prefers a small number of books, each worthy of close study; whereas another demands a larger number suitable only for discursive reading. Obviously, views so divergent can be combined in no one requirement. The result is—and under like circumstances always will be—a compromise that in its entirety pleases no one, and that fits with exactness the needs of no locality. Faulty as the present College Entrance Examination Board's lists may appear, they are, nevertheless, a fair patchwork of the opinions of teachers the country over.

The foregoing statements account for the absence from the lists of many books for which there may be a local demand, and for the inclusion of others against which sharp criticism has recently been directed. The absence of certain books should, however, embarrass no one; for the board urges teachers to introduce their classes to much literature entirely outside the minimum requirements for examination. As a matter of fact, such reading is largely carried on in our best secondary schools, not merely through the school library or public library, but as regular class work. In some institutions pupils read thirty books or more over and above those required.

As to a number of the books that have come in for strong condemnation, the criticism arises from an incomplete realization of the task facing the teacher of English. For example, the De Coverley Papers, in the *Spectator*, the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Rape of the Lock," and Burke's "Speech on Conciliation" are censured as lacking in appeal to the primary emotions—as devoid of strength and vitality. Now, experience shows that under the guidance of able teachers, pupils do get from these books much of value. The worth of a book lies not alone in its immediate appeal, due to its richness in images, its absorbing and voluptuous qualities. While making no such claim upon the fugitive interests of the young, a book may yet commend itself to class use by reason of its important array of facts, its structure, its style, its eminence among books of a certain type, its noble lessons. In one way or another, each of the acknowledged masterpieces named above contributes its share to the mental and spiritual uplift of our pupils. Teachers of English are concerned not so much with catering to the present tastes of their pupils as with equipping them for their ultimate life needs. Only by means of literature of proved worth can an even partially successful struggle be waged against the prevailing taste for the evanescent, the flashy, and vulgar periodical and journalistic literature of the day. Thousands of boys and girls of our secondary schools have no opportunity to browse in a substantial "father's library." But a small percentage will ever receive further formal instruction. It is of these, not of the privileged few who will attend college, that the teacher must think. The comparatively few books read in school must, then, serve the pupil as standards for future guidance. Through contact with them, he must be enabled later in life, in some small way, to select for his reading what is good, to reject what is bad, and to form judgments about what he himself writes along serious lines. Moreover, from them he must derive his sole knowledge of many of the bare facts of life and of many of the basic elements of the civilization of England and of America.

A word remains to be said in reply to the objections raised against a certain type of question set by the College Entrance Examination Board. The charge is made that examinees cannot successfully cope with questions calling for a knowledge of character portrayal, because the ability to frame adequate answers is beyond the power of the trained adult. Therein critics err. It is entirely possible for any adult with a good modern high-school training to answer such questions after a fresh perusal of the book upon which the questions are set. In the second place, that sort of question is entirely proper. The distinguishing feature of many, if not of most, great novels and plays is portrayal of character. It is, therefore, an essential part of an English teacher's work, to study with his class the subject of character development. Not to do so, would be to ignore an author's initial purpose. If such be a proper phase of instruction, why should questions upon character be barred from the examination

paper? Behind the objections seems to lie the idea that an examination paper must present only topics upon which pupils can write in a facile and interesting manner. This would be a narrow ideal for an examination framed with regard to prevailing tendencies in this country. Unfortunate though it be, it is nevertheless a fact that the general character of work done in schools is determined largely by the examinations the pupils must ultimately face. Were the tests to demand only a bare acquaintance with the main features of the books, pupils would give little attention to work in English. With big classes, with inadequate facilities for meeting the needs of the individual, with a constantly increasing foreign element to instruct, with an intensified curriculum operating side by side with growing pressure to "pass up" as many pupils as possible, and with a multiplication of extra-scholastic forms of activity, the teacher of English has his hands full to get even mediocre results. This being so, it is difficult to see how under a uniform system of examinations a better kind of test can be devised.

As a new subject in the high-school curriculum, English instruction is still in the experimental stage. Whatever help can be given toward framing the ideal course of study and the ideal examination will be most welcome. In place of mere destructive criticism those who have so freely discussed the syllabus and examination papers of the College Entrance Examination Board are, therefore, urged to lend constructive aid (a) by opening up the whole question of the advisability of uniformity; or (b) by suggesting a uniform list of books to be acceptable to all; or (c) by suggesting a new type of examination paper, such as shall at once lend itself to easy, graceful writing, shall demand of pupils an all-around training, and shall preclude the evils of "cram" preparation.

THEODORE C. MITCHILL.

Boys' High School, Brooklyn, April 10.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH IN THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some ten years now certain publicists of the South, supported by the best of Northern journals, and not a few Southern leaders of thought, have waged a ceasless warfare for freedom of speech. Justification and apology for such work are hardly necessary when one remembers how many and what serious obstacles were, and still are, in the way. The South accustomed itself to denying this essential condition of democratic government during the days of slavery; and the presence of the negro among us even now reconciles many to this abnormal state of things. Younger Southerners, teachers especially, have recognized that the restoration of absolute freedom of speech and of the press is the first step toward the emancipation of our section from the trammels of a bygone age. The opening of college halls to men who represent opposing sides of important questions, the fair and frank discussion in college classes of even the "forbidden subject" of possible race amalgamation, and the publication of magazines and newspaper articles have been the forms of this work. E. Gardner Murphy of Alabama, the late Chancellor Hill of Georgia, Prof. Andrew Sledd of Florida, and Prof. John Spencer Bassett of North Carolina have been the leaders of this younger school of Southerners. They have done the South and the country a service which ought not soon to be forgotten, for whether the negro problem is any nearer a settlement or not, they have taught us to reason dispassionately about a subject which lies close to the heart of every intelligent and patriotic man.

A little more than ten years ago public schools for all were not popular in the older Southern States, such, for example, as Virginia and the Carolinas. Some twenty years ago a young man from Baltimore, fresh from the German universities, Edward E. Sheib by name, began in Louisiana an agitation for better public schools, and for the training of public teachers by professional pedagogists. He cauvassed the State county by county, and aroused an enthusiasm and zeal which spread to other States, and ere long touched the whole South. Masterly men like Drs. Alderman and McIver crystallized this zeal for improvement into permanent forms. The administration of the Peabody funds was all the while available, and everywhere used with such wisdom that it was not difficult for outside philantbropists to organize in the fulness of time the so-called Ogden movement. The colleges which had, as a rule, held aloof now mobilized their forces and contributed to the new cause speakers and leaders whose names are known throughout tbe land. Incalculable good has been done. Wealthy men have been induced to contribute to the necessary funds, and Southern schools and colleges have been put on a new footing; every educator of this great section of our common country faces the future with confidence. Universal education is now popular; compulsory school laws no longer produce hideous nightmares in the minds of country legislators. Thus a second barrier to our progress has been broken down.

The great democratic churches, the Methodist and the Baptist, have felt the force of these new teachings. Religious papers have ceased to demand a rigid adherence to outworn creeds; heresy hunting is no longer a popular occupation; men of the most liberal views on matters of creed now occupy the first pulpits of the South; witness the Rev. W. M. Vines of Norfolk, Va., and Dr. John E. White of Atlanta, Ga. At the last general meeting of the Southern Methodist Church in Birmingham the liberal movement within this powerful organization took form. A committee was appointed after a most encouraging debate to restate the beliefs of the Church in such a way as to bring its dogmas into harmony with the best thought of the age. The more conservative churches, the Episcopal and the Presbyterian, though taking no public stand, are not less profoundly responsive to the modern spirit. It is with increasing difficulty that a heretic can be brought to trial, though in outward form these, as well as the other great communions, are truly conservative, slow to put on the new raiment.

But while these strongholds of retrogression have been taken, others have been erected which cover just as dangerous and even more insidious attacks upon individual and community liberty. For more than forty years the South has welcomed the incoming capitalist. Realizing what a power she exerted on national affairs when four million slaves were but concentrated wealth, the South has since 1865 offered every possible inducement to capital from the East and from Europe. Monopolies of many kinds have been freely voted by unsuspecting Legislatures. The result is a newer and milder form of slavery. The beneficiaries of many concessions have wormed their way into the steering committees of the two great political parties, have found places on college boards of control, and now threaten both legislator and teacher who speak the truth about their doings. In Virginia the names of four railway counsellors of high rank appear on the roll of the executive committee of the Democratic party; in North Carolina the American Tobacco Company was able to name the delegates to the last Republican National Convention; and in order to break the hold of J. P. Morgan on Georgia the radical wing of the Democratic party felt constrained to appeal once again to the ever-present race hatred.

Thus while we go forward with one foot we are drawn backward with the other. College faculties and other groups of influential men speak freely enough on the race question and violate the terms of antiquated creeds but never a word of criticism, at least in the old South, against the new industrial slavery which is gradually taking the place of negro servitude. A college president of good standing recently said, "Well, people may say what they choose about the encroachments of corporations. I, for one, shall not discuss the subject." In two large State institutions with which the writer is acquainted scarcely any interest whatsoever is manifested in election contests. One professor said outright that he did not agree with the party in power but it was not safe for him to vote his convictions. There is not in all the Southern States, between the Potomac and the Mississippi, a chair of political science; and the interest in sound instruction on political subjects is so weak that there is no agitation anywhere for the establishment of such departments. And instead of encouraging advance along these lines the so-called Ogden influence indirectly discourages it. Not one of the colleges that has profited by this new movement, not one whose officials affiliated with Mr. Ogden and his board, has done anything to encourage freedom of speech on economic subjects. An excellent institution whose faculty lays especial emphasis on the utmost freedom of opinion on the race question has never said a word about the scandalous bribery and tyrannical conduct of certain great corporations operating under its very nose. The editor of a particularly able Southern magazine recently refused to publish an article from one of its regular contributors: the rejected manuscript was an arraignment of present industrial abuses in the South.

The General Educational Board of New York and the subsidiary Southern Education Board proclaim the greatest freedom of speech; but none of their members, with the notable exceptions of Albert Shaw and George F. Peabody, and none of their supporters in the South have ever found it possible to condemn publicly the methods of

Mr. Rockefeller, their great benefactor. This is distinctly discouraging to those who have hoped still for better things, who even now wage a steady warfare against backwardness and deeply entrenched tradition. How can we ever bring our people to the highest level of civilization, to real productivity in statesmanship, in letters and the arts, when a great field of activity is closed against investigation on the part of college men, when colleges unanimously decline to entertain any opinions on these subjects. If one great theme is tabooed why not the others? And if Southern colleges fear to speak their minds or fail to find their voices, who will take the lead toward the complete and more perfect freedom?

These are Southern conditions; in calling attention to them the author does not mean to imply that Northern colleges are freer from the blighting influence of special interests. Indeed, it would seem that we have no such thing as academic freedom in America, and there are not a few who openly assert that such is the case. But in the old South, where such remarkable changes are taking place and where complete freedom of discussion is so absolutely essential in the face of extraordinary difficulties, it does seem that all our forces making for progress might be united in the great cause.

WM. E. DODD.

Randolph-Macon College, Ashland, Va., April 15.

THE HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Is not the time ripe for the attentions of thoughtful men, and in particular members of the legal profession, to be directed to the abuses of the "hypothetical question?" In theory the question is a valuable tool. Its purpose is to spread before the medical expert in an abstract form, wholly divested of complicity, or such extraneous matter as would tend to sway the emotions or on the other hand develop a bias, certain essential conditions that have been proved to exist in the case before the court. Based upon this array of facts, in conjunction with his special knowledge, the medical expert is expected to produce "an opinion." It has developed into custom and is ordinarily expected that this opinion be delivered without delay.

Though it is true that the verdict of the jury should be derived from the consideration of facts; yet as the opinion of the expert is of necessity on matters upon which judge, jury, and counsel have little or no knowledge, and is submitted for the purpose of illuminating a subject that would otherwise remain obscure, it follows that the "hypothetical question" (and its answer, the "opinion" of the expert) is in truth part of the assets upon which the jury must draw in formulating its verdict, and should be as scientifically accurate, as concise and as simple, as is feasible under the inherent difficulties of the situation. From this obviously same point the "hypothetical question" has been permitted to roam a great distance. As a matter of fact, it often serves as an occasion for browbeating on the part of counsel, and its practical effect is usually to obscure the main scientific issue by extravagant intricacies of verbosity. As a choice example, the press credits W. T. Jerome, in the current Thaw trial, with a "question" which consumed one hour and eighteen minutes in the reading.

In addition to the brow-beating, above noted, it is not to be denied that only too often the purpose of the "question" is not to arrive at definite and scientific conclusions; but, violently wrested from its rightful sphere, it is employed to confuse and befuddle the witness into committing himself to categoric statements, to be later shown either conflicting or impossible. Though the witness is privileged to demand a clear exposition of each part of the question, yet the fact remains that the artificial atmosphere generated by counsel and only too frequently permitted by the presiding judge, tends to invalidate the opinion and throw discredit on the man who demands explanation or time for consideration. Nor is the recent statement of a personal friend, a learned ex-judge—"so far as that goes, doctor, *the expert witness is expected to be qualified to answer these hypothetical questions without delay, for the reason that he is an expert*"—beyond criticism. For a fool can ask in five minutes what a wise man cannot answer in five hours; and it is common knowledge that, according to a universal and time-honored custom, attorneys reserve the right to "consult the authorities" and withhold "an opinion" until adequate consideration of these sources has been acquired.

My colleagues may be flattered by the delicacy of such a compliment and the knowledge of the esteem in which their opinion is held by members of the legal profession. But the delicacy would be enhanced and truth and justice be more surely attained if the "questions" were employed solely for legitimate ends, and the ideas of counsel clothed in a becomingly modest verbiage, free from an assumption of profundity that presses hard the pronouncements of a Mary Baker Eddy. At present the expert offers judge and jury practically nothing of value, and his evidence is regarded but lightly.

The truth is that the system of expert medical testimony, as employed in our courts to-day, is non-scientific and wholly inconclusive, and should be subjected to immediate and drastic alteration.

NORVELLE WALLACE SHARPE.

St. Louis, April 11.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your notice of Mrs. Jerrold's "Vittoria Colonna," in your issue of April 11, recalls an interesting article on Vittoria Colonna attributed to T. A. Trollope and published in a cheap reprint entitled "Lives of Celebrated Women." The article perhaps impressed me unduly because of my lack of knowledge of the subject, but it certainly presents a very clear and concise account of the life of the poetess and introduces several selections from her sonnets written in memory of her husband, giving them in the original and also in good translation. Then the writer passes on to her religious sonnets, giving selections from them in the same way and taking a broad-minded and philosophic view of the religion and politics of the distinguished woman who was not censured by the Church for her Protestant poetry and who did not feel obliged to leave the Church for having written into her sonnets doctrine for which fellow reformers were condemned and went into exile.

I should be glad to learn how Trollope's sketch is valued by others acquainted with the subject. S. W. HATHEWAY.

Boston, April 17.

AN EARLIER TIRYNS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Readers of the *Nation* will doubtless be interested in the announcement which has just reached me from Nauplia that Dr. Dörpfeld, who has been making further excavations at Tiryns this spring, has found an older, prehistoric city on that site underneath the one which Schliemann excavated. The newly-discovered city had none of the extensive system of galleries and fortifications which are most characteristic of the later city. In this particular at least it would seem to approach the Cretan palaces at Cnossus and Phæstus. Naturally not much is yet known about "Tiryns I.," but archæologists will hope that the excavations, which cannot be completed this year, will soon be resumed for the light the discoveries may be expected to throw on the relations existing between the Minoan and the Mycenæan States.

OLIVER M. WASHBURN.

The University of Chicago, April 20.

Notes.

J. D. M. Ford, just appointed to the Smith professorship of Romance languages at Harvard, is writing the volume on "The Novel" for Prof. W. A. Neilson's Types of English Literature Series, to be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Macmillan Company has in press two more volumes of Lord Acton's remains, edited by the Rev. J. N. Figgis and R. V. Laurence.

Fleming H. Revell Company will soon have ready for publication a volume of sermons by Dr. Charles F. Aked, to be called "The Courage of the Coward."

In January of next year the faculty of the Harvard Divinity School will issue the first number of a quarterly magazine to be called the *Harvard Theological Review*. It will be edited by Profs. G. F. Moore, W. W. Fenn, and J. H. Ropes. The necessary support comes from a bequest of the late Miss Mildred Everett, who thus carries out a plan suggested by her father, Prof. C. C. Everett.

With the publication this week of the fifth volume of Plato in the Oxford Classical Texts, Prof. J. Burnet accomplishes a task that no one has undertaken since Stallbaum edited the complete works forty years ago.

The Wyclif Society, founded twenty-five years ago by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, F. D. Matthew, and the late Prof. Montagu Burrows, makes an appeal for funds to complete its edition of the reformer's works. All communications should be addressed to the secretary, Miss Dorothy G. Matthew, No. 56 Fellow Road, London, N. W.

The Buffalo Historical Society is preparing a volume of the letters and writings of President Fillmore, and desires information in regard to any MSS. which may be used for this purpose. Fillmore was one of the organizers and first president of the society.

In December, 1897, a loan exhibition of rare articles of historic interest was held at the residence of the Misses Baldwin in Bangor, Me., and among the pieces was the manuscript of "The Revolutionary Journal of Col. Jeduthan Baldwin." The De Burians, a society of bibliophiles of Bangor, have now published the Journal in excellent form, with a memoir of the writer and illustrative notes. The previous publications of the club, we may say, were "Peter Edes—Pioneer Printer in Maine, with His Diary while a Prisoner by the British in Boston just after the Battle of Bunker Hill," and "Moses Greenleaf—Maine's First Map-Maker, His List of Indian Place Names, and a Bibliography of the Maps of Maine." Col. Baldwin was at Ticonderoga and thereabouts during the contest with Burgoyne, and the most interesting portion of his Journal deals with that period.

Early in the summer the Burrows Brothers Company will reissue their "Lincoln-Douglas Debates." The new volume will be more convenient in format and lower in price.

Volumes xi. and xii. of the "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln" bring to an end a notable undertaking for a new publishing house, Francis D. Tandy Company. The eleventh volume, besides the latest of Lincoln's own writings, contains the long Bibliography compiled by Daniel Fish; the twelfth is made up of an Anthology of brief paragraphs from the letters and speeches, followed by Chronological and General Indexes. We have already called attention to the excellences of this edition, and need not now be specific. Since Lincoln's works were first published by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay in 1894, much new material has come to light, and this has been incorporated into the body of the present volumes. The text throughout has been so far as possible printed in accordance with the MSS. The first volume opens with Richard Watson Gilder's essay on "Lincoln as a Writer," which serves as a suitable introduction, and the other volumes contain a selection of memorable speeches and papers on the President. A notable feature of the work is the large number of portraits of Lincoln. Altogether, this Gettysburg edition takes its place worthily among the great editions of our statesmen.

Old newspaper correspondence is, in general, a most unpromising dish to be warmed over; and the two volumes of the "Memoirs of 'Malakoff'" (London: Hutchison & Co.) do not constitute an exception. They are made up almost entirely of the letters written from Paris to the New York *Times*, during the reign of Napoleon III., by the late William Edward Johnston, and edited by his son, Professor R. M. Johnston. Here and there an interesting passage can be found, but as a whole it is a very ordinary correspondence, of which the dry bones cannot, at this late day, be made to live.

"Mexico's Treasure-House (Guanajuato)," by Percy F. Martin, is published by the Cheltenham Press, New York, and is a full account, with many illustrations, of the mines of a region which has been pronounced more "thoroughly mineralized" than any equal portion of the globe. The description is technical and highly detailed. Perhaps the most suggestive parts of the volume are those which tell of the new methods, mostly devised by Americans, to draw fresh wealth from the old workings.

Leslie Stephen's "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," the Ford Lectures for 1903, has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons in their uniform edition of Stephen's works. The book was reviewed at length in the *Nation* of April 14, 1904, when it first appeared. The lectures, we may remind our readers, do not exhibit Stephen at his best. The subject was one with which he was thoroughly familiar; it afforded him opportunity for many passages of shrewd comment and keen analysis. And yet the whole is not so thoroughly knit together and so happily phrased as the work of his prime. For one thing, the lectures never received his final revising touch. Failing health made it impossible for him to undertake "the task of serious correction," or even of delivery. His nephew, Herbert Fisher, read them. Had Sir Leslie gone over the proofs with his usual care he would not have spoken (p. 117) of "the lecture which Henry Tilney in 'Mansfield Park' delivered to Catheriue Morland." The novel should be "Northanger Abbey."

The old black-letter ballads have an interest, and even charm, which is quite independent of any literary value—to which, indeed, very few of them can lay claim. Typography, titles, the rude woodcuts which often accompany them—all are equally quaint, and not less so is the treatment of the varied matters with which they are concerned—murders, monstrous births, contemporary public events, religious exhortation, etc. A valuable addition to this form of popular literature is the volume which has just issued from the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde), entitled "The Shirburn Ballads, 1585-1616," edited by Andrew Clark, honorary fellow of Lincoln College, from the manuscript in the library of the Earl of Macclesfield, at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire. The manuscript originally contained 257 leaves, of which about 100 have been lost, but even what remains makes up, as the editor remarks, "a singularly representative collection, embracing ballads of almost every type in circulation, and so presenting us with just the library which was found in most English households in Shakespeare's time." The pieces were evidently all transcribed in the early seventeenth century from the printed copies known as broadsides, and the majority of them have already appeared in the "Roxburghe Ballads," but even of these we have often in the present collection earlier and better texts; and, on the other hand, some of the best are printed here for the first time. Perhaps the greatest importance of the collection is that it bridges over the gap in ballad-literature between the early ballads as represented by Prof. F. J. Child's monumental work and those of the post-Restoration period. One may note among the new pieces some that have a distinct literary value, as, for instance, No. 13, entitled "The Golden God Hyperion," a charming Elizabethan pastoral, which, like No. 28, Dyer's "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is," we suspect had originally no place in the literature of the ballad-singers. Two or three of the ballads which are of interest to Shakespearean scholars, such as that on the story of Titus Andronicus or the one on Jephthah's daughter (quoted in "Hamlet"), have already appeared in print. Mr. Clark, however, fails to note that in No. 65 we have at last the "old madrigal" long ago conjectured by Malone to explain Orlando's phrase, "Wit, whither wilt," in "As You Like It." The editor has reproduced the manuscript text practically without changes. He has, moreover, prefixed to each ballad explanatory notes, and in his general introduction he has set forth the conditions under which ballads were composed and circulated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Finally, several interesting ballads of the same character as those in the Shirburn manuscript are added in an appendix from a Bodleian manuscript, viz., Rawlinson poet. 185.

In "The English Factories in India" (New York: Henry Frowde), William Foster continues for the years 1618-1621 the publication of the documents which have become familiar in the six volumes of "Letters Received by the East India Company from Its Servants in the East." Sir Thomas Roe, who wanted to go home in February, 1618, was persuaded to stay another year, for he found favor in the sight of Jahangir; he was a Joseph in the court of Pharaoh, for whose sake all his nation there seemed to fare the better. He developed a trade with Surat in the Persian Gulf beyond Ormuz, and with Mocha just inside the mouth of the Red Sea, where spices from the Bantam factory and cottons from India could be sold to the merchants from Egypt, who frequented the pilgrim ports. In these regions the Portuguese had been exacting from native junks heavy sums for protection and for permission to sail the high seas. This went against the grain of a good Englishman like Roe. He would rather take as prize a junk or two and make the natives look to the English as their protectors. "By this course wee shall hinder and bridle the Portugall of his profitts and force him to some composition with us, when hee sees wee beginn soe round a course." And he would act at once on this policy, "els the Duch wilbe beforehand and do it first, and then hee wilbe the brave man." Eastward of Cape Comorin it was the Dutch, rather than the Portuguese, who gave the English the most trouble:

> They wrong you in all parts and grow to insufferable insolences. You must speedelye looke to this maggatt; els, wee talke of the Portugall, but these will eate a woorme in your sides (p. 17).

Sir Thomas Dale, known for his energy and firmness in Virginia, was sent to the Spice Islands in 1618 with six vessels to teach the Dutch manners, but without success. He soon returned to India, and died there in August, 1619, "after maney testemoneys of good Christianety." It is not so generally known that the Danes also caught the seventeenth century Indian fever. While the English Company forbade

its servants to take out their wives with them or to marry in the country, and discouraged colonial or political settlements, the Danes sent out many women and children in their fleet of six ships in 1619; they intended to make a settlement at Ceylon, but the Portuguese soon put an end to their hopes.

The existence of any Hungarian literature worthy of study is due largely to the patriotic enthusiasm of a few writers less than a century ago. The existence of Dr. Frederick Riedl's "History of Hungarian Literature" (D. Appleton & Co.) was also due to an outburst of enthusiasm. Its editor, C. Haghorg Wright, while visiting in Budapest some years ago, was assured that if the series of Edmund Gosse's Literatures of the World could he enlarged hy a book on Magyar writers, the Hungarian Academy would commission "the ahlest exponent of Hungarian literature in Hungary to write it, and present the manuscript" to him as a gift. Professor Riedl of the University of Budapest was selected. In due time the work was completed, and was translated into English hy a Hungarian lady and her hushand, with aid from Mr. Wright, who says that he furnished all the anonymous metrical translations and revised all the other metrical translations. They certainly needed such revision, and more. Unfortunately English poets who have tried their hands at rendering Magyar verse are few, and the specimens given are for the most part very wooden. Dr. Emil Reich's "Historical and Critical Survey of Hungarian Literature" was puhlished with an excellent map not quite ten years ago. Dr. Reich was also a Hungarian, and knew what he was writing ahout. Between the two, one can get a comprehensive survey of the suhject. According to Dr. Reich the numher of Hungarian writers was then not less than 5,000. When one is informed that the Hungarian Academy is puhlishing twenty-five or thirty large volumes of the letters only of Kazinczy Férenc, who in his zeal to rejuvenate the ancient Magyar tongue added a multitude of new words, more than 6,000 of which remain a permanent acquisition; and that the characters represented in Jokai Mor's novels would "line a street for more than a mile"; and that these are only two of a multitude of most prolific poets and novelists—one realizes that a thorough knowledge of this literature is an impossihility. Professor Riedl's book is certainly more interesting than its rather text-hookish appearance would indicate. There are a good many entertaining anecdotes, some clever recapitulations, and a vast amount of out-of-the-way information. There are a few misprints, and it would have heen a distinct addition had the editor seen fit to append a key to the pronunciation of the difficult names and words that occur.

Some time ago, in reviewing M. Fernand Baldensperger's admirahle study of Goethe's literary influence, "Goethe en France" (Paris: Hachette), we called attention to the fact that its charm was enhanced hy the ahsence of all critical apparatus, which the author preferred to puhlish separately for the henefit of specialists. This apparatus has now heen brought out by the same puhlishers, under the title of "Bihliographie critique de Goethe en France," and will prove invaluable to students of French literature in the nineteenth century. The bibliographical material is arranged in accordance with the divisions of the original book, and is adequately annotated. The work thus completed is a significant contribution to the ever-increasing study of comparative literature.

The editor of the *Revue de Paris*, Victor Bérard, repuhlishes in book form a number of articles on the relations of France and Germany since the Morocco Conference. His title is "La France et Guillaume II." (Paris: Colin), and his thesis is that economic interests and hank negotiations have been the underlying factors around which French and German diplomacy have struggled. He contrasts the policy of M. Delcassé, a statesman of the older school, with that of M. Rouvier, a practical expert in questions of banking and finance. He dwells complacently on the weakness of Germany in raw material and capital resources. He suggests, where he does not state, the action of the French hankers in bringing Spain into line with the policy of the republic, and of the French Government in restraining the investment of French capital for the Bagdad railway and other near-East German operations for which Berlin cannot find the money. The book is hrilliantly written and will repay perusal.

A German jurist of distinction, Dr. Paul Herr, has just published a work entitled "Das Moderne Amerikanische Besserungssystem" (Berlin: Kohlhammer), in which he describes the methods employed in the United States for the moral improvement of youthful criminals by juvenile courts and reformatories. He dwells particularly on the organization and efficiency of the institution at Elmira. The volume contains the results of the author's personal ohservations and investigations in this country, and he now seeks to have the same system in its essential features introduced into Germany.

The annual report of the Michigan Library Commission notes as the important feature of its work during the past year, the establishment, in each of the normal schools of the State, of training classes in library science and usage. The ohject of these courses is to give the teachers of the rural schools, who are generally the custodians of the school libraries, the elementary training which will enahle them to use and to help pupils to use these libraries intelligently. All who complete the course receive credentials, certifying that the holders are qualified "to select hooks and manage small libraries that may come under their care."

For several years there has heen an exchange of language teachers hetween several secondary schools in France and in Germany, nearly all of these in institutions on the border. A leading Berlin journal reports that the Prussian educational authorities have under consideration such an exchange for the practical acquisition of foreign tongues between Germany and some American colleges. Something of this nature was introduced in the Berlin University during the recent Easter vacation, when douhle *Ferienkurse* were held, the lectures and practical exercises heing conducted hy Englishmen, the whole in charge of the English lector at the university, F. Sefton Delmer, who himself lectured on Dickens and his times. All the work was in the English language.

Theodor Aufrecht, the Sanskritist, died, in his eighty-seventh year, at Bonn, April 3, just "three years and three days" (an orthodox Hindu interval) after the great lexicographer, Boehtlingk. Aufrecht's death marks the close of the second great epoch in the history of Indian studies in the Occident. The founders, Sir William Jones, Colehrooke, Bopp,—these have long been gone; and now, at last, of the men who were most illustrious in the second half of the last century, Boehtlingk, Roth, Weber, Max Müller, Whitney, not one is left. Aufrecht was of the type, now rare, in which special knowledge of Sanskrit was comhined with great learning in comparative grammar; most people have forgotten that what has for half a century heen called Kuhn's "Zeitschrift" was originally (1851) Kuhn and Aufrecht's; and the monumental volume on the Umhrian language ("Umhrische Sprachdenkmäler") was the joint work of Kirchhoff with Aufrecht. His chief claim to distinction will doubtless be the fact that he was the first to puhlish the "Rig-Veda" in its entirety, although Müller's edition with the native scholia was hegun and partly issued years hefore Aufrecht's. There is no man living (and we would not except even the native scholars of India) who has examined and read and catalogued so many manuscripts of India as Aufrecht has done. His "Catalogus Catalogorum" is a vast repertory of information ahout the titles and authors of the immense mass of works that form the Sanskrit literature.

André Theuriet, the French novelist and poet, died on Tuesday. He was horn in 1833, a native of Marly-le-Roi. He studied at Bar-le-Duc, and went up to Paris for his examinations. In 1857 he entered the office of the Minister of Finance, hut his interests even then were literary and he hegan to puhlish fugitive verses—chiefly in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From 1857 to 1872 he produced a considerable body of verse, some of it of very charming quality. "Le Chemin des Bois" was especially commended by the Academy in 1867. In 1874 Theuriet appeared as a novelist, his first venture heing "Mademoiselle Guignon." Among his other stories are "La Fortune d'Angèle," 1876; "Le Filleul d'un Marquis," 1878; "Tante Aurélie," 1884; "Claudette," 1900; and "Le Manuscrit du Chanoine," 1902. He was elected to the Academy in 1896. His work bore a certain intimate and charming quality which was derived from the sincerity with which he depicted the simple provincial and rural communities among which he had passed his life.

The death is announced of Dr. Alexander Machain, headmaster of the High School of Inverness. He was horn in 1855, and educated at Aherdeen University. For a time he edited the *Celtic Magazine*. He was best known hy his "Etymological Dictionary of the Gaelic Language," 1896. Another of his books is "Celtic Mythology and Religion," 1885.

NOTES ON TEXT BOOKS.

Prof. W. A. Merrill, for years a devoted student of Lucretius, has published an edition of the "De Rerum Natura" (Morris and Morgan's Latin Series, American Book Co.), in which his principal object is "to bring into compact form the results of critical work on the poem since Monro's posthumous edition of 1886, and also to indicate the sources of criticism prior to 1886 that were either disregarded by, or unknown to, that great scholar." This object is certainly accomplished in the volume before us. While it will not entirely supplant Monro, it must henceforth be consulted as one of the standard explanatory editions of Lucretius. The introduction reviews judicially a mass of utterances on the life of Lucretius and the characteristics of his poetry and philosophy. An editor may well limit himself to an annotated *catena;* we hope Mr. Merrill may soon give us an essay on his poet. Though devoutly a Lucretian, he writes with a tempered admiration; he can refer sympathetically, as Monro could not, to Conington's enthusiasm for Virgil. The influence of Lucretius on modern literature and modern thought is treated in an informal but comprehensive fashion; even the latest theory of radio-activity receives its due. Throughout the introduction and the notes, Mr. Merrill brings to bear on his author reflections amassed from wide reading in various fields. At the end there is a valuable index, by no means identical with that of Monro. For textual criticism, the reader must still turn first to Monro. It is a pity that there is not at least a brief *apparatus criticus*, especially as the notes contain a number of valuable discussions of the text. It is also lamentable that an important edition like this should not be better printed. The introduction and the text appear in large and staring type, which shows through the thin paper. The notes present a more attractive appearance. We have noted the following inaccuracies in the introduction: p. 11, the life of Virgil by Donatus might be referred to its generally accepted source, Suetonius; p. 17, the "spurious letter entitled *Valerius Rufino ne ducat uxorem*" in the "Migne edition of Jerome, vol. xi., p. 259," should be referred to its author, Walter Map, and cited from the edition of Thomas Wright (Camden Society, vol. 50).

"Lucian, Selected Writings," by Prof. F. G. Allinson, is much more than a book for college students, though admirably adapted, as it is intended, for use in the curriculum. (White, Seymour and Gulick's College Series of Greek Authors, Ginn & Co.) Mr. Allinson combines literary and linguistic interests in a manner worthy of his master, Gildersleeve. The introduction treats of the life and times of Lucian, his language, his influence on later literature and art; here and throughout the book there is much of importance for the student of comparative literature. The selections vary somewhat from those ordinarily presented in English editions of Lucian; each of them is provided with a careful preface. The notes are helpful and scholarly; they contain abundant, but not too abundant, citations from modern literature. Mr. Allison's exuberant style would profit by repression.

Among Appleton's Twentieth Century Text-books appears "The Mythology of Greece and Rome," by Prof. Arthur Fairbanks, "presented with special reference to its influence on literature." For this reason the book at once challenges comparison with Prof. C. M. Gayley's well-known work, "Classic Myths in English Literature," which it will hardly displace. Gayley's method is more attractive and artistic; besides systematic lists at the end of the book, appropriate quotations from literature are woven into the text. Mr. Fairbanks has the lists, with some quotations, at the end of each narrative, adding various references to those given by Gayley, but his text is a unit without these appendages. It does not show so effectively, therefore, the literary continuity of the myths. The distinct merit of the book is not that which is emphasized on the title-page; it is, rather, the fact that the ancient stories are told by a professional student of mythology who is familiar with the results of recent investigation. The illustrations, which are drawn exclusively from ancient art, are more numerous and far better than those in Gayley. In short, the new book is a valuable supplement to the old one; both should be useful for high-school or college courses. On p. 12, a Euhemerism is credited to Lemprière that should be carried back to Livy (I., 4, 7); on p. 233, Sisyphus, not Tantalus, should roll the stone up-hill.

A helpful little volume for the sympathetic reader of Latin verse is Prof. L. J. Richardson's "Helps to the Reading of Classical Latin Poetry" (Ginn & Co.). In contrast with certain theories promulgated in recent years by American scholars, it is refreshing to find due attention paid here to the rhythmical ictus. Word-accent and the careful distinction of long and short quantities are indispensable, too, but better the old-fashioned sing-song than a method which informs the learner that there is no essential difference in the reading of poetry and prose.

The latest volume in the Greek series edited by Prof. H. W. Smyth (American Book Co.) is a "Beginner's Greek Book," by Prof. A. R. Benner of Andover and Professor Smyth. Sixty lessons present attractively and sensibly the essentials of Greek grammar. The editors have taken special pains to distinguish between the less and the more frequent words and constructions of the "Anabasis," but their efforts to concentrate the pupil's attention on immediately useful material have not countenanced short cuts to knowledge; the dual retains its place in the paradigm. The book is beautifully printed; the illustrations illustrate, and are not too numerous. We should like to begin Greek again with Benner and Smyth.

The "Chanson de Roland," edited by Prof. James Geddes, jr., of Boston University (the Macmillan Co.), is one of the most important attempts yet undertaken to make the old French epic familiar to American students. The text is given in a modern French rendering based on Müller's edition, and is accompanied by an elaborate apparatus of introduction, bibliography, notes, and manuscript readings. Indeed, the chief criticism is the question for what class of students the book is intended. The translation is evidently meant for those whose knowledge is confined to modern French. The elaborate bibliography, based on that of Gautier, but brought up to date, will be of great use to maturer students of philology and mediæval literature, but to them only. With this reservation all comment must be favorable. The large amount of information contained in the volume is well classified and systematized for reference, and is accompanied by maps and useful illustrations. Professor Geddes's judgments on controverted points and obscurities are conservative and sound.

Prof. Arthur Graves Canfield of the University of Michigan, whose "French Lyrics" have had considerable popularity, undertakes in his "Poems of Victor Hugo" (Henry Holt & Co.) the useful task of selecting for students the best material scattered through numerous and therefore expensive volumes. The average American unfamiliar with French except by translations, knows Hugo as a rule only as the author of novels like "Les Misérables" and "Notre Dame." To these the college student may have added "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas." Professor Canfield has therefore done well to prepare this anthology of the most characteristic sounds of Hugo's *écho sonore*. If ever French poet needs to be read in selections by the American student, bewildered by such a mass of material, it is Victor Hugo. The volume is accompanied by a brief introduction.

Recent additions to the Oxford Higher French Series (Henry Frowde) are editions of Hugo's "Hernani," selections from Alfred de Musset, Stendhal's "Racine et Shakespeare" and selections from Madame de Girardin's "Lettres parisiennes." The first two compare well with the student's editions already before the public. The last, prepared respectively by the general editor, Léon Delbos, and by F. de Baudiss, are an innovation in the sphere of French educational texts, and in this country, at least, the volumes will have to create their own market. The edition of Stendhal does deserve to be read by the general student. The need of the other is less apparent. M. Delbos has accompanied his text by a long introduction in French in which certain relations between art and literature are developed in an interesting way. The mechanical get-up of these volumes is not prepossessing.

"Deutsche Sagen" is the title of a little volume edited by Franziska Geibler, of New York, and published by Longmans, Green & Co. As another collection of the Germanic legends always in demand in introductory courses, the book is likely to meet with success; but it is strangely deficient in the absence of notes, and its word-for-word vocabulary is inadequate—as, *aussah*, looked, with no mention of *aussehen*.

"Deutsche Reden" is the attractive title of a series of well-selected speeches by Bismarck, Schurz, Emperor William II., Bebel, Moltke, Blum, Richter, Bülow, Dahlmann, Bennigsen, and others, put together for advanced students of German by Rudolf Tombo, sr., and Rudolf Tombo, jr., of Columbia University, and published by D. C. Heath & Co. Such a book has long been wanted, not so much because of a scarcity of difficult prose, but because most of the selections previously available have not been sufficiently interesting. How well these

painstaking editors have achieved their end and provided variety in style and subject may be seen in the thirteen speeches, covering some 219 pages, and touching upon important political movements of the world's history—including events in the United States—from the middle of the nineteenth century to the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1905, and the subsequent treaty of Portsmouth. There is a clear and vivid picture of the struggle for German unity, and an insight into the tremendous industrial and political development of Germany from the refounding of the empire. The arrangement of the speeches in alphabetical order is perhaps a mistake, since the shortest and least difficult should be read first; but the volume is embellished with a map, and there are sixty-nine pages of literary and historical notes, several of the biographical sketches being particularly well done.

The more advanced students of mathematics will be interested in three books published this year: "Introduction to Infinitesimal Analysis: Functions of One Real Variable," by Oswald Veblen and N. J. Lennes (New York: Wiley & Sons); "Elements of the Infinitesimal Calculus," by G. H. Chandler, third edition (Wiley); and "Differential and Integral Calculus," by G. A. Osborne, revised edition (Boston: Heath & Co.). For more than a century after the inventions of analytical geometry and the calculus, mathematicians and physicists may be said to have fairly rioted in applications of these instruments to physical and geometrical problems, without concerning themselves about the nicer questions of cogency and precision. The need felt in the latter part of the eighteenth century of putting the new science into a comprehensive system, led to the imposing textbooks of Euler in Germany and of Lacroix in France. These works revealed in a startling way the necessity of improving foundations. Then began the still advancing critical movement under the powerful impulse and leadership of Cauchy. Since that time the calculus has been not only a tool, but a subject of investigation; and, always the most powerful, it has now become the most refined instrument of human thought. Accordingly every genuine university now offers two courses in the calculus: an elementary course, designed to equip the student with the calculus viewed as an instrument for making rough investigations, and an advanced course designed to qualify him to use the calculus in the most exact and subtle thinking. The books by Professor Chandler and Professor Osborne, as designed for the beginner, have numerous rivals in the English language. On the other hand, the work of Messrs. Veblen and Lennes, being designed for advanced study, has but a single English rival, namely, "The Theory of Functions of Real Variables," by Prof. James Pierpont, which was noticed in these columns September 6, 1906. Prior to the appearance of Pierpont's book, an American or English student of the advanced modern calculus had to depend upon such foreign works as Jordan's "Cours d'Analyse" and Stolz's "Allgemeine Arithmetik." The aim of such critical work being precision and logical perfection, it tends at first to become prolix and only at last succeeds in becoming concise. The most conspicuous merit of the work of Messrs. Veblen and Lennes is the union of conciseness with rigor. This union became possible by means of two economical devices. One of these is the happy definition of the limit of a function in terms of the notion of "value approached." The other consists in the systematic employment of a recently established theorem in the doctrine of assemblages, namely, the Borel theorem, so called after its discoverer. The utility of the book would be much improved by the introduction of numerous examples and illustrations. In this third edition of his book, Professor Chandler has made some changes to bring the treatment and content into fuller accord with modern demands both of rigor and of utility. The basis is laid in the doctrine of limits. The differential notation is introduced at an early stage, and, everywhere throughout, the reader finds the abstract notions and processes illuminated by simple application to concrete problems, chiefly of geometry. The closing chapters afford an excellent introduction to differential equations and mechanical integration. Taken all in all, it is one of the very best of existing books for the student of engineering, for whom it is primarily designed. By introducing a chapter on series, by rearranging the order of topics, by the earlier geometric illustration of the notion of derivative, and by the incorporation of physical and mechanical applications, Professor Osborne has amply justified the revision of his book, though his decision to give several definitions of the differential instead of but one cannot but annoy the instructor and confuse the pupil.

"A Text Book on Hydraulics," by L. M. Hoskins, professor of applied mathematics in Stanford University (Henry Holt & Co.), is, according to the preface, "designed primarily for the use of students of engineering in universities and technical colleges. In its preparation the aim has been to present fundamental principles in a manner both sound and as simple as possible." This aim the author has carried out successfully both with respect to the treatment of the mechanics of incompressible fluids, or hydraulics itself, and the application of the principles to turbines and turbine pumps. There is, however, a distinct lack of the engineer's point of view, as might be expected from a professor of applied mathematics. The material given on pumps and turbines serves very well as an introduction to the subject for some students of engineering, but students who expect to practise this branch must go further. Moreover, the book lacks practical data in the form of tables or curves to facilitate application of formulas and practical computations. The relative value of several formulas for the same purpose is not stated with sufficient clearness for the young engineer to solve a problem on the flow of water in various channels, on turbine design or installation. The book is distinctly elementary, and as such is well written and supplied with good examples.

"Boiler-Waters," scale, corrosion, foaming, by William Wallace Christie (New York: D. Van Nostrand Co.), is devoted to the chemistry of boiler waters and the relation of the structure of boilers, feed-water heaters, economizers, etc., to the impurities in water. The work concludes with a chapter on water softening for the removal of these impurities. The book is well written and printed; and the material is of great value, but it would be of greater value if the author, instead of quoting the opinions of engineers and chemists on disputed points, had made a more determined attempt to solve the difficult questions. The number of quotations, presented with little or no critical analysis, is unduly large, and seems to indicate a lack of ability on the part of the author to judge between the various opinions. The chemistry presented is not new to chemists; nor is the matter on boilers and heaters new to engineers. The relation between the chemical and engineering issues is, however, well brought out, and on this account the book will no doubt prove useful.

There are so many manuals of qualitative analysis on the market, practically alike except for the author's name on the title page, that any new candidate for popular favor is viewed with *a priori* suspicion and must justify its appearance by showing that it has something to distinguish it from its rivals in the field. The new "Qualitative Analysis as a Laboratory Basis for the Study of Inorganic Chemistry," by Assistant Prof. W. C. Morgan of the University of California (The Macmillan Co.), has such justification, and will be welcomed by many teachers who wish to make the modern theories of solution the basis of analytical work, even in elementary classes. A large and increasing number of teachers, especially in the West, have come to believe that students take to ions as readily as to atoms, and that when they are accustomed to look at all reactions from the point of view of equilibrium, qualitative analysis becomes something more than a training in detective tricks. Professor Morgan's book is intended for the laboratory work of a freshman year in inorganic chemistry, so it is not a mere collection of technical recipes, but a course of general educational value. The discussion of the laws of solution and equilibrium is more thorough than usual, occupying sixty pages, but is not always as simple as it might be. The ordinary and unaided student would be discouraged, for example, by the statement with which the paragraph on mass action begins. The analytical tables are very complete and well arranged. Professor Morgan has adopted all the modern improvements; arrows are used in reactions instead of the sign of equality; the reagents are made up on the normal system; the orthography recommended by the American Chemical Society is consistently employed, as, for example, *oxid* and *sulfid*.

In his small "History of Chemistry" (Longmans, Green & Co.) F. P. Armitage tells "the story of some thousand years of almost fruitless labor, followed by two centuries of richest accomplishment." It is neither so comprehensive nor so interesting as Meyer's "History of Chemistry," but will serve its purpose in giving the student a background for his knowledge, and a realization of the difficulties experienced by generations of chemists in formulating the conceptions which now seem so simple and natural. Like most other histories of the science, this fails to connect with the science of the present day. The book might have been written ten or twenty years ago. To be specific in our criticism, in the discus-

sion of Berzelius's electro-chemical theory of combination some reference should be made to the modern tendency to use this conception in preference to its supplanters; in giving Mendelejeff's prophesy of gallium and scandium, mention should have been made of the argon group, which was not anticipated, and yet agrees in a way with the periodic law; and in developing the idea of valence, the history should have been extended to include the profound modifications which it is now undergoing.

"First Course in Zoölogy," a text-book for secondary schools, normal schools, and colleges, by Thomas Walton Galloway, has been issued by P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia. It is no small compliment to this volume to say that it is well-balanced in its treatment of zoölogy in the widest sense. It is divided into two sections; a general part dealing with the broad biological problems which form the foundation of the science; and a special part, taking up the various phyla of the animal kingdom, beginning with protozoa and ending with mammalia. The most valuable feature is the successful way in which the second part is made "illustrative of the principles laid down in the general portion." The illustrations are well-selected and reproduced. The work is rounded out with a practical chapter on suggestions to teachers, and a comprehensive index. The author believes that the time of the pupil should be divided equally between field observation, laboratory work, study of the descriptive text, and reference to classical zoölogical authorities. In point of careful balance and common-sense use of questions, few recent text-books bear comparison with this volume.

"Practical Zoölogy," by Alvin Davison (American Book Co.) treats of the structure, life history, and relations of animals, with but a small amount of laboratory work. The attempt to cover such a large field in small space has resulted in a multitude of statistics, facts in regard to food habits, and detailed life histories, correlated only by a taxonomic arrangement. This plan cuts up the subject matter in such a way that the book instead of being adapted for continuous study by a pupil, is really much better for reference. The summary of characters under each of the scores of families is concise, yet comprehensive. While many of the numerous illustrations are fairly good, there is a great waste of paper and ink on touched-up caricatures, far from "representing facts more accurately than drawings." It is safe to say that no ornithologist living could identify the photographs purporting to represent the red-eyed vireo, wren, wood thrush at nest, young bluebird, and wild pigeon. The best part of the book is Division IV., treating of the young of animals, protection from enemies, vanishing forms, and origin of species.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Mystics. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Thurston possesses imagination and a laudable desire to skip the dull parts, explanations, for instance. When John Henderson finds that his dead uncle has left him with a beggarly £500, and endowed a mystic sect with the bulk of his huge fortune, John calmly rifles the corpse, masters the "Scitsyin" (mystic equivalent for Bible or Koran) and vanishes for ten years. The fortune is not to go directly to the Arch-Mystics, but to await the appearance of a Mystic Messiah. In due time, after being well announced by a Precursor, there is forthcoming a Prophet, who unites many of the attributes of Buddha and Sar Péladan with the physical manifestations of a modern Englishman. Having been informed that "He will be Power made absolute," the Mystics immediately fall under his sway.

On the eve of securing the fortune and decamping with it, John is softened by the love and trust of a beautiful woman, and resolves to make a clean breast of it all to his congregation. This is quite fortunate, as the occasion which he chooses for confession had also been selected by a jealous brute of an Arch-Mystic (named Mr. Bale-Corphew) to expose him as a thief and impostor. The loyal Mystics forgive their Master, considering it quite excuse enough that John's father had been unjustly disinherited, and that he had always been an exemplary son. John, however, feels that his mother may not quite understand the position, but the beautiful woman (secure in the knowledge that mothers always are partial to strange daughters-in-law) volunteers to go along and explain things, and so, with much unction, the book ends.

The House of the Hundred Doors. By Will M. Clemens. New York: The Hawthorne Press.

This we take to be properly classified as fiction, though of the tractarian variety. Prefaced by a series of sentimental descriptions of a number of household pets, all dogs, as it chances, and all human, as is the nature of household pets, comes the harrowing picture of a vivisection laboratory. "Rich Man John," whose physical and moral identity are left in no doubt, succumbs to the evil advances of "two learned-looking men, a tall individual with whiskers and a hooked nose and a fat piggish fellow wearing blue glasses," and gives some millions of dollars for the establishment of a so-called Institute, which is really a Palace of Pain, where the little domestic friends to whom we have been introdueed, now lost, strayed, or stolen, are subjected in due time to nameless and purposeless atrocities which remind one of Hogarth's last stage of cruelty. The vivisectors are represented as alternately gloating and jesting over their task; and no gruesome detail is omitted to point the anti-vivisection moral—if it be a moral. We suppose the author is honest in his intention; but we beg leave to suggest that all physicians are not hook-nosed, piggish, or wantonly cruel; and that vivisection is not specifically a conspiracy against the household favorite.

The Princess. By Margaret Potter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

The Princess of this story is not the sublimated shop-girl of current romance, disporting herself in some new-found hole-and-corner kingdom. She is of the Imperial family of Russia, and of to-day. The events in which she is involved have but just taken place, and are not the stuff pretty romances are made of. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine an uglier situation than that upon which the action turns. The problem is one of heredity, and of the convention which obliges royal blood to deny itself the vulgar chances of marital felicity, thereby laying a respectable foundation for marital infidelity. The mother of the Princess has herself suffered all that could be suffered from marriage with a notorious libertine of the Imperial blood, yet has unhesitatingly given her daughter, a mere girl, and totally unprepared for the experience which is plainly before her, to a man of the same race and stamp. The Princess is not long in discovering his character. Naturally of pure nature and high spirit, she turns from him, bears him a child in shame, and wishes to die. But presently her motherhood absorbs her, the familiar yet always touching transfer of allegiance to the man-child takes place, and she is saved for further suffering. By the unhappy irony of inherited circumstance, she is herself responsible for the worst of this suffering. Her husband, the Prince, we are given to understand, might have been redeemed but for her cold pride and contempt. More than once he tries to be worthy of her and to win her love; but though she really cares for him, she makes no sign. He is driven back to his loose ways, his second *ménage*, his attitude of cynical indifference to anything beyond the pleasure of the moment. For the fate of the son she is also responsible. There is a little countess at hand with whom he might have been happy; but the mother thinks her an impossible match for her Imperial son. Meanwhile the stress of his inheritance is asserting itself, and he becomes, unknowingly, the favored lover of his own father's mistress. Here, the inevitable *éclaircissement*—the son commits suicide, the father is left, with dejected monocle, upon the strand from which, in one friendly boat, princess, countess, and mistress have departed. Whether they are sufficiently provisioned for so hard a voyage is a matter of doubt. Individually they become less and less probable as the story advances, as the atmosphere in which they move has become less and less real. The friendly ghost against whose advice both mother and mistress have wrought for the son's undoing—an audible conscience—becomes tedious as a piece of machinery. The Princess is too purely, and the mistress not sufficiently, a creature of circumstance, to give dignity to the final scene. Nevertheless the tale is in its way absorbing, and not likely to be at once forgotten.

The Isle of Dreams. By Myra Kelly. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Nothing could have been more fatal to Miss Kelly's talent than for her to continue reproducing her original observations of the lower East Side in impressions of waning clearness and value. In breaking new ground, however, she is beset by many difficulties. It is much harder to write freshly about every-day people than to exploit an odd corner with humor and originality. In describing the girl and man of ordinary society, the very language is against her, and irresistibly groups itself into such customary arrangements as "a slim young woman, faultlessly but unobtrusively gowned."

There is no aid to be had from quaint erratic idioms. Her battle with words must be fought single-handed. In "The Isle of Dreams" she fights and—it cannot be denied—loses on almost every page; and yet such honorable defeat must command far greater respect and hope for her future than if she rested tamely content with the cheap victory of repeating well earned successes.

Her story has two themes, one banal and improbable—Miss Emerton's inviting her most charming friend to accompany her to her country house as a foil, which episode, with the ensuing complications, belongs in the realm of purely artificial fiction—the other highly original and interesting. An ambitious young woman painter suddenly finds that all her pictures have been bought by one man, that her apparent vogue has not been genuine, but merely the hobby of one fanciful collector, that at the point when fame seems assured, her spurs are essentially unwon. This situation is really worthy of more serious treatment than Miss Kelly accords it. Having brought it about, she apparently feels obliged to meet it in a mood or the rosiest idealism. Old servants, of the kind who dust the books as the curtain goes up, enliven the narrative with their highly conventional humor. Mrs. Denis bathes Katharine's forehead with "Ody Colone," and dubs an adopted gutter snipe Doris Gwendolin Patricia (the snipe, by the way, performs no function of any discernible kind, in the story), and converses alternately in stage Irish and after the manner of Pomona in "Rudder Grange." In short, Miss Kelly hardly shows the courage of her convictions. Imagining a really strong, if painful situation, instead of bravely and patiently unravelling it, she positively submerges it in sugary optimism. It should, however, be confessed that her method will undoubtedly give perfect satisfaction to those readers who look upon a novel as a mental form of sweetened pepsin.

The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery. Translated from the German of Karl Werder by Elizabeth Wilder, with an Introduction by W. J. Rolfe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As a matter of general sentiment there are probably few persons who do not take for granted that in some manner or other the explanation of Hamlet's tragedy is to be found in Hamlet's own character. The prevalence of this view is due in part to the influence of its original promoters, Goethe and Coleridge; but it is due also to an instinctive appreciation of Shakespeare's general idea and practice of tragedy. Well rooted as it has come to be, however, it has not lacked assailants—to fasten it, if anything, even more securely by vigorous opposition. Of this opposition the leader seems to be the German professor, Karl Werder. In his lectures, delivered in Berlin during the winter of 1859-1860 and now tardily translated for the first time (as the translator explains, in consequence of the interest aroused by the citations in Furness's "Variorum"), Professor Werder undertakes to show, in opposition to the accepted interpretation, that the obstacles or difficulties in the way of Hamlet's action are not "subjective," as is usually assumed, but wholly "objective." As an explanation of the professor's idea of objective difficulties the following quotation will suffice.

What is Hamlet to do? What is his actual task? . . . It is not to crush the King at once—he could commit no greater blunder—but to bring him to confession, to unmask and convict him. . . . As things stand, truth and justice can come to light only from one mouth, that of the crowned criminal, and if he . . . does not speak, then the truth will be for ever hidden. . . . Herein lie the terrors of this tragedy. The secret of the encoffined and unprovable crime is the unfathomable source out of which flows its power to awaken pity and fear.

Exactly. Such is Hamlet's character—that he should hesitate to avenge his father and even to secure his own safety for an ideal justice, a personal scruple, which a man like Othello would never have felt.

Aside from this—aside, that is, from the whole contention—the point is ingenious, as for that matter is the entire plea. At the same time it is only just to notice that Werder has confused his reasoning. Sometimes he reasons outside of the play and sometimes inside of it indifferently. So, for instance, he urges, in the way of an "objective" difficulty to any action on Hamlet's part, that it would have been impossible for the Prince to convince the Danish public of the justice of Claudius's death, were he to be killed off-hand at the suggestion of the ghost. But such a reason is purely external to the piece; it is legal or political, not dramatic. The Danish public is neither an actor nor a motive in the drama; and if need were, the poet might have justified such an act dramatically just as satisfactorily as he has carried off Lear's impossible repudiation of Cordelia. The fact is that it is a dramatic necessity that prevents Hamlet from killing the King, and not a political one, but this is the bane of scholastic criticism—to confuse the motives proper to life with those proper to drama, to reason about the stuff or fable of tragedy as though that were all there is to it. And Professor Werder himself has not escaped the infection.

Synthetica: being Meditations Epistemological and Ontological. By S. S. Laurie. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7 uet.

The first of these volumes contains nineteen meditations on knowledge; and the second, eighteen meditations on God and man. "The meditations of the second volume constituted, along with an introductory statement giving the argument of the first volume, the Gifford Lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh in 1905 and 1906." The author tells us that he uses the term "meditations" to express the form of his work because it is substantially a dialogue with himself. Any random quotation, such as the following (vol. i., p. 279), fairly illustrates the general character of this dialogue:

There are grades of mind. The attuitional synoptic single total given to percipience is broken up, in the dialectic effort to understand it, into parts (judgments of subject and predicates), but it is still a *synoptic* whole, with this difference that it is now to thought an aggregate of affirmed parts—a *mere* aggregate, however. This concipient synthesis (as we may now call the synopsis) consists of coutrary elements held together by *the mere force of Will.* The next moment of the Dialectic, however, gives the true rational synthesis in which the fused unity of the synopsis is metaphysically explained. The mechanical unity of sense-concipience with its collocated and colligated parts is now superseded. The dialectic as a one movement grips the unity, and it is now a *one.* The "How" of the fusion phenomenally is still beyond us; but reason is satisfied. Each "thing" is to be looked at as a "dialectic one" at first and at last. I am not entitled to stop short at any functioning act of the various moments of the dialectic, and then complain of contradictions.

Seven hundred pages of this personal dialogue, the greater part of which is no more generally intelligible than the quoted instance, cause us to wonder why it was not translated into communications to the reader before it was published. Dr. Laurie has, in our opinion, made a book which very few will have the courage or the patience to read.

One should, however, be willing to suffer much if illumination is to be one's reward. How far, then, we may ask, do these meditations clarify the problems of knowledge, and give us intelligible opinions about God and man? In answer we are forced to subscribe emphatically to the author's words at the end of his book: "With a profound sense of mystery we begin our thought on the ultimate of things, and with a still profounder sense of mystery we close it." We do not insist that philosophy should uot result in a profounder sense of mystery, but we do insist that with such a result the sense of mystery should be genuinely profound. It should not be merely another expression for intellectual confusion, for then philosophy has utterly failed.

Difficult in expression and intellectually confused as the work is, its general aim and method as well as its philosophical affiliations may yet be detected. Dr. Laurie attempts to exhibit the development of knowledge from its rudimentary beginnings up to its culmination, where it seeks an "absolute synthesis" in the recognition that "All is One—must be One; and the last and highest is already immanent in the first and lowest." In the second volume this synthesis is religiously interpreted, and some of the characteristic problems of theology are discussed in the light of it. Dr. Laurie has thus increased in bulk the products of that modern philosophical tendency which seeks in a theory of knowledge a solution of philosophical problems and an interpretation of religious faith. We fail to discover, however, that he has increased its intelligibility or given it any new significance or justification.

A Staff Officer's Scrap-book During the Russo-Japanese War. By Sir Ian Hamiltou. Vol. II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.

This really brilliant book deserves a wide public, even though the present volume deals almost exclusively, and at great length, with military details. For the author belongs to that very small class of soldiers who add to an extensive technical equipment the knowledge that to conduct war is to play on the psychology of individuals and of masses, and to that even smaller class with whom the pen flashes as readily as the sword. Sir Ian is a wit, the best of comrades, fair to foe as to friend, willing to acknowledge a mistake or a weakness, and always a military critic of the first rank. No soldier can afford to

miss the book, while many civilians will get both profit and amusement from it.

Sir Ian is too much of a scholar and a thinker not to have a philosophy, and too brave a man to fear being out of fashion. He boldly preaches the doctrine that war is the school of all the virtues, and peace the breeding place of all the vices. Yet he saw such sights as 203 Metre Hill a few days after its capture by the Japanese:

At a glance it springs to the eyes that this is no ordinary hill. It has been fairly battered out of its shape by inhuman agencies, and on its blasted and shot-seared surface there is not so much as one dried blade of grass; nothing to break the harshness of the devil's ploughing to which it has been subjected, but here and there the faded color of a woman's gown or petticoat, which has been used to make sandbags, or the leprous yellow splotches left by the bursting of the high-explosive shells. The manner of the devil's ploughing is thus: first the hill has been sliced into numberless deep gashes, and then these trenches and their dividing walls have been smashed and pounded and crushed into a shapeless jumble of stones; rock splinters and fragments of shells cemented literally with human flesh and blood. A man's head sticking up out of the earth, or a leg, or an arm, or a piece of a man's body lying across my path, are sights which custom has enabled me to face without blanching. But here the corpses do not so much appear to be escaping from the ground as to be the ground itself. Everywhere there are bodies, or portions of bodies, flattened out and stamped into the surface of the earth, as if they formed part of it. . . . The very walls are built of alternate layers of frozen corpses and sandbags.

Let us turn from the horrible to the theoretical; here our author is equally at home. His discussion of the strategy of the converging march of the Japanese on Liao Yang can hardly be done justice to by quotation; all that can be noted is that the comparison with Von Moltke's march on Sadowa is of much interest, and the suggestions of a defence of the converging march based on the development of fire arms is tantalizing, because only hinted at, and not developed. Such a theory would place the question higher than Von der Golz did.

The unusual quality of the book, however, arises from the personality of the author, and it is on this note we must leave it. Just before the advance on Mukden, Sir Ian was recalled to England to command the troops at Salisbury plain. He and the other foreign attachés were entertained at a banquet before his departure, and here is the speech he pronounced on that occasion:

I felt almost overcome when I rose to reply. I said the King of England, in giving me my appointment, had probably been influenced by knowing I had enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying my profession with the First Army. For it was first not only in its numeral. It had fought the first battle, first entered Manchuria, first crossed the Taitsuho. . . Thus, although His Excellency and his army were so modest that they did not know it, they were now the most popular military force in the world. If any of them went to London or New York they would be surprised at the warmth of their welcome. The only place in the world where they would henceforth be disliked was on Salisbury plain, for the troops there would so often hear of the virtues of the First Army that they would wish his Excellency Gen. Kuroki had never been born. I wound up, as far as I can remember, by inviting the whole 42,000 to come and stay with me in England as long as ever they liked.—It was very characteristic of Japanese tact, that when it came to the turn of the interpreter to translate my remarks he should have added to the towns of London and New York which I had actually mentioned, the names of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome and Stockholm, which I had forgotten to include.

Freedom in the Church. By Alexander V. G. Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The clergyman of the Episcopal Church, Dr. A. S. Crapsey, who was recently condemned as a heretic in the diocese of Western New York, is not expressly mentioned in Professor Allen's defence of liberty within the confines of the Church, but it is unmistakable that the questions and difficulties arising from that heresy trial and its issue furnish the occasion for this volume. Not that Professor Allen confesses heresy on the doctrine of the Virgin birth: on the contrary, he writes:

It is accepted as the miraculous or supernatural mode by which God became incarnate in Christ, as the resurrection and the empty tomb mark the exodus of Christ from the world.

But although himself orthodox, he would find abundant freedom in the Church for men of the opposite opinion. His method of defence of liberty is historical. He has, of course, no difficulty in showing that in the mind of its framers the Apostles' Creed meant something very different from its usual interpretation to-day. The studies of Kattenbusch, McGiffert, and others on the Old Roman Symbol have made this entirely clear. In his historical study of the causes which led to the change of interpretation of Christianity's oldest creed, and the motives for increased emphasis on the miraculous birth, the author of "The Continuity of Christian Thought" again shows himself a fascinating interpreter of the movements of religious thought and a skilful advocate of his own interpretation.

In the question of morals involved in creed subscription, it may be questioned whether he is so successful. He rules out of court somewhat brusquely the judgment of ordinary mortals as to the propriety or impropriety of the use of the creed by one who does not assent to it as it is commonly understood, and declares that "the judgment of the 'man on the street' has no value, even though it find vigorous and severe expression in the utterances of the secular press." "Religion," we are told, "has its own laws, it is guided by deep motives, which only those interested or, as it were, obsessed by them can understand." The question would seem to be as to what function the reciter of the creed is supposed to fulfil. If he is a celebrant of mysteries, common judgment on the meaning of the offices he employs may be disregarded. If he be regarded as an historian or theologian, he may be allowed to quote ancient formularies in a sense known only to himself. But if the minister is a teacher, and, in reciting the creed, a leader in an intelligent act of worship, it is difficult to see how Professor Allen's claim of the privilege of employing the creed in an esoteric sense can be allowed.

As a tract for its times, however, this volume presents important considerations on a vital question, and the effort of the author to secure and establish freedom in the Church, as well as his endeavor to impart correct information as to the history of symbols now in controversy, should secure him wide sympathy.

Naturalism and Religion. By Dr. Rudolf Otto; translated by J. Arthur Thomson and Margaret R. Thomson; edited with an Introduction by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

The Religious Conception of the World. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

A few years ago theologians of a certain school were saying confidently that religious doctrine could dispense entirely with metaphysics, and that faith could pursue untrammelled her even way in total unconcern as to what view of the world philosophy might establish. That such a position could not be permanent was evident to all thoughtful observers; and the vigorous essay of Professor Otto, who is in the spiritual succession of the followers of Ritschl, may be taken as evidence that a decided reaction is well under way. The German title of his work, "Naturalistische und religiöse Weltansicht," indicates his intention to set in positive contrast the naturalistic and religious interpretation of the world, and his treatise as a whole is an earnest endeavor to establish the validity of the religious view as against the counter-claims of naturalism. The notion that the spiritual is a mere accompaniment of the physical he cannot tolerate, and against all forms of sensualism, empiricism, and parallelism he asserts the creative activity of the spirit. He defends a view of the world in which there is room for the sense of mystery, the feeling of dependence, and belief in purpose, which are the three essentials of religious faith. In establishing this view, he considers at length, and with commendable fairness and thoroughness, the opinions of leading naturalists, both English and German, down to the most recent, and he shows himself at home in the discussion of scientific theories to a degree unfortunately rare in theologians. In the course of his argument, which he pursues with enthusiasm as well as with logical force, he brings to the fore important considerations which recent apologetes have been inclined to neglect; and both his work and that of Professor Rogers, which follows independently somewhat similar lines, will doubtless help to win back for the defenders of the spiritual some of the territory which they had relinquished too readily and with too little appreciation of its value and importance.

The Lombard Communes: A History of the Republics of North Italy. By W. F. Butler. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.75 net.

Professor Butler writes easily and well; he has thoroughly mastered his subject, and he possesses the rare art of adequate condensation. But, while heartily commending his industry, accuracy, and general level of attainment, we may fairly warn the reader that his treatment is such as is ordinarily characterized by the term

"popular." In other words, he has written for the general public rather than for the student. His Bibliography, which he modestly entitles "A rough list of books useful for the study of the history of the Lombard Communes," contains a bare score of well-known volumes—Cantù, Sismondi, Hegel, Leo, Ferrari, Von Raumer, and the like—while some of them (*e. g.*, Symonds's "The Renaissance in Italy" and Villari's "I Primi due Secoli della Storia di Firenze") have, at best, only an indirect bearing on the topic. Possibly a dozen other books are mentioned in the footnotes, but usually without specifying either the publisher or the date. As we learn from the preface, Professor Butler's work is largely based upon the "Storia de' Comuni Italiani" of Francesco Lanzani, an excellent book, but hardly up to date (it was published just a quarter of a century ago). Although our author has doubtless acquainted himself with the results of more recent research, he fails to give his readers the full benefit of his knowledge. Surely, such periodicals as the *Archivio Storico Lombardo* and the *Bollettino della Società Pavese di Storia Patria* deserve a place in even the most meagre list of books dealing with the Lombard Republics.

All this, however, is no reflection on Professor Butler's competence for his task. It simply means that he has chosen to write for that class to whom a citation is anathema and a foot-note an eyesore. Of actual mistakes we have found scarcely one. We may object that "parish" is hardly an adequate translation of *pieve*, and we may demur to the statement that "one can still see in Perugia the fragments of the chains carried off from Siena" (p. 224). (The chains in question were removed by the Aretines in 1799). But, when all is said and done, we have rarely seen a better book written by an Englishman about Italy.

Science.

Haeckel: His Life and Work. By Wilhelm Bölsche; with Introduction and supplementary Chapter by the Translator, Joseph McCabe. Illustrated.. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $4.

This is an unusually successful work in a difficult field. The hardest kind of biography to write is the life of a scientific man, because it is ordinarily lacking in dramatic action, and its triumphs are in a field so remote from common life that the average reader can hardly be made to understand them, still less to appreciate their significance. Professor Bölsche is not ashamed to explain things; and therefore the layman, who has only a vague conception of radiolaria and who does not know so much about Darwinism as he thinks he does, will be able to read the whole volume with comprehension, and even to share largely in the author's biological enthusiasm. His unstinted devotion to his master prevents him from being critical, and his Teutonic sentimentality will sometimes amuse the reader, but he certainly tells clearly what Haeckel has done, and how he did it. Most biographies contain an excess of trivial detail; this one does not contain enough of Haeckel's private life and idiosyncrasies to give us a vivid picture of his personality. So, while we must give credit to the author for teaching us a great deal of zoölogy in a pleasant manner, the most difficult part of his task, he has hardly done justice to an exceptionally interesting individuality.

Haeckel's work is far from being what one of our modern humanists defined as the ideal of scholarship—"the passionless pursuit of passionless intelligence." Nor has he followed the Baconian method of patiently accumulating miscellaneous facts, meanwhile restraining himself from anticipatory conjecture. Prof. William James came nearer defining the Haeckel type when he said that the successful investigator is one who has an intense desire to prove himself right, coupled with an equally intense fear lest he should be wrong. Haeckel has done an exceptionally large amount of unimpeachable descriptive work, involving the severest kind of scientific drudgery—forty-two volumes, many of them quartos, comprising 13,000 pages, not counting journal papers, in thirty-three years. Yet he is chiefly known to the world at large by his bold hypotheses, projected far in advance of the evidence supporting them. As early as 1866, five years before the cautious Darwin had ventured to publish in "The Descent of Man" some of the logical consequences of his "Origin of Species," Haeckel had constructed a comprehensive genealogical tree of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, guessing at all the missing links, and even endeavoring to fill the gulf between living and inorganic matter by adding a lower kingdom of "protists" and arguing for the life of crystals; and during the forty years since he has unceasingly preached his gospel of monism to both the scientific and the outside world. Haeckel is commonly called the apostle of Darwinism, but it would perhaps be more appropriate to say he is the apostle of Goetheism, for it was from Goethe that he received the aspiration toward a unifying philosophy, to which the discoveries of Darwin gave an experimental basis. His monumental work, "The General Morphology of Organisms," owes more than its title to Goethe; and it is not by accident that Ernst Haeckel Street in Jena passes close by the stone seat where Goethe and Schiller used to discuss the "Riddles of the Universe."

Professor Bölsche's biographical sketch closed in 1900; but since then Haeckel has become more widely known than before through the popularity of "Die Welträthsel," which sold by the hundred thousand, and has been translated into fourteen languages. It called forth a library of replies, most of them in very hot temper, aroused, perhaps, less by what the book contained than by the jaunty air with which Haeckel decides in a few pages questions that metaphysicians, theologians, sociologists, and natural philosophers have been discussing for centuries without coming to any conclusion. As a reply to the five thousand personal letters which he received about the "Riddle of the Universe," he dashed off during a vacation visit to the Riviera on the occasion of his seventieth birthday a similar book, "The Wonders of Life," equally provocative and discursive. The story of these latest years, and of the crowning honor of lecturing on evolution in Berlin, the stronghold of the recreant Virchow, is well told by the translator.

The *Geographical Journal* for April opens with a description of the physical geography and geology of northeastern Rhodesia, with a map and illustrations, by L. A. Wallace, chief surveyor of the British South Africa Company. Among the interesting facts given is the existence of a large tract of land with rich cotton soil. The natives have always grown cotton, and now the company has experimental plantations on which foreign and native cotton seeds have been tried with great success. The great irrigation projects of our own country, with their geographical and economical results, are described in detail by Major J. H. Beacom, military attaché to the United States embassy, with illustrations and sketch-maps. In the interesting discussion which followed the reading of the paper before the Royal Geographical Society, eminent engineers gave accounts of irrigation works in India and Egypt. Col Church called attention to the fact that the ancient Peruvians irrigated millions of acres. A new island thrown up by the action of a mud volcano in the Bay of Bengal, on December 15, 1906, is described by Lieut. E. J. Headlam. It is 307 yards long by 217 yards wide and 19 feet above high-water mark, and the temperature sixteen days after the eruption, three feet six inches below the surface, was 148° Fahrenheit. Fifteen varieties of seeds and pods which had been blown, washed up, or deposited by birds were found there, an indication of how short a time it would take for vegetation to grow on a new-born island in the tropics. The Founders' Medal of the society has been awarded to Dr. F. Moreno, a distinguished Argentine explorer, and the Patrons' Medal to Capt. R. Amundsen, who recently completed the Northwest Passage for the first time in a ship.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for April has for its opening article an interesting account, with numerous illustrations, of the work of our Reclamation Service, by its statistician, C. J. Blanchard. In the four years of its existence, ending the first of last January, it has dug 1,267 miles of canals, built 467 miles of roads, while on the irrigated land eight towns have sprung up and homes in the desert have been provided for 10,000 people. At present it is engaged upon twenty-five irrigation projects, with a force of 10,000 workmen, including several hundred Indians, at an expenditure of about one million dollars a month. The fallacy of the popular belief that the Salton Sea is responsible for the heavy rains of the last two years in the West is shown by Prof. A. J. Henry of the Weather Bureau. In some notes on Central America are many encouraging facts and statistics in regard to the various States, with the exception of Honduras. A very interesting series of pictures of women and children in the East, collected by Miss E. R. Scidmore, enable one to see something of the personal side of the Eastern peoples.

The American Philosophical Society held a general meeting in Philadelphia, April 18 to 20. The Hon. James Bryce was present, made an address, and presented the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society to Prof. E. W. Brown of Haverford.

The following papers were presented: "Retardation in Mental and Moral Development," Dr. Lightner Witmer; "Analogies between the Colonization of Ireland and of Virginia," Prof. Edward P. Cheyney; "Elizabethan and Jacobean College Dramas," Prof. Felix E. Schelling; "The Narratives of the 'Walking on the Sea,'" Prof. William A. Lamberton; "Early French Members of the American Philosophical Society," Dr. J. G. Rosengarten; "The Liver as the Seat of the Soul," Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr.; "Charts Illustrating the Taxonomic Relations of the Monocotyledonous and Dicotyledonous Plant Families," Prof. John W. Harshberger; "Some Experiments with Plant Nutrients," Prof. Henry Kraemer; "New Results in Electro-Analysis," Prof. Edgar F. Smith; "On the Transportation Crisis," Prof. Lewis M. Haupt, all of Philadelphia; "The Influence of Imperceptible Shadows on the Judgment of Distance," Prof. Edward B. Titchener and W. H. Pyle of Ithaca; "Chauvin (Chauvinisme-Calvin, *Cauvin*): Truth and Fiction in the Story of Its Origin," Prof. A. Marshall Elliott; "On Jonah's Whale," Prof. Paul Haupt, Baltimore; "Provisional Report of the Investigation of Foreign and Domestic Stage Micrometers," Dr. Marshall D. Ewell, Chicago; "The Bacteriology of Flax Retting,' Dr. George T. Moore, West Chester, Pa.; "Note as to the Measurement of the Action of Water upon Zinc and Lead," Dr. William Pitt Mason, Troy; "The Production of Synthetic Alcohol," Dr. Harvey W. Wiley and Herman Schreiber; "On Continental Development," Bailey Willis, Washington; "Progress of the Isthmian Canal," Dr. Elihu Thomson, Swampscott, Mass.; "Princeton Archæological Expedition to Syria," Howard Crosby Butler; "The Association Theory of Solutions," Prof. William F. Magie; "South Africa: Geography and Geology," and "Restorations of Santa Cruz Animals," Prof. William B. Scott; "Santa Cruz Typotheria," W. J. Sinclair; "Santa Cruz Birds," Marcus S. Farr, Princeton; "The Groups which are Generated by two Operators of Order Two and Four, Respectively, where Commutator is of Order Two," Prof. G. A. Miller, Urbana, Ill.; "South Africa: Scenery and People," Prof. Ernest W. Brown, Haverford; "On the Temperature, Secular Cooling and Contraction of the Earth, and on the Theory of Earthquakes held by the Ancients," Dr. T. J. J. See, U. S. Naval Observatory, Mare Island, Cal.

The National Academy of Sciences held its spring session in Washington last week. President Ira Remsen of Johns Hopkins was elected president in succession to Prof. Alexander Agassiz, who retires after five years of service; Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was chosen vice-president to succeed Dr. Remsen; Arnold Hague of Washington was reëlected secretary. The members of the council are Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn of the American Museum of Natural History; George E. Hale of Mount Wilson Observatory, California; Prof. Alexander Agassiz of Cambridge; President R. S. Woodward of the Carnegie Institution, Washington; Dr. W. H. Welch of Baltimore; and Prof. R. H. Chittenden of the Sheffield Scientific School. Sir James Dewar, professor of chemistry in the Royal Institute, London; Prof. A. R. Forsyth, mathematician, of Cambridge, England; Prof. David Hilbert, mathematician, of Göttingen; and Prof. J. C. Kapteyn, astronomer, Groningen, Holland, were elected foreign associate members.

On May 28, 1807, Louis Agassiz was born in the parsonage of Motier, Switzerland. The Natural Science Associations of the cantons of Vaud, Freiburg, and Neuenburg, have decided conjointly to celebrate the anniversary of this event in a somewhat elaborate scale.

A monument to the memory of the great geographer August Petermann, the founder of the *Mitteilungen*, is to be erected in the Grand Duke's Park in Gotha, which city was the scene of his greatest work. He is the real founder of the modern science of geography in Germany.

Franz Reinhold Kjellman, professor of botany at Upsala University, died last Monday. He was born in 1846, on the Island of Bromë, in the Swedish Lake of Wener. He studied at Upsala, in 1868, and after accompanying several polar expeditions he became a professor at Upsala, in 1883. He wrote the account of the Swedish polar expedition of 1872 to 1873, and prepared an account of the flora—the seaweeds, etc.—of polar regions.

Drama.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have issued in one volume of 277 pages, a reprint of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos's translation of Maurice Maeterlinck's "Joyzelle," together with Alfred Sutro's acting version of "Monna Vanna." The two plays, dealing with the subtlest aspects of love, are well contrasted. The influence of Shakespeare may be detected in "Joyzelle." Merlin is Prospero; and Arielle, though definitely explained as the old man's "inner force, the neglected power which slumbers in every soul," performs the same tricksy feats as the Ariel of "The Tempest." The play is wholly symbolical, and love, the rare love which Merlin declares occurs not more than once in centuries, suffers and meets even the uttermost test, and is victorious. In "Monna Vanna" love is again subjected to the test—twice subjected. Guido, the husband, fails to meet it; Prinzivalle rises to the level of greatness, and wins the respect and love which the husband by faith might have retained. All this delicate, subtle, elusive, almost illusive vision of love, is expressed by Maeterlinck in language haunting in its exquisite beauty, and impossible to transfer to another tongue. Mr. Sutro disclaims attempt at literalness. Both versions show roughnesses (such as the constant use of "as though" for "as if") which might be eliminated; but for those unable to read the originals, the beauty of the plays themselves will be unspoiled even by imperfections.

Arthur Golding is popularly known only as the author of the translation of Ovid, from which Shakespeare drew most of his mythological lore. He was, in fact, one of the most voluminous and able translators of the Elizabethan age, and we are glad to see his "Tragedie of Abrahams Sacrifice," edited by Dr. Malcolm W. Wallace and reprinted (for the first time) in the handsome series of the University of Toronto Library. "Abraham Sacrifiant," the only play written by Beza, the eminent Swiss reformer and scholar, was published at Geneva in 1550. Golding, in 1575, made a close, almost line for line, rendering of the play into English, and published his work in 1577. The single copy of the book now known to exist is in the Bodleian Library, and Dr. Wallace's present edition is (presumably) an exact transcription, with Introduction and Notes and with a reprint of the French text. The woodcuts in the English volume (they are not in the French editions of Beza) are admirably reproduced in half-tones. Dr. Wallace might be charged, possibly, with the common error of annotating where annotation seems scarcely necessary, as, for instance, in his explanation of the word "plight," meaning "state" or "condition," but in general his work shows commendable common-sense. The tragedy itself is simple and quaint—nothing more, although to Pasquier, a contemporary, it "fit tomber les larmes des yeux," and to Émile Faguet to-day it seems "forte, bien conduite et touchante."

Heinrich Conried has withdrawn from the management of the Irving Place Theatre and has been succeeded by Dr. M. Baumfeld. In a statement of his plans he says that the programme will be changed almost daily. Even the most successful pieces will not be allowed to monopolize the stage. He promises to organize an entirely new and competent stock company, capable of interpreting all the varieties of drama, old and new, domestic and foreign, including the latest products of French, Italian, Spanish, and Scandinavian playwrights. Especial attention, he promises, shall be given to the revival of classic works, such as "Wallenstein," "Emilia Galotti," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Der Richter von Zalamea," etc. Nor will the claims of light comedy be neglected. His season will open in October, and Thursday nights are to be devoted to "special literary productions of the modern international type." In other words, Dr. Baumfeld professes the ambition to restore the German theatre in this city to the position which it occupied some years ago, or to put it on a still higher plane. As the manager of a German theatre he will be exempt from one difficulty with which an English-speaking manager would be confronted: his actors will not be exposed to the temptation of offers from rival theatres or combinations. The chief obstacle in his path to commercial as well as artistic success will be the notorious disinclination of the younger generation of German citizens to support a German theatre.

Signor Ermete Novelli expects to return to this country next November. Two of the most important pieces which he purposes to present are the "Nero" of Signor Ceoso and "Macbeth." In the former he has, so it is reported, won triumphs both at home and abroad, but he has never yet attempted Macbeth.

Beginning Monday night, April 29, Robert Mantell will offer some of Shakespeare's plays at the New Amsterdam Theatre. "Julius Cæsar" will be given Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights, and Saturday afternoon; "Richard III.," Thursday and Friday nights; "Macbeth" Saturday night; and

"Merchant of Venice" Wednesday afternoon. The plays for the second week are "King Lear" and "Othello," and Lytton's "Richelieu."

Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" is to he given at Princeton, April 26, hy students of the university. The play was acted by students of Heidelberg two years ago, and in 1904 by the Elizabethan Stage Society in London, and elsewhere, but this, we believe, will be its first presentation in America. The text of 1605 is followed, with scarcely any changes either of omission or transposition.

The retirement from the Russian stage, after thirty-seven years of active work, of the tragic actress, Mme. Ermolova, resulted in a great demonstration in her honor. The artistic world of Moscow gathered at the Literary and Artists' Cluh to give her a farewell hanquet, and she was the recipient of innumerable addresses from public and private societies. Much regret was expressed that her career should have been interrupted by ill-health at an age when her artistic powers are still in their prime. Mme. Ermolova created, at the Moscow Imperial Theatre, many Schiller parts, and was an especial favorite in Shakespeare. She played almost the entire series of Shakespeare heroines, Juliet, Hermione, Desdemona, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth being reckoned among her best achievements.

Music.

Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms. By Georg Henschel. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Biography does not always confirm the maxim that the style is the man. No one would ever guess from Beethoven's music what an unpolished, rude, untidy person he was. Nor would any one familiar with the austere, dignified compositions of Brahms suspect that one of the main traits of his character was humor, or rather, wit. Georg Henschel has preserved a number of his witty remarks, which usually assume the form of malicious jokes. One day, when Henschel had spoken disparagingly of certain poor compositions by a member of the highest aristocracy, Brahms retorted: "My dear Henschel, let me warn you to be more cautious when speaking of a nobleman's compositions, for you can never know who did 'em!" On another occasion, when a rather well-known composer had asked Brahms's permission to play for him his latest composition, Brahms, after the man had finished, took a sheet of the manuscript between his thumh and middle-finger, and exclaimed: "I say, where do you get your music paper? First rate!" Six years hefore his death he wrote Henschel the following nonsense letter, made up of Italian expression marks: "Menuetto grazioso da capo e poi lo stesso con variazioni elegantissimi ed ancora dal segno e da capo col repetizione, etc. Cordiali salutl." Only this, and nothing more!

It would also be difficult to find in the music of Brahms traits corresponding to his actions when on a vacation. "We had our swim in the sea together," writes Henschel, "and again found much amusement in diving for little red pebbles." Another time Brahms piloted Henschel to a bullfrog pond he had discovered: "Then we leaned over the pond, caught tiny little hahy frogs, and let them jump into the water again from a stone, which greatly amused Brahms." In such intimate hours the master seemed to permit his enthusiastic young friend a deeper insight into the workings of his mind than he allowed the rest of the world, "against which he appeared to he fortified with the *aes triplex* of irony, sarcasm, and indifference."

Henschel first met Brahms in 1874, and saw him the last time on his deathbed in 1897. For a time he saw him frequently, and was sensible enough to keep a diary in which he jotted down some of his friend's wit and wisdom. Being a composer himself, in a modest way, beside an orchestral conductor and a singer, he profited frequently hy his friend's words. In regard to some of his songs, "You seem to me too easily satisfied," said Brahms. "One ought never to forget that by actually perfecting *one* piece one gains and learns more than by commencing or half-finishing a dozen." "In writing songs you must endeavor to invent simultaneously with the melody, a healthy, powerful bass. You stick too much to the middle parts." "No heavy dissonances on the unaccentuated parts of the har, please! That is weak." There is no real creating, Brahms held, without hard work. He thoroughly believed in unconscious cerebration. After conceiving the first phrase of a song—perhaps only half a dozen notes—he could go for a week, and perhaps not think of it again for months. Then, on returning to it, he found it had taken shape.

New light is thrown by Mr. Henschel on the vexed question as to what Brahms really thought of Wagner. Evidently his feelings were undecided and vacillating. One day, with a malicious twinkle in his eye, he read to his guests the manuscript of Wagner's amazing letters to his dressmaker, which he had bought at an auction sale. He hailed the Bayreuth Theatre as a national affair, but never attended any of the festivals, partly because they came in midsummer, when he was resting. He confessed he liked "Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung," but cared less for "Rheingold" and "Siegfried." In place of the mythical Siegfried he would have preferred "young Bonaparte, or some other hero who stands nearer to our sensibilities." It is well known that Brahms was not averse to borrowing themes from Wagner and other composers. On page 33 a conversation is reported in which he said that he had incorporated in one of his songs a charming motive by Scarlatti, and wished there was a way of acknowledging his indebtedness. Henschel suggested that he should simply print Scarlatti's name at the end of the phrase in question, and this was done (opus 72, No. 5).

Considering that Brahms once wrote: "With me the moment is still to come when I shall write the first letter *with pleasure*," Mr. Henschel was lucky in getting twenty-one letters from him in eighteen years. These are printed in the present volume. They are of less interest than the diary, hut one sentence of far-reaching importance may be cited from one of them: "As far at least as my experience goes, everybody has, sooner or later, withdrawn his metronome marks."

Art.

THE UFFIZI IN TRANSITION.

FLORENCE, March 27.

The tourists who are Baedekerizing through the Uffizi are having a hard time. Hardly anything corresponds to the book, except the Trlhuna, so that the ingenuous visitor is seeing his Botticelli *sans le savoir*, or only by virtue of the label. The changes that have been in progress for ten years and more have been accelerated this season by the transfer of the Venetian pictures to the newly opened galleries near the entrance; and while the arrangement is wholly a provisional one, the reform has gone far enough to reveal the spirit in which it is undertaken, and to forecast the gain and loss. It should be noted, too, that the spectacle of a museum in transition for many years is in itself a rare and instructive one. Generally there is a closing of the doors for a month or so, and then *presto!* change, so far as the public is concerned. But the Uffizi cannot close its doors, both for the humane reason that thousands have come from the ends of the earth to see it, and for the more practical motive that to shut up shop means an appreciahle loss of revenue. Hence the stages of its housekeeping are seen of men. To every one concerned with museum polity they are of interest, quite aside from the special concern of every art lover in the Uffizi.

Now the changes, whether made by Corrado Ricci or by his disciples, who are now in charge, have in the main been due not to choice, but to necessity. They do not represent, as so often, the desire to signalize a new régime, or to illustrate a new theory. One may like them or not; one must admit at least that something had to be done. When the pictures at Santa Maria Nuova were removed to the Uffizi, an already crowded gallery was forced to provide two additional exhibition halls. Then very interesting maps in fresco were found under the hangings of the Third Tuscan Hall. To show these it was necessary to move all the pictures, including such treasures as the two Botticelli *tondi*, the Filippi Lippi, and the Annunciation, attributed to Leonardo. The room itself has become a sort of resting-place, a much-needed feature in so large a museum, containing only the Montefeltro portraits by Piero della Francesca and the curious box adorned with the triumphs of Petrarch—of its old contents, hesides one or two of the newer acquisitions on easels. Meanwhile pictures had been bought or promoted from the store-room, enough to fill another gallery. In all, then, four new halls had to be found. Fortunately, there existed an unused and almost unknown suite between the entrance and the Tuscan School. It consisted of three large galleries and three cabinets, all capitally lighted, and a long hall in which the light was fair. The obvious superiority of this series of galleries to the familiar halls emboldened the authorities to move the pictures of the Venetian school out of their cramped quarters, and to undertake a considerahle rearrangement of the new and displaced pictures of the Tuscan school. One may regret perhaps that the Hall of Lorenzo Monaco was included in the plan, for it was a haven of rest, a refuge from

the harried tourist, and its three capital pictures, Lorenzo Monaco's masterpiece, and Botticelli's Adoration of the Kings and Birth of Venus, were seen there almost ideally. A far wiser change was the removal of the portraits of painters to the floor below. They were always *hors d'œuvre* in the old position, and got only the dregs of one's atention.

The changes, viewed in their broader aspect, have brought about a notable concentration of scattered exhibits. From the first landing one may conveniently visit the four new halls of portraits of painters, and gape if he will at John S. Sargent's superficially emphatic and graceless presentment of himself, the newest acquisition. At the entrance above, one will find before reaching the Tribuna practically all the pictures of importance of the Italian schools. The first corridor has given up several of its best pieces. This will seem a grievance to many, but it is after all a sentimental regret, for the light there is execrable, and the throng confusing. Enough of the old favorites—Simone Memmi's Annunciation, Lorenzo Monaco's Adoration of the Magi, and the early Giottesque pieces—have been left to make a veteran still feel at home. Beyond the first corridor there is now little of graphic consequence, except the beautiful new room devoted to the early Flemings, and, of course, the drawings, which remain as always at the far end. Evidently the visitor has been saved many steps, and is spared the baffling and miscellaneous appeal of the old galleries along the third corridor. This concentration of the finest pictures seems then to be a reform worthy of perpetuation, though presumably the mere growth of the Tuscan school may eventually relegate the Venetians to their old locality.

Before discussing the new galleries which now contain the bulk of the *Quattrocentisti* and the Venetians, we should consider the general decorative aspect of the rooms. The authorities have been wise enough not to imitate the palatial fittings of the older galleries. These new halls have merely coffered cypress ceilings in the natural color and low walnut baseboards, with a pavement of large bricks which have an excellent tone and texture. The walls are kalsomined in a slaty green, upon which panels with old gold have great value, or in several shades of terra-cotta, of which one that is reddish and one that has a bluish suggestion are effective, while a lifeless chocolate brown, more rarely used, is always either neutral or positively ugly. In general, one may commend the simple good taste of the installation. It is in keeping with the newer ideas of museum display, but it took some originality and courage to adopt these ideas in the Uffizi with the ultra-palatial Pitti only a furlong away.

As for the new halls, it would be unfair to dwell upon the arrangement of the two Venetian galleries, which is frankly temporary. It has brought us at least such a collocation as the row of early Venetians that supports the central group of three Giorgiones—the Knight of Malta, the Infant Moses, and the Judgment of Solomon. Here are also Giambellino's idyllic Sacra Conversazione, restored to him after the squabbles of the critics; Mantegna's marvellous triptych; not to mention Carpaccio, Bissolo, Cima, Licinio, and Bartolommeo Vivarini. The row affords more keen and purely pictorial impressions than can be gathered within equal space in the museum. Opposite is a radient spot, where Guardi, Canaletto, Bernardo Bellotto, and Sebastiano Ricci, flank a *plafond* and a smaller fragment by Tiepolo. These are mostly admirable new purchases, and they remind us impressively how little genuine aerial quality and luminosity in the major key depend upon the niggling technic of the modern impressionists.

In the largest of the new Tuscan Halls one may best note the merits of the rearrangement. Here are two Baldovinettis and two crucifixes by Lorenzo Monaco ideally placed against the sage green plaster. Vechietta, a recent acquisition, affords an even more precious spot in a fine triptych. The large Crucifixion by Andrea del Castagno, the battered Last Judgment by Fra Bartolommeo, and the pencil copy that is necessary to its comprehension, and a number of Soglianis are merely in storage. But in the beautiful accord of the panels by Baldovinetti, Orcagna, and Vecchietta with the background, and in the simple and pleasing proportions of the hall, one may glimpse a splendid gallery that is to be. The next room is, in spite of its sombre and unsympathetic plaster, far the handsomest of the experimental galleries. The end walls are occupied by those old vis-a-vis: Lorenzo Monaco's lovely Adoration of the Virgin, and Fra Angelico's sadly over-rated tabernacle for the Arte di Lana. To right and left of the entrance door are polyptychs by Gentile da Fabriano and Giovanni di Paolo of Siena—both consummate and gorgeous examples of tempera technic, of cunning glazing of tints over gold. It was a sound æsthetic feeling that gave as pendants to these on the opposite wall, a Bicci di Lorenzo and a nondescript Florentine triptych, both of kindred decorative quality with the major pieces, though far less significant as art. On an easel stands the Coronation of the Virgin by Fra Angelico. The room is a joy; and one should note the good sense that has included the two splendid examples of the Sienese and Romagna schools, instead of relegating them to especial local categories, where they would be less effective.

With the three small cabinets that are named after Botticelli, Leonardo, and Michelangelo doubts begin to intrude. Gain and loss are blended perplexingly. One must admit that the Birth of Venus is well seen, but is there any real gain justifying the abandonment of its old shrine? It is an advantage to have the two great *tondi* hung so that the superiority of the Madonna with Six Angels to its more popular mate becomes apparent even to a careless eye. But what a shock to find that magnificent bit of realism, the Adoration of the Kings, cheapened by the proximity of the two idealistic round pictures! To find the Calumny effaced by the horribly repainted Adoration of the Kings, which should have stayed in the store room! To enjoy such little masterpieces as the St. Jerome and the Judith only by a painful effort of abstraction! What inert company, too, the three Virtues of the Pollaiuoli are for their more sensitive neighbors! From the point of view of art history this room has its obvious justification, from that of pleasure one could heartily wish it undone, or, at least, the smaller and miniature-like masterpieces removed to a place where their individual excellence might be readily perceived.

It is such a delight merely to see Leonardo's noble Adoration of the Magi, that one must forgive much in the new Sala Leonardo. In the old Scuola Toscana its company killed it. Now it has been cleaned and put in a perfect light, and one may study, if only in the master's intention, what was to have been, and, in a way, still is, the consummate religious picture of the early Renaissance. But alas it has been taken out of a beautiful old frame and for greater pomp installed in a hideous gold and walnut contraption of the modern cabinetmaker. Other experimentalists and precursors are present: Uccello's battle piece, as ever grotesquely and finely decorative; Domenico Veneziano's triptych, shrilly out of key; Lorenzo di Credi's charming Venus; three more of the tiresome Virtues of the worthy Pollaiuoli; Cosimo Rosselli's Adoration of the Magi, artistically a void; and that enigmatic and terribly damaged Annunciation, some portion of which Leonardo surely painted, notably the landscape which has not suffered much. As an ensemble the room is displeasing, but one will hardly cavil at any experiment that gives such salience to the finest of Leonardo's early works.

Much the same comment applies to the Sala Michelangelo, where the round Holy Family, which, like everything else, was unfavorably placed in the Tribuna, now gives its full effect of a serene nobility more classic than that of the later works. Art history requires that it be accompanied by three peculiarly unprepossessing (two adulterated) examples of Signorelli; by Ghirlandaio's magnificent portrait of a Turkish rug (the finest before Gérôme)—there are also a Virgin and Saints; by a tolerable Mainardi; and an uninspired Antonio Pollaiuolo. It should be noted that the unharmonious character of the Leonardo and the Michelangelo room is due to the partial adoption of a genealogical principle of exhibition. The aim is to show a succession of masters leading up to their supreme pupil, who is further magnified by the presence of his fellow-students. Such a plan, I believe, will almost invariably lead to unattractive galleries. It is a sound instinct that keeps works of a period together, but within this limitation it seems as if there should be wide discretion to illustrate real, that is, æsthetic, affinities. We have seen that Lorenzo Monaco, Fra Angelico, Gentile da Fabriano, and Giovanni di Paolo can live together, whereas, Cosimo Rosselli, Ghirlandaio, and Leonardo cannot. Is it not the very purpose of museums to make these subtler affinities apparent, leaving genealogy to its proper vehicle the printed book, or at least limiting it to schools in which the illustration of artistic parentèle constitutes a beautiful display?

No gallery that contained the great triptych that Hugo van der Goes painted for the Hospital Church of Santa Maria Nuova could lack distinction. And aside from its finest exhibit the little gallery in the Third Corridor, which is devoted to the early Flemish schools, is highly attractive. Van der Weyden, Gerard David, Memling, and his imitators are arranged

on three walls, as a sort of confirmation of the impression of the Van der Goes. Two windows are covered by faded tapestries, which fall to the floor. It is the most restful hall in the museum, a place where one would willingly sit and wait for a more serene vision than is generally vouchsafed in museums. Possibly these Flemish pictures, which so narrowly shave the gulf of mere literal representation, have a peculiar value in a gallery devoted to the highly abstract art of the Tuscan school. They show us how much success or failure in art is a matter of hair-breadths, and they give a wholesome reminder that the pitfall for the artist is not literal representation, but that ignoble or indifferent vision that from the first observation to the last touch of the brush cheapens the thing seen.

Of the large hall devoted to later Flemish painting, and containing Rubens, Van Dyck, Porbus, and Sustermans, there is not much to say, except that the ensemble is unpleasing, and that the great Rubenses of the Henry IV. series have been degraded by some recent repainting to mere shabby ghosts of themselves.

Space forbids anything like an analysis of the older halls, as affected by these changes. Suffice it to say that the old Tuscan School has gained a certain unity through the loss of its masterpiece, the Leonardo, and by gaining Piero di Cosimo's Assumption; but the eclectics are still sadly in the way. Why do storerooms exist if not to preserve the efforts of the Lamis, Vanninis, and Bilivertis? It would be futile to discuss that old eyesore, the Tribuna, possibly the worst lighted and most ill-arranged exhibition hall of importance on the Continent. Still, it has been consecrated by many generations of guide books and gabblers about art, and I presume no director can be expected to have the courage to lay hand upon this venerable disorder. No one who has had the good fortune to see any of these pictures removed for copying purposes can have failed to note how ill seen they were before in what Mr. Baedeker, with appropriate rhetoric, has characterized as a "magnificent collection of masterpieces." In the four little cabinets that follow the Tribuna remains that ancient hodgepodge, Italian, German, French, Dutch, and Flemish, which will some day tax the ingenuity of a reforming administration. When that hour strikes, all lovers of this great museum will hope that its tradition may be respected. The Uffizi has never tried to exemplify the history of art. For four hundred years its collections have been based, not on erudition, but on taste. It has upheld an ideal which needs merely to be accentuated and perfected, the abandonment of which would be a positive misfortune. M.

There is an unwonted modernity about the April *Burlington*. One of the leading articles is on "The Case for Modern Art," by "A Modern Painter," and another is on "The Modern House and the Modern Picture"; while the departments of Art in Germany and Art in America are devoted largely to accounts of modern exhibitions—in the latter case to the one hundred and second exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy. Even the older art dealt with in the number is not so very old, Hals, Velasquez, Hokusai, and Copley being the principal painters discussed, while the Slip Decorated Dishes of Chirk Castle date from the eighteenth century. "The Case for Modern Art" is illustrated by four plates from paintings by C. H. Shannon, William Nicholson, and J. J. Shannon, and a drawing by A. E. John—all of them of the younger generation of British painters, and all but J. J. Shannon comparatively unknown in this country. In the article on "The Modern House and the Modern Picture," Mr. Clutton-Brock maintains that the falling off of picture buying is not as had been suggested in an earlier number, due to the fact that the modern decorated house has no place for pictures, but to the fact that modern pictures are not decorative—are, indeed, too often not pictures, in any proper sense, at all. "There can be no principle of selection without an object," he says, "and most pictures at present are painted without an object, and therefore upon no principle of selection." He urges painters, if they cannot design a picture for a particular room, at least to design it "like a good piece of china, so that it will be a reasonable ornament to a reasonable room." This is written for England, but some of our own painters might perhaps consider how much of the preference of the patrons for second-rate "Old Masters," of which they complain, is due to the fact that these old pictures, or even the fraudulent imitations of old pictures, have a decorative value, and are "a reasonable ornament to a reasonable room," while too many of their own works, whatever their scientific or psychological value, could never ornament anything.

From Lemcke & Buechner comes the announcement of a work on "Assyrische Skulpturen," designed primarily to illustrate the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament. The work is to extend to twelve *Lieferungen*, each containing fifteen large plates with text. Nine have already appeared, the editor, after the fourth, being Dr. Archibald Paterson. The specimen plate sent to us is magnificent, but the English subscription is amusing, viz.: "Assur-Bani-Pal Pourring Libations over Dead Lions before a Altar"; nor is the French much better.

In "Studies in Pictures" (Charles Scribner's Sons), J. C. Van Dyke writes with his usual cool good sense. The book is intended as "an introduction to the famous galleries," and warns the traveller as to what he may and may not expect, putting him into the proper frame of mind to appreciate masterpieces that may appear strange to his modern sense, and clearing away misconceptions and preconceived ideas. The first part, in five chapters, deals with the modern gallery where the masters are out of place; with restoration and repainting; with false attributions, copies, and forgeries; with the themes of the masters, which meant more to them than to us; and with their workmanship, which is still as important as ever. The second part deals successively with the various departments of painting, as figure painting, portrait painting, genre painting, animal painting, and landscape and marine painting. On all these subjects Mr. Van Dyke speaks intelligently, his greatest limitation of sympathy appearing in his treatment of the classical ideal, where he seems to lump everything together, from Ingres to the bonbon box painters, as merely pretty and popular, and lacking in all strength and character. To speak of the work of Ingres as "empty," "forceless," and "insipid," is only less absurd than to speak of it as "always popular with the unthinking mob"; and such absurdity is only partly redeemed by the acknowledgment that "not all pictures are to be judged by this [the naturalistic] standard," and that "classic or academic drawing may be extremely graceful and fill space decoratively." Imagine the master of incisive line as forceless and insipid—the painter of the portrait of Bertin as merely a graceful decorator, the harsh and austere advocate of artistic probity as a complaisant caterer to the vulgar many! Of course, Mr. Van Dyke does not really mean this, but it was negligent of him to give that impression. For the rest, his book may be recommended to those concerned as generally sound and useful.

W. G. Rawlinson's catalogue and description of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," first published in 1878, is now issued, in a thoroughly revised second edition, by the Macmillan Company. It is almost a model of what such a book should be, and is likely to be indispensable to the student of Turner's great work. By the inclusion of many quotations from Ruskin and other writers, with whom Mr. Rawlinson does not hesitate on occasion to disagree, and of the correspondence between Turner and his engravers and other matter printed in the appendices, a large part of the book is even made readable, though it pretends only to be a work of reference.

Paintings by H. H. Reppert will be exhibited at the Lenox Art Academy till April 27, inclusive; recent pictures by Carleton Wiggins at Macbeth's, April 27; paintings by Orlando Rouland, Clausen's, April 30; water colors by C. S. Forbes, George Busse's, April 30; drawings and etchings by Daubigny, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, May 1.

A collection of paintings gathered by Mrs. Anna N. Kendall of Latrobe, Ill., was sold at auction at the American Art Galleries in this city last Friday night. The following are the more notable prices: Anton Mauve, The Grafter's Cow, $1,650; Nature, $3,000; Josef Israëls, The Bashful Suitor, $1,500; the Young Mother, $1,750; First Steps, $4,300; B. J. Blommers, The New Baby, $1,550; Children of the Beach, $1,700; The Simple Life, $1,650; Jacob Maris, Barges, Ville-Girerre, $3,550; J. H. Weissenbruch, A Hazy Day, $1,800; Théophile de Bock, Approaching Storm, $1,500; Albert Neuhuys, The Latest News, $3,050; Willem Maris, Ducks and Ducklings, $2,750; Fritz Thaulow, Bridge at Verona, $2,000.

An exhibition of portraits of women, painted by leading French artists between 1870 and 1900, will be open in Paris, at Bagatelle, on May 15.

Finance.

"LOAN EXPANSION."

On Saturday, April 13, the weekly statement of the New York Associated Banks

reported an increase of $36,968,000 in loans, and Wall Street—which takes as keen interest in a "new high record" in financial statistics as the sporting community takes in a lowering of the "trotting record"—announced at once that this was the largest weekly loan expansion ever known. Only on three previous occasions, indeed, had as large a weekly increase as $30,000,000 been achieved; only in six weeks of New York's banking history—all of them falling since 1899—had a week's loan expansion run beyond $20,000,000.

Compared with the maximum weekly returns of the great state banks of Europe, the $36,968,000 increase was not a "record." There are occasions—chiefly the "year-end settlements"—when those institutions take over, for various reasons, large liabilities of the private banks of their vicinity, and show a weekly loan expansion larger than this figure. Thus, in the week ending January 3, this year, the Bank of France added $67,000,000 to its loan account and the Imperial Bank of Germany $92,000,000, both of which sums much exceeded the New York loan expansion of two weeks ago. But in the very next week of January, the French and German banks reduced their loan account, respectively, $59,000,000 and $84,000,000. In other words, the huge expansion of the week before had been only for temporary purposes. This was not the case with New York's increase in the week ending April 13. On the contrary, last Saturday's bank statement, covering the week ending April 20, reported further increase of $25,347,000.

For the fortnight, therefore, bank loans at New York had expanded $62,056,000. The nearest parallel to this remarkable two-week showing was an increase of $51,231,000, early in 1905. It will be of some interest to inquire what the reason is for such increase. On the face of things, this borrowing is certainly not less remarkable in that it followed immediately on a Stock Exchange "liquidating" movement, in the course of which bank loans in the tens of millions, previously used by speculators to "carry" stocks, were known to have been paid off and cancelled. This Wall Street liquidation had continued during the greater part of the present year; yet the total New York bank loan account, last Saturday, was $92,000,000 greater than at the close of 1906. How is this seeming discrepancy from the December figures, and how, in particular, is the record-breaking loan expansion of the fortnight past, to be explained?

Partly by certain large operations in connection with new issues of securities. In December, three great railways—the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul—offered to their shareholders new stock, amounting in the aggregate to $250,000,000. Of the Great Northern's $60,000,000 issue, subscribers were to pay 10 per cent. on January 21, and equal instalments on February 7, March 7, and April 8; but the Minnesota lawyers obtained an injunction, and payments were therefore suspended until a few weeks ago, when the injunction was dissolved. As a result, 40 per cent., or $24,000,000, became payable in the second week of April, and in the following week subscriptions to a $30,000,000 bond issue of the American Telephone Company fell due. It is the custom of large subscribers to such security issues to borrow from banks most of the money for the instalment payments, pledging as collateral on such loans the stocks which they owned. In due course, loans made for such purpose are paid off from accruing income.

Although many subscriptions of the sort are made without raising money from the banks, these incidents account for much of the loan increase. They do not account for all, especially when the fortnight's $62,056,000 loan expansion was made in the face of reduction in ordinary Stock Exchange loans. The true explanation lies in two well-known incidents of the money market: the enormous borrowing by Wall Street from foreign banks and from banks at interior cities, when New York money rates were high last winter, and the paying off of such loans when money fell to low figures at New York. When the fortnight began, within which this great New York loan expansion fell, demand loans were bringing as high as 3½ per cent. in Wall Street, and short time loans 4½. When the fortnight ended, demand loans had gone as low as 1¾ per cent. and short-time loans to 3. Banks in London, Paris, Berlin, or in our own larger interior cities, could earn more than this by lending money at home; naturally, therefore, they called in their Wall Street loans.

As they did so, the loans thus cancelled were assumed by New York banks, whose increased cash reserve entitled them to do so. Many Western banks keep large deposits with New York institutions, for the use of which the New York banks pay them at the rate of 2 per cent. When Wall Street money rates rise to 6, or 8, or 20 per cent., it is clearly the interest of an inland bank to withdraw its deposits from the New York institution and lend them out for its own account at the market rate. But when Wall Street bids very low rates for money, it is equally the interest of these out-of-town banks to cancel their Wall Street loans and leave the proceeds again on deposit at the 2 per cent. rate. Naturally, the bank which receives such a deposit loses no time in lending it out again. This process, very extensively pursued in 1904, has been repeated this month.

The magnitude of this recent increase in the loan account results partly from the suddenness of the fall in New York money rates—a consequence of the Stock Exchange liquidation—and partly also from the fact that rates at interior money markets have not declined so rapidly. This last is an interesting phase of the present situation because it suggests that the West, if its own trade activity continues unabated, may possibly have less money to spare when Wall Street again tries to "finance a boom." To what extent the interior lenders helped to sustain last winter's speculation may be judged from the fact that, in November, bankers estimated that $200,000,000 "Western money" was then lent out in Wall Street.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Charles Francis. Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.

Albright, Evelyn May. The Short-Story. Macmillan Co. 90 cents net.

Anthology of French Piano Music. 2 vols. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Bagley, William Chandler. Classroom Management. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Balzac's Père Goriot. Edited by R. L. Sanderson. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 80 cents.

Barry, Richard. The Events Man. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Benson, Arthur Christopher. Beside the Still Waters. Putnams.

Brierley, J. Religion and Experience. Thomas Whittaker. $1.40 net.

Brooke, Emma. Sir Elyot of the Woods. Duffield & Co. $1.50.

Burbank, Luther. The Training of the Human Plant. Century Co. 60 cents.

Causes of Decay in a British Industry. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Corneille, Pierre. Polyeucte, Martyr. Edited by George N. Henning. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.

Cornill, Carl. Introduction to the Canonical Books of the Old Testament. Translated by G. H. Box. Putnams.

Cornford, Francis Macdonald. Thucydides Mythistoricus. London: Edward Arnold.

Cruickshank, J. W. and A. M. Christian Rome. A. Wessels Co. $1.25 net.

Ficke, Arthur Davison. The Happy Princess and Other Poems. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.

Forbes, Henry Prentiss. The Johannine Literature of the Acts of the Apostles. Putnams.

Forbes-Lindsay, C. H. America's Insular Possessions. 2 vols. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Forrest, J. Dorsey. The Development of Western Civilization. University of Chicago Press. $2 net.

Francke, Kuno. German Ideals of To-day. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Frank, Ulrich. Simon Eichelkatz, The Patriarch. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America.

French, Allen. The Book of Vegetables. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Garland, Hamlin. The Log Trail. Harpers. $1.25.

Galsworthy, John. The Country House. Putnams.

Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Edited by Louise Pound. Boston: Ginn & Co. 20 cents.

Handbook of American Indians. Part I. Edited by Frederick W. Hodge. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Harcourt, Mrs. Charles. Good Form for Women. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

Harding, Ellison. The Demetrian. Brentanos.

Harnack, Adolf, and Wilhelm Herrmann. Essays on the Social Gospel. Translated by G. M. Craik. Putnams.

Herter, C. A. The Common Bacterial Infections of the Digestive Tract. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Hill, Headon. The Avengers. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.

Hodges, George. The Year of Grace. Thomas Whittaker. $1 net.

Howard, Earl Dean. The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.

Howells, William Dean. Through the Eye of the Needle. Harpers. $1.50.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1907.

The Week.

Congressman Theodore E. Burton's speech at Trenton last Friday night marks a new stage in the Presidential candidacy of Secretary Taft. The Secretary has so far been in the attitude of a passive candidate. His own statement was that he would not refuse a nomination if it came to him, but that he thought it exceedingly unlikely that anything of the kind could happen. Now, however, it is clear that the movement in his behalf is to be made more aggressive. Mr. Burton not only speaks for those Republicans of Ohio who hope to wrest control of the organization from Foraker and Dick, but comes East and makes a deliberate announcement appealing for national support. This can only be interpreted as meaning that Mr. Taft will from now on be an active candidate. Loyalty to his friends will compel him to stay in the fight to the end. Even if the chief justiceship of the Supreme Court should fall vacant and be offered to him, he could not well accept it before the national convention, after the commitments he has now made. Thus the contest on the Republican side grows more interesting. Mr. Fairbanks complacently describes himself as the candidate of the West against the East. The public had scarcely thought of it in that way; but if it comes to a lining up of the West, the friends of Secretary Taft will have something to say.

It is not so simple a matter after all to use the Federal offices of New York State to put down ex-Congressman Wadsworth and exalt Gov. Hughes. Collector Sanders of Rochester, when appointed, had the endorsement of two Senators and seven Representatives. All of these feel that they have as good a right to a voice in the choice of his successor as in that of Sanders himself. Wadsworth's successor, though elected by Democratic votes, has just announced his intention of acting with the Republicans in the next Congress. But are the other six Congressmen from this internal revenue district to be deprived of their recognized right to consultation when they have themselves kept the Roosevelt faith throughout? The fact is, as no one ever pointed out more cogently than Theodore Roosevelt the civil-service reformer, that no half-measure is possible in the use of patronage for factional ends. Are officials appointed and removed to help the work of one good Governor? Then there can be no legitimate reason for denying the claims of any other of the same "type." The President, having openly recognized the use of public offices as rewards and punishments for politicians other than the incumbents thereof, future selections "for merit only" will become more difficult than ever. The consistent application of the spoilsman's method in the cause of reform might be an inspiring thing, but its drawbacks must be taken with its advantages.

Secretary Bonaparte offers an interesting variant on the common argument of the standpatters that you must not remove the tariff on Trust-made articles, for fear that the small producer of the same article will suffer still more severely. In a speech before the French-American Republican Club of Boston on Saturday night he aptly likened the Trusts to hogs "which crowd their smaller and weaker fellows from the feeding trough so that they don't get their fair share of our national prosperity." He believed the real problem was so to fence off the great beasts as to give the little ones a show. He added:

> The Democrats propose to cut off the supply of swill, or, in other words, to destroy our prosperity by unsettling all our business relations. No doubt this would soon make the big hogs as thin as razorbacks, but would the small ones fare any better? Remember, we don't complain of the former because they are big and fat, but because they keep the others thin and small. The more money the Trusts make, the better for the American people, provided all dealers outside the Trusts have a fair field and the Trusts no favor.

Now, the policy of the Republican party and President Roosevelt was, according to Mr. Bonaparte, to keep "each big pig in its proper pen, where it can't crowd out any of the little fellows around it." This is a charming picture of the contented porkers, each in his particular pen, none getting a drop more of swill than his due. To argue from it is, however, like arguing from a metaphor, for the simple but sufficient reason that pigs are pigs. So long as the Republican party continues to flood the trough with swill in the form of tariff favors, so long will the big hogs crowd the little ones away. The separating partitions which Secretary Bonaparte imagines must, if there is to be even a possibility of competition in trade, always remain a mere figment of the imagination.

The recent announcement that President Roosevelt "is seriously considering the advisability of asking Congress to enact a statute providing that all campaign expenses of candidates in national elections shall be defrayed by the Government, and appropriating the funds therefor" must have startled many newspaper readers. Yet that which seems at first sight a radical departure from the theory of our politics, is in reality only an extreme application of the same principle of party recognition which has made such extraordinary headway within the past few years. For better or worse, we have given to what was originally a more or less indefinite private association, legal status, definite rights, and definite responsibilities. By comparison with what has already been done toward making the party a regular part of our governmental machinery, the mere payment every four years of a few millions of money raised by taxation, might be regarded as only an incident. For an illustration of conditions when the party had no legal status at all, it would be necessary to go back to the days when *viva voce* voting prevailed in some of the States. The unofficial ballot, still in use in some Southern States, theoretically permitted every man to make out such a ticket as he chose; in practice, the printing of ballots has always been done by the politicians. Then came the Australian ballot; and after that the movement for primaries under the same legal restrictions as the regular elections. The State, having paid the expense of printing the party ticket on the election-day ballot, was asked to pay the whole expense of what were originally caucuses wholly within the several parties. This is a long step, yet most of the States have already taken it.

No more useful gift could have been made to the colored people of the South at this time than Miss Anna T. Jeanes's million-dollar fund for the small negro schools in towns and in the rural districts, which are not part of the State school system. Their number grows from year to year; their needs are never satisfied, and ought not to be, if they are to develop along the right lines. For example, an admirable Alabama negro school, with an enrolment of 225 scholars, which takes the place of four wretched one-teacher cabin schools and has been of incalculable moral and educational value to its community, receives less than $100 a year from the public funds, about one-third of what was awarded to it when it started. In Atlanta, there are 6,000 colored children roaming the streets and headed straight for a life of indolence and crime, because there are no sittings in the public schools for them. As a result, the colored people are building up a number of private schools—misnamed colleges.

By no means all of these applicants for aid are worthy; many of their schools lack proper bookkeeping, a scientifically developed course of study, and competent teachers; while some are in unworthy hands, or are located too near other and better institutions. Here lies the great opportunity of the trustees of the Jeanes Fund. Of far greater value than the $40,000 or $50,000 they will have to dispense annually will be the influence they can exert upon all the schools Miss Jeanes wishes to aid. They can refuse to help any school which has not the bookkeeping system devised for Hampton and Tuskegee; and they can demand a standard curriculum, for the requirements of the colored people in the rural districts are substantially the same everywhere. The trustees can insist that teachers shall have proper certificates of efficiency, and can also influence the selection of adequately trained principals. Moreover, the Jeanes trustees can see to it that schools which now devote themselves only to class-room work bestow more attention upon the communities in which they are located. The Calhoun, Ala., school has fairly revolutionized the life of the colored people within a radius of twenty-five miles, by means of farmers' institutes, mothers' meetings, and by missionaries, some of whom teach the negro how to buy his farm, and how to get the best possible crops, while others enter the cabins as nurses or as teachers of domestic science, etc. Every well-established negro school should be compelled to extend its influence in this way. President Roosevelt has declared that there ought to be a manual training school for blacks in every county. The Jeanes Fund may be able to start some such schools where they are now lacking.

It is not to be supposed that Mayor Schmitz can tell the San Francisco grand jury and the public prosecutor very much that they do not know already about the reign of graft in that stricken city. Yet his reported offer to resign his office at once, and make, in return for immunity, a full confession of his relation to the trolley deal and other scandals of his administration, testifies to the state of mind that must exist among the plunderers of the city. From this time on, the prosecutions will proceed with a new moral advantage; and this is doubly true if the forces of the law are in a position to reject Schmitz's overtures, and proceed without favor or compromise. In every similar municipal "clean-up" in the past, some similar panic has marked the turn of advantage to the reformers. From the moment of Tweed's flight, the breaking of the ring in this city was no longer in doubt. But, however this may be, Mayor Schmitz's desire to confess and aid the prosecution is the logical outcome of his break with Boss Ruef. Honest men in San Francisco seem likely to come to their own, after all.

The American Museum of Natural History in this city has abandoned the plan of reserving two days each week for members and for others who will pay an entrance fee, and hereafter its exhibition halls will be open daily, and free to all. The arguments by which President Morris K. Jesup and the Director, Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus, support this change are worthy of serious consideration by all who are interested in the management of museums. When the Museum was relatively small and the halls were overcrowded, there were valid reasons for restricting attendance on certain days; but these reasons no longer exist. "The reservation," says Mr. Jesup, "really amounts to the closing of our doors to the public for approximately one-third of the time." He adds:

> Any regulation that interferes with the general enjoyment of its privileges is contrary to the spirit of its founders and opposed to the wishes of its supporters.

He believes, moreover, that the members "are not actuated by selfish motives; they contribute because they believe in the work that the Museum is doing and because they derive pleasure from being associated with it." That the new plan will increase by about one-third the efficiency of one of the greatest education institutions of the country is obvious. In connection with this new policy we may note that in Italy there is much discussion of the matter of entrance fees at museums. Some hold that it is beneath the dignity of the Government to limit the use of the galleries by demanding any fee whatever. Others maintain that a great opportunity for money-making is being thriftlessly wasted. Every foreigner, it is said, would as readily pay two francs as one to see the Uffizi, ten as readily as two-and-a-half to visit Pompeii. A compromise has also been proposed, namely, to open the galleries for several days a week at a nominal fee, say ten centesimi (two cents), abolishing the free Sunday. It is thought that this would thin out the holiday mob without excluding any one who was really interested. The experiment of a bargain-day might well be tried in this country. It seems, for example, that there ought to be some middle way between the deserted condition of the Metropolitan Museum on pay days and its overcrowded condition on Sunday.

Franz Kneisel planning to abandon chamber music! The report seems incredible, yet its mere appearance will bring grief to music-lovers the country over, until it is finally denied. Confirmed, we shall continue to believe, it cannot be. Mr. Kneisel and his fellow quartet-players have done a wonderful work, not merely in placing themselves in the front rank among musicians, but in educating the American public to a knowledge of what fine chamber music really is. More than a hundred concerts a year have they given, North, East, South, and West, in towns, cities, schools, and colleges. Wherever they have gone they have raised musical standards and created a thirst for the purest forms of string music. Other quartets have followed in their footsteps, until now five or six are able to make a satisfactory living. Not one, however, is in the same class with the Kneisels, whose reputation has long since become international. To lose "the Kneisels" now would be, for years to come, an irreparable loss. An excellent conductor their leader would undoubtedly make for the Philadelphia or any other orchestra. Surely, however, there are laurels enough left for Mr. Kneisel in his chosen field, without his having to give up his exquisite violin.

The author of "Il Santo" is naturally delighted at the honor that has come to him across the ocean in the form of a letter of praise from President Roosevelt, accompanying an invitation to visit the United States. Antonio Fogazzaro would be more than human if he failed to glow at the thought that his latest book of the spirit had gained the attention of a man whose time must be taken up by the harsh business of an intensely practical world. He would be more than human, too, if he failed to recognize what such a recommendation must mean for the circulation of his novel in this country—and in Germany. On the part of the President, it required commendable courage to take the step. Fogazzaro's book is on the Index, many good Catholics will consequently be displeased, and Mgr. Montagnini will be more convinced than ever that Mr. Roosevelt is a free-thinker. But, on the other hand, it cannot but redound to the nation's fame to have men like Pastor Wagner in France and Fogazzaro in Italy come to act as sympathetic interpreters of our spirit and our civilization to the Europeans. Other men in other countries stand for the same lofty tendencies in a materialistic age as these two men. Peter Rosegger might come from Austria, and Gustav Frenssen from Germany, if authoritatively summoned. Will some in Italy sneer at us for a prim and puritan, if not hypocritical, people, and ask why we did not invite D'Annunzio long ago? We hope not; all Italians should be grateful for what is, in all sincerity, a striking compliment from a notable man to a great writer.

The American peril is seriously alarming art lovers in Germany. Two years ago the *Zeitgeist* printed a symposium of expert opinions from all European countries on the subject of the wholesale buying of art works by American millionaires. In the meantime the peril has steadily increased. After the recent purchase of the Hainauer collection the Kaiser expressed his displeasure in language which once more brought this question to the fore. The Berlin *Tageblatt* prints a long letter from Prof. Paul Clemen of Bonn, who offers various suggestions as to the best way of thwarting the Americans. That they must be restrained is clear to him. There are in Germany and France collectors who have invested half their fortune in works of art; what would happen, he asks, if one of the American multimillionaires should follow this example? Greece made a law, as long ago as 1834, that all art treasures in the country must be regarded as national possessions. Italy has strict regulations regarding the sale of even private collections. Germany has none, and Professor Clemen doubts whether any could be enforced. What he objects to particularly is the secret sale of collections before the national galleries have had a chance to compete. He suggests a statute compelling timely publicity in cases of intended sale, and the formation of a protective alliance of German museum and art gallery directors against the designing Americans.

The reported condemnation of Baron von Puttkamer, the notorious former governor of the German Cameroons, is probably the close of an incident that has reflected discredit on the methods of German colonial administration in the past. A notorious debauchee, a spendthrift, and a tyrant of the worst sort, Puttkamer by his misdeeds while governor supplied the opponents of the Colonial Office, notably the Centre, with valuable material, which they did their best to employ in the Reichstag and before the country. The accused, we are told, "defended his policy towards the natives and complained of the attitude of the missionaries, whose motto was: Everything for the blacks, and nothing for civilization." Civilization, as typified by Von Puttkamer in the Cameroons, meant the importation of a Berlin actress under the euphemistic title of "cousin" and her installation in a luxurious residence built at Government expense; the handing over of native women to soldiers and civilians at will; the stringing up of natives by their thumbs till they died; and the instigation of violence against those missionaries who ventured to protest. The Germans, with true national passion for the abstractly scientific, have designated such cases of what is nothing less than degeneracy on the part of the white rulers of Africa, as forms of a disease which they call "tropical wrath." If, however, European ideas of morals and conduct are bound to shrivel a good deal under the equatorial heat, colonial offices can at least do better than start with ready-made gamesters and sensualists. Von Puttkamer's condemnation is apparently good proof that the German Government has taken the lesson to heart.

Without exaggerating the labor troubles in France, we may surely say that it is no sign of healthy conditions that, with the approach of every first of May, the capital should be placed under quasi-military law, and the prominent agitators arrested. As usual, fear of workmen's riots, and worse, centres about the central union organization, the Confederation of Labor. This has repeatedly come to the front as the most uncompromising revolutionary body in France. Its present ascendency is indicative of a two-fold development within the ranks of French Socialism. On the one hand, the policy of coöperating with the bourgeois parties, which began with the entry of Millerand into the cabinet of "concentration" formed by Waldeck-Rousseau in 1899, has continued to be upheld by a faction of the Socialists, with the result that the present ministry contains no less than three members or former members of that party. But the usual sobering or "reactionary" effect which office has exercised on ministerial Socialists has undoubtedly created among the rank and file of the party great dissatisfaction with the policy of opportunism, and given a decided impetus to a reversion towards revolutionary Socialism. "What, is it Clemenceau, Briand, and Viviani who arrest me?" one of the labor leaders taken into custody on Monday is reported to have cried. "What have they done to get where they are? They preached an awakening. Now they are provided for, they become reactionaries. While they were nothing, they did just what we are doing." Thus it would appear that the orthodox Marxian Socialism is waning. It stood for absolutely no compromise with the bourgeoisie, but it stood also for the peaceful conquest of political power by means of the ballot. To-day one element represented by the Independent Socialists is drifting towards a merger with the non-proletarian radical parties, while another element is headed straight for something much like insurrection.

Sir Henry Cotton, who was for thirty-five years in the civil service in the northeast of India, continues, in a revised edition of his "New India: or India in Transition," to criticise with great freedom the English administration of that country. He finds that the theory of the established land revenue system is that the land belongs to "a small minority of foreigners," or "party of foreign occupiers who choose to call themselves the state." He resents the right of interference with the criminal courts of minor degree now possessed by the local British executive officers. From these and other causes he deduces the reasons for what he terms the "increased bitterness" between the races. Believing the original conquest of India to have been highly discreditable to England, Sir Henry hopes that eventually India will consist of a number of united states, similar to those in Australia and the provinces of Canada. He would have "an organization of small states, each with a prince at its head, and a small body of patrician aristocracy interposing between him and the lower orders of working men." Obviously, Sir Henry is no democrat; but he believes in justice even to the dark-skinned. Naturally, his original views and his readiness to find fault with his countrymen have led to his being written down a crank, a "rash dreamer," and as one lacking loyalty. But his book is none the less a most useful contribution to the analysis of conditions in India—a country which is now in the throes of transition.

Peace seems probable in Central America. It is officially reported that a treaty was signed last week between the representatives of Salvador and Nicaragua at Amapala, and that the United States cruisers Boston and Chicago have left for other parts. When the police leisurely depart, swinging their clubs, trouble is presumably over for the time. The only chance of further complications comes from the side of Honduras. There the revolutionaries are reported as disgruntled at their treatment by President Zelaya of Nicaragua. No particulars are given of the nature of the treaty concluded at Amapala, but, as usual in Central America, the reverse of the logical orders seems to have been followed. We are told that "the conditions offered by Salvador [which was so badly defeated] were accepted, while the demands of President Zelaya of Nicaragua [which won a really notable victory] for reparation on account of the part played by Salvador [defeated] in the war between Honduras [likewise defeated] and Nicaragua [victorious] were rejected." Thereupon peace was concluded on "terms honorable to both parties." Opera bouffe, Central American war is often called, and opera bouffe it undoubtedly is in many phases. But when it comes to actual fighting, the mestizo or Indian displays a zeal worthy of a better cause. In the recent decisive battle near Choluteca, the reports would indicate a percentage of casualties quite as high as at Mukden.

TRULY UNDESIRABLE CITIZENS.

If it is the hit bird that flutters, the evidence is clear that President Roosevelt's shot at those labor unions which live upon violence, has gone home. Dispatches from various parts of the country speak of the amazed wrath of arrogant labor leaders that any man should dare to beard them. Their plans, in the way of protest and vengeance, are numerous. All "labor" is to stop work on a given day in May in order to register a mighty rebuke to the President. There are to be indignant parades and mass-meetings. One proposal is that organized labor adopt in a body the title "undesirable citizens," applied by Mr. Roosevelt to Debs, Moyer, and Haywood. The idea is to have another "bold type of shame to homage turned"; to imitate the "Beggars" of Holland in wearing as an ornamental badge what had been affixed in opprobrium.

These passionate outbursts prove what a word in season the President has spoken. Tyranny is always enraged when challenged; and it is the tyrannical spirit of labor unions that is leading them into these absurdities of madness. They had been coddled and toadied to and cringed to so long, and had gradually built up such an inflated notion of their power and immunity from criticism and from the law itself, that they had come to think they owned the country and held all public officers in a leash. It was high time, therefore, that some one in authority, and having the ear of the nation, should utter the truth. This the President has now done. His act is not only fine in itself, but is bound to have wholesome consequences. The entire question of the attitude and political demands of labor unions will now be discussed with a frankness to which we have long been unaccustomed. So infectious is courage!

On the merits of the immediate issue, there is no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt, if anything, understated the truth. That organized labor in this country has deliberately adopted violence and lawlessness, as among the weapons whereby to perfect its monopoly and enhance its tyranny, no one will dispute who keeps his eyes open. It is not simply that, as the President says, some representatives of labor are open "preachers of violence," but that habitually the precept is put into practice. "Incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence" has been far more common than the President intimates. Bludgeons, dynamite, and bullets are the regular accompaniment of every great strike. In Chicago, the unions had what they called an "Entertainment Committee." Its object was to entertain every arriving non-union man by clubbing him over the head. All the important strikes of organized labor during the past twenty years have had organized thugs and murderers stalking in their shadow. This was true of the great anthracite strike of 1902. It would have been well if President Roosevelt had, at that crisis, stated with as much vigor as he does to-day the impossibility of tolerating crime, even when masquerading as organized labor. But thanks should not be grudged him now for having so sharply drawn the line between good citizenship and that which is not only undesirable, but inimical to social order and the lawful ongoing of government.

It is no chance thing that the unions all over the country have leaped to make the cause of Moyer and Haywood their own. They are aware of the deep solidarity which unites them to these "brothers." Whether the men are guilty of the murder of Gov. Steunenberg, no one can say till the evidence is produced at the trial; but that is not the point. The accused men are felt in a peculiar way to stand for that policy of intimidation and brutality which has marked the career of the Western Miners' Confederation. And the thing which makes organized labor cry out and band together on this issue is that the law has presumed to interfere. Arrests have been made, the highest court in the land has upheld the legal processes invoked against union terrorism, and alarmed labor leaders fear that if this is allowed to go on, the vitality will be taken out of their organizations. Unless these can erect themselves above the law, and make themselves so dreaded a power that juries and judges and, above all, elected officials will not dare to meddle with them, their whole plan of conquest and aggrandizement will be in peril. This is the real secret of the movement to identify the cause of organized labor with that of two men indicted for murder.

The political consequences of President Roosevelt's bold stand and plain speech are already a subject of concern to timid Republicans. He has actually dared to fling his glove in the face of the labor vote! What disasters to the party may we not expect now? A President, even if not desiring reëlection himself, should not have been so reckless. Well, those may be right who see in Mr. Roosevelt's flat defiance of the labor men a sure sign that he does not mean to stand for office again. But that is neither here nor there. We have at last got, what we ought to have had long ago—a clear, unflinching definition by the President of the United States of the irrepressible conflict which must exist between labor unions and American institutions, until the former give up their proud claim of being not only superior to fair play, but above the law.

MONEY MARKETS AND PROSPERITY.

James J. Hill's admission that nothing more than a "slowing up" of business activity is to be expected, and that "the relaxation will be healthy," is an interesting sign of the change which has occurred, if not in the actual financial situation, at all events in the common view taken of it. People have not forgotten with what suddenness the flood of pessimistic prediction swept over us at the opening of the present year. All the indications pointed to a prosperity at the high notch of the generation. Producing and transportation enterprises were reporting unexampled profits. Volume of business, as shown by checks passed through the banks, was equally unparalleled; dividends of corporations were increasing; labor was in demand as at no previous stage of the "boom." The complaint most often heard concerned conditions which might themselves be construed into evidence of prosperity—the fact that the railways could not enlarge their facilities rapidly enough to provide for the astonishing volume of merchandise demanding transportation. When Mr. Hill phrased his diagnosis as "commercial paralysis, which, long continued, means slow commercial death," most people read his words with perplexity.

Presently it appeared that Mr. Hill was not alone in his opinion, nor was the absence of adequate transportation facilities the only ground of foreboding. The "turn of the year," which is usually, in this country at any rate, the occasion for hopeful forecast, was marked by a chorus of dismal prophecy. Not only transportation facilities, but the supplies of accumulated capital on which the business world depends for its various projects, were declared inadequate. For evidence, people look habitually to the bank reports and money rates of the large markets, and nobody could deny that the signs which they furnished were somewhat alarming.

The rate here, even for high-grade merchants' paper, had been the highest ever exacted in early autumn. The New York bank position was the weakest reported at any time in a quarter of a century, except in actual panic. The Bank of England had raised its discount rate to a figure not reached for twenty-five years except on the eve of either war or financial panic. The Bank of Germany made the weakest showing with which it had ended any year in its history. Along with this, came perfectly well-authenticated news that Wall Street financiers had incurred on foreign markets a possibly unprecedented floating debt; and, although ingenious arguments have been constructed to prove that this could not be so, because our "balance of trade" is so enormous,

nevertheless those men in a position to know bore witness that it was true; and the fact that such a debt had been incurred, in the face of the country's unusual command over the world's real capital, made the phenomenon all the more startling. The most experienced financiers looked with apprehension to the next few months.

Those months have now passed, and the situation differs singularly from what had been foretold. One after another the discount rates, fixed at high figures for protective purposes by the great European banks, have come down to normal figures. Wall Street itself, far from being in the throes of panic, with capital impossible to procure, finds its money rate distinctly lower than it was a year ago this week, and its bank position similarly stronger. It cannot, perhaps, be said that the world's markets have yet reëntered a period of easy money, because foreign discount rates are still much above the usual spring-time level. Nor would it be quite safe to say that supply and demand, in the market for capital, have yet returned to normal relations, when corporations raising money still have to pay high rates for short-time loans and cannot find a satisfactory market for their bonds. But merchants are able to borrow at reasonable rates, and of the acute strain which had been foreshadowed for this time there is no trace whatever. It is not, therefore, surprising that many people should ask whether the whole series of phenomena on which last January's pessimism was based, were not really an illusion, a product of needless fright.

To such a theory nobody who has studied our great cycles of financial uplift and depression is likely to listen. Even when prophecies of disaster were most numerous keen observers remarked that this very apprehension was the best guarantee that the predicted results would not follow. Serious financial catastrophe is not often foreseen with such unanimity. Most of our actual panics have been preceded by a general blind optimism. In this case, the warnings had immediate and practical results; a structure of Stock Exchange speculation, raised to reckless heights, conducted by capitalists who seemed to expect that their names and prestige would crown it with success, was hastily pulled down. Until this was done, few persons understood how great a part this extravagant Wall Street speculation had played in absorbing the surplus capital of the world.

Whether the remedy may be regarded as permanent, is another question. The answer would be easy, if one could assume that the past season's lesson would be remembered more than a few months, and that experiments of the same sort would not hereafter be undertaken, except with due regard to existing requirements of capital by legitimate trade. Unfortunately, these are assumptions which cannot be safely made in a speculative era. The stage in the "cycle of prosperity" when the speculation which results from abundance of unemployed money runs into speculation carried on without regard to the condition of the money market, is perfectly familiar. The outward sign, equally notorious, is the change from money markets which no strain seems to ruffle to a succession of convulsive movements such as have distinguished 1905 and 1906. These experiments are obviously full of danger, both immediate and remote. What the situation of the present moment indicates, however, is that predictions made last January of a swiftly approaching industrial collapse were too hasty.

TWO MONTHS OF THE DUMA.

At Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday night, Alexis Aladyin, one of the leaders of the Group of Toil in the first Russian Duma, is reported to have declared:

> If our conciliatory attitude to the present Government bears no fruit, and we are pushed to the wall, we shall fight. We pray that it shall never come; but if it does——

Mr. Aladyin's words sum up admirably the character of the present Russian Parliament as distinguished from its short-lived predecessor. The first Duma came to St. Petersburg spoiling for a fight; the second Duma has been as anxiously avoiding one. This Occidentalized Oriental people, which, according to proverb, we have but to scratch to find the Tartar, which is given to idle vaporing instead of fruitful action, which surrenders itself to millennial dreams, to be accomplished in a day, and which positively will *not* wait, has refuted the last named slander as it has done the others. Fairly patient this second Duma has been in the face of intended or unavoidable provocation. Indeed, at times it would seem as if the crisis of the "back-against-the-wall," anticipated by Mr. Aladyin, was evaded only by the Opposition's taking instruction from Poe's story of the Inquisition chamber, and causing the wall to move backwards.

With such unmistakable evidence of a desire on the part of the deputies to avoid a parliamentary collision, we can find scant reason for the rumors and alarums of "dissolution" which have been the order of the day since the first meeting of the present Duma. "The Social-Democratic leader has bitterly insulted the Ministerial bench. The Duma will be dissolved." "The reference of the budget to a committee has pleased M. Stolypin. The Duma seems assured of a long life." "The Prime Minister has written a sharp letter to M. Golovin, and the troops in St. Petersburg have received double rations. The Duma is on the eve of dissolution." "The Czar has received M. Golovin graciously, and gave no encouragement to the reactionary peasant deputies. The Duma's prospects seem excellent," etc. The actual facts of the situation are these: The Duma is at this moment fifty-nine days old, or within fifteen days of the total lifetime of the first Duma. Up to the present, it has weathered crisis after crisis with respect to the Government, whereas its predecessor, from the first day, plunged into a legislative deadlock. It has shown itself ready to recognize, or at least to accept in silence, constitutional limitations; whereas the first Duma was determined upon starting with a clean slate by resolving itself into a constituent convention. It can show on occasions an actual majority for the Government, whose support last year was restricted to a mere half-dozen of mild Octobrists. Above all, it has given no indication of resorting to any such revolutionary step as the projected appeal to the nation, which was the immediate cause of last year's dissolution.

But the question arises whether the Duma will not be dissolved in spite, or rather because, of the absence of all serious provocation; whether its complaisant attitude will not be taken as a confession of weakness, and an opportunity for reëstablishing in practice, if not in theory, the old autocratic rule. The cable reports announcing the imminent dissolution of the Duma generally represent the Government as "looking for trouble." Now, passing over such general and often vague arguments as may be founded on the personality of the Czar or his prime minister, we find that the very motive for the summoning of the first Duma ascribed to the Government by its opponents still holds good—namely, the need of raising a foreign loan. The subject has not yet been broached in the Duma, and, even conceding that the refusal of the deputies' sanction would precipitate a deadlock and dissolution, weeks, if not months, must pass before such a situation is brought about.

As to the make-up of the second, or "conciliatory," Duma, it is difficult to speak with precision, because parties have not as yet crystallized into definite form. Thus, an official classification made by a committee on organization, appointed by the Duma in March, has been called into question by the Constitutional Democrats, who object to being formally catalogued with the "Right Centre." The official classification is on the basis of complete lists, and accounts for five hundred and twenty-nine members. We may compare with it the analysis of the actual five hundred deputies, made by a leading correspondent. Giving the latter estimate in parentheses, we find at the extreme left the Social Democrats, 69 (51), led by

the St. Petersburg workman Alexinski and the Caucasian Prince Tseretelli, and in their attitude, irreconcilable. After them come the Social Revolutionaries, 41 (31), with the closely allied group of 19 Social-Populists. As with the Constitutional Democrats, their real leaders are not in the Duma; their parliamentary head is Dr. Gobunof, representative from the territory of Terek. The Group of Toil, 96 (61), under the leadership of Mr. Karavaef, closes the ranks of the Left. The Centre begins with the Mohammedan deputies, 37 (36), who are followed by the Poles, 46, and the Constitutional-Democrats, 88 (102). Octobrists and Monarchists, forming the Right, constitute about 100, according to both estimates, of which the second gives also some 30 deputies as without party affiliation. Thus, out of the 470 classified deputies, this correspondent gives about 170 to the Left, 100 to the Right, both wings being split up among themselves, and a "working" centre of 200, comprising Constitutional Democrats, with their allies from the partyless ranks, the Mussulmans, and the Poles.

This, then, must be counted as the record of the Duma's work for the past two months—that it has evolved a practical Centre, which can generally command a majority, and which has shown its willingness to "talk business." To the parties of the Left, the Duma is still a "centre for carrying on the revolutionary propaganda," as one of their leaders has expressed it. They avow it openly in Parliament through the mouths of such men as Alexinski and Tseretelli. If they refrain from extreme measures, it is solely for prudential reasons. But, on the other hand, the Constitutional Democrats, who last year undoubtedly held the same view of the Duma as an organ of revolutionary agitation, seem to have abandoned this plan for one more consonant with the usual functions of a parliamentary body. To that extent the second Duma has moved forward.

THE LAW OF PRIVATE LETTERS.

A recent judicial decision in England throws light upon a vexed problem of biographers and literary executors—who so often, as Coleridge said, make sad work of the testators' brains. What is a private letter? How can you draw a broad line of distinction between private and public letters? The question is partly what is lawful, partly what is expedient. An executor or biographer may be within his legal right in publishing a private letter, yet may thereby outrage good taste and even decency. On the other hand, the private letters of a great man, about whose life it is of interest to learn as much as possible, must at some time become fair matter for publication; and the question is, when?

All these queries, and others like them, were laid before an English judge in a friendly suit brought by the heirs of the late Duke of Rutland. He, as Lord John Manners, had played a part in public life, and by will left to his son "all private and family letters written after 1862." But there was also in the Duke's papers a classification of "letters upon political and public affairs written to the testator while holding office and at other times by his colleagues in the Government, and by Her Majesty the late Queen." The question was whether this class of letters should be adjudged "private." If so, they would go, under the will, to the present Duke; if not, to his brother. Mr. Justice Joyce held that they were not private letters. In his judgment, he pointed out that all letters not written for immediate publication may, in a sense, be held to be private; but that the lapse of time necessarily makes a difference in their legal status. The letters in dispute were undoubtedly private at one time, and their publication could have been prevented; but with the flight of years, and the changes in politics, they had lost their private character and might now be printed.

This decision, it is obvious, was purely legal. It related merely to the proper distribution of papers under a will. But it is clear that the question of literary propriety is also involved. Upon this the learned judge did not and could not pronounce; yet it falls within the scope of his distinctions. No point has been more mooted in biographical squabbles. Was it a crime for Froude to put into cold type so many of the personal revealings of Carlyle? Or was it an act of the finest loyalty and literary good conscience? The answer will plainly depend upon one's idea of how long the right of privacy ought to persist, and be respected, after death. In a somewhat different way, the same question was sharply argued at the time of the publication of the Browning letters. Nothing was disclosed not to the honor both of Mr. and Mrs. Browning; yet many felt that those intimate breathings of their very souls had a private quality which never should have been violated. Still another aspect of the dispute is suggested by the controversy over the Hohenlohe memoirs. It will be recalled that the Emperor was indignant at the publication of even a diary account of conversations with himself. This shows that the more public a character is, the more sacredly private it may be necessary to keep some things that concern him. President Roosevelt has shown the Kaiser how to do it by repudiating in advance any report of what he may have said in the loud and breezy confidences of the White House.

The general rule for the biographer to follow is simple. In the exercise of his discretion, what to publish and what not to publish, among the letters placed in his hands, he should be guided by both truth and charity. What would give needless pain to the living, or to their close friends, should not be allowed to get into print from the pen of the dead. Here is where we see the application of the principle laid down by Justice Joyce—that of the lapse of time. Sufficient time cannot be said to have elapsed to make a private letter public property, when its publication would unnecessarily lacerate the hearts of people whose feelings it is right to consider. A cruelty which a great man gone would not commit while alive, should not be inflicted in his name after he is dead. Of course, the vindication of character, the setting right of history, may sometimes require the disregard of personal susceptibilities. Sir Robert Peel's biographer, for example, was quite right to publish the fact that Disraeli had made his envenomed attack upon Peel only after he had first written to him, begging for office, and had been refused.

Judicial decisions in these matters will not help us much. The judgment of the English court we have cited, reasonable as it sounds, might be used as an excuse for a most unreasonable violation of private correspondence. Our own courts have a good deal whittled away the right of privacy. All the more reason, then, for insisting upon a standard of literary delicacy and consideration in all this affair of breaking lock and seal and bringing too rashly or prematurely to light letters of which their authors, if they could speak, would protest against the publication.

"ICHABOD" AND THE NEW THEOLOGY.

A dispatch from London last Friday reports a religious sensation in connection with the City Temple. Two grave and well-dressed men, with the solemnity of British middle-class citizens setting out to "bear testimony," mounted a long ladder and inscribed the word "Ichabod," in staring white letters a foot and a half high, over the portico of the famous church where Dr. Joseph Parker used to preach. This pious demonstration was, of course, directed against his successor, the Rev. R. J. Campbell. That clergyman's teachings, especially the publication of his recent book, "The New Theology," have scandalized many. They have, however, become the great topic of the hour in religious circles in England. So wide a sale and discussion of a theological treatise are probably unexampled. More nearly even than Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope" in its day, has Mr. Campbell's book succeeded in doing what Macaulay hoped for his history. It has displaced the latest novel on the boudoir table, and is made the universal theme of dining-room chat and salon gossip.

To dub such a man "Ichabod" seems to the outsider something of a misnomer. This is hardly the time to ask, "Where is the glory?" Mr. Campbell's glory appears to be coming full. No man in England is more eagerly sought after to make addresses, preach sermons, and write articles. In the last *Hibbert Journal* he holds first place with a paper on "The Aim of the New Theology Movement." Such an Ichabod as he can afford to smile at his detractors. They, of course, simply desire in their odd way to express their disapproval of Mr. Campbell. Steeped in the Puritan tradition, they awkwardly use the old Puritan weapons of controversy. Having dutifully chalked up their "Ichabod," they doubtless went each man to his merchandise, and in their shops became once more modern Englishmen.

Turning from all this external flurry to Mr. Campbell's book itself, we find ample reasons for its vogue, but not many to justify either the acute alarm or the intense admiration with which it has been alternately regarded. One gets from it a pleasing impression of Mr. Campbell's personal qualities. He is evidently a man of very warm sympathies, not at all lacking in courage; he has a strain of poetry in him; he is a moving preacher, and his heart is filled with the largest aspirations for the good of mankind. Not so much can be said for his intellectual ability. Principal Fairbairn has delicately hinted at Mr. Campbell's deficient training in the subjects he discusses. This is manifest in every chapter. He attacks the oldest and toughest problems of theology and metaphysics, and has his little offhand solution for each one. This is the courage of conviction, no doubt, but it is also the courage of ignorance—or, at least, of lack of sufficient reading and thought. It is, no doubt, Mr. Campbell's easy dismissal of world-old difficulties which has led an eminent theologian, himself very liberal-minded, to say of his book that it is "a farrago of nonsense." It is something more than that on the human and religious side, but it is philosophically very weak. Indeed, where Mr. Campbell's new theology is not merely old heresy, it is too much a thing of shreds and patches. We have in him not a coördinating thinker, but an impulsive and emotional reformer.

Mr. Campbell is heart and soul a pragmatist. We hope our instructed readers know what "pragmatism" is. It is the reigning philosophical sensation. Harvard has been convulsed with it for months, and has sent missionaries to benighted Columbia to expound the new doctrine. It has been defined as really meaning: "It doesn't matter what you think, if your heart be in the right place." A fuller definition has been given by an old-fogey Cambridge professor: "Pragmatism is the system by which you hold one opinion to-day, and a contradictory one to-morrow, but with the comfort all the while of knowing that the other fellow is surely wrong." Such gibes must stand for what they are worth. What the serious pragmatists are driving at is indicated in one of Mr. Campbell's phrases. The New Theology, he writes in the *Hibbert Journal*, "discards" every theological doctrine "which has not a practical ethical value." Now, whatever may be said about this, it is certainly not "new." To go no further back than Albrecht Ritschl, we have in his voluminous theological writings a complete development of this idea that the only test of creeds is their "cash value," so to speak. And some of our New England theologians might smile at Mr. Campbell's enthusiasm as a discoverer of doctrines that they expounded before he was born.

But all this is only the accidental dress of the New Theology. If it is a little uncertain in history and logic, its moral aim and social programme are clear and fine. What concerns these earnest and devoted men, who are attaching themselves to the new movement in Italy and France, as well as in America and England, is the need of making the Church again the leader in reform, in binding together the hearts and hopes of the great masses of the people, and in restoring a real spiritual brotherhood on earth. It is not so much a formal Christian unity for which they labor, as a "practical concentration of all the Christian forces." They want to see the working classes won back to the churches. Their aspiration is to seize upon all the large moral and humane agitations of the day, give them the touch of religious faith, and make them contribute to the glory and usefulness of the Christian Church. It is not possible to withhold admiration from such zealous and unselfish souls. The gap between their thinking and their striving some one may one day rise up to bridge; but for the present, all can see that the fire of humanity burns within their breasts, and that they feel themselves inwardly called to a ministry of conciliation. Progress, whether in theology or society, may not come in the ways they count upon, but it cannot fail to be hastened by such labors as theirs.

THE KAISER'S MUSICAL MONUMENT.

Four years ago the leading male choirs of Germany had a contest at Frankfurt for a prize offered by the Emperor. He was present, and made a speech in which he expressed his gratification at the skill displayed. But, he added, he missed the best kind of *Männergesang*, such as we find in the German folksong. "It would have been a relief for all had one of the choirs sung Mendelssohn's 'Wer hat dich du schöner Wald.' I shall arrange for a collection of folksongs, in order that the *Männergesang* may be diverted to its proper sphere."

Naturally, such a criticism caused momentary irritation; but it was soon forgotten in the interest in the Kaiser's preparations for not only carrying out his promise, but doing it in regal style. Three months after the Frankfurt contest the Ministry of Public Worship had, at his instigation, worked out a plan for supplying the German singing societies with a collection of the choicest specimens of German folk music of several centuries. Funds were provided, and the leading musicians of the country invited to lend their services. The list of the men—composers, conductors, professors, critics—who helped to collect, sift, edit, and arrange, is a most imposing one; among the names included in it are Humperdinck, Richard Strauss, Max Bruch, Carl Reinecke, Ludwig Thuille, Robert Radecke, Georg Schumann, Thomas Koschat, Eduard Kremser, Hermann Kretzschmar, Max Friedlaender, Friedrich Hegar, Siegfried Ochs, Edler von Schuch, Hans Sitt, Fritz Vollbach, Eusebius Mandyczewski, Julius Röntgen, Bernhard Scholz, Leopold Schmidt, Philipp Wolfrum, Friedrich Gernsheim, Max Kalbeck, and others of national or international repute. More than forty composers engaged in the task of arranging the songs for male voices. As a result, no other country has anything like this "Volksliederbuch für Männerchor"; and, thanks to William II., Germany has once more asserted her musical supremacy.

The greatest difficulty confronting the commission of musical experts was the choice of the songs. Altogether about 17,000 came under consideration, and out of these, 610 were finally selected. They have been printed in two handsome volumes by the well-known firm of C. F. Peters. Although these volumes contain 1,515 pages of music and 87 pages of notes (with an admirable historic introduction by Freiherr von Liliencron), they are not unwieldy, and the price, too, is popular—only $2 for the two volumes—a sum which can hardly cover the cost of production. From this point of view, too, the "Volksliederbuch" is a present from the Kaiser to the musical world.

No less willing to coöperate in this monumental work than the musicians were the publishers, who readily granted permission to reprint copyrighted songs, reserving, however, the right of public performance. There are, of course, no rights in the folksongs, of which in most cases, even the creators are unknown; but the "Volksliederbuch" includes much beside the actual folk tunes. The Germans make a distinction between *Volkslieder* and *volksthümliche Lieder*, the first being songs of the people, by the people, the others art-songs

by known composers, which have been adopted by the people. Among the great composers who have written for male choirs are Weber, Schubert, Loewe, Mendelssohn Marschner, Kreutzer, Schumann, Franz, Brahms; and these are liberally represented. Bach, Handel, and others are represented by arrangements. The pilgrims' chorus from Wagner's "Tannhäuser" is included; nay, the commission was sufficiently catholic to welcome that leader of secessionists, Richard Strauss; doubtless on the ground that, as this "Liederbuch" was intended to give a bird's-eye view of the development of German music, its latest phase could not be consistently excluded. It cannot be denied, at the same time, that the Strauss contributions do look like black sheep in the fold. They are neither *Volkslieder* nor will they ever become *volksthümlich;* they lack all the elements of folk music—simplicity, tunefulness, spontaneity, sincerity, cordiality.

The wide range of folk music is indicated by the twelve sections into which these six hundred and ten songs are divided—religious; serious and devotional; songs of the fatherland and home; of nature; of travel and parting; songs of soldiers; of hunters, sailors, farmers, miners; festival songs; social and drinking songs; love-songs; ballads; comic and derisive songs. Under each head, the numbers are arranged chronologically, so far as possible, which makes the "Liederbuch," with its vivid poems, also a history of manners and morals during the last four centuries. Variety of color, too, is provided, the collectors having wisely included many choice specimens from other countries in which German is spoken, notably Austria, the Tyrol, and Switzerland; also the Netherlands, at the Kaiser's special and urgent desire.

The one thing to be regretted regarding this collection is that it should be available only for *Männergesangvereine.* American cities and colleges have their glee clubs, but, on the whole, the male choir is a much less conspicuous phenomenon in other countries than in Germany. However, Liliencron promises further editions, in which the songs will be issued arranged for mixed choir, or for solo voice, with pianoforte, with special volumes for use in church and school. When this has been done, it will be impossible to overestimate the importance of the "Volksliederbuch" for the cause of universal musical edification.

Especially from one point of view must it be welcomed. Folk music is, above all things, melodious, and the creation of new melodies is the one thing in music which cannot be taught. As early as the twelfth century, the European church composers began to adopt folk melodies and weave them into their contrapuntal fabrics. Martin Luther rejuvenated church music by bodily adopting many of the best folk tunes; and ever since that time the composers, secular as well as ecclesiastic, have sought to strengthen their melodic sense by contact with folk music. Now at no time, perhaps, since music became an art has there been such a melodic drought as there is at present. It would be too optimistic to hope that the study of the Kaiser's monumental collection will make original melodists of present-day composers; but, until they do become such, music-lovers may turn for consolation to the "Volksliederbuch."

RECENT GERMAN BOOKS.

Among the admirable little volumes edited by Georg Brandes, and published under the collective title Die Literatur, by Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin, there has recently appeared a complete review and just appreciation of German poetry of the present time: "Die deutsche Dichtung seit Heinrich Heine." The author, Karl Henckell, groups the poets according to tendencies, and supplements each sketch of a poet by selections from his verse. Henckell's language is at times too florid, but his metaphors are always apt and pithy, and convey a remarkably vivid image. When he calls Platen the sword-bearer of beauty, Heinrich von Reder the tough and knotty Rodensteiner of lyric verse, and Heinrich Leuthold the posthumous sovereign of beautiful form, little else is needed to assign to them their place. The book is illustrated by facsimiles of letters and manuscripts, and twenty-five portraits.

"Emile Zola," by Michael Georg Conrad, forms the twenty-eighth volume of the series. It is meet that the prophet of naturalism in Germany should add to the literature about Zola his estimate and personal impressions of his master. Conrad was one of the first Germans to join in Zola's cry for truth; and, not satisfied with preaching the theory of the new art in his periodical, *Die Gesellschaft*, he applied it to his fiction. The book takes its cue from conversations with Zola, which the author had during his sojourn in Paris, 1878-1884. There is the strong and intimate charm of a portrait sketched by one who profoundly understood and sincerely loved the original. There are many interesting glimpses of Zola in the privacy of his study. At one time Conrad writes:

> Zola is easily fanned into flame when the right wind comes along. His tongue, at other times rather heavy, then becomes singularly voluble, and his voice gives a resonant ring to his sentences. The whole man has a power that carries you away, and when his sacred convictions are touched, an impetuous heartiness. . . . He is one of those great personalities whose every fibre is filled with their mission, and who would risk their last drop of blood to realize their work. He is the incarnate conscience of his nation.

One of Conrad's most interesting chapters is devoted to Prof. Francesco de Sanctis, who, in the summer of 1879, delivered a lecture on Zola and "L'Assommoir" at the Circolo filologico in Naples. There is an appendix containing a complete bibliography of the French and German editions of Zola, and of the literature about him, which mentions only three books in the English language, those by Burrows, Dowden, and Vizetelly.

"Das Nibelungenlied," by Max Burkhardt, is a recent addition to the same series. In the Introduction the author emphasizes the necessity of a history of art which should prove that every work of art is not so much the product of an individual as a manifestation of something created by a whole generation, perhaps by many generations. Such is the "Nibelungenlied," the earliest traces of it dating back to those days, when the tribes which later developed into separate entities had not yet segregated. If we knew all the intermediate links in the evolution of the "Nibelungenlied," written at different times in different countries, we should have thousands of Nibelungen songs, each almost imperceptibly passing into the other. By way of illustration, Burkhardt traces the story of Troilus from its first appearance in Homer through the literature of ancient Greece and Rome to the mediæval French romance by Benoît de Ste. More, the versions by Guido of Colonna and by Bossaccio, the poem of Chaucer, and, finally, the play of Shakespeare. Burkhardt maintains that there is no other example in literature which so clearly demonstrates the evolution of one theme in the literary work of many centuries. The history of the "Nibelungenlied" admits of the same treatment, although the chain is not so unbroken. The author follows the story of the love of Siegfried and Kriemhild, Gunther and Brunhild, from the earliest poems in which it appears to the modern versions of the old theme by Geibel, Hebbel, Wilbrandt, and Jordan. The latter reproduced it in epic form, but, laboring under the curious delusion that the old faith of those prehistoric heroes foreshadowed the intellectual achievements of the present time, permitted himself anachronisms which were too palpable not to detract from the beauty of some portions of his work. While Jordan lowered the old hero-myth to the level of a romantic fairy tale, Richard Wagner in his "Ring des Nibelungen" raised it to the dignity of a work of art, which combines the Germanic story of the guilt and the defection of the gods with the saga of the heroic race of the Nibelung, and infuses into both a new life. Burkhardt does not claim completeness for the bibliography appended to his interesting treatise. The book is illustrated by reproductions of rare old woodcuts and facsimiles of manuscripts.

"Kant und Goethe," by Georg Simmel, is a volume in the series called Die Kultur, edited by Dr. Cornelius Gurlitt and published by Bard, Marquardt & Co., Berlin. The author refers to the spiritual currents and counter-currents in Germany, which in the fifties and sixties of the last century turned from the abstract idealism which characterized its beginning, to materialism. According to his thesis, the demand for a synthesis of these two contrasting views culminated in the seventh decade in the cry, "Back to Kant!" But the scientific solution which Kant could give, demanded, by its very onesidedness, to be supplemented by an æsthetic one; the strongly reawakened æsthetic interests, striving for the reintegration of spirit and reality, crystallized into the call, "Back to Goethe!" Simmel admits that Goethe cared

little for philosophy as such, and forces upon us the conclusion that as Kant was a philosopher by intention, Goethe was one by intuition. When Goethe says to Schiller, that the materialistic philosophers do not reach the mind, as the idealistic do not reach the body, and suggests that it is well to remain in the philosophical state of nature, and to make the best possible use of one's unseparate existence, he gives a key to his monistic view of life. It enters even into his relation to the ethics of Kant, for he says in a letter to Carlyle:

Some have accepted selfishness as the motive of all moral action; others saw in the desire for contentment and happiness the only effective motive; again others ranked supreme the apodictic demand of duty; and none of these could be generally recognized—at the end one had to admit that it is best to evolve the moral and the beautiful from the whole complex entity of healthy human nature.

Simmel calls attention to Goethe's idea of the all-human, which he could discern at the bottom of every individual nationality and personality. It is this which made him a cosmopolite in the noblest sense of the word. The author also resents the charge that Goethe was an aristocrat, recalling a passage, in which Goethe declared that there was very little difference between an ordinary man and a genius, if it is compared with all they have in common. "The poetical gift is the peasant's as well as the knight's; all depends upon the individual's power to realize his state and treat it with dignity." There are thirteen illustrations, among them "The Thinker," by Rodin, to whom the book is dedicated, portraits of Erasmus by the younger Holbein, Carlyle by Whistler, Kant by Doebler, and a splendid profile of Goethe after a drawing by Jagemann.

"Aus der Zeit des Humanismus," by Ernst Borkowsky (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), is a book on the German renaissance, containing appreciations of Dürer, the Holbeins, Hans Sachs, Erasmus, Celtis, and other noted men, and ending with a study of two typical cities of the time, Nuremberg and Augsburg. The difference between the Italian and the German renaissance is strongly brought out. The author admits that the German renaissance lacked the sensuousness and the strong lights and colors of the Italian; but it was filled with youthful energy and the powerful desire to break the social, intellectual, and artistic barriers of the Middle Ages. While the Italian humanism was founded upon an æsthetical principle, Germany's was based upon ethical values of life. As the eye of the poets and the artists of the time rediscovered nature and recognized the pictorial value of the landscape, so the inner eye of man discovered the individual traits in human nature. The literature of the period shows a remarkable increase of letters and memoirs; the portrait severs its connection with historical painting; "the cult of personality becomes a momentum of social and intellectual development." Of the ten men portrayed in the book, each is a personality standing for the spirit of progress which characterized the period, for consummate scholarship, or for artistic achievement. The attitude of these men was hopeful; they were all looking towards the coming of the one who was to realize their dream of humanity. The preface closes with these words: "He for whom they waited came much later than they expected; the great humanist of Weimar—he was their Messiah." This book, of 250 pages, has twelve illustrations, among them Dürer's portrait of himself, and Holbein the Younger's, both exquisitely reproduced.

The appearance of Hutchins Hapgood's "Spirit of Labor" in this country calls attention to literature of the same class which has recently sprung up in Germany. A few years ago a volume of memoirs, called "Denkwuerdigkeiten und Erinnerungen eines Arbeiters," caused a mild sensation; it was the story of a skilled laborer of a type rapidly becoming extinct, who had long passed the zenith of his life and belonged to an older generation. Now the editor of that book, Dr. Paul Goehre, has prepared another which is called "Lebensgeschichte eines modernen Fabrikarbeiters" (Jena: Eugen Diederichs), and which pictures the life of a typical workingman of to-day as he himself has written it. Not only the story, but even the form of it, justifies the editor's use of the word "modern" in the title. A comparison of these two human documents is of vital interest to the student of sociology. While the ideas of social-democracy barely rose above the horizon of the first book, they are the very essence of the life told in this volume of 368 pages, with a simple truthfulness of detail which is at times pathetic. It is a mine of valuable information.

Among recent translations must be mentioned the third volume in that beautiful edition of Lafcadio Hearn's works, which are being remarkably well translated by Berta Franzos and published by the Literarische Anstalt of Fraukfort. "Izumo" is the title of this rendering into German of "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan." Like the preceding volumes, it has been illustrated by Emil Orlik, among modern German illustrators the one who has most deeply entered into the spirit of Japauese art.

The complete critical edition of Wilhelm Mueller's "Gedichte" (Berlin: B. Behr) is interesting to American readers, because the editor, Dr. James Taft Hatfield, is an American recognized abroad as an authority upon the work of the poet, whose verse has been rendered immortal by the music of Schubert.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On May 6 and 7 the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell the library of S. B. Matthews. The books illustrated by Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, and Walter Crane are notable. The illustrations by these artists are attracting more and more attention among collectors. On the evening of May 8, the same firm will hold a sale of engravings, mezzotints, color prints, etc., mainly from the collection of Miss Eleanor Barry, the actress. Included also is a considerable collection of play-bills, among them a number showing first appearances of Edmund Kean.

Part 5 of Dr. Kopetschny's collection will be offered by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city on May 6 and 7. This part includes some rare first editions of early English books, among them Baron's "Mirza," about 1650; Brewer's "Love-Sick King," 1655; Fielding's "Tragedy of Tragedies," 1731; Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," 1635; Chaucer's "Works," Kele's undated edition, about 1542; an unusual series of books by Pope, including the first edition of the rare "Windsor Forest," 1713. The first editions of modern authors include: Charlotte Brontë's "Villette," 1853, cloth; Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates," the eight parts in one volume (Part 5, as usual, being second edition); Edward FitzGerald's "Six Dramas of Calderon Freely Translated," 1853; Emerson's "Poems," 1847, original boards, uncut. The books on natural history with colored plates include some works seldom offered in this country. Among them are: "The Birds of North America," by Baird, Cassin, and Lawrence, 2 vols., 1860; Batemau's "Orchidaceæ of Mexico and Guatemala," 1843, a superb work with colored plates, of which only 125 copies were printed; Blume's "Rumphia," 4 vols., containing colored plates of East Indian plants; Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina," third edition, 2 vols. folio, 1771; Edwards's "Histoire naturelle d'oiseaux peu communs," 8 vols., 1751-64; Ferussac and Deshayes's "Histoire naturelle des molusques," 4 vols., folio, 1821-51; Harris's "Aurelian," 1778; Smith's "Lepidopterous Insects of Georgia," 2 vols., 1797; Sweet's "British Flower Garden," 7 vols., 1838.

On May 7, 8, and 9, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell some of the books, manuscripts, and broadsides which belonged to the two Boston historians, Samuel Adams Drake and his father Samuel G. Drake. The collection of revolutionary broadsides is especially rich, there being more than one hundred lots. Included is a specimen of the two-page single-sheet printed by Holt in New York, giving an account of the Boston massacre. A similar sheet brought $300 in the Proud sale in 1903. The series of American colonial newspapers is very long, nearly one hundred and fifty lots. There are numerous works on Boston, on American genealogy, and the Indians, several editions of the New England Primer, and early American almanacs.

On May 6, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sell part of the library of the late Henry Charles Harford. Several rare pieces of Americana are included. Among them is a copy of the first edition of the "Journal of Major George Washington," Williamsburg, 1754. Other important lots are: Roger William's "Bloudy Tenent of Persecution," 1644, and his "Bloody Tenent Yet More Bloody," 1652; Ashe's "Carolina, 1682, a nearly uncut copy; the first edition of Eden's translation of Peter Martyr's "Decades of the Newe Worlde," 1555; the second and enlarged edition issued with the title "The History of Travayle in the West and East Indies," 1577; Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1589, first edition; James's "Strange and Dangerous Voyage," 1633, with the rare map; Monardes's "Joyful Newes out of the New-founde Worlde," translated by John Frampton, 1577; John Smith's "True Travels, Adventures, and Observations," 1630; Gabriel Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of Pensilvania and West-New-Jersey," 1698 (McKee's copy sold in 1902 for $805). Among other books are Langland's "Vision of Pierce Plowman," 1550; "The nyne fyrst Bookes of the Eneldos of Virgil," translated by T. Phaer, 1562; "Hamlet," the undated edltion (about 1636), "Printed by W.

S. for John Smethwicke" (the Perkins copy sold in 1889 for £60); Milton's "Paradise Regained," 1671; Coryat's "Odcombian Banquet," 1611; Chapman's "May-Day," 1611, and "The Widdowes Teares," 1612; a fourteenth century manuscript on vellum of that early English poem, "The Pricke of Conscience," by Richard Rolle of Hampole. On May 10 and 11, Sotheby offers part of the library of W. Bromley-Davenport. A manuscript "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," of fifteenth Century German execution, several manuscript Books of Hours, and a manuscript Breviary are included. Among the printed books are several original issues of Savonarola's writings, early editions of the classics, and an imperfect copy of the rare first edition of the Book of St. Albans. On May 16, Sotheby sells the collection of book-plates formed by the late W. W. Robinson. An American plate of Steph: Apthorp, engraved by N. Hurd, not mentioned by either Allen or Fincham, and not in the Franks collection, will be offered.

At the sale of Part IV. of Ex-Gov. Pennypacker's library by Stan. V. Henkels in Philadelphia on April 24 and 25, a copy of Loudon's "Narratives of Outrages Committed by the Indians in Their Wars with the White People," 2 vols., Carlisle, Pa., 1808, Vol. I. fine and clean, but Vol. II. somewhat worn by use, brought $270; a Tory tract, printed in New York, probably by James Rivington, 1774, with the title "A Dialogue between a Southern Delegate and His Spouse, on His Return from the Grand Continental Congress," $100.

At Sotheby's, April 20, the Mildmay First Folio Shakespeare, a small copy, the title cut around and mounted, the verses and three other preliminary leaves lacking, brought £680; the second folio, the rare Richard Meighen imprint, £230; Spencer's "Faerie Queene," 1590-96, both parts, £150.

Correspondence.

HOW TO LEARN TO SPELL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I hope that no Gentleman of the Old School—of the District School that was—will chance upon that tragic catalogue of errors, the "Report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College." We have heard it so often—the story of the "spell down"; and we know how scornful the Old Gentleman would be of the list of 120 words "commonly misspelled by candidates for Harvard." "*Exaggcrate! separate!*" he would scoff. "What words are these! Give me to spell *phthisic, ecumenical,* and *metempsychosis!*"

The Old Gentleman himself was a wonderful speller, no doubt; for there were good spellers then as there are good spellers now. There may have been, as he would have us think, better spellers then than now, and if there were, there were poor spellers also. How could it have been otherwise in the days of the "spell down"?

What must necessarily have been the effect on the sensitive ear of the countless misspellings heard in the course of an afternoon given over to the spelling match? A difficult word spelled correctly once would be misspelled a dozen times. The good speller of those days was truly a "survivor." He clung with desperation to the correct spelling, repeating it over and over to himself until "his turn" came, and stopping his ears to the misspellings about him. But what of the "unfit"? Did they ever learn to spell, or only to misspell? Unfortunately, we have no report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College for the year in which the Old Gentleman and his fellows presented themselves.

How are we to teach spelling? I think the question should be supplemented by, How are we to avoid teaching misspelling? The generous old "spell down" taught both! I have a suggestion to make, for the value of which I cannot vouch. To me, however, in the flush of invention, it appears reasonable.

If I were a teacher of spelling, I would never ask a pupil to spell a word which had not been spelled for him, and I would not expect a pupil of mine to write correctly words which he had not thoroughly learned by copying them in his own handwriting. Once let a student spell a word *incorrectly*, once let him have *in his own handwriting* an incorrect image of the word, and he is lost. I spelled the word *perhaps* with a final *e* for months, simply because the idea once got into my head that the word was so spelled. And the knowledge that it really had no final *e* had very little to do with the case. Spelling is a matter of first impressions and of habit, not a matter of "knowledge." So, if I were a teacher of spelling, I would pronounce and spell each word for the pupil, and then I would ask him to pronounce it and spell it. Before taking up a new word I would write the other on the blackboard in a conventional round hand (no teacher of spelling should write a "lawyer's hand"), and then I would ask the student to write down the word in a notebook, copying it from the blackboard, with the sound of the word still in his mind and associated with the visual image. Once let the student *hear* a word *correctly*, once let him *see in his own handwriting* a correct image of the word, and misspellings will find it difficult to gain entrance. In *his own hand* is, I think, highly important. We *recognize* a word by its word-sound and by its visual printed image, but in *creative* work it is the visual image of the word in our own handwriting which should immediately suggest itself. And, we may add, the hand as well as the eye learns this particular form of the word.

It follows that I am opposed to early original composition. To ask a child to write essays before he has the words, as visual images, to use, is as stupid as to ask him to write before he has ideas to express. In place of the original composition I would have him copy short, suitable essays. Indeed, there is no hurry about composition work. The student might far better learn to read well before attempting to create. Certainly, he should not be permitted to write ambitious misspelled themes.

I am aware that much of what I have said is heretical. I am as fully aware that up-to-date methods and devices are unsatisfactory. Has any teacher of spelling attempted to get his pupils to learn words *as imaged in the pupils' own handwriting?*

Richard R. Kirk.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, April 15.

WASHINGTON AS A UNIVERSITY SEAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It might be of some interest to add a few words to your comprehensive summary, of April 18, of Washington's fitness as the seat of a great university. Observation for several years here in connection with educational work brings some modifications of view as to the special advantages that this city might offer in the way of valuable collections and repositories. As you clearly indicate, while these aids for study are abundant here, it is not at all apparent that they will generally be of special service to a university, as they can hardly be utilized by any except the most advanced graduate students. For regular teaching purposes there would have to be university museums. The public ones, as at other points, would have to be opened to the general mass, and no special class could be accommodated. There are finely equipped laboratories here but they are usually devoted to applied science in the solution of some definite problem. Even if open to the classes, could these young men and women get any good from them? Such students will be learning principles, not the technical applications of them. It is hardly more probable that beginners would be allowed to use the apparatus than that the political science seminary would be admitted to cabinet meetings as an object lesson in government.

On the humanistic side, there are vast stores of books, but every educational plant has to have its own working library for the daily use of its force. It would be impossible to rely upon the public libraries for such purposes. The law library of Congress, one of the completest in existence for our statutes, is already restricted to members of the bar. As for the manuscripts and unprinted documents, of which, as you said, there are many thousands here, a student would not be in much superior position to his fellow at Harvard or Yale or Chicago. Use of such original sources scarcely comes until towards the end of the graduate period and is largely carried on during vacation. After a trip of a few hours a man from a distance would be placed on a level with the one here. Furthermore, as you point out, there are data of the most important sort in New York, Boston, San Francisco, and other places. It is just as likely that an investigator here would have to go to some other point as a man from elsewhere would have to come here.

It would minister to our national pride and stir our patriotism to have at our capital a great university such as at Berlin and Paris and Vienna, but the need of a costly outfit would be all the sharper because of location here. There is something to be said in the way of creating an impression upon the ordinary person. What would make an institution architecturally prominent for the average city would scarcely be a respectable beginning in Washington, with its imposing governmental edifices. The movement for creating a great institution here is one to be heartily commended but

it requires large sums to make it worthy of the city. Nothing less than $10,000,000 should he considered and the aim should rather he for $20,000,000 or $30,000,000 if the result is to he in keeping with the demands. Above all other of our centres, Washington can nationalize us, and broaden our outlook. There is no other equal body of people so representative of every nook and corner of our land. The public buildings and their contents of course cannot he duplicated elsewhere. All students visit them, and a few would get raw material from them for a thesis or other contribution to knowledge, but the solid, substantial elements of education, both for equipment and instruction, will have to he supplied hy the institution just as at any other institution in a large city, and that means an enormous endowment if the first rank is to he attained. "E. O."

Washington, April 25.

AIMS OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One would naturally suppose, and as a matter of fact the opinion is widely held, that the Carnegie Institution of Washington is, or was intended to he, a great democratic foundation, to which scientists from the whole country might apply for assistance in carrying out projects with which for financial reasons they were unable to cope unaided; and that applications would he considered and granted with the same impartiality as is shown hy the Civil Service Commission in making its appointments. As a matter of fact, according to the policy outlined in his last report, practically the only applicants that President Woodward proposes to favor are "eminent investigators" of established reputation; that is to say, scientists who from the very fact of their eminence already have at their disposal the hest libraries, the best laboratories, the most efficient assistants, in a word, the hest facilities that the country has to offer. The institution, the report goes on to say, cannot he "hampered hy a host of applicants hacked hy endless recommendations of douhtful validity." In accordance with this sentiment the institution does not hesitate to inform applicants, even before a description of the project and a statement of the amount desired have heen received, that their requests will hardly he granted, "no matter what the merits of the project." It is with something of a shock that the great scientific public, which supposed that the benefits of the foundation were to accrue to all, finds itself referred to as "hampering" the administration hy sending in applications which it believed the institution would welcome, even though the lack of unlimited resources might render the rejection of many worthy projects necessary.

The arguments brought forward against the less known investigator and the applicant for a minor grant make it clear that the favored class is to consist of those who ask for large appropriations and those who need no further recommendations than their own names. The applicant for a minor grant is informed:

> These periods [of affiliation] will be from two to five years, or more, since few investigations well worth undertaking by the institution can be brought to satisfactory conclusions in shorter periods of time.

If this utterance is to be taken seriously, it means that the person who completes more or less of the preliminary work of his project before applying to the institution is a less desirable candidate than the person, who, hy virtue of having done no preliminary work, can extend his affiliation with the institution over a period of from two to five years; and that, likewise, the man who defrays himself a part of the expense attendant upon his investigations and who accordingly asks for a comparatively small amount, is less worthy of assistance than the one who proposes to do all his work at the expense of the institution.

Research and not education must remain the primary object of the Carnegie Institution. But this principle presents a strange appearance when converted into an argument against any one class of applicants. Neither the size of the appropriation, nor the length of time required to complete the investigation nor yet the possible educational effect of the grant will appear to the public as considerations of any great weight in comparison with the simple merit of the applicant and his project. H. Z. Kip.

Cambridge, Mass, April 23.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Maine Legislature, having made an appropriation for the support of a college of liberal arts at the State University, has temporarily disposed of a question of broad educational interest. That question is whether a State should employ public funds to found and to maintain institutions to compete with those already adequately supplying the needs of the State on private endowment. The State College, which was one of the many established on the funds from the Morrill land grant, at first confined its teaching to agriculture and technology, for which it was founded. Later, after having induced the Legislature to change its name from college to university, the institution declared that it should live up to its name, and called on the State to make appropriations for the support of schools of forestry, pharmacy, education, and law. To all this there is no widespread objection. But in demanding the public funds for a college of liberal arts leading to the degree of A.B., the State University has met determined opposition. The Committee of the Legislature on Education reported against the A.B. course 7 to 2. The House favored it by a large majority, and the Senate at first opposed it hy a small minority. The case against the contentions of the university is based on the generally admitted fact that the three colleges, Bowdoin, Bates, and Colby, all older than the Orono institution, are adequately supplying the needs of the State without resort to public funds. Many college authorities throughout the country maintain further that it is impossible to tack onto an agricultural and scientific institution, at the slight additional expense called for hy the Maine University, a course in liberal arts which is at all equal to that provided at an institution with an endowment of over a million dollars, which devotes its whole life and resources to that one purpose.

The opposition is not based, as has been asserted, on the jealousy of the colleges, and it is unfair to charge them with obstructing the progress of higher education. They have held aloof from united opposition, although agreed on principles, and from that kind of lobbying which, in the history of State universities, has been a sorry spectacle. President Hyde of Bowdoin particularly has held consistently hy his declaration that such questions are State matters, to be decided hy all taxpayers, and not petty conflicts between institutions which should he working together for common ends.

The State of Maine cannot afford to spend the meagre funds now available for education in supporting a college of arts which, at the very best, can only duplicate what is already offered freely in other and older institutions. The State has crying need in her common and normal schools for all available funds. Her own teachers are publicly deploring the fact that the State has not yet paid the office of State superintendent of schools enough to secure a man who is both honest and efficient; that, in salaries paid to teachers, she competes for last place with four States in the black belt of the South; that the average salary paid to women in the elementary schools is less than $200, about half the amount paid for unskilled labor in her cotton mills. Maine has not a dozen men in her public schools receiving even the average salary paid to men teachers in Massachusetts. In view of these facts, it is no wonder that there is some bitter opposition to the officers of the university, lobbying for public funds, and advertising in the papers of Massachusetts to secure boys to take an A.B. course at the expense of the taxpayers of Maine.

Those who oppose the present policy of the university and the Legislature hold that the State should first take care of its public schools; second, that it should spend all that it can spend wisely in strengthening the agricultural and technical departments, now insufficiently supported at its State University; that it shall thus make what restitution it can for the misappropriated funds of the Federal Land Grant. The contention is, in short, that a State should he liberal in its support of all kinds of educational institutions which the people need, which they can afford, and which are not already provided freely and adequately through private enterprises.

William Trufant Foster.

Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., April 19.

THE CHRONOLOGY OF MASOLINO

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Three prejudices have, I believe, darkened the problem of the relationship between Masolino and Masaccio: the acceptance of the dates 1428 and 1435 for Masolino's frescoes at Castiglione d'Olona, the search for the origin of his art only in and around Florence, and the general assumption that he taught Masaccio without being in turn taught hy him.

Of these misconceptions the most disastrous has been the first. His earliest known frescoes have been regarded as his very last. This has prevented the per-

ception of the sure and gradual growth of one of the most studious, far-travelled, sensitive, and winning painters of the Renaissance. The date of 1428 in the famous inscription on the tympanum of the portal of the church at Castiglione, it may be said once and for all, neither refers to the frescoes within nor represents the time in which they were painted, nor yet the time when the church was built. The important word in the inscription (see Crowe and Cavalcaselle) is *perfecit*, which normally means "completed," and not "erected." The rose window, the tympanum—one too suspiciously new-looking to be contemporary with the date it bears—and, indeed, the whole doorway, are later than the façade, as is evident from the manner in which the portal-head cuts sharply across the segment of masonry representing a wheel-window still older than the present one. Finally, ancient records of the Branda family at Castiglione prove beyond question that the present church, as the restoration of an older one, was ready for consecration as early as January 7, 1422—the probable date of the vaulting frescoes. And at this time, it may be said in passing, Masolino had already reached the respectable age of thirty-eight.

As for the numerals MCCCCXXXV in the apex of the interior arch of the baptistery, no alleged date ever had less in its favor; it is in ugly modern letters and ugly modern house-paint, is clumsily set on one side of the arch crown, and is in character wholly contradicted by the authentic signature of Masolino in the church: the latter is a signature without date, in fair, large lettering, artistically and conspicuously placed, as though with a kind of honest pride; the other is a detached date without signature, in small, unpleasant letters, smuggled into an out-of-the-way position. Perhaps the modern restorer who ruined the coloring of the baptistery frescoes, finding faded traces of an inscription, reconstructed the date erroneously, it may be by inserting an additional X; or, if he did so correctly, it must refer to an early repainting or restoration, perhaps by Masolino himself. This latter theory has considerable support from two facts: certain figures in the scene of St. John Preaching were manifestly altered soon after the original painting; the fine nude figures in the scene of the Baptism, besides destroying the primitive symmetry of the composition, show an art far in advance of all the other frescoes, and equalled only once in the lower and later scenes of the church, by unknown authors.

Surer, however, than these external evidences are the internal ones. To those who, like myself, believe that Masolino about 1428 painted a part of the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel at Florence, after executing most of those in the Capella della Passione at S. Clemente, Rome, no date ought to seem more preposterous than this 1435. For we should then have the unparalleled case of an artist who had mastered the proportions of the human figure, attained sure and pleasing effects of relief, subdued the extravagances of a decorative and picturesque style, achieved truth of composition and a sure knowledge of perspective and spacial effects, and arrived at an art mature in every way, suddenly relapsing to primitiveness in the very simplest elements, not merely of expression, but also of his craft. That a painter's hand may fail him in his dotage, and his work become slovenly and weak, is natural enough, but so sheer a regression is impossible. Besides, the frescoes at Castiglione, though relatively very inexpert, show not the hand of age, but the fresh, firm touch of a young man eager to learn, who had made enormous advances upon his work in the choir-vaulting of the church. The baptistery frescoes must therefore be somewhat later, several years perhaps, but both must antedate both the Roman and Floreutine works of Masolino. This, I think, nobody who discards the dates which have been unhappily attached to the Castiglione d'Olona frescoes and studies the work in itself, will deny. That Masoliuo's long sojourn in Lombardy was not without decisive influence on his later art, is a theme that the writer means to develop elsewhere. PHILIP J. GENTNER.

Rome, April 4.

T. A. TROLLOPE ON VITTORIA COLONNA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: T. Adolphus Trollope's essay on Vittoria Colonna and his translations from her poems are, to my thinking, quite worthy of the favorable comment bestowed upon them by S. W. Hatheway in the *Nation* of April 25. Trollope does not give the impression of having delved long and deep, but he seems to have lived a while in Vittoria's age, and, on returning to his own epoch (1859), to have recorded his observations before they had had time to be dulled by excessive meditation. Trollope is one of the many writers on Vittoria whom Mrs. Jerrold has not mentioned in her book, "Vittoria Colonna"; if this were not proved by her index, it would be evident from the fact that she has not assailed his heresies or attempted to impugn the authenticity of various pleasant anecdotes over which Trollope lingers with a fine sense of what is delightful, whether it's true or not. Brilliant books are certainly not always truthful, but it is equally certain that dull books never are; they seem simply to prove that some one has erred as to his (or her) capacity. Mrs. Jerrold's biography of Vittoria Colonna contains, as the *Nation* has said, some excellent translations. H.

Bryn Mawr, April 28.

THE LESSONS OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 18 you suggest that Lord Cromer's wonderful success in Egypt "may become the best object lesson the world has had that no goverument, however admirable, is so good as self-government." It seems to me that this lesson is human as well as national. The George Junior Republic, for instance, demonstrates that with boys, as with races, character is better formed by liberty of choice and the natural consequences of mistakes than by the military methods of most reformatories.

A militant civilization is as bad as a militant Christianity. Civilizaton by contact and civilization by commerce are good, but civilization by compulsion or by conquest develops dependence, as well as rancor and reaction. For this reason India and Egypt, under the most intelligent tutelage the world has ever known, seem to be less fit for self-government than the republics of Central America and South America. FREDERIC ALMY.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 22.

Notes.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish this spring a new work on William Blake, "The Real Blake," by Edwin J. Ellis, who with W. B. Yeats edited the first full edition of the poems. It is an elaborate biography and contains many illustrations. Mr. Ellis pays his compliments to his predecessors in the study of Blake, not omittiug John Sampson, the recent editor.

The Macmillan Co. will soon have ready Frederic Harrison's "Creed of a Layman: Apologia pro Fide Mea."

Wilfrid Blunt will soon publish, through Fisher Unwin, "The Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt: a Personal Memoir of Events." The work is said to be notable for its candor. It gives, from confidential native sources, an accurate account of the national Egyptian movement of 1881-2, aud also lays bare the political and financial intrigues in Europe which led to English intervention and the military occupation of the Nile.

To the list, already long, of important French studies of English literary topics must be added Dr. Maurice Castelain's life of Ben Jonson with a critical edition of the "Discoveries" (Hachette & Cie.).

New editions of Fiona Macleod's early books, "Pharais, a Romance of the Isles" and "The Sin Eater and Other Tales and Legends," will soon be issued by Duffield & Co.

The alumni of the City College of New York will publish some time in June, through G. P. Putnam's Sons, a memorial history of the institution. There will be contributions by such graduates as Everett P. Wheeler, Russell Sturgis, Adolph Werner, President Ira Remsen, Robert Abbe, and Julius M. Mayer. President Finley and Edward M. Shepard write of the present state of the college and of its future. The general editors are Philip Mosenthal and Prof. Charles F. Horne.

Scribners issue a volume of "Baccalaureate Addresses and Other Talks on Kindred Subjects," by President Hadley of Yale. Most of the volume is made up of talks to students, but at the close are added three talks addressed to a wider range of hearers, on moral questions connected with educational work. The tone of the book is wholesome and optimistic, but one must confess that it deals largely in platitudes.

The first number of the *Albany Review*, a successor of the *Independent*, is now published by John Lane Company. It is largely political, with a department of Current Events, and with such articles as "The Lords and the Referendum" by Harold Spender, "Ritualism and Disestablishment" by G. W. E. Russell, and "The Work of

the Health Visitor" by G. F. McCleary. Literature is represented by poems of Thomas Hardy and G. K. Chesterton, aud by Andrew Lang's paper on Mark Twain's Autobiography.

The second volume of "The Oxford Treasury of English Literature," edited by G. E. Hadow and W. H. Hadow (Oxford University Press), continues the plan of the first. The subject is the Growth of the Drama, and, under the heads of Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories, selections are given ranging from the Miracle Play of "Abraham and Isaac" down to Ford's "Perkin Warbeck." A few long, rather than many short, extracts are chosen, aud this method, where the drama is to be represented, is almost necessary. There are general Introductions and brief biographies for the use of students. Though there is nothing of the common textbook in the external appearance of the book, its place is in the schoolroom rather than the library.

Arthur C. Benson's latest book, "Beside Still Waters" (Putnams), is tbrown into the form of meditations and recollections of a man who, after a busy life, settles down into a kind of epicurean seclusion from the world. "He found a small, picturesque, irregularly-built house crushed in between the road and the river, which, in fact, dipped its very feet in the stream; from its quaint oriel and gallery, Hugh could look down, on a bright day, into the clear heart of the water, and survey its swaying reeds and poising fish. The house was near the centre of the town; yet from its back windows it overlooked a long green stretch of rough pasture-land, now a common, and once a fen, which came like a long green finger straight into the very heart of the town [Cambridge]." Could a better lodge be found for a recluse who likes to season his days of solitude with an occasional dinner in Hall with his old college friends! And presently the college takes him back into its fold, while the house by the waters is kept as a place of retreat and quiet work. As for his printed reminiscences, they bear the stamp of being in considerable part autobiographical, and are but a continuation of Mr. Benson's "Upton Letters" and "From a College Window." They remind one of "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft," graceful and wise and sober, a delightful refreshment in the bustle of modern literature, but lacking the last incalculable touch of style and insight that make Gissing's book so memorable. It would be a pleasure to point out some of the passages that show Mr. Benson at his best, passages on religion and life that are filled at once with a brave skepticism and a kind of wistful faith. Perhaps the page on which he compares the Platonic and Aristotelian types of mind to the great centripetal and centrifugal forces of nature, would be the worthiest of quotation, if there were space for that pleasant art.

"Ireland," described by Frank Mathew and painted by Francis S. Walker (The Macmillan Co.), which was noticed in these columns two years ago, is now issued in a slightly smaller edition with half the illustrations and at less than half the price of the first edition. Mr. Mathew's text is pleasant reading for one who prefers the picturesque side of Irish life to its problems. Mr. Walker's pictures are admirably reproduced, but their coloring gives no true impression of Ireland's tender greens and browns and grays. The Irish sun shines cold or not at all. Under such glowing skies as Mr. Walker imagines, with such southern color and warmth, with her bleak gray coast towns vivid as Naples, Ireland would be the playground of Europe and America, and her troubles would wear a very different complexion.

In "The Tariff and the Trusts" (The Macmillan Company) Franklin Pierce, of the New York bar, deals vigorously with the subject of our Trust-breeding tariff. For a decade past there has been so little incisive discussion of the subject that one is disposed to welcome any book that speaks plainly concerning the abuses of Dingleyism. Mr. Pierce shows clearly that many of the Trusts owe their very existence to the tariff, and that most of them profit greatly by the high duties imposed on competing foreign products. Particularly instructive is his account of the manuer in whicn the Dingley act sneaked into an innocent looking paragraph in the "free list" a duty of from 150 to 250 per cent. upon Russian petroleum. And yet we suppose that our politicians and their "experts" will go on proclaiming that there is no connection between the tariff and the Trusts, and pointing to the Standard Oil Company as proof of that proposition. It caunot be said that Mr. Pierce's book is of great value to the student, but for the general reader it should serve a useful purpose. The author is at his best in the chapter which discusses the relation of protective tariffs to public morals.

"The Federal Power over Carriers and Corporations," by E. Parmelee Prentice (The Macmillan Company), is a vigorous onslaught upon the constitutionality of current proposals for Federal control of corporations. Mr. Prentice believes that the Constitution, in the year of grace 1907, "speaks not only in the same words, but with the same meaning and intent with which it spoke when it came from the hands of its framers." He contends that the right to engage iu foreign and interstate commerce is not derived from the Federal Government, but is "part of the inalienable liberty which . . . has a higher source than the Constitution itself." The "commerce clause" of the Constitution, in this view of the case, merely gives to Congress "the simple power of regulating trade" for the purpose of police control, and to attempt more than this is declared to be usurpatiou, pure and simple. Upon this theory Mr. Prentice reviews recent legislation and proposals for legislation, aud finds much occasion for alarm. He has stated his case with great vigor, but we believe that his argument will not carry conviction to many readers. That our Constitution to-day means, as a matter of fact, precisely what it meant to its framers, may be a convenient legal fiction, but it is very far from being true. That both Congress and the States are impotent to deal effectively with corporations engaged in interstate and foreign commerce may seem to accord with the intentions of the framers of the Constitution, and may be a comforting doctrine for our great financiers; but there is not the least prospect of its being adopted as a working theory of constitutional construction for the twentieth century. Mr. Prentice's arguments, iu fact, remind one of the arguments advanced fifty years ago to prove the unconstitutionality of every effort to limit the growth and power of slavery. For some students of constitutional theories they may have their interest; but to the elucidation of the practical questions now before the country they contribute substantially nothing.

The chief reason for the preparation of "American History and Government" (Longmans, Green & Co.), is stated by the authors, Professors James A. Woodburn and Thomas F. Moran, to have been the desire to combine in a single grammar-school textbook the related subjects of American history and civil government. We are unable to discover, however, that the combination consists of much more than the interpolation, just after the account of the adoption of the Constitution, of seven chapters descriptive of the skeleton of national and State governmental forms. The government of cities, towns, and counties is not described at all, though chapter xix., on "The States and Local Government," constantly refers to its importance; and the abundant opportunities presented by the constitutional period for instruction in civics are little availed of. So far as the announced purpose of its authors is concerned, accordingly, the book cannot be adjudged successful. The historical narrative, while devoid of literary merit, is, as a whole, accurate and well proportioned, and shows skill in selecting important incidents. We note a few errata that should be corrected. The Acadians were not "governed in an oppressive and tyrannical manner" by the English (p. 106). The order of events in the paragraph, p. 132, treating of North's conciliatory resolution, is mixed, the rejection of the resolution by Congress following some time after the other incidents mentioned. The paragraph on page 137, purporting to be a quotation from the "Declaration of Causes," is not "the words of Congress," as the succeediug paragraph asserts, but a crude jumble of paraphrase and excerpt. Of course, the authors are aware that we have the common law in this country, and not simply Federal and State constitutions and statutes (p. 220).

Prof. Gonzalez Lodge of Teachers College has presented before the Classical Association of the Middle States and Maryland the result of his investigations of the vocabulary required for the easy reading of secondary school Latin, in the form of an annotated list of two thousand words occurring five or more times iu the usual secondary school texts. The list, together with suggestions for its use, as the best means of attaining an ability to read Latin at sight, is being printed. Professor Lodge has completed for publication by Teachers College an exhaustive vocabulary not only of these two thousand, but of all the words used in secondary Latin texts. It will be remembered that Professor Lodge first presented his general plan in the *Nation* of August 30, 1906.

Prof. Albert Harkness, a veteran editor, has published, with the help of two competent assistants, Prof. J. C. Kirtland, jr., of Exeter and Prof. G. A. Williams of Kalamazoo, an edition of nine orations of Cicero (American Book Co.). The notes are

terse and helpful; a useful feature is the suggestion of special topics, grammatical and historical, to be considered with each chapter of the text. The introduction is somewhat too long; the account of Cicero's philosophical works goes into needless detail. Most of the illustrations accompanying the text might have been relegated to the notes; one of them presents an object that archæologists will be interested to see —the "Wall of Romulus."

A recent publication of Longmans, Green & Co., is an "Illustrated First Conversational French Reader," edited by T. H. Bertenshaw of London. The method of the author is founded on common-sense: to supply, as in the old-fashioned spellers, a "list of words for learning by heart," and to arrange the material so that teacher and pupil may begin with simple phrases, pass to simple sentences, and by questions and answers hammer repeatedly on a dozen of the commonest irregular verbs. The text is equipped with diacritical marks indicating *liaisons*, there are many interesting illustrations, but much of the subject matter is not French.

A good deal of praise should be given "Karl Heinrich," by Wilhelm Meyer-Förster, edited by Herbert Charles Sanborn, and published by Newson & Co. To begin with, the story, a tale of student-life, at Heidelberg, is wholesome and refreshing, and in its mechanical make-up—the most beautiful of modern German type, many vignetted illustrations cleverly set into the text, a good autographic portrait of the author, and a cheery cover in colors—it is a radical and good departure in text-book manufacture. There is a carefully marked vocabulary, and not such an avalanche of notes as Mr. Sanborn put in his "Trompeter von Säkkingen." It is a question, however, whether notes at the foot of the page are desirable, and the German vocabulary should have been printed in full-face letter. There is a long introduction on student-life in Germany; and if numbers count for anything, the book should be well edited; for Mr. Sanborn acknowledges his special indebtedness to no less than nine persons, including Meyer-Förster, together with a *Schar* of students!

David Mair's "School Course of Mathematics" (Henry Frowde) is chiefly notable on account of its method. It undertakes to carry the pupil from arithmetic through the elements of algebra, plane and solid geometry, and trigonometry, by means of a sort of dialogue between the teacher and the pupil. Every discussion begins with some concrete problem of life, whether of work or of play, and the propositions are arrived at by a mingled process of guessing, measuring, and thinking. It differs as much as possible from the usual method of building upon a set of postulates explicitly chosen in advance. As a preliminary or auxiliary to the established way of teaching mathematics, Mr. Mair's procedure is very valuable or even indispensable, but as a substitute for the old way it must be regarded as a failure both on scientific and on pedagogic grounds. The book contains a vast multitude of ingenious hints, exercises, and devices that should be helpful to any teacher of secondary mathematics.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh has issued in three bulky volumes a "Classified Catalogue" of all acquisitions down to 1902. It employs the decimal system, with fiction in a separate class after literature, and in many cases gives a brief description of the book. A general author and subject catalogue by alphabet follows. Later acquisitions will be included in supplements, and two additional volumes bringing the work down to January 1, 1907, are already in type. The library at that date contained about 242,000 volumes. These well-classified and descriptive catalogues are of great use to students and investigators throughout the country.

A supplementary volume has just been issued to the "Subject Index to Modern Works added to the Library of the British Museum since 1880," bringing the index down to the end of the year 1905. The original index, in three volumes, covered works added from 1880 to 1900. The preface announced that the work would be continued by the issue of three volumes in the years 1906, 1911, and 1916, and that in the year 1921 these would be incorporated in a complete index in a single alphabet for the period 1901-1921. The volume just issued is thus the first of the series then announced. It contains 51,800 entries and as the main work contains 155,000 entries, students have now at their disposal a classified list of 206,400 books, representing the recent literature of European and Western civilization.

The Association of French Librarians, organized about a year ago, has issued the first number of its official organ the *Bulletin de l'association des bibliothécaires français*. It is to be published bi-monthly, and its purpose is "to become the natural means of communication between librarians," to which end "it will receive with keenest interest the communications and articles which librarians will send; will publish studies by professionals in library economy and bibliography and help to bring about the success of reforms that are undertaken; it will endeavor to give all the news concerning libraries and librarians."

The sixth meeting of the Bibliographical Society of America will be held in Asheville, N. C., May 25-27. The programme includes an address by the president, William Coolidge Lane, librarian of Harvard; and reports of the committees on Incunabula, Americana, Colonial Newspapers, Colonial Laws, International Catalogue, Bulletin of the Society. The papers and discussions are "The First Presses of the Southern States," Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama, by Dr. Thomas M. Owen, director of the Alabama Department of Archives and History; North Carolina, by Dr. Stephen B. Weeks; South Carolina, A. S. Salley, jr., secretary of the South Carolina Historical Commission; Tennessee, Edwin Wiley, Library of Congress; "The Bibliographical Work of State Libraries," discussion opened by J. L. Gillis, president of the National Association of State Librarians, and California State librarian; T. L Montgomery, Pennsylvania State librarian; and G. S. Godard, Connecticut State librarian; "A Handbook of Special Collections in American Libraries," discussion opened by the president of the society, joint author with C. K. Bolton of "Notes on Special Collections in American Libraries," Cambridge, 1892; C. W. Andrews, librarian of the John Crerar Library, Chicago; N. D. C. Hodges, librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library; and Dr. E. C. Richardson, librarian of Princeton. The American Library Association and the National Association of State Librarians will also meet in Asheville, May 23-29.

A circular of the Delegation for the Adoption of an International Auxiliary Language states that representatives of more than 250 learned societies and professional associations are already enrolled, and that in the course of the present year they will proceed to choose an auxiliary language. They request the appointment of delegates from all learned societies and chambers of commerce. The committee for the United States consists of Dr. Percy M. Dawson of Johns Hopkins University, Dr. E. V. Huntington and Dr. Harry W. Morse of Harvard, and Dr. G. B. Viles of Ohio State University.

The report of the Ontario Ministry of Education for 1906 records 376 libraries in the province as reporting to the department. The total number of volumes is 1,157,696 and their annual circulation 2,481,080. The libraries have a gross annual income of $227,408, and gross assets valued at $1,596,639. Readers enrolled number 152,907. The report as a whole is confessedly imperfect, inasmuch as 108 libraries failed to send in any statistics. One unfavorable feature noted is the excessive proportion of current fiction purchased by library boards. To remedy this evil, it is recommended that the present loose method of classification whereby many works of fiction are classed as history, sociology, literature, juvenile books, etc., be abolished, that all novels of whatever kind be classed strictly as fiction, and that the amount of fiction to be purchased with Government grants be limited to 45 per cent.

The German Archæological Institute in Jerusalem, established a few years ago by the Eisenach conference, a convention representing all the different state churches of the empire, has made its announcement of the work mapped out for the coming season. Lectures are to be delivered by the head of the school, Prof. G. H. Dalman of the University of Leipzig, and by his assistant, Dr. Hugo Gressmann of Kiel, to be connected with tours for archæological research and special excavations on the site of ancient Jericho. For this latter work Prof. E. F. M. Sellin of Vienna, who has been the leader of the German researches in Palestine, has secured the necessary permission in the shape of a firman from the Sultan. The German school in Jerusalem has as its students chiefly graduates of German universities preparing themselves for an academic career, mostly for Old Testament chairs.

The Rev. John Fulton, D.D., died April 24 in Philadelphia. Dr. Fulton, who was editor of he *Church Standard* and professor of canon law at the Philadelphia Divinity School, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1834, and educated at Aberdeen University. He came to the United States early in life, and at New Orleans in 1857 he was ordained priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the course of time he came to New York and engaged in editorial work on the *Churchman* In 1892 he went

to Philadelphia. He was recognized as an authority on canon law, and was author of "Letters on Christianity" (1868), "Index Canonum" (1873), "Laws of Marriage" (1883), "The Chalcedonian Decree" (1890), and "Palestine." He had received honorary degrees from various colleges.

The death is announced of Max Haushofer, professor in the Technical High School of Munich. He was born in Munich, in 1840, and educated in the schools and university of that city. He was the author of more than thirty volumes, including "Lehr- und Handbuch der Statistik," "Industriebetrieb," "Der kleine Staatsbürger," "Grundzüge der politischen Oekonomie," "Der moderne Sozialismus," and "Die Landschaft," besides several volumes of verse.

BABYLONIAN ARCHIVES.

The Babylonian Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. Series A: Cuneiform Texts. Edited by H. V. Hilprecht. Volume XX., Part I. Mathematical, Metrological, and Chronological Tablets from the Temple Library of Nippur. By H. V. Hilprecht. Volume VI., Part I. Babylonian Legal and Business Documents from the Time of the First Dynasty of Babylon, Chiefly from Sippar. By Hermann Ranke. Philadelphia: Published by the Department of Archæology, University of Pennsylvania.

Columbia University Oriental Studies, Vol. III. Old Babylonian Temple Records. By Robert Julius Lau. New York: The Columbia University Press.

From the beginning of their excavations, in 1889, the explorers of Nippur hoped to discover at that site an ancient Babylonian temple library. From time to time quantities of clay tablets were found scattered here and there through the mounds, and at some places collections or deposits of tablets; but these always proved on examination to be archives, the books and papers of some business house or of some department of the temple administration. Finally, early in 1900, the then field director, Dr. J. H. Haynes, discovered in the northeastern part of an isolated mound, separated by a canal from the ancient temple of Bel, a deposit, or collection, of tablets of such unusual size that he was led to hope that the library was at last laid bare. Dr. Hilprecht, "scientific director" of the expedition, arrived on the scene after these tablets, with the exception of a very few specimens, had been boxed for shipment. Without examining them, he forthwith wrote to the *Litterarisches Centralblatt:* "We have definitely found the Temple Library," and proceeded to describe the contents of the tablets, which he reckoned at 17,200. In his later, fuller, and more official publications he reckoned the number of tablets from this place, which he called "the school and the technical library," at 23,000 or 24,000. These were the "more scientific works, the tablets for religious edification and books of reference—mathematical, astronomical, medical, historical, and linguistic tablets—hymns and prayers, omens and incantations, mythological and astrological texts." To these he added, in his final reports on "the library," 28,000 tablets of archives from another series of rooms in the southwestern part of the same mound, which he called "the business and administrative department established in the 'library.'" He published eight specimen illustrations from the material found in "the school and the technical library," and one from "the business and administrative department." These two sections of the library were, according to him, destroyed somewhere about the close of the third millennium B. C. In the neo-Babylonian period a new library was established on the ruins of the older institution; and Professor Hilprecht described his discovery in this later library of a jar containing "about twenty inscribed objects, mostly clay tablets, which constituted a veritable small Babylonian Museum." Of the most striking and important object in this collection, an ancient clay map of the city and temple of Nippur, he published a photograph.

These publications aroused a violent controversy, which found its way into the discussions of the American Oriental Society, in 1905 and 1906, in formal papers impugning the honesty of Professor Hilprecht's statements. It was shown that not one of the nine objects represented in his specimen illustrations of the temple library had been found at the time or in the place stated by him. Three had been bought in Baghdad eleven years earlier and the other six had been dug up in other parts of the Nippur complex of mounds at periods varying from ten years to a few months before the supposed discovery of the library. The clay map which Professor Hilprecht asserted that he found in a jar in the "new library" was shown to have been found a number of months before he came to Nippur, in another part of the ruins. It was further proved that at the time of all these publications a large part of the tablets supposed to constitute the library had never been unpacked or examined; and that Dr. Haynes had packed all together the objects dug up by him at different times and in different parts of the ruin mounds, so that the determination of the exact locality of discovery, on which would depend the location of school rooms, technical, administrative, and business departments, was uncertain, if not impossible.

Such misrepresentations not only discredited the temple library theory and rendered it impossible to rely upon any statements in Professor Hilprecht's publications which could not be verified from the texts themselves, but also, in view of his official position, discredited American scholarship. Accordingly, no answer having been presented by him, in April, 1906, a number of the leading Orientalists of the country united in a letter, inviting him to make "a frank statement of the facts"; since the "recent controversy in the matter of the Nippur expedition has been left in a state which allows the gravest imputations upon the integrity of American scholarship to rest uncleared." His answer was to refer them to a volume which he was about to publish, and which would contain his answer to these charges. That volume is the one before us. From beginning to end it contains no answer to the charge of false statements and misrepresentations with regard to the library, but rather, bases its conclusions upon, and continues those misrepresentations.

On its title page the volume purports to be "mathematical, metrological, and chronological tablets from the temple library of Nippur," material which, according to Professor Hilprecht's former publications, was contained in the large "find" of tablets made by Dr. Haynes in the northeast portion of tablet, or library, hill. Plate I. represents the "school and library of the Bel Temple, east section," the rooms in which Dr. Haynes actually found the large collection of tablets referred to above. The apparent intention is to create the impression that the "mathematical, metrological, and chronological tablets" of the older period published in this volume were found at that place. The larger part of the tablets published in this volume belong, in fact, to this older period, the third millennium B. C. Of these, approximately one-half, as proved by their museum dockets, were found ten and eleven years before this "school and technical library" was discovered, and in another part of the mound, that which Professor Hilprecht has designated in his former publications as the "business and administrative department of the library." These tablets did not constitute one collection, but were found singly or in small groups scattered about in a number of different rooms, occupying a considerable space. As to the other half, we should like greatly to see any proof that they were actually found in the place represented on the plate. Somewhat less than half of the tablets published in this volume belong to a later period, the Cassite, in the second millennium B. C. According to their dockets these were all found in another group of hills still further removed from the temple, and across a very deep and broad canal from the hill which Hilprecht first called the library. (This group of hills he now seems to claim constituted the temple library in the Cassite period). These later tablets were discovered at different times during a period of ten years, and at a number of different places, scattered over a considerable extent of ground. They do not belong to any one large collection, or deposit, of tablets found in one place. As to the contents of the tablets here published, they consist of school exercises and examples, multiplication and division or common-divisor tables, with one fragment of a chronological tablet or calendar.

It is profoundly to be regretted that suspicion has been thrown on the value of the University of Pennsylvania explorations in Babylonia in general, as a result of the method pursued in the publication of the results of those explorations. The value of the entire material is impaired because of the lack of frank and honest statements with regard to the place of discovery and the environments of that material. Absolute good faith is an essential condition of scientific work. If that good faith is lacking in one particular, confidence in the whole is destroyed. One does not know what may be believed, or where the records may have been tampered with to change results. With this word of caution we must, unfortunately, preface our review of this volume.

So far as the actual publication of texts

is concerned, Professor Hilprecht's work seems to be admirably done. He is a master in the art of copying cuneiform inscriptions, albeit his efforts to represent accurately the injured portions are occasionally carried so far that the shading unnecessarily obscures the signs. The plates which reproduce a number of the more important tablets are beautiful specimens of photography. We could wish that, following the admirable example of the French explorers at Susa, the texts were accompanied by transliterations and translations. We could wish, also, that these volumes were somewhat more honestly and less grandiloquently numbered. This volume, which bears the number twenty, is in fact number seven.

The chapters of the text which precede the publication of the plates appear to contain material of much value, and especially Chapter II. With great ingenuity Professor Hilprecht has worked out the real meaning of the so-called multiplication tablets, which are actually division tablets, giving the common divisors of the number 12,960,000, the fourth power of 60, and the square of 3,600, the two fundamental Babylonian numbers already well known to us. But this number, 12,960,000, "which underlies all the mathematical texts here treated," is the famous number of Plato, which he calls "the lord of better and worse births," and which he derived, with part certainly of the theory connected with it, from Pythagoras. It is impossible here to follow out Professor Hilprecht's treatment and explanation of this number, and the part which it played in relation to the days of the year. The important fact is that he has established a new and far-reaching dependence of Greek thought and science on the thought and science of Babylonia, and traced the latter back to a remote period. This chapter seems to be a real contribution to the history of civilization, on which we heartily congratulate the author.

Another chapter of much interest is that which deals with the new chronological list, or calendar, mentioned above, only one side of which, however, has been so far deciphered and published. This gives us the names of some new kings and furnishes Professor Hilprecht with an opportunity to discuss the early chronology of Babylonia. He formally gives his adherence to the chronological theory now held by the great majority of Assyrian and Babylonian scholars, viz., that the proper date of Sargon I. is approximately 2800 B. C., not 3800. In other respects his chronological system as here developed is quite unique. He still maintains his belief in the immense antiquity of Babylonian literature, art, and science. Almost everything that was valuable belonged to the pre-Semitic period.

> Ancient Sumerian art and science have gradually degenerated under the Semitic invaders . . . compared with that highly developed civilization on the threshold of the fifth and fourth millenniums, the new shoots [that is, the developments of the times of Sargon, Hammurabi, Ashurbanipal and Nebuchadrezzar] are only miserable after-growths of a great period of independent creation long past (pp. 9-10).

Besides the tablets obtained by its own excavations at Nippur, the University of Pennsylvania has acquired Babylonian tablets from time to time by purchase. From these collections, Dr. Ranke, formerly curator of the Philadelphia Museum, publishes fac-simile transcriptions of 119 tablets, with thirteen plates of photographic reproductions, a list of the cuneiform signs used, a descriptive list of the tablets themselves, a concordance of proper names occurring on them and a brief introduction treating of their character and contents, with transliterations and translations of nineteen specimen tablets. From a study of the contents of these collections of purchased tablets, the gods mentioned, the names of contracting parties, witnesses, etc., and a comparison with similar collections of tablets in Berlin and London, it would appear that certainly the great bulk of them belonged to the archives of the temple of Shamash at Sippara; but as they were dug up by "thieving Arabs" it is impossible to determine exactly where they were found and how they were filed or stored.

They consist of contracts for the purchase of slaves, fields, houses, etc., leases, loans, adoptions, and the like, of court decisions, and of memoranda of various sorts, receipts, and lists. They are in general of a private character, but not a few of the contracting parties are temple officials, and this relation to the temple may account for their deposit in the temple archives. All date from the period of the first Babylonian dynasty, covering a period of about 250 years before and after 2000 B. C. Incidentally the names occurring on these tablets show a change in the governing element in Babylonia at that time. A people closely akin to the Western Semites of Syria and Palestine had obtained control of Babylon and were gradually undergoing amalgamation with the former population. At the beginning of the period the names are largely Western Semitic; at the close they have become Babylonian. Dr. Ranke notes a marked development in the character of the script during the period covered by these tablets. The language of the tablets is the Semitic-Babylonian, Sumerian surviving only in a few legal phrases. Among the most interesting of these documents are those dealing with the affairs of certain priestesses of Shamash.

Of a somewhat different character are the temple archives from Tello, the ancient Sirpurla, published by Dr. Lau. In the winter of 1894-95 DeSarzec, the explorer of Tello, unearthed two groups of galleries, containing large collections of inscribed clay tablets, estimated to number about 30,000, arranged in five or six layers, one above the other. In some manner these were plundered by the natives and a large number sold to the leading museums in this country and Europe, Columbia University acquiring 258 of them, which Dr. Lau has published in this small and handy volume. A little more than one-third of the tablets he has transcribed. These appear in fac-simile reproduction with a sign list and glossary. Prefixed to this is a catalogue of the entire collection, containing a description of each tablet and its contents. The introduction comprises translations of specimen tablets of the different categories which make up the collection. These tablets are genuine temple records, belonging to the administration of the temple. They give lists of temple officials, income lists of various properties, accounts with shepherds and herdmen, the number of sheep, cattle, and other animals cared for by each, the increase of flocks, loss by death, etc.; similar farming accounts; expense lists, showing the sums paid for the service or maintenance of various officials, the amount of grain, oil, wine, and the like requisitioned for messengers, weavers, and others; receipts for stores delivered to the temple, and much more of the same sort. The whole reveals an astonishingly minute system of accounts and records in connection with the temple administration, implying a high development of civilization. It is evident that the old Babylonian temples were great landed proprietors and business corporations, if one may use the latter term of what was pre-eminently an agricultural community. These tablets all belong to the time of the dynasty of Ur, when that city had the hegemony in Babylonia, somewhere about or after 2700 B. C.

These three volumes taken together cover a period of about 1,400 years, and the documents contained in them not only throw light on the administration of ancient Babylonian temples, but also illuminate the domestic and economic history of the country, admitting us as it were into the intimacy of the scholars, priests, judges, merchants, farmers, herdsmen, and artisans of the land. Intended primarily for Assyriologists, they contain material of the first value for the student of the history of mankind.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Country House. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

English fiction time and again busies itself afresh with a fruitful theme unknown and impossible in America—the modification of character resulting from long generations of entail and right of primogeniture. To this condition we owe such excellent comedy as Mr. Meredith's "Egoist" and the grotesque tragedy of Mr. Snaith's "Broke of Covenden." In "The Country House" Mr. Galsworthy enters the same field. The skeleton of his theme, however, is clad by a just and lively humor which softens his satire, and redeems his arraignment of society from an excess of bitterness. The scene lies in conventional London, and a dull county neighborhood, with its usual house party, cricket matches, and village church. There is shooting racing, hunting, the folly of young men; the usual setting, in fact, out of which such differing pictures have been evoked by Thackeray, Trollope, and the whole race of stable English novelists. As English society to-day is faster than in Thackeray's time, Mr. Galsworthy's young man and woman move at a quicker pace, but he treats their misdeeds with a reticence equal to that which veils the climax of Becky Sharpe's career, giving rather the effects of their actions upon the lives which they touch than baring the detail of a commonplace enough intrigue. George Penndyce's adventures merely form reflectors to show the characteristic development of his parents in time of stress. His racing debts really interest us far more for the sake of his father and mother than for himself, and for this there is classic precedent, since do we not all, on a like occasion, suffer with Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of

Omnium, rather than with his son, Lord Silverbridge?

The book contains some edifying comment upon English divorce laws, some delightful touches upon animals and country, and an undercurrent of sharp hostility to the rights of landed gentry and the cruel stupidity of sport. Nothing could be funnier than the lightly burlesqued picture of a whole community, which never moves without "the dear dogs" at its heels, or more delicately ironical than the hinted bond between master and spaniel—the unreasoning Conservative's attempt to keep himself in countenance by unbroken companionship with an uncritical admirer. The development of the story is workmanlike, plausible, and full of that moderation from which arises so much of the real irony of circumstance, the eternally collapsing heroics which make actual existence at once disappointing and plausible. And the whole is unfolded in a brisk, competent narrative, with savor and discretion, through the medium of a perfectly satisfactory style.

The Whirlwind. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Naturalism, in the hands of Mr. Phillpotts, is not content till it has discovered a sombre beauty in events however sordid, in characters however unpromising. "The Whirlwind" is a study of womanhood, as contrasted with feminine propriety or impropriety. The Sarah Jane of the story is, as judged by her fellows, simply a country girl who marries a good man and besmirches his honor. But Mr. Phillpotts interprets her as a woman whose purity and innocence of nature, whose very devotion to her husband, leads her to be what we are forced to call "unfaithful." She is pursued by a man who is in a position to give the husband rapid advancement of a material kind. Being half a gentleman, as well as half an invalid, he has no difficulty in winning the woman's regard. Her husband is her mate, and her love for him is strong and steadfast, but as she is herself neither passionate nor imaginative, she has no painful sense of sin in giving herself to a man whom she feels to be her own friend, and her husband's benefactor. Not that she yields out of mere Trilbyish goodnature, but out of half-maternal tenderness for one man and mistaken ambition for the other. The momentary sacrifice of her own preference seems a small matter. The man, having gained his point, begins a long penance of anguished remorse, from which a religious conversion finally releases him. The woman looks upon his sufferings with pity and a kind of wonder. He is as powerless to lift her to his religious ecstasies as he has been before to shake her simple faith. She has, indeed, that unconscious healthiness of nature which we are fain to call Pagan. She has a bounty, a massiveness of Mother Earth; she is not Eve, nor Magdalen, but Ceres. It is not she who has sown the wind, it is not she, one feels, who reaps the whirlwind. When, after many years, the ancient fault is brought to light, and she kills herself, the deed is done not in guilt or fear, but to spare her husband the torture, which she knows his stern nature will impose upon him, of being her executioner. As a study of these three characters—especially of this one, since seducing gentlemen and avenging yokels are so much more common—this is a remarkable book.

It is to be regretted that the writer did not more nearly confine himself to the main theme. The supernumerary persons—clodhoppers, dairy-maids, publicans, comic villagers—are too many and too much in the way. One talkative lady, a Mrs. Weekes, is to be added to the glorious company of Poysers. But the very full reports of rustic meetings, such as those of the committee on the "water-leat" celebration, are like George Eliot at her dullest. They give the impression of having been introduced less to round out the local setting than to serve as cheering interludes, to relieve the strain of the real narrative. But the strain of such a narrative does not need relief. The effect must be of cumulative horror, of firm-built tragic beauty, if may be. This at least would seem to be the method natural to Mr. Phillpotts. He should beware of flying kites upon his whirlwind.

The Quest. By Frederik van Eeden; the authorized translation from the Dutch of "De Kleine Johannes," by L. W. C. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

The three parts of "De Kleine Johannes" were written at three different periods. The second part is all that a sequel may be, the third nearly all that it should not be. During his later years the author has more and more committed himself to propagandism, distinguishing himself as a writer upon socialism, and himself founding a socialistic brotherhood which now numbers several thousand members. All this has not served to increase his imaginative power. There is much jog-trot indeterminate narrative as well as much didacticism, in the third part, which to give a final edge to one's distaste for it, is nearly as long as the other two put together. But then it may very comfortably be ignored. The second part completes the tale—surely one of the most beautiful parables in modern literature. The quest of little Johannes inevitably suggests that other pursuit of Meister's, nor are minor points of similarity lacking. But the treasure which Johannes seeks is spiritual rather than intellectual, and he is guarded by a kind of pristine innocence, a purity born of idealism, from injury in his wayside encounters. His comrade and feminine complement, Marjon, though like Mignon, only a little circus girl, is able to protect him from herself as well as from the Philinas who cross their path, until the hour comes for their already wedded lives to be bound yet more closely. They are Youth and Hope setting forth upon the ancient pursuit of truth, and hardly conscious, in their ardor, of the fleshly impediments which oppress all but the purest of the sons and daughters of men. Yet these two are human. They embody, not merely suggest, and are engaging in their own persons. Marjon, to be sure, is not involved in the first part of little Johannes's adventures, and she is never admitted into that dream world which is the better half of his early experience, at least.

They are a wonderful company, these fairy creatures who arouse and discipline the child's eager quest: Windekind, the gay sprite, who sees no problem in the joyous face of things; Wistik, the philosopher goblin, always himself on the verge of the discovery of pure truth; Pluizer, malignant spirit of rational skepticism; nay, Death (a civil person), the Devil (an official who does his best), and Pan himself. In such terms the adventures of the boy-soul are recounted. Gradually, as time passes, human figures begin to appear more distinctly in the picture. The death of the father whom in his preoccupation Johannes has almost ignored, frees him from the domination of Pluizer; and Windekind, for whom he longs, leads him to one who walks upon the waves, and who promises to be his guide. So begins his contact with the every-day world, for (here Part Second begins) the guide leads him to a squalid town, where Johannes discovers him to be a scissors-grinder. A fair is going on, and he finds Marjon among the company of a wretched little circus. Thereafter she and Johannes, Markus the scissors-grinder, and a fourth, Marjon's monkey, are almost inseparable. Markus is, of course, a modern representative of the carpenter's son, and throughout the second part of the story a figure of dignity and sweetness. In the third part he becomes sententious, fanatical, a human being with a theory, not a divine guest. The scene in which he takes the occasion of a coronation ceremony to deliver a socialistic harangue is little short of ridiculous. We may better take leave of him, and of Johannes, with the impressive chapter in which, returning for the last time to the dream-world, we pay final honors to the dead Pan.

From Libau to Tsushima. By Eugene S. Politovsky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

As the Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Eugene Politovsky was chief-engineer of Admiral Rojestvensky's fleet and went down with the Russian flagship Suvaroff in the battle of the Sea of Japan. His diary, faithfully kept from the October day in 1904, when the fleet set out on its ill-fated voyage, to within four days from the May afternoon when Togo's ships hove in sight near the Tsu Islands, has deservedly been called a valuable contribution to the history of the great struggle in the Far East. It holds material, however, which should be subjected to careful interpretation, in spite of the simple and straightforward manner in which the story is told. We have seen the book cited as authority for the utter incapacity and disorganization which is supposed to have reigned in the squadron that Rojestvensky guided to the Pacific as Russia's last desperate hope; and on the face of the narrative all that critics of the Russian naval campaign have brought forward against this "aggregation of naval junk" would seem to be justified. But bad as conditions undoubtedly were, there can be little doubt that we have, in the writer of the present diary, an officer of exceedingly nervous constitution, in whom the Russian gift for self-aspersion appears in exaggerated form. Where the Anglo-Saxon temperament would record a three hours' halt for the purpose of repairing a piece of defective steering gear, our Russian sees

doom, desolation, and vast abysses of inefficiency and corruption. There is no denying that nerves on the Baltic Squadron were in a bad state from the first day out. Even after the amazing Dogger Bank episode, they saw Japanese torpedo boats in the south Atlantic and Japanese balloons not far from Madagascar. But nerves did not keep the fleet from being worked well on the whole, or the officers from approaching what they knew to be their fate with a quiet courage totally at variance with their anticipatory hysteria over comparatively trifling things. Politovsky, after much peevishness and sick imaginings, writes under date of March 25 in a pleasing matter-of-fact way:

> To-night a torpedo attack and to-morrow a battle are almost inevitable. I must put on clean clothes and lay in a stock of wool, so as not to be deafened by the firing.

To repeat, then, this armada which Rojestvensky led eastward, half through the Suez Canal and half around Africa, scarcely deserves the ridicule which has been bestowed upon it by judges after the fact. Hastily organized and badly equipped it undoubtedly was; its equipage consisted largely of insufficiently trained men, and—it was disastrously defeated. But to argue from this sole fact of total defeat is scarcely just, for the conditions of naval warfare, and especially modern conditions, are such as to render defeat generally synonymous with annihilation. The Russian admiral's inferiority to his Japanese opponent may be readily acknowledged, but Rojestvensky should receive full credit for the manner in which he brought his ships face to face with the enemy. From his chief-engineer's figures it would appear that, from the North Sea to the Sea of Japan, the division that went around Africa steamed about 18,000 miles in 107 sailing days. This for an agglomeration of all sorts of fighting craft is not far inferior to the famous record run of 13,500 miles in sixty-six days made by our own Oregon.

The inspiration for the title "As the Hague Ordains" was probably not unconnected with certain recent happenings in Carnegie Hall. The book offers a marked contrast in sincerity to the preceding volume. It purports to be written by the half-English wife of a Russian Colonel Von Theill, who is on the General Staff in Manchuria, and gets himself taken prisoner early in the war. His wife goes to Matsuyama, on the inland sea of Japan, to nurse her wounded husband back to health. She starts out as an intensely patriotic Russian, who almost forgets her sex in her hatred of the Japanese. But rapidly enough Japanese courage, kindliness, devotion, self-sacrifice, modesty, laboriousness, bodily cleanliness, artistic refinement, and sundry other virtues, work an amazing change in her, and she comes to see her dear Russians for the uncouth, loud-voiced, unwashed, uneducated, misgoverned, and vanquished creatures that they are. The device is clever, but rather too transparent; and we suspect that the wife of the Russian prisoner is more than half-English and wears trousers. Nevertheless, the "diary," which was demonstrably written after the facts which it foresees with remarkable clearness, makes vivacious reading, and there are bits in it of the traditional Japan of fine pottery and miniature gardening which are distinctly charming.

Science.

Herman von Helmholtz. By Leo Koenigsberger. Translated by Frances Welby. New York: Henry Frowde.

This volume, of absorbing interest, outlines a life which was intimately bound up in the life of the scientific world during the last century. To-day it is difficult to understand that when Helmholtz began his work on the functions of the nerves, and on the physiology of the eye, a well-known professor of physiology invited to witness a demonstration of retinal images could have said, "A physiologist has nothing to do with experiments, though they may be well enough for the physicists." Probably nothing was better calculated to dispel this idea than the discovery of the ophthalmoscope by Helmholtz in 1850.

He had previously made an investigation of the time required for any muscular or nervous stimulation to be transmitted over a measured distance. He was also prominent in developing the consequences of the principle of the conservation of energy, although he freely acknowledged in this as in other cases the priority of others who had independently reached the same result. During the latter part of his life Helmholtz gave most of his attention to mathematical studies in electricity and magnetism. Some of the most distinguished workers in this field were students in his laboratory. Among these was Hertz, who first found the conclusive experimental proof of the existence of electric waves, and pointed the way to the wireless telegraphy of to-day.

Some of his work aroused criticism. It was an age of polemics. But while he did not hesitate to give reasons for his own conclusions, he never allowed himself to play the part of an advocate. His own mental attitude is well represented by his remark:

> It is unworthy of a would-be scientific thinker to forget the hypothetical origin of his propositions. The arrogance and vehemence with which such masked hypotheses are defended are, as a rule, the usual consequence of a sense of dissatisfaction which their champion feels in the depths of his consciousness as to the validity of his contention.

Not the least interesting feature of this book is the human element which it contains—the conditions under which this man lived and worked. At twenty-eight he was made professor and director of the Physiological Institute at Königsberg at a salary of £120. At this time he married. When he afterwards left Heidelberg, at the age of fifty, to accept a position at Berlin, it was to accept a salary of £600. Measured by the standards of the business world, his life was a failure. But his name will be held in reverence as one who has made the world his debtor. The possession of millions can never secure for any man the place which this man's inspiring life has given him. The account which Helmholtz gives, in a letter to his wife, of his visit to Faraday, shows what it was that appealed to him:

> Those were splendid moments. He is as simple, charming, and unaffected as a child; I have never seen a man with such winning ways. He showed me all there was to see. That indeed was little enough, for a few wires and some old bits of wood and iron seem to serve him for the greatest discoveries.

Dr. Luther H. Gulick is nominally a physician and a director of physical training; in reality, he is by inheritance and practice a preacher, and a very good sort of preacher, too, as is shown by his little book on the "Efficient Life" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). A dedication to a great apostle of strenuosity and the presence of eight pictures of him may lead the reader to expect praise of this kind of life, but the author cares more for efficiency, happily defined so that each reader finds a personal application and opportunity, and he is careful to note that "sometimes the quiet life is more efficient than the strenuous one." Those who happen to have been brought up on the older books concerning the conduct of life—a certain book, whose reverend author shall pass unnamed, darkens even now the memories of the reviewer—will rejoice that a very different kind of advice is offered to the young men of this generation. Here is the praise of cheerfulness, of moderate and interesting exercise, of the joy of living; and a recognition of the right of the body to be duly considered. Dr. Gulick has no hobbies, and sees clearly that the things to be commended are those which the hearer may reasonably be expected to do and not over-refinements of bodily care and personal conduct impossible of general attainment. While his explanation of the physiological basis of his advice is not always quite sound the advice itself is usually eminently sane. His views on slouchiness as a common fault of American men, the folly of "predigested" things, the insidiousness of indigestion and its congeners, the danger of introspection, and the perniciousness of symptom-swapping, the importance of preserving a just balance between work and rest, the fundamental distinction between vitality and muscularity, these and many others deserve to be widely known and pondered. The author has even a kind word for stimulants and the "rarebit," with which, except for the spelling, we are in hearty accord.

"Nature's Craftsmen," by Henry C. McCook, is just published by Harper & Brothers. Dr. McCook is familiar to many of us as the author of "Tenants of an Old Farm," a book which, in some ways, makes the lives of the lesser creatures more real to us than does the work of any other writer on nature. As that book was adapted to boyhood, so "Nature's Craftsmen" appeals to more mature minds, and in a delightfully sane way recounts the joys, the sorrows, and the occupations of divers species of ants, bees, wasps, and spiders. The love of true men and naturalists for the objects of their study is shown in Dr. McCook's account of a visit to the house of Sir John Lubbock in 1887, when a queen ant which had been carefully studied for thirteen years had just died. After the interchange of greetings Dr. McCook asked Sir John about his royal pet.

"I have sad news to tell you," he answered.

"What! is the queen dead?"

"She died only yesterday. I have not

had the heart to tell the news as yet even to my wife."

After reading this book, we realize as never before the marvellous diversity of instinct among ants. There is much information concerning the treatment of their royalty, their flocks and herds, their toilet habits, their slaves, and their crops. With all the continued interest, all the exciting adventures and tragedies recounted of this under-world, there is throughout a strict adherence to truth and a spirit of careful research. The two concluding chapters treat of "Insects and Civilization" and "Beneficial and Injurious Insects." The latter deals with the economic aspect of entomology, hut the former is of especial interest in presenting a résumé of the rise and development of the insecta and the part which these multitudinous forms of life have played in human folk-lore. In a word, "Nature's Craftsmen" is close to the idcal type of nature book, well written, well printed, and well illustrated.

The two hundredth anniversary of the hirth of Linnæus will he celebrated not only by the University of Upsala, hut also hy the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm, heginning May 25. The name of Linnæus is closely connected with the Stockholm Academy. Before he was appointed to a professorship in Upsala he lived in Stockholm as a practising physician, and together with five other men founded the Swedish Academy of Sciences, of which organization he was the first president. In connection with this celehration the Academy will issue a number of publications, among these important writings of Linnæus which are out of print, and also a series of discussions of Linnæus's work in different branches of natural science, notably hotany and zoölogy, geology, mineralogy, and medicine. In addition the Academy is having a set of Linnæus medallions struck in gold, to he given as special prizes for noteworthy work in the natural sciences.

"Air Compressors and Blowing Engines," by Chas. H. Innes, lecturer on engineering at Rutherford College, Newcastle-on-Tyne (The Technical Puhlishing Company, Ltd.), is English both in plan and treatment. Some little attentlon is, however, given to American practice, but this is confined to the description of some detail parts of American compressors. The hook hegins with the application of thermodynamics to the compression of air under various circumstances; and formulas are developed for each of the important cases. The second chapter is concerned with experiments on compressors, an important topic, treated too hriefly in seven pages. The critical comparison of details, a valuahle feature in any hook of this kind, is entirely omitted. The steam end of the compressors and hlowing engines is almost entirely passed over, as are also the quantitative results so important to engineers concerned elther with building or using machinery of this class; and there is no attempt to reduce formulas to tahles or curves for quick computation.

The Lowell expedition to the Andes Mountains to observe the apposition of Mars and the eclipse of the sun in July next will be in charge of Prof. D. P. Todd of Amherst. He will be accompanied hy Mrs. Todd, A. G. Illse, mechanician, and E. C. Slipher of the Lowell observatory, an expert photographer. The party will sail May 11.

Drama.

The sixth and seventh volumes, numbered seven and nine, respectively, in the set, have appeared of Scribner's new edition of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen. They contain "An Enemy of the People," in Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling's translation; "The Wild Duck" and "The Lady from the Sea," translated by Mrs. Frances E. Archer, and "Rosmersholm," translated by Charles Archer. Each play has an introduction by the editor, William Archer. Of the translations, that by Mrs. Marx-Aveling, already familiar to English readers, is by far the most successful, both on account of its greater virility and its more faithful rendering of the subtle shadings of Ibsen's language. It is to be regretted that she hesitates to put the fanciful and amusing oaths of Dr. Stockman into adequate English. Thus she lets the full-blooded and impulsive reformer's *Forbandede* degenerate into a mild and inoffensive "confounded." But much more serious are the objections to the other translations, and particularly those of Mrs. Archer, all of which show unmistakable kinship to those undertaken by William Archer himself. There is in them the same stiff and stilted language, the same conventional artificiality, the same failure to make the tone of the original audible. In Mrs. Archer's version, the reckless Relling himself, perhaps the hest drawn figure in that wonderful gallery of character studies, "The Wild Duck," speaks unassailably proper parlor language even in his cups. Under these circumstances it is not at all surprising to find that the translator has wholly misunderstood, and consequently misinterpreted, Dr. Relling's famous final remark hefore the curtain fall in the fifth act. When Gregers Werle sentimentally exclaims that his mission in life thereafter will be to act as the thirteenth guest at the tahle, the cynical manufacturer of serviceahle "life-lies" for broken-down idealists regards this as another one of the man's empty phrases, and shouts after him: "The devil believe it!" Mrs. Archer makes him say mildly and apparently in surprise: "The devil it is." For his introductions Mr. Archer has familiarized himself with the very latest in Ibsen literature, including the valuable material contained in the Ibsen number published by *Die Neue Rundschau* in commemoration of the playwright's death, and the leering, tactless, and not always reliable gossip brought out hy John Paulsen in his "Samliv med Ibsen." The matter selected from these sources by Mr. Archer does not shed much new light on the plays. Pages are devoted to fruitless discussion of alleged or actual models used hy Ibsen, or of events which are supposed to have furnished him with suggestions. On the other hand, Mr. Archer comes nearer the truth than George Brandes in his estimate and classification of "Rosmersholm," placing it, as he does, with the psychological rather than with the social plays. In quoting some of Ibsen's own letters, Mr. Archer has found chance once more to display his peculiar misunderstanding of Ibsen's most characteristic expressions. For instance, he goes out of his way to explain why he has translated the Norwegian word *Galskaber* as "whimsies," instead of rendering it literally as "mad notions." That the word, as used time and again by Ibsen, has a complete and very descriptive equivalent in the English "crotchets," does not seem to have been suspected by Mr. Archer.

Full details are given in the London papers of "The Lily of France," Louis N. Parker's play about Joan of Arc, which is to be presented at His Majesty's Theatre in London by Beerbohm Tree. In the order of its incidents it seems to hear a rather strong resemblance to Percy Mackaye's play on the same subject, hut it is chiefly in prose. Mr. Parker is credited with the most scrupulous attention to the facts of history wherever possible. He has divided his work into five acts entitled respectively "The Maid Mystic," "The Maid Marvellous," "The Maid Militant," "The Maid Triumphant," "The Maid Martyred." The first act is at Domrémy. The first scene of the second act is at Vaucouleurs; the second scene at Chinon. The third act is at Orleans. The fourth act is at Rheims, outside the Cathedral. The fifth act is at Rouen. The great spectacle—and Mr. Parker is an expert in pageantry of this sort—is to be provided hy the Cathedral scene. The whole stage opening will be occupied by a reproduction of the doors of the Cathedral—almost in fac-simile—which will be swung open to reveal a vision of the interior, with its blazing lights, ecclesiastical splendors, clouds of incense, and masses of spectators in all the richness of mediæval array. It is not difficult to believe, in view of what has been accomplished already, at His Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Tree's management, that this will be one of the finest stage pictures ever exhibited.

In the Neues Theater in Leipzig both the first and second parts of "Faust" have just been successfully given in a single evening—a dramatic event heretofore reserved for the famous old Bühne of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar—with a new arrangement of the text by Prof. G. Witkowski. The first part of the tragedy was considerably shortened, various stage traditions were abandoned, and the scene in heaven was unusually elahorate. The new music of the young composer, Feldweg, however, proved less attractive than that of Lassen.

Maude Harrison, who was one of the most popular actresses in the city twenty-five years ago, died here Sunday at the age of fifty-four. She had a natural gift for light comedy, playing mischievous, provoking or coquettish parts with delightful archness. At her best she exhibited a delicacy of method worthy of the French stage. One of her greatest successes was won in the part of the gay young Mrs. Brown in Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter." It was during her engagement with A. M. Palmer, in the most prosperous days of the Union Square Theatre, that she accomplished her best work. After the dissolution of the Union Square organization her appearances in this city were at longer and longer intervals, and she never regained the position to which her abilities entitled her.

Music.

Anthology of French Piano Music. Edited by Isidor Philipp. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. 2 vols. $1.50 each.

Perhaps the greatest of all musical puzzles is the fact that England, so prominent in all the other arts, has never produced a composer of the first rank. Almost equally mysterious is the failure of France and Italy, two of the world's three leading musical countries, to give birth to a first-class pianoforte composer. Not only Germany, with her Bach, Beethoven, Schubert Schumann, and others, but Hungary with Liszt, Russia with Rubinstein and Tchaikovsky, Poland with Chopin and Paderewski, Norway with Grieg, the United States with MacDowell, have all given to the world greater music for the piano than have France and Italy. Doubtless the preponderating interest in opera in these two Latin countries has had some effect. Yet if Mozart and Weber could write not only good operas, but also splendid pieces for pianoforte, why should not Rossini and Verdi, Auber and Bizet have done the same?

These remarks refer only to pinnacles. But if there is little or nothing in French pianoforte literature that quite reaches the best work of the above-mentioned masters, there is nevertheless a good deal that is excellent, with a charm of its own which grows with familiarity. Indeed, it is quite likely that persons born in France, or brought up on French music, may dispute our remark regarding pinnacles. Possibly Isidor Philipp is one of these. Though born in Hungary, he was reared in Paris and became a naturalized Frenchman. He has long been famed as a pianist as well as a composer, and was therefore well qualified to edit an anthology of pianoforte music for the Musicians' Library of the Oliver Ditson Co.

There is no lack of candidates for honors. The first volume is devoted to the early composers, twenty-three of them, including Lully, Couperin, Rameau, Dandrieu, Gossec; the second to twenty-nine writers of the nineteenth century, including Alkan, Franck, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Chabrier, Massenet, Widor, Fauré, Godard, D'Indy, Delibes, Pugno, Chaminade, Philipp, Pierné. The editor contributes an introduction and brief biographic sketches to each of the volumes. He thinks that among French composers Saint-Saëns is certainly the one "whose influence has been the most considerable, the most perceptible"; and that Alkan is without question one of the most original among writers for the modern piano, "one whose Études Mineures will some day be included among the works which are indispensable to every pianist." Certainly his prelude in B major, which opens the second volume, is one of the most charming pieces in the "Anthology." That the cacophonous side of modern French music is not represented, few purchasers of these volumes will regret.

The Vienna Male Choral Society (Wiener Männergesangverein) is to give two concerts here on May 7 and 9, which will give local music lovers an opportunity to hear that kind of singing at its very best. The Vienna Male Choir was organized in 1843. Its importance is evidenced by the fact that Schumann, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Bruckner, Johann Strauss, and other composers have dedicated works to it.

There will be a Bach festival from May 26 to 28 in Eisenach in connection with the opening of the Bach Museum in the Bachhouse. The choir of St. Thomas in Leipzig (Bach's own church) and the court orchestra from Weimar will take part.

Art.

European Enamels. By Henry H. Cunynghame. Pp. xvi., 188; 62 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.75 net.

The study of enamel has a peculiarly personal interest. The collectors—and by that term is meant all those who study the pieces which they see in the hope, if not in the expectation, of making them their own—the collectors of enamels are full of their subject. Few are these enthusiasts, but their enthusiasm is not diminished by that fact; and even the study of ceramics is languid and perfunctory, compared with the ardor of the student of this form of glass. Something of this warmth appears in this book. It is one of a well-conducted series, the Connoisseur's Library, edited by Cyril Davenport, of which we have reviewed other volumes, as those on Porcelains, on Furniture, and on Ivories.

In the Introduction, the manufacture of enamel is considered at length. The glass itself, its composition and preparation, the application of it to the surface of metal, glass vessels, or ceramic ware, are all explained with care, and still more, with an affectionate attention to details which comes near to satisfying even the critical judgment of the practical workman. This Introduction occupies twenty-four large pages, the last two or three of which are devoted to a perhaps uncalled-for essay on the character of art and of decoration; but it is easy to see how the author came to feel that his remarks were in place. He is an enthusiast for propriety and nobility of design in his favorite art, and he feels strongly the almost insuperable difficulties which attend decorative work in the twentieth century. On page 23 he is considering the chronological sequence of enamels at South Kensington, and the too obvious fact that from the fifteenth century on, while workmanship improves, the art declines, with the worst objects of all in the latest compartment. He is thus prompted to a few words of meditation upon the causes of such discouraging conditions.

The 150 pages which form the body of the work are historical in a true sense, giving not dates and facts merely, but the essential characteristics of decorative enamelling. Chapter ii. deals with that most elusive subject, the enamels of antiquity; and chapter iii., with the more easily grasped Gaulish enamels of pre-Roman and post-Roman times, a paper too brief but very suggestive. Chapter iv. treats the Byzantine enamels; chapter v., "Mediæval Enamels." The 50 pages of these two chapters are probably the most important division of the work. There is much, but not too much, allusion to the social conditions of the periods, and their effect on the artistic productions of the workmen. The consideration of the way in which these brilliant and unfading color-compositions must have appealed to a twelfth-century Christian, of the importance of small but brilliantly effective pieces of religious art, is well presented. The illustrations, too, in these chapters are closely allied to the text, and the text leans upon them for the completion of its thought.

From page 89 to the end of the book the later enamels are treated with more minute description of exact processes, as indeed is natural. The topics are the transparent enamel applied upon bas-relief (*émail en basse taille*), the painted enamels of Limoges, the miniature paintings on enamel, which we associate with Petitot, the enamelled snuff-boxes and watches of the eighteenth century, the British "Battersea" enamels, and the enamelled jewelry of still more modern times.

We close the volume with the feeling that enthusiasm for the art and knowledge of its character are to be gained by a faithful study of these pages. The not very attractive photographic plates are at least useful. It is altogether a good book for the beginner.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will begin their series of Primers of Art with Prof. Edwin A. Barbor's monograph on "Pottery," which includes the Majolica of Italy, Spain, and Mexico, the Delft wares of Holland and England, and the Stanniferous Faience of France, Germany, and other countries. Professor Barbor is curator of the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art.

In our issue of February 28 we stated that the existence of the New Umbrian periodical *Perusia Augusta* was imperilled, after only one year of life, by the removal of its editor to Rome. We are glad to inform our readers that our fears have not been realized, and that arrangements have been made for continuing publication. Numbers I. and II. (January and February, 1907) have just appeared; and the fact that the committee of the Mostra d'Arte Antica in Perugia has chosen *Perusia Augusta* as its official organ, gives a peculiar interest to the forthcoming numbers.

At Perugia, on Monday, King Victor Emmanuel inaugurated in the Municipal Palace, a large and beautiful edifice built in 1271, a complete exposition of antique Umbrian art, arranged chronologically and comprising a thousand pictures and thousands of other objects, including sculpture, miniatures, jewelry, arms, porcelains, etc.

Charles Scribner's Sons bring out a second edition of Miss Florence Simmonds's translation of Salomon Reinach's "Apollo," which is an improvement upon the first. It is announced as "revised by the author," but it is difficult to know, without prolonged study of the two editions, in just what this revision consists. The original title is restored, and the additions, concerning British art, are now enclosed in square brackets, so that one may know when one is reading M. Reinach and when one is reading Miss Simmonds. This is a distinct gain. One significant omission, of which, as we remember, M. Reinach complained, has not been repaired. On pages 315 and 316 of the original French edition

M. Reinach speaks of "B. Leader, author of the picture, In the Evening There Sball Be Light, which will one day, perbaps, be reputed the *chef d'œuvre* of modern landscape." Tbis passage the translator boldly excised, and it bas not been restored; the name of Mr. Leader nowhere occurs in the index of the present volume. We do not know the picture in question, and it is quite possible that M. Reinach's enthusiasm for it is mistaken, but since he alone is responsible for his opinion this suppression of it seems a trifle high-banded.

The Corporation of London is holding its fifteenth exhibition in the galleries of the Guildball; and in popularity no other exhibition in London is such a successful rival of the Academy. These shows in the past bave been, as a rule, interesting artistically and important historically—of real use to artist and student alike. If this year interest and importance are less obvious, it is because, after all, tbere are limits to the art even of the world. The particular subject is Danisb art. The collection includes names seldom, if ever, heard out of Denmark, but the only notable work comes from men like Kroyer and Hammershoi, who are often represented not only in the big modern exhibitions of the Continent, but in London at the sbows of tbe International Society. Kroyer is an extremely accomplished painter. His big group, The Committee of French Artists for the Exhibition in Copenhagen in 1888, is a vigorous piece of work, full of observation and suggestion of character; there are not many artists to-day wbo can paint a group of the kind without falling into the woodenness of, for instance, Tuxen in The Anointing of Queen Alexandra at The Coronation of King Edward VII. on the opposite wall. Again, Summer Evening at the Skaw is a good study of light and atmosphere, well observed and true. But Kroyer, in these and all his pictures, is the fine craftsman rather than the great master. It is the same with Hammershoi, whose renderings of quiet, simple interiors are delightful in tone and effects of ligbt, who can see beauty in absolutely bare rooms with nothing to break tbe monotony save a sêries of open doors, but who never reaches the exquisiteness of Dutch masters like Ver Meer and Terburg. Beyond the pictures of these two men, there is little to give distinction to a commonplace show. The examples of the earlier Danish artists are respectably dull; the artists of to-day, with the two exceptions, have apparently done nothing to interrupt the tradition of dulness. Judging from the collection at the Guildhall, the daring, the boldness, the vigorous expression of individuality frequently conspicuous in collections of Scandinavian work, are the characteristics of the artists of Sweden and Norway ratber than of the artists of Denmark. Had a place been found in the collection for the illustration of the country, it probably would have gained in both distinction and interest.

The fortieth annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society is now open at No. 215 West Fifty-seventb Street. Tbere is an exhibition of members' work in painting and sculpture at the National Arts Club, No. 119 East Nineteenth Street. Examples of early American art will be shown at Ehrich's till May 10. There are some modern Dutch water-colors at William Schaus's; and Robert Grier Cooke has on private view for a short time a collection of original catalogue proofs of a famous collection of Chinese porcelains. Tbe plates in color are noteworthy as fine examples of lithographic facsimiles.

Thomas S. Noble, a painter and for thirty-five years head of the Cincinnati Art School, died on Saturday in tbis city. He was born in Lexington, Ky., seventy-four years ago, and studied in Munich and Paris. Soon after his return to the United States he was selected to head the Cincinnati Art School, a position from which he retired five years ago.

Howard Helmick, an artist of some repute and professor of art at Georgetown University, died in Washington on Sunday. He was born in Ohio in 1845, and when about twenty years old went abroad to study. He became known through his scenes of Irish peasant life. His works have been exhibited at the Paris Salon and at tbe Royal Academy of London. At the time of his deatb be was employed as an illustrator for the *Century Magazine*.

At tbe recent sale in Paris of pictures collected by the late Georges Charpentier, Renoir's group, La Famille Charpentier, exhibited at the Salon of 1879, brought 84,000 francs, the highest price yet paid at auction for an example of this artist. Otber prices were: Renoir, Le Pêcheur à la Ligne, 14,050 francs; Charles Jacque, Moutons à la Lisière d'un Forêt, 34,000 francs.

Finance.

THE MONEY MARKET IN EUROPE.

Six or eight weeks ago, three predictions were made in European financial circles: the first, that the Bank of France, having already raised its official discount rate from 3 to 3½ per cent., would advance it again; the second, that the Imperial German Bank would not be able to reduce its rate from 6; tbe third, that, if New York were to import gold from London, the Bank of England would restore its rate to the 6 per cent. figure, from which it was reduced on January 17. All these predictions have turned out erroneous. The Bank of France has not raised its rate again; last week the German bank rate went down to 5½; and althougb New York actually did take gold in the interim from London, tbe Bank of England has twice reduced its rate, which now stands at 4. Such a sequel has started general inquiry as to whether markets were not wholly mistaken as to the financial situation generally.

Outside of the markets, these European "official bank rates" are regarded as much of a mystery. Even financiers who understand the purpose of a rise in the rate—to attract from abroad capital needed at home, or to prevent movement of capital from tbe bome market—are likely to view the changes as purely arbitrary. In a sense, tbey are; the vote of a single board of directors fixes a new "official rate." But to its maintenance, there is a limit in the ordinary developments of banking. If, as lately happened at Berlin, all other lending institutions are putting out money at 4½ per cent., while the State bank stands for 6, the probable result is that tbe State institution will lose the great part of its business. Now these institutions, though enjoying peculiar privileges from the Government, are nevertheless joint-stock enterprises, paying dividends to their proprietors. Tbey naturally do not wish to go out of business, even for a time; and, furthermore, unless there is thought to be urgent need (as in London last October), the business community, all of wbose borrowings are made more costly through the maintenance of such rates by the largest lender, protests against the action. Hence there is strong inducement for a lowering of bigh official discount rates, as soon as the general market seems disposed to lend more cheaply.

But why, if the apprehensions of six weeks ago had a reasonable basis, should the money rate have fallen, even on the open market? Two answers may be made. Stock speculation, at London, Berlin, and New York, has been checked; speculators have closed out their bank loans; demands

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on the world's money market have therefore greatly decreased. But aside from this, New York, to whose expected "demand for gold" all Europe was lately looking anxiously, has ceased to draw on Europe. For this outcome, the reduced needs of our banks, through the Stock Exchange liquidation, partly account; the Treasury's release, through deposit with the banks, of $30,000,000 surplus revenue, perhaps accounts for more. At all events, it is certain that the fall in money rates at New York itself has been more rapid, during this period, than at any European market. This decline in Wall Street money rates was equivalent to New York's ceasing to bid for European capital and European gold; exchange on London, which in March sold at a rate admitting of exceptional profit from import of English gold, has now risen to a level as near the gold export as to the gold import point. There was, therefore, little reason for maintaining the high protective bank rates at London and Berlin.

It is a natural query, under such circumstances, whether the strain on capital is now definitely past. It would be rash to say so; much depends on what the American speculative markets do, between now and the always critical period of autumn. Late spring and early summer are traditionally seasons when trade demands on a market's supply of capital are light, for the reason that trade itself is relatively inactive. This is, however, no assurance of what conditions may be a few months later. Last July, two-months loans in Wall Street went at 3½ per cent., or much lower than the rate which prevails to-day; yet the extreme stringency of the autumn came in spite of midsummer semblance of easy money. As lately as last September, the Bank of England's official rate was 3½ per cent., or less than the present rate; yet it went to 6 per cent. hardly a month afterward.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, E. P. Military Memoirs of a Confederate. Scribners. $4 net.
As the Hague Ordains. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Atwell, Benj. H. The Great Harry Thaw Case. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.
Barbor, Edwin Atlee. Tin Enameled Pottery. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Barr, Martin W. The King of Thomod. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1.25 net.
Bassett, Sara Ware. Mrs. Christy's Bridge Party.
Bierce, Ambrose, and G. A. Danziger. The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter. Neale Publishing Co.
Bowen, Majorie. The Master of Stair. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Bransby, Carlos. A Spanish Reader. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cents.
Brunetière, Ferdinand. Études Critiques. Paris: Hachette et Cie.
Bushnell, Charles Edwin. The Lamb of God's Book of Eternal Life. Published by the Author.
Butler, Ellis Parker. The Great American Pie Company. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Chambers, Robert W. The Tree of Heaven. Appletons. $1.50.
Childe, Charles P. The Control of a Scourge. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Clarke, H. Butler. Modern Spain, 1815-1898. Putnams. $2.
Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library. Vol. II.
Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia. Edited by Francis A. Gasquet. Vol. III. London: The Royal Historical Society.
Cooke, Arthur B. With the Tourist Tide. Neale Publishing Co.
Corneille's Le Cid, Horace and Polyeucte. Edited by William A. Nitze. Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.
Davis, Willlam Stearns. A Victor of Salamis. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Dearmer, Percy. The Parson's Handbook. Henry Frowde.
Drink Problem. Edited by T. N. Kelynack. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Du Bois, Patterson. The Culture of Justice. Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cents.
Dussaud, René. Les Arabes en Syrie Avant L'Islam. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Emmet, Alida Chanler. The Hidden Places and Other Poems. Robert Grier Cooke.
Fitch, Clyde. Her Own Way. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Frazer, M. D. Practical European Guide. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $1 net.
Giveu, John L. Making of a Newspaper. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.
Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh. 2 vols. Dodge Publishing Co. $2.50.
Griffin, C. S. Esperanto in Twenty Lessons. A. S. Barnes & Co. 50 cents net.
Hendrick, Burtou J. The Story of Life Insurance. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Henry, O. The Trimmed Lamp. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Hill, Collected Mathematical Worka of George William. Vol. 4. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Huchon, René. George Crabbe and His Times. Translated by Frederick Clarke. Dutton. $5 net.
Hume, Martin. Through Portugal. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Jacobs, W. W. Short Cruiaea. Scribnera. $1.50.
Kaufman, Herbert, and May Isabel Fiak. The Stolen Throne. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.50.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. Balm in Gilead. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 40 cents.
Kienze, Camillo von. The Interpretation of Italy During the Last Two Centuriea. Univeraity of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.
Knocks from the Little Hammer. Dodge Publishing Co. 75 cents.
La Bruyère. Caractères. Putnams.
Latimer, George Dimmick. Concerning Life Sermons. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1 net.
Lewis, Austin. The Rise of the American Proletarian. Chicago: Charlea H. Kerr & Co.
Maeterlinck, Maurice. The Measure of the Hours. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.
Martin, Helen R. His Courtship. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Maynadier, Howard. The Arthur of the English Poets. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Méline, Jules. The Return to the Land. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Moody, Winfield Scott. The Pickwick Ladle and other Collector's Stories. Scribners. $1.50.
Neeff, Gotthold August. The Sacrifice of Life. Elenville, N. Y.: American Authora' Agency. $1.25.
Nernst, Walther. Thermodynamics and Chemistry. Scribners. $1.25 net.
O'Sullivan, Vincent. Human Affairs. London: David Nutt.
Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. Catherine of Caiais. Dutton. $1.50.
Peary, Robert E. Neareat the Pole. Doubleday, Page & Co. $4.80 net.
Prisoners of the Temple. Edited by H. A. Guerber. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Raleigh, Walter. Shakespeare. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Rashdall, Hastings. The Theory of Good and Evil. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Rice, Cale Young. A Night in Avignon. McClure, Phillips & Co. 50 cents.
Richardson, Charles. Tales of a Warrior. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.
Richardson, Charles. The Chancellorsville Campaign. Neale Publishing Co.
Rideout, Henry Milner. The Siamese Cat. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Story of Concord. Edited by Josephine L. Swayne. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. $1.25 net.
Thompson Jean M. Water Wonders Every Child Should Know. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.10 net.
Turgénieff, Iván. Smoke—Virgin Soil—The Jew and Other Stories—Memoirs of a Sportsman. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Scribners. $1.25 each.
Waring, Henry T. Christianity and Its Bible. University of Chicago Press. $1.
Weir, Archibald. An Introduction to the History of Modern Europe. London: Methuen & Co.
Wenner, George U. Religious Education and the Public School. Bonnell, Silver & Co. 75 cents net.
Wiley, Sara King. The Coming of Philibert. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

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The Week.

It is a dull day which does not see at least one Roosevelt third-term story. Henry Watterson tells a specific renunciation uttered by the President last winter in presence of "a company of journalists." "Upon my honor," it ran, "if the next Republican convention nominates me and adjourns, it will have to reassemble, because I will not accept the nomination." The other contribution is Paul Morton's declaration that, "if he would run again, there is not the slightest doubt the Republican National Convention would make his nomination by acclamation." Both men assume that the decision lies solely with Mr. Roosevelt himself. If he says the word, or authorizes any one to say the word, the nomination is his. But the efforts to induce him to take this action do not appear to make headway. There is, for instance, the theory that, because Roosevelt was elected in his own right for the first time three years ago, this is only his first term, and he ought to have a second, as a matter of course. Not only did the President himself brush this reasoning aside, but the press and public have absolutely refused to accept it. A League in Chicago has been incorporated with "third-term" in its title. Both advocates and opponents speak of the additional four years by that name. But, amid manifold counsels, we have looked in vain for any suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt's tenure of office can be shortened by anything but his own volition. Renominated Republican Presidents have been defeated by Democrats, but nobody thinks of that possibility any longer.

Details of the tariff agreement with Germany, made public last Saturday, show that our exporters are to get the minimum rates of the German tariff, while German exporters are to be benefited by a relaxation of our severe administrative regulations. Our Government undertakes to modify or abolish some of those rules which have gone upon the supposition that importing is a crime, and that all importers are perjurers. We can but hail the improvement, though we must note that the abandonment of the old policy is really to pull down one of the pillars of the protective system. Furthermore, by the agreement, President Roosevelt undertakes to "recommend" to Congress an amendment of the Dingley act in the matter of undervaluations. But will not this be doing that horrible thing—to "open" the tariff question? How could the nerves of the country endure that shock? We forbear to suggest what would happen if the President should also go on to recommend amendments of the Dingley law of a sort to draw the fangs of the oppressive monopolies which take shelter behind it. That would be too terrible even to contemplate from a distance.

Beyond all question, one of the most effective arguments for restriction of immigration is the recent activity of Italian and other alien criminals in this country. A few weeks ago two New York policemen were killed in the pursuit of an Italian assassin. "Look at the list of outrages," say the restrictionists. "Are we to allow men of this kind to continue entering our country by hundreds of thousands every year?" A drastic restrictive measure, with an educational test as its chief feature, failed of enactment in the last Congress by the narrowest of margins; while a compromise bill, carrying an increased head-tax, became law. That efforts will be resumed in the next Congress to put through all the eliminated provisions is certain. It is therefore most significant that the friends of reasonable immigration are preparing to abandon a purely negative programme and offer constructive legislation of their own. The Liberal Immigration League, the influential organization which led in the opposition to the narrow bills of the last two years, has already suggested a method of dealing with the pressing problem of the alien criminal which deserves consideration. The idea is, in effect, to extend to criminals the principle of deportation already applied to the dependent classes. Under the present law, if an immigrant for any reason becomes a public charge before becoming a citizen, he may be sent back to the country from which he came. The Immigration Bureau has developed a system of coöperation with the poor authorities of various localities and kept its records in such a way that the operation of this law is now comparatively certain. Under this provision several hundred deportations are made from this city alone every year. If a foreigner commits a crime, however, we not only put ourselves to the expense of his punishment, but, after he has served his term, let him continue to live in this country. It is cited as an illustration of present conditions that 132 Italian "confidence men" are now in Sing Sing. If the same men, within a certain period after their arrival, had merely applied for public aid, Italy could have been compelled to take them back.

The decision which Justice Gould of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has rendered in the case testing the right of the Government to pay for the education of Indians at sectarian schools, naturally concerns only the legal, and not the political, side of the question. The decision that the Government *can* pay money to the Roman Catholic and Lutheran schools does not at all mean that it *should*. At the same time, Justice Gould's decision establishes the principle that out of the three sources of Indian funds, two are definitely unavailable for the sectarian schools. When Congress declared in the acts of 1896 and 1897: "It is hereby declared to be the settled policy of the Government to hereafter make no appropriation whatever for education in any sectarian schools," this inhibition, according to the decision, applied not only to the money paid from the general treasury, as army or river and harbor money is paid, but also to the sums paid in fulfilment of treaty obligations, known as "treaty funds." It did not apply, however, to the "trust funds," interest paid by the United States Government on sums specifically set aside for consideration given long ago by the Indians. These can still be laid out at the discretion of the Secretary of the Interior. While the withdrawal of the treaty fund money will reduce the incomes of the denominational schools, the total available for Indian education will be as large as ever. If the various denominational authorities decide to support their own institutions adequately in future, it should be even larger.

The latest accident bulletin of the Interstate Commerce Commission, covering the three months ending December 31 last, shows that the total number of railroad casualties during that period was 20,944, an increase of 1,094 over those reported during the preceding three months. The number of passengers and employees killed was 494, an increase of 207 over the previous three months' figures; the passengers killed being 180. These figures prove conclusively that the discussion of railway conditions ought not to stop for one moment until public sentiment can be brought to bear to correct existing conditions. Hence we can but welcome, in the current *Atlantic*, Frank Haigh Dixon's article on "Railroad Accidents." Mr. Dixon goes with great detail into the various causes—overwork, negligence, inexperience, etc. His conclusion is that the "fundamental weakness of American railroading, from the standpoint of safety, is the widespread and almost universal lack of discipline." This, he feels, extends all the way from

the speculative Wall Street type of director to the humblest employee. He does not dwell upon the part played by the labor unions in bringing about this weakness; yet this phase of the question is in pressing need of immediate and unbiassed investigation.

In rejecting the bill for taxing residential property belonging to colleges and universities, the Massachusetts House of Representatives has shown itself true to the best traditions of the State. The Senate had passed this measure by a small majority, although there was no reason for supposing that the growth of exempted property was imposing a burden which was not more than outweighed by the advantages flowing from the presence of an institution of learning. Only last summer the whole question was studied by a special committee of the Legislature, which came to the conclusion that "the financial conditions of all the college towns are as satisfactory as those found in the great majority of our communities." The action of the Senate, therefore, came as an unpleasant surprise to the friends of education. But in the House, the proposal was defeated by a vote of 142 to 14, after a debate which made it clear that the historic policy of the commonwealth is not likely to be changed at the behest of a few demagogues and malcontents. It was sufficiently discreditable that the proposal could even be seriously considered.

Dr. John Watson, who died on Monday at Mount Pleasant, Ia., was a lecturer of distinction and the author of several books of education, but he will be remembered longest as the "Ian McLaren" who was largely responsible for the vogue of the prettily humorous and pathetic kailyard fiction. If we remember correctly, it was Dr. Watson's "Bonnie Brier Bush" which rivalled S. R. Crockett's "Lilac Sunbonnet" for first place in a schedule of genius created not long since by the professor of English in a large State university. His system was beautifully simple. Out of 100 per cent. set apart, say, 20 per cent. for the height of pathos, 15 per cent. for humor, and so on through the list of sublimity, picturesqueness, etc. The result of such a test brought the kailyard fiction high above Shakespeare, for it was demonstrable that ten tears were shed over the "Bonnie Brier Bush" for one over "Hamlet." The system had its value as a striking example of what may be called the fallacy of the present; and it showed how small a part is played in great literature by the more facile emotions. The kailyard has already grown a little stale to us, but we can afford to remember Dr. Watson's stories with kindly affection.

Next we are to have an S. P. C. Q.—or Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Quotations. The *Academy* urges its founding, and points out some of the cogent reasons for it. If the maiming and flogging and overworking of horses have become an offence in civilized eyes, why are not the same things cruel when done to a poetical citation? Surely, a merciful man will be merciful to quotations. When he hears some one dropping easily into "fresh *fields* and pastures new," his sensations cannot be very different from those of a sensitive man seeing a horse's tail docked. The inaccurate quoter is much more abroad than the schoolmaster, and a great number of excellent quotations are abominably ill treated at every public dinner. As for overloaded dray-horses, they are not to be named beside certain quotations. When a political orator begins: "You can fool some of the people——" the universal groan which arises from the audience betokens the same sort of sympathy that is called out by the sight of a man trying to flog a worn-out animal along the road. Of course, it is difficult actually to prevent such cruelties to quotations; but it should be possible, as the *Academy* says, to inflict "severe penalties on malefactors who misquote or distort to base uses the words of wiser men."

If a legislative measure is to be reckoned blessed when men speak evil of it, the bill which Mr. Birrell introduced into the Commons Tuesday, carrying an instalment of Home Rule for Ireland, must be accounted fortunate. It is already variously reviled as preposterously moderate and outrageously revolutionary, unspeakably timid and recklessly daring. But they cannot have it both ways. The truth lies between. To establish an Irish Council, as the Liberal Government propose, with varied administrative but no legislative powers, is not to grant Home Rule. It is, however, to give the Irish a much larger control of their own affairs; and if they prove faithful over that which is little, they may hope to be made rulers over much. And the great point is that this bill is brought in by convinced Home Rulers. Both the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary have openly declared themselves to be such. If they could, they would give Ireland absolute Home Rule outright. But they know they cannot; and hence their tentative measure is to be judged in the light of what is now wise, because practicable. The Ministry could undoubtedly put through the Commons a bill as drastic as either of Mr. Gladstone's; but it would be contemptuously thrown out by the Lords. Thus the true friends of Ireland may well pause to consider whether a substantial step in advance is not better than a passionate rush that would only result in being thrown further back than ever.

The situation that now confronts Great Britain in India calls for skilful handling. The disorders in the Punjab have an element of seriousness which is lacking in the anti-British agitation in Bengal, since the inhabitants of the Punjab have by no means the unwarlike reputation of the Bengalese. The province is the home of the Sikh, and is not unacquainted with Kipling's Pathan. In Bengal, demonstrations have been confined to speechmaking and boycotting. In Lahore, there has been ominous rioting. Now, the Punjab is not far from the northwest frontier, that tenderly sensitive nerve in the line of the British defence. What will be the effect of sedition on the restless tribes of the frontier? What on Habibullah Khan of Afghanistan, who has just returned from a visit to his good friend, Lord Minto? What will be the effect further still across the Pamir in Russia's Transcaspian territories? The London *Times* calls the events at Lahore an "unpleasant reminder of certain disquieting features in the condition of India," and calls for strong measures. "We are bound to enforce respect for British authority and to give protection to the law-abiding majority, which is still prepared to uphold that authority, but which we are apt to disregard, because it is too loyal to be clamorous." A much more moderate view is that of the Calcutta *Englishman*, which speaks in a deprecating tone of the immense expense connected with "the reforms now loudly advocated."

Both papers admit the necessity of reform, even as Secretary Morley has admitted and promised it. On the chief cause of discontent, the insufficient participation of the natives in the government of the country, the *Englishman* will not admit that the Hindus are lacking in high capacity for self-government. "We all know," it says, "that there is a great fund of dormant political wisdom in India, and it only remains to devise some expedient by which it can be tapped." It will hear nothing of suppression, and counsels that in each province a conference between leading reformers and chosen representatives of the administration be called for the discussion of existing difficulties "in a practical and friendly spirit." This would be living up to the best traditions of British colonial government. The difficulties that would have to be discussed are undoubtedly many. One is the heavy cost of British rule. In the Viceroy's Council the representatives of advanced native opinion have been demanding a reduction in army expenditure, in view of the admitted immunity of the peninsula now from

the danger of invasion. Under the caption of "The Sword in India," the *Englishman* writes: "Roughly speaking, the Government spends 35 out of every 100 rupees of its revenue on military and defensive operations. This is undoubtedly a very large sum to pay for insurance against disaster." A large sum, indeed, considering that military-ridden Russia and Germany spend only 15 per cent. of their revenue for the same purposes.

The refusal of Germany even to discuss the limitation of armaments at The Hague is bound to create widespread distrust. Granted Prince von Bülow's contention in the Reichstag last week, that Germany has never misused her military forces, the reason why she should join now in a movement to limit them would seem all the more cogent. The really peace-loving nation looks forward to the time when it can lay aside its arms as the frontiersman does to the hour when he can give up carrying his revolver. What possible harm can Germany suffer from participating in the Hague discussion? The Chancellor announced that if any practical result is achieved in the debate on limitation, "Germany will conscientiously examine whether it harmonizes with the protection of her peace, with her national interests, and her peculiar situation." But if the outcome of the debate is worth considering, why not take part in it, and strive to direct it into a practical channel? The surprising thing about the Reichstag discussion is the apparent unanimity of all parties in support of the Chancellor. Reduced in representation as the Social-Democrats are, they still speak for one in every three German voters, and their party has always stood out against the crushing military burdens which the laboring men have to carry. They should have been prompt to protest against the Chancellor's attitude. As Mr. Carnegie said at the Peace Congress, the Kaiser has to-day the greatest opportunity of any mortal man to bring near the day of universal peace. Thus far that opportunity seems not to appeal to him.

The conclusion of an agreement between France and Japan providing for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Far East is announced as imminent. Such an arrangement was bound to come, after Russia's overwhelming defeat. The attitude of the French Government during the war was not such as to arouse peculiar gratification at Tokio, and politicians could scarcely be called timid if they regarded with apprehension the possibility of a day of reckoning in Indo-China. That peninsula represents, as yet, the only instance of appreciable success in colonial administration that France can show. Its loss would undoubtedly mean the end of the republic as a colonial and, possibly, as a world-power. Undoubtedly, the common understanding with Great Britain will facilitate the settlement of all points of difference between the two contracting Powers, and the satisfactory progress of Russo-Japanese negotiations must also help. That Russia is planning a war of revenge is not improbable, but it is evident that the influence of France with its European ally will now be exercised to prevent or delay such a war, which itself would be costly in the extreme. In so far as regards China, all fear of foreign attack should now be completely at rest, and real progress towards internal reform should begin.

The authoritative announcement of the Russian Government's decision to proceed immediately with the double-tracking of the Siberian Railroad will be taken, of course, as one more illustration of the rather hackneyed truth that Russia never retreats but to come on again. Putnam Weale, who of late has become for us undoubtedly *the* light of eastern Asia, emphasizes the truth in a series of studies in the *North-China Herald*, dealing with "The Present Position in Far Eastern Affairs." In his concluding article he points out what great progress Russia has been making, since her expulsion from Manchuria, in the devolpment of her neighboring Amur Province. The shattering of the foolish and alien policy of naval adventure has enabled her to concentrate her strength on land, which Mr. Weale regards as her only proper field. Vladivostok, in the southern corner of the Amur Province, has enjoyed unexampled prosperity since the war. Still more marvellous has been the growth of Nikolaievsk, in the extreme northern corner of the province, at the mouth of the Amur:

> Five years ago it may have had at the full season only two or three thousand inhabitants; to-day, including the military, there are supposed to be more than twenty thousand Russians in the town.

A "forgotten" Amur railway scheme has been revived, and surveys are already under way from Blagovyestchensk and Khabarovsk, at the junction of the Amur and the Ussuri. The difficulties connected with the project are enormous—

> But against those things must be set the hardihood and certain grim tenacity of the Russian race. As a nation they are a race of men who are the Sons-o'-men—of that there is no doubt. If they will only be guided in a certain direction and become intensive instead of merely extensive, the hardihood of the race and the unparalleled natural riches of their territory will finally work out an extraordinary solution. Whether this solution will end in another anabasis—straight down to the South from Khabarovsk—it is too soon to say. Yet it is plain that there are great and unexpected things in the making.

The formation of a new Belgian Cabinet, last week, terminated the crisis precipitated by the resignation of the Smet de Naeyer Ministry on April 12. The new Premier is M. de Trooz, Minister of the Interior in the preceding Cabinet, of which one other member, M. Liebaert, remains in power as Minister of Finance. The Catholics retain control of the Government because they can rally, officially, an absolute majority in the Chamber, 89, acording to the results of last year's elections, as against 47 Liberals and 28 Socialists. The defeat of the Smet de Naeyer Cabinet was brought about by the defection of the Young Catholic element, numbering some twenty members, who have for some time opposed the conservative tendencies of the Government, from an advanced democratic standpoint. Like the German Centre, they would have the Church take the lead in social legislation, and they have shown themselves ready on occasion to join hands even with the Socialists in bringing the necessity of such a policy home to the Ministry. But a permanent alliance with the Opposition was, of course, out of the question; and there remained only the possibility of reconstituting the Catholic Cabinet on more liberal lines. That such must be the nature of the new Government follows from the ever-present danger of a second Young Catholic secession.

Although the Conservatives carried the elections in Spain, the Republicans showed themselves more numerous and active than for years. Their most notable accession was that of the most famous of living Spanish writers, Perez Galdós. He had always been a monarchist, and was once a member of the Cortes, sitting for a district in Porto Rico. But in the last election he offered himself as a Republican candidate in Madrid itself. Explaining his change of view, he said:

> My monarchist faith was long since undermined, but what has completed the transformation of my political ideas was the melancholy spectacle of the defeat of the law for the separation of Church and State. This showed that we were under a régime which had added to our numerous ruling oligarchies an intolerable ecclesiastical bossism.

Of course, Galdós was not elected, but his open revolt was an ominous sign of the times. He is "one of the glories of Spain," as his countrymen love to call him, and his blossoming out as a Republican made a sensation as great as would an announcement by Mr. Howells that he was pining for an American Emperor.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE AT ALBANY.

One needs merely to scan the voting list by which Kelsey was kept in the office of Superintendent of Insurance, to perceive what an abhorrent combination it was which defeated the Governor. Doubtless, some honest Senators voted to retain Kelsey in office. They did so either for reasons of personal friendship, or because they were not convinced that his incompetence was sufficiently glaring to warrant his removal. But there was a tell-tale rallying of the worst men on both sides to thwart Gov. Hughes's honorable effort to make the public service efficient and pure. When Raines strikes hands with Grady, when Allds embraces McCarren, when the solid phalanx of Black Horse Cavalry Republicans are found riding cheek by jowl with the Tammany Senators, honest men know that they have before them a union of rogues. It was the triumph of "Raines Democrats" and "Grady Republicans."

There can be no mistaking the sinister nature of this unholy alliance. In its formation, the Kelsey case was but a temporary and minor incident. To much larger issues and richer plunder does this banding of corruptionists look forward. If an entire reform programme can be brought to earth, there will be fine pickings for the agents of the disaster to the State. Raines and Grady would, of course, find a deep bond of sympathy in any plan to prevent the offices from being taken out of politics; but once they had made a secret working agreement on this basis, they would see the great possibilities of extending it for their mutual benefit. And the State? The good of the public service? The wishes of the people? Even the welfare of the party? Really, you must not trifle with the men who engineered the plot to defeat Gov. Hughes by supposing that any such considerations ever enter their heads.

Throughout all these thickening machinations, Gov. Hughes has borne himself with a fine dignity and consistency. He has known perfectly well that he could have had his way in the Kelsey affair had he been willing to pay the price. But he has scorned to do so. An Odell in his place would have worked his will by a mixture of terrorism and bribery. He would have threatened some opposing Senators; vetoed their bills, dismissed their appointees, started back-fires in their districts; others he would have bought with offices and jobs. But Mr. Hughes started out by declaring that he would stoop to none of these low arts of the politician; that he would attempt neither to bully nor to wheedle the Legislature; that he, as Governor, would do his duty, and would expect Assembly and Senate to do theirs. Down to the very end of the fight over Kelsey, Gov. Hughes was importuned to use the political powers of his office; to "see" two or three Senators, and change the entire aspect of the contest. But he steadily refused. He might be defeated, but he would not be disgraced by eating his own words and "playing politics." "I am no politician," he said simply; "I am Governor. Those gentlemen upstairs are the Senators." The people of New York believed that they had elected a just and tenacious man Governor. Now they know it.

One audacious Senator, anxious to add lying to turpitude, affirmed in the debate last week that the reason Gov. Hughes desired to have Kelsey removed was that he "wanted the place." This would not deceive a child. The Governor has placed himself visibly above such calumny. No man has ever gone to Albany with an eye more single to the well-being of the commonwealth. He wanted the place of Superintendent of Insurance, only in the sense that he wanted it filled by a man who would be watchful over the vast interests committed to his charge, and resolute in enforcing the law. That Otto Kelsey measures up to these requirements, no sensible and open-minded man will contend. The demonstration of his ignorance and flabby indecision was complete. He has been retained in office, for the time, not because he was fit, not even because the scheming politicians cared a straw about him personally, but because he furnished a convenient excuse for Herod and Pilate to make peace in a common cause, and on skilfully chosen ground, against the Governor.

The party significance of last week's vote in the Senate is obviously great. Ten Republicans joined with seventeen Democrats to oppose and defeat the Republican Governor. The tail of the Senate wagged the dog. This shows a reckless disregard of even partisan motives which has set many to wondering. What are Raines and Allds about? Do they want the Democrats to win, not only in the Senate, but in the next State election? The answer of the Albany correspondents is that these men snap their fingers at the prospect that their course will lead straight to the defeat of their party. So long as a man like Hughes is at the head of it, they would prefer to see it defeated. Secure in their own districts, as they think themselves, they would be pleased to see a reform Governor succeeded by a man, of whatever party, with whom they could resume their political buying and selling. But we believe that their gloating over their initial success is premature. Gov. Hughes has far from exhausted his power to rouse public opinion. The people of this State have been so long unaccustomed to an honest and fearless Governor, throwing himself upon them in disregard of the bosses and the politicians, that they may seem a little slow in responding; but we are confident that Mr. Hughes has but to make his appeals still more direct and pointed, in order to rouse a sentiment in this State before which even the brazen Raines and the unspeakable Grady will cower. It is an advantage, sometimes, to know the worst. The conspiracy against the Governor is now fully uncovered. He needs only to rouse himself and state his case to the people, without mincing language or refraining from mentioning names, and then, either this year or next, his enemies, who are the enemies of decent government, will be covered with confusion, as they now are with ignominy.

A CITY THAT STAYED AWAKE.

J. Horace McFarland, the president of the American Civic Association, has just republished his pamphlet entitled, "The Awakening of Harrisburg," revised to include the progress of the work to the end of 1906. It tells a story of five years of civic endeavor and triumph which cannot but bring encouragement to any American who harbors doubts whether our cities will find their way to good government. Harrisburg began to awake to its opportunities in 1902, and elected an admirable reform mayor in February of that year. There has since been no reaction, but a steady progress upward. A second reform mayor is now in office, and the effort to beautify the city, keep it morally and physically clean, and make it afford excellent service to its inhabitants has been maintained, until now it is almost a model for other cities.

This Harrisburg achievement is the more remarkable because, as the capital of the State, it harbors the Legislature, whose influence can hardly be uplifting, particularly in view of the shocking revelations as to the "graft" in the construction of the new State house. There was little in 1901 to distinguish it from a host of other small American cities. Its rarely beautiful river bank was a mere public dump; its drinking water was typhoid-laden; its sewerage imperfect; its streets dirty and unpaved; its police ready to protect or encourage vice. It was deficient in parks, playgrounds, and the other things that go to make life in a city attractive. In May of that year a fund of $5,000 was raised in ten days to employ three engineers to report upon the municipal problems. They submitted elaborate reports, but it was found that, if the voters consented, Harrisburg's debt could be increased by $1,090,000, and that all the recommendations of the engineers, with but slight modification, would then be within the city's resources. Another $5,000 was promptly subscribed for educational work—the $10,000 thus given by private citizens being equivalent to a fund of $800,000 in New York city. The Municipal League of Harrisburg was set in

motion, and, after an extraordinarily painstaking and thoroughgoing campaign, Vance C. McCormick, a young alumnus of Yale, was elected mayor, and the million-dollar loan approved by a majority of 3,590, out of a total vote of 11,039.

"The Administration of Mayor McCormick," says Mr. McFarland, "was a revelation. The city was cleaned up morally and physically as fast as this young man could bring it about." No man was appointed to office who was not competent, and the "pull" for once absolutely disappeared. The police force was completely reorganized; and within three years Harrisburg, with less than 75,000 inhabitants, became one of the cleanest cities in the country, its twenty-two miles of paved streets being swept daily at a cost of $1,500 per mile a year. For the extension of the asphalt pavements a real competition was obtained, with unusually low bids. An inspection bureau, organized by the mayor and backed up by the Municipal League, saw to it that only first-class pavements were laid. When Mayor McCormick's term expired, he was ineligible for re-election under the Constitution of Pennsylvania. The "machine" thought that, of course, it could now count on a return to power. Instead, another able business man, Edward J. Gross, was chosen mayor, and the work of betterment went on without a break.

The sewerage and drinking-water problems were placed in charge of a Board of Public Works, consisting of three public-spirited citizens. Built out of the proceeds of the loan, raised in February, 1902, the completed filtration plant was in operation by October, 1905, supplying "from nine to twelve million gallons a day of pure, clear, sparkling water, in place of the muddy, intermixed, and typhoid-polluted fluid previously served to our defenceless citizens." A great intercepting sewer and a number of main sewers have been built, and under a new loan, voted in 1905, further extensions of the system are being constructed. Meanwhile, the river front has been made into "one splendid strip of green more than a mile long," giving superb views of the river and mountains, and making an ideal breathing place for the people. More than two miles of this river front are being acquired for a similar metamorphosis. In all, nearly four miles will be converted into a continuous park, untouched by commerce or residence; and this is to be but a part of the parkway eighteen miles long, which is to encircle the whole city. And all the land for this parkway has been given without cost by public-spirited citizens. Meanwhile, Reservoir Park has been trebled in size, a playground of ten acres opened in a district adjoining what was the worst slum section, an island park of twenty acres has been created, and a great Wildwood Park of six hundred and fifty acres is under way, which is to have a reservoir lake as part of a flood-protection scheme.

All this and much more has been done at a slight increase in taxation—barely one-fourth that proposed when the "Harrisburg plan" was adopted. In brief, the city has demonstrated beyond a doubt that good government pays; that there is any amount of native administrative ability available in our American cities, if only party worship can be done away with. Best of all, every sign indicates that awakened Harrisburg will stay awake. There is not only no feeling of regret, but, as Mr. McFarland reports, the "citizens are looking forward to greater achievements."

OUR FOREST BALANCE SHEET.

Following upon the passage of a law which entrusts Congress, and not the President, with the duty of creating additional forest reserves, the Department of Agriculture has issued a circular by Forest Inspector R. S. Kellogg summarizing the present status of "The Timber Supply of the United States." Many years of agitation have brought a general disposition on the part of both national and State authorities to deal with our forests in accordance with a consistent and far-sighted policy.

Proper data have been difficult to secure. The estimates of this country's forest assets have had to be raised by the experts not once, but many times. In the case of several important species of trees, we have already cut and marketed a great deal more than the total was estimated to be in the census of 1880. New varieties of lumber have come into commercial use, as was illustrated by the passing of first place among lumbering States this year from Wisconsin, with its white pine, to Washington, with its Douglas fir. We have not been sure in the past just how imminent a timber failure might be, and we cannot be sure now.

Nevertheless, the one truth more accurately established than any other reveals a surprising condition. In spite of the mounting price of wood and the many industrial uses in which it has been supplanted by other materials, this country is using not only absolutely, but relatively, more wood than before. Between 1880 and 1900 this country's population increased by 52 per cent.; its lumber-cut increased by 94 per cent. Where Europe uses annually 60 feet of lumber per capita, we use about 400.

That is not in itself evidence of the imperative need of diminishing the use of wood. But it does mean that a continuous future supply must be provided very much larger per capita than that which the European forests are expected to develop. We began by treating the forest as we should treat a mineral deposit, helping ourselves to whatever we wanted, with no thought of renewal. We are just beginning to treat it as a slow-growing crop, which must be and can be developed to equal our needs. But the immediate fact is that we are reaping our crop three or four times faster than it is growing up. To quote the circular already cited:

> It has been shown that the present annual cut of forest products requires at least twenty billion cubic feet of wood. To produce this quantity of wood without impairing the capital stock, our 700 million acres of forest must make an annual increment of thirty cubic feet per acre. Under present conditions of mismanagement and neglect, it is safe to say that the average annual increment is less than ten cubic feet per acre for the entire area.

That is the problem in a nutshell. From the forests in private hands is cut annually vastly more than the necessary thirty cubic feet per acre, but it is done at the expense of the future supply, a draft, so to speak, on our capital. The Government forests, which include something like one-fifth of the total, do not yet show even an excess of receipts over expenditures, though they will doubtless soon begin to do so. There is no reason why an American forest should not be brought to the point of yielding regularly thirty feet per year. The forests of Saxony have been made to supply 93 cubic feet per acre, and those of Prussia 65 cubic feet. The net revenue reported by Dr. Fernow from 15,600,000 acres of German state, municipal, and private forests lately canvassed was equal to $2.40 per acre. Our present forest reserves alone, in the remote and improbable event of their being brought to that degree of production, would pay for the entire army and navy nearly twice over.

Because the conservation of our forests is now known to be entirely practicable, the problem is by no means settled. Four-fifths of our forest area remain outside of public control. The lumbermen themselves are far more important factors in the situation than any Government experts. From this point of view, it is encouraging to see how large a part private interests have had in the remarkable forestry achievements of some of the European countries. It is customary to think of those nations as the exponents of thoroughgoing Government control. Yet statistics published in the current number of *Forestry and Irrigation* show that a larger proportion of forest area is owned by the Government in the United States than in France or Austria. Aside from Government regulation of private owners, the idea of conservative forestry has pervaded those countries as, we may say, the idea of rotation of crops is accepted by Western communities which

began by using up their rich soil without a look ahead.

In this same direction a very significant change has come about in the attitude of our American lumbermen. President Roosevelt said before the American Forest Congress two years ago that

> . . . Henceforth the movement for the conservative use of the forest is to come mainly from within, not from without; from the men who are actively interested in the use of the forest in one way or another, even more than from those whose interest is philanthropic and general. The difference means, to a large extent, the difference between mere agitation and actual execution; between the hope of accomplishment and the thing done.

It is too early to speak of the realization of that prophecy, but at least the plea of ignorant misuse is no longer heard.

OUTCOME OF THE COLONIAL CONFERENCE.

We in this country have every reason to follow with deep interest the proceedings of the Colonial Conference, now closing its sessions in London. There is involved in it a living demonstration of one of the most wonderful systems of government the world has ever known. As Mr. Balfour pointed out in his speech at the banquet given the Colonial Premiers by the 1900 Club, the history of Imperial colonization shows no parallel to the great British experiment. England herself has but slowly felt her way to the position which she at present maintains with respect to her colonies. First came control by the mother country; but this has now been abandoned. Then the right of intervention in the domestic affairs of self-governing colonies was dropped; and now we see a very "loose" connection, local independence joined with loyalty to the Empire, but a connection of a sort which really makes a greater solidarity of feeling and a more powerful whole than could result from any hard and fast system. All this is most instructive for a country just embarked on a colonial policy.

Another point which outside nations can but consider with great care is the final decision of the Conference in the matter of preferential trade. If England had departed, even but a little and only for Imperial reasons, from her settled policy of free trade, the event would have been of worldwide importance. For wrapped up in preference is retaliation. One of the Colonial Premiers frankly admitted this, but declared that England could retaliate upon the retaliators in a way to "bring them to their knees." This, however, is not so certain. Nations will suffer as much for trade rights as for any other, and a commercial war might easily be as prolonged and disastrous as one with guns and ships. Fortunately, there is no sign whatever that the Liberal Ministry will assent to the proposal to tax the products of other countries in order to swell the exports of the colonies. That path is too untried and perilous; and, besides, the Government contends that it had a plain mandate from the electorate not to place a tax upon food. Now, without a food-tax, preferential trade with the colonies is a dream. Indeed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has explained to the Conference how impossible it is for the Government to accede to the demands of Premier Deakin of Australia.

That question has been debated in England with a good deal of partisan animus. To some Conservatives the opportunity to make party capital out of the Colonial Conference has seemed too good to be lost. To argue that if only *we* were in power, things would march much better, is an old temptation of politicians. The Tory newspapers have not been able to resist it; and have been egging the Colonial Premiers on to make an appeal over the heads of the Government. This is so obviously intended to hurt the Liberals, rather than to help the colonies, that it is not likely to be attempted. In the letter which Mr. Chamberlain sent from the South of France, regretting his absence on account of ill health, he spoke of "the only method" of binding the colonies to the Empire—namely, of course, his own scheme of preferential or protective taxes. But Mr. Balfour rose to a larger attitude when he said that he would not press upon the colonial visitors any view which would "seem to make them bear any share whatever in the controversies which divide us at home." Such wise counsels should prevail.

One of the ambitious plans of the Balfour Government was the creation of an Imperial Council. It was proposed to the colonies in the dispatch of the Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. Lyttelton, two years ago. But the strong opposition which developed then has not been lessened to-day. Canada was and remains against it. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said the other day, in an interview to be telegraphed to Ottawa:

> It is well known that my views are against an Imperial Council. I do not wish that resolutions could be passed here in England that might cause trouble in Canada.

So that project was impossible. As a sort of sop, however, the name "Imperial" is hereafter to be given to the Conference itself, no longer to be known as Colonial, and a permanent secretarial staff is to be created, under the direction of the Secretary for the Colonies, with "the duty of obtaining information for the use of the Conference, of attending to its resolutions, and of conducting correspondence on matters relating to its affairs." Provision is also made for "subsidiary conferences," in case of important matters arising which cannot be postponed to the next Conference, four years hence. Here we have a real step in advance.

Such may be reckoned also the creation of what has been called a General Staff for the Empire. The plan is to have such a staff, "selected from the forces of the Empire as a whole," which shall collect and disseminate military information, prepare schemes of defence on a common principle, and advise as to the training and organization of the military forces in every part of the Empire—"without," however, "in the least interfering in questions connected with command and administration in the respective governments." That is a ticklish point and may easily prove troublesome in practice; but the General Staff is, on the whole, an improvement on Mr. Balfour's Imperial Defence Committee, and will doubtless be pointed to as one of the definite results reached at this year's Conference. Another is the plan to establish an Imperial Court of Judicial Appeal. But no one can follow the proceedings, or read the speeches, without becoming convinced that the strength and safety of the British Empire rest, more than upon a General Staff, upon what Sir Wilfrid Laurier called the "complete and untrammelled autonomy of the component parts."

THE PROBLEM OF ELECTIVES.

In a volume, "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses," Charles Francis Adams gathers together his "College Fetich," 1883, "Shall Cromwell Have a Statue?" 1902, and "Some Modern College Tendencies," 1906. Mr. Adams notes in his preface that many people have assumed a divergence of view between his speech at Harvard in 1883 and that at Columbia last year; and he adds that, had he changed his opinion, he would "not for a moment have hesitated in giving utterance to the later and more matured beliefs; for consistency in these matters is apt to be indicative of little else than either an inability or an unwillingness to observe and to learn." He protests, however, that "in this particular case there was no inconsistency." We may accept the book, then, as the formulation of Mr. Adams's creed on education. He is not a professional teacher; and yet he is hardly an amateur, for during more than half of the fifty years since his graduation from Harvard he has served on the Board of Overseers and he has taken the keenest interest in the problems that have come before it. Inevitably, his comments apply with special force to Harvard, but much that he says is also pertinent to the small college and to the Western State university.

The gist of his arraignment of present conditions is contained in a Supplementary Note to his last address; here he sums up his points and answers his critics. He declares roundly:

> The existing American academic system and its logical tendencies as of late developing under the exigencies of growth, are . . . fundamentally and structurally wrong. The material organization . . . is radically out of date and defective; the soundness of the educational methods in use are very open to criticism.

These are sweeping charges. No one, however, can deny that the college curriculum is chaotic. We have discarded the old hard-and-fast required course, and we are passing to greater or less freedom of electives. We are experimenting with groups of studies, with required classics and mathematics in the freshman year, with required English for two or three years, with a requirement of a single course in science, chosen from a dozen, and so on through many permutations and combinations. The result, Mr. Adams thinks, has been "an unscientific anomaly—something neither American nor English, nor yet German." He maintains that a boy of seventeen or eighteen is not "the most competent judge of his own intellectual structure and educational needs"; and that the so-called freshman advisers are "only in degree less immature." As evidence of the weakness which the elective system has developed in practice, he points not merely to the direct efforts to limit it, but also to the attempts to supplement it by manning the large and popular elective courses with a body of instructors and preceptors. This remedy also, Mr. Adams argues, is likely to be inadequate. The outcome to which he looks in the remote future is "the sublimated academy—the family, or cluster, of independent schools together constituting the college, and the college the gymnasium preparatory to the university." Harvard, for example, might break up into a group of colleges, "each with its own head, and not so large as to make it impossible for that head, not as a specialist, but as a friend and preceptor, personally to influence the individual student."

The argument that what Mr. Adams proposes is the English system, and is therefore un-American, is, of course, irrelevant. The question is whether the plan, by whatever name it be called, would be useful. On the side both of intellectual and moral discipline, such small colleges as Mr. Adams describes have much to commend them. The most loyal son of Harvard would admit that Cambridge may not be the place for every boy. There are lads who would be lost in the crowd there. If we agree with Mr. Adams that character-building should be the highest function of the college, we cannot but grant also that certain youths of seventeen or eighteen might fare better under the fostering care of the smaller and more compact institutions. On the contrary, the very size of Harvard and Yale is often a stimulus to those who from boyhood are robust and self-reliant. We cannot imagine Mr. Adams, for instance, as being submerged by mere numbers.

But aside from the relative advantages of large colleges and small—and the vital question here is rather as to the quality of the individual boy and his special needs—the problem of electives still confronts us. The small college as well as the large must have its electives, for the simple but cogent reason that the field of modern knowledge is so wide. The sciences, history in all its branches, economics, philosophy, modern languages, the classics—and so on through the almost endless list—furnish an educational programme from which no rigid prescription can be made for those who want a general education. To lay out a curriculum for a professional training is relatively easy; but in this whole country there is not a faculty which would vote with even an approach to unanimity for a purely collegiate, prescribed course of three or four years. This difficulty President Eliot pointed out thirty years ago, and time has strengthened his argument. Mr. Adams himself sees the barrier:

> Would it not, for instance, be practicable as well as best for Harvard to have different colleges giving different degrees for different courses of study, all to feed the university? . . . Why insist on one baccalaureate degree and one term of study?

Why, indeed? But the immature boy of seventeen, advised by some one "only a degree less immature," must still make the choice between the several small schools, or colleges. He must accept the elective system in one shape or another; and Harvard, whether as a single college containing several thousand students, or as several colleges containing a few hundred each, would be much the same thing. The form which Mr. Adams proposes may or may not help to lighten the troubles of deans and disciplinarians. In the meantime, we must muddle along with some kind of elective system.

NATURALISTIC HISTORY.

"Tell About that I am going to write the 'Révolution' as I wrote the 'Ancien Régime,' *en pur naturaliste*." So wrote Taine to Francisque Sarcey in 1876. The letter from which the extract is taken, together with a number of others, is published in the mid-April number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is an interesting and instructive correspondence, letting us, as it does, into the mental workshop of Taine in the years when he was at his arduous labors as an historian. We see him taking infinite pains; going down among the dead men in the archives; passing laborious days in tearing the heart out of provincial records and the letters of the little-great men of country towns; appealing to friends to assist him in verifying his facts and clearing up his puzzles. The personal impression of the man is throughout most attractive. His high zealousness is vividly revealed. He knew that he was about to shatter certain national idols, yet he held on his way with admirable devotion and courage. He wrote to his mother in May, 1876: "The French Revolution, studied at close range and by means of authentic documents, is very different from what people believe; so I have to be exceedingly careful, for it is a religion, and they will fall upon me as upon a blasphemer."

Taine's theory of the true method of writing history is brought out again and again in these letters. Never was there such a glutton of facts. His desire to be "documented" amounted to a passion. Nothing was so minute as not to be worth his scrutiny. He professed complete detachment of spirit. All exhortation and drawing of morals and polemic intention, with all reflections upon present politics seen in the light of the past, he resolutely put far from him. He seemed to think that if he could only drench himself in the facts, he could write the ideal history.

It is a question, however, whether Taine, or any other historian, could ever wholly avoid what Browning called "the instinctive theorizing, whence the fact looks to the eye as the eye likes the look." Indeed, it is clear that Taine brought preconceptions to his wide and patient study of the dry details. He was but partially aware of this, yet the admission tacitly escapes him in these letters. Writing to Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, he said: "In me, the historian is tinged with the psychologist." The author of "The Revolution" could not get away from the author of "The Intelligence." Thus he long strove to penetrate the real mind of the Jacobins. "Let me once frame the true psychology of a Jacobin," he cried, "and my book is written." Yet, with Taine, psychology and even morals always tended to translate themselves into the terms of the physical sciences. So his analysis of the mental state of a generation insensibly passed into that of its pathological condition. He began to talk about the "imperfect organization of France," as at once "apoplectic and anæmic." Thus he gave one proof more of the truth of Lord Acton's dictum, that the mere amassing of facts never made a great history; that erudition, however amazing, can never take the place of the critical faculty; and that the presiding and interpreting mind of the writer must always count for more than all the doc-

uments which he can drag out of Simancas, or the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Taine, of course, was a great literary artist, as well as delving student. His lurking fear was that his heaping up of proof and close following of his authorities might impair the æsthetic quality of his work. To Gaston Paris he wrote in 1881 inviting criticism to three points in his history: "(1.) Is it sufficiently novel? (2.) Is it sufficiently proved? (3.) Is it sufficiently literary?" On this last head, Taine confessed to having painful doubts. And we think the general opinion would justify them. All his writing was, of course, marked by neat precision of phrase and delicate verbal distinctions; but his material too much overbore him in his historical writings, and he often has the air, not of a great narrator in a fine glow, but of a dry professor making an anatomical demonstration. He was aware of this danger, and held steadily before his eyes the examples of the grand manner. Among these, he reckoned Macaulay, at whom it has been the recent fashion to sneer. But Taine spoke with keen admiration of his blending of industry and imagination. "Macaulay," he wrote, "was able to be an exact critic and complete artist (the siege of Londonderry, the state of Ireland in 1690, the portrait of William III.)."

The "naturalist" school of historians has done a valuable work, and had a great influence; but its day seems now to be passing. The limitations of the method have become apparent, while, from a literary point of view, the frequently repellent nature of the results attained has been a weariness to the flesh of many. The whole battle of the rival systems is amusingly rendered in Frederic Harrison's well-known skit on "The History Schools." In it he sets before us the "Freemanikins," struggling with their palisades at Senlac and their Ecgfriths, and maintaining that "in history you cannot trust a fellow who tries to be interesting. If he pretends to be philosophical, you may know him to be an impostor." There were also the disciples of Froude, going in stoutly for "literary history," and so much the worse for the facts if they were not what you thought them. Keeping the safe middle course was the shrewd lawyer of the dialogue, who held that "no research and no insight, no labor and no subdivision of labor, will ever enable you to reach the literal and particular truth about every minor incident"; that "the microscopic eye, with its power of ten thousand diameters, will, after all, only show an infinite series of minute specks." His advice to the young man "going into the historical line" was not very unlike that which Taine would have given. Not advice, but practice, is the hard thing in these matters. The recommendations of Mr. Harrison's Q. C. (himself in thin disguise) were as follows: "First, indefatigable research into all the accessible materials; secondly, a sound philosophy of human evolution; thirdly, a genius for seizing on the typical movements and the great men; and, lastly, the power of a true artist in grouping subjects, and in describing men and events." The recipe is not bad; but first catch your historian.

BOOK NOTES FROM SWEDEN.

The most important scientific and literary centre in Sweden, next to the capital, is Upsala, with its university. The dissertations which its students present for their degrees cover a large field and are often important contributions to science; and the monographs collected under the cover of its *Årsskrift* are written by scholars of repute. An interesting picture of this activity is presented in the new "Upsala Universitets Matrikel," which gives, in addition to a list of officers and instructors, the titles of books and articles written by them. Nine or ten scientific and literary periodicals are issued under the auspices of the university and its institutions, among them the new organ of Oriental research in all its branches, *Le Monde Oriental*. In the way of minute research there are also several so-called *Festschrifte*, which are published on the occasion of the birthday or other anniversary of some well-known scholar. Several such volumes have lately been published in honor of Upsala professors: "Studier tillägnade Henrik Schück på hans 50-årsdag d. 2-Nov., 1905"; "Festschrift Olof Hammarsten zu seinem 65sten Geburtstage den 21-sten August, 1906, gewidmet"; "Botaniska Studier tillägnade F. R. Kjellman den 4 November, 1906." Among the learned societies in Upsala there are four or five whose publications are of considerable value. Then, too, there is Vilhelm Ekmans Universitetsfond, a fund of 100,000 kronor for the publication of scientific works. With this subvention a number of volumes have been issued, and two more works are now in course of preparation: a catalogue of the incunabula of the University Library in Upsala, by D. I. Collijn, and, in cooperation with Kungl. Vetenskapssocieteten, a work on runic inscriptions, by Prof. O. von Friesen. Among the larger scientific works undertaken by professors in Upsala mention is due to Adolf Noreen's grammatical work "Vårt Språk," G. Rydberg's "Zur Geschichte des Französischen," N. J. Göranson's "Undersökning af Religionen," W. Sjögren's "Förarbetena till Sveriges lag 1686-1736," "Corpus inscriptionum Etruscarum," which is now edited by Prof. O. A. Danielson. The second part of Henrik Schück's "Världs-litteraturens Historia," devoted to the literature of Israel, receives its greatest value from its being the first comprehensive study, in the Swedisb language, of this important subject.

Turning now from Upsala to Stockholm, we should first mention the annual report of the Nobel committee, "Le prix Nobel," of which the volume for 1903 has just been issued. These reports contain, besides the account of the festivities in connection with the awarding of the prizes, the public lectures which are usually delivered in Stockholm by the laureates. To celebrate the 200th anniversry of the birth of Peter Artedi, the naturalist and friend of Linnæus, the Academy of Sciences in Stockholm has issued a memoir of his life and work, by Prof. Einar Lönnberg. This book has been translated into English. The Nobel Stipendiate, Prof. S. Arrhenius, published recently, under the title "Väldarnas Utveckling," a popular exposition of his investigations, beginning with a chapter of current interest on seismic and volcanic phenomena, and ending with a statement of the author's hypothesis of the "life seed." Prof. Axel Kock in Lund is at work with a large phonetic work, "Svensk Ljudlära," of which two or three parts have appeared. Gustaf F. Steffen, known to English-speaking readers through his work on the development of wages among English laborers, publishes a series of smaller sociological monographs, under the common title Sociala Studier, in which he intends to "explain the origin of modern society, its most important characteristics and tendencies, and the most urgently needed reforms." Among the subjects treated in the first four parts are "The School, Society, and Sociology," "The State, Society, and Culture," "The Principle of Social Politics in Taxation." Prof. Vitalis Norström, the new member of the Swedish Academy, and one of the most vigorous philosophical thinkers in Sweden, offers in his latest work, "Den nyaste människan," a criticism of modern culture from a conservative, yet progressive point of view.

The northern half of Sweden, Norrland, is attracting attention, not only on account of its industrial possibilities. The educational and intellectual needs of its population are being more and more appreciated, as several publications bear witness. Among them are the illustrated work, "Lapland," edited by Bishop J. O. Bergquist and Dr. F. V. Svenonius, and a series of smaller tracts published by a society of students, scientists, authors, and artists, called Norrländska Studenters Folkbildningsförbund. A larger undertaking, with wider scope, is Norrländskt Handibliotek, intended to give, in a number of good-sized volumes, a complete description of this part of Sweden. It is edited by Prof. A. G. Högbom, who has written the initial volume, a description of the geology and physical geography of the country, with an introductory chapter on the history and literature of its discovery. With Norrland literature must also be counted O. Högberg's "Den Stora Vreden," a collection, in three volumes, of legendary and anecdotal material for the history of Norrland in former days, woven round a story of the lives of a few well-known characters from the beginning of the eighteenth century.

In biography we meet the posthumous fragment of the late Oscar Levertin's work on Linnæus, four chapters only, giving an account of his childhood and school years, and an estimate of him as poet and moralist. Though Linnæus wrote hardly a line of verse, Levertin finds in his more informal productions, especially letters and books of travel, qualities indicating a poetical nature. E. Wrangel edits correspondence between Tegnér and C. G. von Brinkman with a biography of the latter and run-

ning comment. Teofron Säve devotes a book to the life of John Ericson. G. Collijn, a young Upsala student, has written a large volume on the Austrian poet and dramatist Franz Grillparzer, with interesting expositions of his dramas and many translations. Another work on a foreign poet is E. Björkman's "Geoffrey Chaucer," in the series of popular lectures at the University of Gothenburg. In the same series Otto Sylwan publishes his "Den Moderna Pressens Historia," the first history of the press throughout the world.

The third volume (in two parts) of Ellen Key's "Lifslinjer" develops further her well-known individualistic philosophy, in essays—"The Sympathy of Self-Glorification," "The Moral Law of Beauty," "World Nationalism," etc. John Landquist is a young critic who in "Filosofiska Essayer" has collected a number of studies in philosophy and psychology, of which the essay on "Thinking with the Sensations" seems most important; he writes also of Ibsen, Strindberg, and Weininger.

In fiction we meet again the name of Oscar Levertin on the title page of a volume of his "Last Stories," most of which have been printed before in various places. Strindberg offers in his "Nya Svenska Öden" a new series of historical novelettes. But the most conspicuous work of fiction of the season has been Selma Lagerlöf's fanciful description of Sweden, entitled "Nils Holgerssons Underbara Resa genom Sverige." The book, which was written to the order of her publisher to meet the demand for a popular supplementary reader for the public schools, has aroused general admiration. Per Hallström's "De fyra Elementen" is a collection of short stories written in a rather sombre yein. The first, "Mute," is a story of two young people who part in mistaken pride and harshness, to meet again only after she is the wife of another. Other new works of fiction are Hugo Öberg's "Makter" and "Allt under Himmeleris Fäste," which seem to indicate a departure from the decadent mannerism of the youngest writers; the historical novels "Drottning Margareta" by Axel Lundegård and "Konungen" by Sophie Elkan, the last named having for hero the deposed King Gustavus IV. of Sweden; Gustaf Janson's "De första människorna," the story of a shipwrecked family on an uninhabited island, and their life in paradisic innocence; K. E. Forsberg's "Göran Delling"; G. of Geijerstam's "Bröderna Mörk"; P. Hallström's "En Skälmroman"; N. W. Lundh's "Mars"; Anna Åkerhjelm's "Den stora Lyckan"; Hjalmar Höglund's "Skogsinspektören"; Mari Mihi's "Studentens Lyckliga Dar," a collection of stories of Upsala student life in the nineties.

The season has brought many interesting poetical works: E. A. Karlfeldt's "Flora och Pomona," in this author's quaint, old-fashioned manner; Ellen Lundberg's "Sånger och Syner"; Sigurd Agrell's "Hundra och en Sonnett"; Bernhard Risberg's "Vallno och Blåklint"; Oscar Mannström's "Rös och En"; Johan Skog's "Blad." Arthur Möller has collected, in a small volume entitled "Unga Poeter," a number of poems by some of the youngest of Sweden's lyric poets: K. G. Ossian-Nilsson, Sven Lidman, Sigurd Agrell, Anders Österling, and others.

Only three dramas were published during the year: "Ett Hems Drama," by Tor Hedberg; "Nattens Röster," by Anders Österling; and Hjalmar Söderberg's "Gertrud," this author's first effort in this branch of literature.

Of translations, E. Lundquist's of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, A. U. Bååth's of mediæval student and tramp songs, "Vagantsånger," and S. Bring's of Dante's "Divina Commedia" deserve mention; the latter received the Letterstedt prize of the Swedish Academy of Sciences.

Two new magazines have appeared with the new year: *Det Nya Sverige*, edited by Adrian Molin, intended as an exponent of the new national and progressive movement in Swedish politics, though open to writers of all parties; and *Bonnier's Månadshäften*, a general illustrated magazine.

Two important reference books are being published in new editions: "Nordisk Familjebok," the well-known encyclopædia, which now appears with numerous illustrations and otherwise much enlarged; and "Hofberg's Svenskt Biografiskt Hand-Lexikon," just completed and increased to twice its original size, with numerous portraits, many from old and rare prints.

The separation from Norway and the increasing demands for a democratization of the government have given rise to a vigorous political discussion, in the newspaper press, at public meetings, and in books. The most important of the books are: Adrian Molin's "Svenska Spörsmal och Kraf," Rudolph Kjellén's "Nationell Samling," Fridtjuf Berg's "Inför Genombrottet," and Carl Lindhagen's "Drömmar och Stridslinjer."

One of Sweden's last Catholics, Olaus Magnus, published during his exile, in Rome, in the year 1555, his "Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus," the first ethnographical description of a European people. Not less than twenty-one editions of this work appeared from 1555 to 1669, eleven in Latin, the others in Italian, French, Dutch, German, English, but no Swedish translation has yet been issued. A small club of scholars and bookmen, called Mikaelsgillet, has now undertaken to prepare a Swedish edition of the work, and the first volume is expected to be ready on June 6, when the new building of Nordiska Museet will be opened to the public. The translation is by Robert Geete and will occupy three volumes, with a fourth of illustrative notes prepared by Claes Annerstedt, E. W. Dahlgren, Hans Hildebrand, Oscar Montelius, A. G. Noreen, and others. The typographical make up of the work is in charge of I. Collijn; it will imitate that of the 1555 edition, and contain all the illustrations of the original edition.

A. G. S. Josephson.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

What is probably the best collection of the mouments of Shakespearean bibliography ever exhibited in this country is now on view at the library of Columbia University. With the exception of one volume, the not very valuable copy of the first folio owned by the university itself, all the books exhibited have been loaned by a single collector, who modestly withholds his name. An hour spent over the cases, which contain only a portion of his treasures, will give one a fair idea of what American wealth and taste and knowledge are doing to secure for this new country a fair share of the world's artistic and bibliographical wealth.

The most valuable item is the exceptionally perfect copy of the first folio. The copy of the second folio is only fair, the third is missing, but will be supplied from another collection, the fourth is represented by an excellent copy. Of the quartos there is a large and interesting assortment—the 1594 "Lucrece"; the 1598 "Love's Labor's Lost," with two later ones; three of "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," " I Henry IV.," "Hamlet," "Richard III.," and "Pericles," respectively; "Much Ado" (1600); the second of "Troilus and Cressida" (1609); four of "Othello"; and about ten others. There is a good copy of the "Sonnets" (1609), and, indeed, one is struck by the excellent condition of almost every volume exhibited.

Probably the most attractive case is that containing the contemporary books that allude to Shakespeare or illustrate passages in his works. Here are "The Returne from Parnassus," Chettle's "Englande's Mourning Garment" (Collier's copy), "England's Parnassus" (three copies), the apparently unique copy of the first edition (1592) of Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit," Meres's "Palladis Tamia," and, last but very far from least, the second edition—a beautiful copy—of "Tottel's Miscellany." And all this represents only about a third of the contents of this single case. A similar but smaller division of the exhibition shows us among other interesting volumes, two copies of Paynter's "Pallace of Pleasure." The bibliophile will look with envy upon a large paper copy of Ben Jonson's "Sejanus," while the lover of poetry will probably get greater pleasure from a glimpse of Suckling's "Fragmenta Aurea." A number of volumes fall under the head of *curiosa*, there is a good collection of the attributed plays that lie outside the accepted canon, and the adaptations by Dryden, Tate, Shadwell, and others are well represented.

On May 13, the Anderson Auction Company sells a collection of Americana belonging to a Long Island collector whose name is not made public. Few notable items are to be found in the catalogue, which includes sections on the Civil War, Indians, Abraham Lincoln, New York, War of 1812, and a curious series of American Song Books, mostly of the Civil War period. On May 14, the same house sells another lot of duplicates from the New York Public Library, mostly Americana, some being from the Duyckinck and Bancroft collections. Their sale of May 15 is quite miscellaneous in character, but includes an unusual series of books on such subjects as Astrology, Magic, and Buddhism. A collection of autograph letters formed by Dawson Turner (1775-1858), containing upwards of fourteen hundred specimens, bound in ten volumes quarto, is an unusual item.

On May 13, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a collection of autographs and manuscripts, including a letter signed by Washington, dated December 20, 1778; a war telegram by Grant, a Franklin document, slave deed, dated 1690, etc. There are letters by Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Prescott, Charles Reade, Goethe, Voltaire, and others. Among manuscripts are: T. B. Aldrich (a stanza, four lines,

signed); Matthew Arnold (his lecture "Common Schools Abroad," 34 pages); Alphonse Daudet (his story "L'Odyssée du Brise-Cailloux," 5 pages); Southey (a poem "Epitaph in Burleigh Church," 3 pages), etc. On May 14, they sell a collection of Americana, including a copy of Mr. Bixby's privately printed "Private journal of Aaron Burr"; books on the Revolution, Arctic exploration, the Civil War, Indians, Lincoln, New York, New Jersey, etc.; books on the West, including California, Texas, and Colorado, etc. On May 17, they sell three hundred and four lots of early printed books, mostly relating to the History of the Reformation. There are eight items by Calvin, thirty-two by Luther, ten by John Cochleus, the famous adversary of Luther; eight by Erasmus, eleven by Ulrich von Hutten, nine by Melanchthon, eleven by Zwingli, etc. The copy of the Heidelberg Catechism printed at Emhden in 1565 is the only copy known. One of the most interesting items is a copy of the 1516 edition of a curious pamphlet, with the title: "De Generibus Ebriosorum et Ebriotate vitanda," which relates to the drinking customs of the German universities. On the title-page is a wood-cut showing a drinking party of nine animals (ass, pig, calf, sheep, dog, wolf, bear, monkey, and goose).

On May 30, Sotheby sells a small collection of manuscripts, including letters of John and Charles Wesley, Gilbert White, John Flaxman, Swedenborg, Dickens, Thackeray, Darwin, King Edward VII. as Prince of Wales, etc. The most interesting item seems to be Sir Francis Drake's own copy of a contract for war provisions, shipping, etc., for the Low Countries, dated October 12, 1588. It is partly in his autograph, and is signed by him.

Correspondence.

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM IN THE SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for April 25 appears Prof. W. E. Dodd's communication on "Freedom of Speech in the South," in which he says:

> There is not in all the Southern States, between the Potomac and the Mississippi, a chair of political science; and the interest in sound instruction on political subjects is so weak that there is no agitation anywhere for the establishment of such departments.

If Professor Dodd's first sentence be modified by adding to "political science" the word "exclusively," the statement will probably be correct, not only for Southern colleges, but for most of those in the North and West. On examining the various college catalogues it will be found that the same man often teaches "history and political economy," or "economics and political science," or "history and political science," or "economics and sociology." Forty years ago a course in "political philosophy" was given in the South Carolina College. To decide at present just what is "sound" instruction in politics would perhaps be somewhat difficult if the decision were referred to a committee of three made up of a Republican, a Democrat, and a Socialist. It might also be a little hard to determine the limit at which a strong desire passes into agitation. The existence of the desire in many colleges could be easily proved, but the weakness is in regard to money.

In 1898 the late William L. Wilson, whose name is associated with a tariff law that gave place to the present Dingley abomination, was president of Washington and Lee University. He insisted on the establishment of a chair of economics and political science for the maintenance of which no funds were visible. During the year prior to his death in 1900 he paid the salary for the most part from his own pocket. The chair was subsequently endowed in memory of Mr. Wilson, and has been expanded into a "school of commerce" which has over two hundred students enrolled and occupies the entire time of a professor and an adjunct professor. There are two courses in economics, two in politics, and four in commerce, each occupying three class hours per week throughout the scholastic year. One of the subjects of instruction is "Modern Tariff Systems," in which the Dingley system is treated impartially. The head of the department is a Northern man and his associate a Virginian. Courses of instruction in political science are offered in Tulane University and in the Universities of South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. The University of Virginia announces that "a full professor of economics" has been lately appointed. Whether his duties are to include political science will probably be made known in the next annual catalogue.

It is readily conceded that the educational condition of the South is still much behind that of the North, and that it will continue so as long as the concentration of wealth is chiefly at the North. Conservatism is always irrationally strong where people have not the opportunity to mingle freely with the rest of the world. The provincialism of Massachusetts was quite as noticeable as that of Virginia a century ago. Freedom of thought and freedom of speech are inconsistent with provincialism, but the South is not at a standstill in this respect. The present writer moved to the North thirty years ago because of the shackles to which he was subjected in his Southern home. He came back as far as Virginia nine years ago; and he finds such changes, either in himself or his surroundings, that contentment is quite possible. There are many sources of unhappiness that have their origin in human nature much more than in sectional peculiarities. Slavery to corporations at the North is to-day much worse than negro slavery was to the negroes as the writer remembers it in his childhood. Nobody wants to restore negro slavery, and nobody can change the essential character of an unfortunate race. Intelligent people in both sections are perceptibly more liberal toward each other to-day than they were during the national "brain storm" of Reconstruction times, and the spirit of self-criticism is developing at the South, as well as elsewhere. There is still abundant room for improvement, especially in regard to theological prejudice, but a professor is now tolerated where a generation ago his head would have fallen. Let us be at least just and give full credit where credit is due.

W. Le Conte Stevens,

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, W. Va., April 28.

LYDGATE IN THE "OXFORD TREASURY."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There has appeared in the course of the last few months the first volume of the "Oxford Treasury of English Literature," edited by G. E. and W. H. Hadow of Oxford. It is regrettable that this volume, which purposes to popularize the poems and prose from Beowulf to James I., should not have been based on sound modern scholarship. May I call your attention to the injustice done John Lydgate, for example?

This poet is represented by extracts from the "Horse, Goose, and Sheep," a dull, didactic debate of Lydgate's old age (1437-8?), and by the "London Lickpenny," erroneously entitled "Lackpenny," following Halliwell's wrong guess, in his edition for the Percy Society, 1840 ("Minor Poems of Lydgate"). Miss Hammond's two-text print of this poem is entirely neglected. Her study shows that at some time in Elizabeth's reign a copyist revised Stow's copy, which was in eight-line stanzas, and rejected one line in each stanza (often to the detriment of the sense), bringing the poem to a rhyme-royal form. It is from this corrupt and defective text that the poem is printed, and ascribed without question to Lydgate, in complete disregard of the views of Ten Brink, Brandl, Koeppel, and most of all, our own Miss Hammond, who all pronounce the poem spurious.

Page 138 of this volume is devoted to a note on Lydgate, from which I cite the following errors:

(1.) "Educated, in all probability . . . at Gloucester Hall, Oxford." There is only the slightest possibility, and no probability at all for this statement. Shirley, the famous scribe, in his untrustworthy MS. Bodleian Ashmole 59, says that one fable of Lydgate's—"The Dog and Cheese"—was "made at Oxenforde." The poem, however, gives evidence of being of late composition. To argue from this that Lydgate must have received his education at the Benedictine Hall of Oxford, is unwarranted.

(2.) He "opened a school at Bury." There is no warrant for this statement whatever. The late bibliographer, Bale, is the only authority for it.

(3.) "He was well acquainted with Chaucer." Lydgate knew Chaucer's poems by heart, almost, but there is no evidence that he ever saw the "chief poete of Britayne."

(4.) "Early in the fifteenth century he was introduced at the court of Henry IV." Again, there is no evidence for this statement.

(5.) "On the accession of Henry VI. he was appointed Court Poet." This is mere fabrication, for the title implies a laureateship. Lydgate wrote mummings and ballades for the young king and his mother, as he did for the citizens of London.

(6.) "From 1423 to 1434 he was Prior of Hatfield Regis." Lydgate gave up this priorate before 1431. John Derham's name appears as prior of this place in this year. See Anglia, xv., 390ff.

(7.) "Among his lighter poems the most famous is the 'London Lackpenny,' written in his favorite metre, the rhyme royal, and showing far more ease and flexibility than he ever attained in his heroic verse." Wrong in every particular. The poem is

not Lydgate's, it was not written in the rhyme royal, it does not show more ease than the "Story of Thebes," for example, and its name is "Lickpenny."

(8.) To call a tract occupying only eight folios of a quarto MS., a "volume in prose," is somewhat misleading. We do not know that "Lydgate" entitled (this tract) "The Damage and Destruccyion in Realmes," we do know that he refers again and again to "The Serpent of Division," by which name the piece is generally known.

It would perhaps be too much to expect the editors to have secured the latest opinions of the learned, such as those of Professor Schick of Munich and Dr. Furnivall, who now believe that the "Court of Sapience" and the "Assembly of Gods" are spurious. Both these poems are unhappily cited as specimens of Lydgate, while the "Fabula Duorum Mercatorum," the "Complaint of the Black Knight," "Temple of Glass," and the "Pilgrimage of the Life of Man" (25,000 lines)—to name but a few—go unmentioned.

HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN.

Harvard University, April 25.

TRUANCY IN CHICAGO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to that perpetual plague of truancy in public school administration, Superintendent W. H. Maxwell of New York, in the *Nation* of April 25, compares the methods employed in New York with those of Chicago. Judging from statistics, the Chicago plan would seem the more efficient. This, Dr. Maxwell thinks, is because of the superiority of the Illinois law. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that public opinion in Chicago is more fully aroused than in New York, as the result of painful experiences which the latter city has been spared.

For many years the truancy problem was simply ignored; there was, in theory, no such thing as a truant boy; or, if there was, he was a negligible quantity; the evil, if such existed, would cure itself; possibly there might be negligent parents and wayward children in other cities, but in Chicago it was different; there all boys were naturally good, and all parents were conscientious; the previous experience of mankind was futile and unworthy of consideration. The rod and all suggestions of force and compulsion were abolished as a relic of barbarism; unruly and troublesome boys were "suspended" (that is, simply turned out into the street); children who did not care to go to school were permitted to stay out; parents who failed to appreciate the blessings of a gratuitous public education for their offspring, were allowed to do as they liked with their own. This was a free country, and why not?

The experiment was tried, and in a few years the results were illuminating. The public gradually came to see that the town was becoming one of the most turbulent and lawless in the country. Riots, massacres, strikes with bloodshed, highway robbery, and assaults on women and children furnished the needed object lessons.

In a lucid interval the Legislature was persuaded to pass a stringent truancy law, and this law has been rigidly enforced in Chicago. Under this law the parent is required to show affirmatively to the satisfaction of the court, that he has used his best efforts to send the child to school; otherwise, fine or imprisonment follows. The burden of proof is on the parent to show that he has done his duty to the community by sending his child to school, either public or private. In the absence of reasonable evidence to the contrary the court assumes that an able-bodied man can control his minor children. A twenty-five dollar fine or two months in jail, it has been found, has a wonderfully vivifying influence on negligent and indifferent parents. The rising generation is being coerced into a respect for law and order. To the impartial student of affairs it seems a pity that the public can learn in no other school than that of harsh experience.

E. L. C. MORSE.

Chicago, Ill., April 29.

AN OXFORD VIEW OF MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your musical notes of April 11 are very interesting to one who, like myself, has long resided in Oxford and has the pleasure of knowing both Dr. Ernest Walker and Mr. W. H. Hadow. Dr. Walker as "a bull in a china shop, smashing everybody's favorite crockery," sounds most engaging, and I shall look forward to reading his article on the Oratorio in the new "Grove." Neither Handel nor Liszt is *my* favorite crockery, as it happens, and we all know what Dr. Walker has done in imbuing successive generations of pupils with the love of that supreme musician, Johann Sebastian Bach.

When I come to your critic's remarks on Mr. Hadow's attitude towards Grieg and Chopin, however, I am completely in sympathy. Mr. Hadow's services to music are very great, but why his tone of the infallible don towards such spontaneous geniuses as Grieg and Chopin? With me it arouses an almost personal indignation, for both these children of nature have spoken to my heart and to my imagination. The heart, however, is not fashionable in Oxford society, where they cultivate *die reine Vernunft*. If only Dr. Schiller were a musician, he could show us how fatal this must be to the perception of real music in all its manifestations. Catholicity in art, in life, in religion—that is the crying need of our age. Oh, for an hour of the days of my youth, when I sat at the feet of Sir George Grove and Canon Ainger! Then we were allowed to enjoy *everything* that was good.

I do not comment upon the remarks of Prof. Edward Dickinson about Schubert, as happily they could not be endorsed by any Oxford musicians, and certainly not by Mr. Hadow.

I do not speak as an expert, but as a mere amateur in music and in philosophy.

M. D.

Oxford, England, April 23.

SMUGGLING WORKS OF ART OUT OF ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to your very just remarks in the *Nation* of April 25, about the transfer of Italian masterpieces to America, permit me to add that a great part of the evil might be checked, so far as the actual alienation of these works is concerned, by means of an honest frontier or port inspection of all outward bound shipments. People who smuggle things of this sort out of Italy without intermediary aid are either wealthy dealers or private collectors, who are willing to run the risk of having to unship their treasures and present them at the nearest Government museum for appraisal; or they are collectors who, in the full realization of this risk, prefer to place the work in the hands of men who will, at an exorbitant rate, transmit almost any work of any size or value from a specified town to the desired destination.

One of the most important of these industries is at Naples, where for nearly a generation this profitable but most questionable trade has flourished. There is a comparatively simple but effective system of presenting at the museum a series of dummy cases, facsimiles of those really to be shipped; and, when the valueless content of the former is declared to be legally exportable, the expresser causes the seals and tags to be shifted from the dummy to the real case, which then passes the harbor inspectors.

As soon as this type of freebooting shipment becomes extinct the present exodus of Italian works of art will be at once checked. The pity of it is, that this can flourish under the very eyes of the authorities at both Naples and Rome. It needs the corrective action of highly placed officialdom to crush it. So far, indifference, friendship, and other causes combine to maintain this thriving trade.

T. D. B.

Cambridge, Mass, April 26.

Notes.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have in hand a version of Fogazzaro's "Malombra," to be called in English "The Woman." It is a tale of romantic mystery, a beautiful work in the original.

Next week Robert Grier Cooke will publish Rosina C. Boardman's quarto volume on "Lilies and Orchids." The volume contains twenty-four colored plates and promises to be a handsome production.

The Bibliographical Society of America announces the forthcoming publication of a Bulletin, which, besides being the official organ of the society, will contain a record of current American bibliographical work. It is intended that it shall include a list of bibliographical studies which members of the society or others have under way; this will be useful as a means of preventing duplication of work.

Blond et Cie. are publishing a study of "Ferdinand Brunetière," by Prof. Victor Giraud, containing recollections, notes, unpublished scraps, and a portrait. The same house has ready Oscar de Ferenzy's "Vers l'union des Catholiques."

A voluminous manuscript of Ibsen's, written before 1864, has come to light. It contains an epic poem of some 20,000 words, in which are found many of the ideas later developed in "Brand" and other dramas. The manuscript was left by Ibsen in Rome in 1864, and after various vicissitudes has

come into the possession of Prof. Carl Larsen of Copenhagen, who will publish it.

In Paris an association has been organized for the purpose of erecting "university houses" for students, not only in that city, but in all the larger educational centres of the republic. The city government favors the innovation and is coöperating with the association in building the first structure of this kind in Paris. The university house is to be a students' home, in which the students of all the faculties can secure lodging and sleeping apartments, find libraries, bathrooms, and the like. A leading purpose is to counteract the evil influences surrounding student life in Paris especially in the Latin quarter.

A country school for town children, a recent outcome of the interest in education in England, has proved so unqualified a success as to invite imitation in this country. A building has been provided by private gifts in the neighborhood of Manchester, where 120 children are housed, fed, and educated for a fortnight on payment of $1.75 each. They are accompanied by their regular teachers, and the instruction follows the ordinary elementary school curriculum. One thousand six hundred children will be received this summer.

The establishment of girls' schools is the latest development of the educational progress in China. An imperial decree, published April 11, says that normal schools are to be founded first in the provincial capitals, afterwards in the prefectural cities, and later in the country cities; the primary schools are to be established everywhere. These are to be Government schools mainly, but the foundation of private schools, subject to official inspection, is also encouraged. Foreign women teachers as well as native may be employed. Apparently in imitation of Japan, the regulations forbid pupils to use silks, satins, cosmetics, and jewelry, and enjoin a simple mode of dress. They exhort the abandonment of the "cruel and injurious" practice of foot-binding, and gymnasiums and exercise grounds are to be provided for the physical culture and health of the pupils. Another new departure in the educational line is the sending of fifteen selected cadets to France to pass through five years' military training at the Government expense.

News has come from Rome of an important discovery made during some excavations on the Palatine hill. These excavations were undertaken with a view to ascertaining the position of the entrance of the former Acropolis on the Palatine and exploring the burial ground of the period of the Kings. On April 21 (the traditional birthday of Rome) the excavators came upon a circular ditch, similar to those discovered in the Forum Romanum. As is well known, the Acropolis of the Palatine was in ancient times reserved for the chiefs of the settlement, and the tombs which immediately surrounded it, as far as the second range of walls, were used exclusively by the patrician families. It is believed that the newly discovered ditch is a tomb dating from these earliest habitations, and served as burial place for one of the founders of the settlement. The spot was visited by Signor Rava, the minister of public instruction, who ordered the continuation of the excavations.

The influence of the preceptorial system, introduced at Princeton about a year and a half ago, on the use of the library by the students, is commented on most favorably by Dr. Richardson in his last library report. Books read during the year under the direct influence of the preceptors numbered 16,457 volumes. It was naturally expected that the number of books used for the voluntary and general reading of the students would show a corresponding falling off, but instead of this the record shows an actual increase in such reading. "It was found, in brief," reports Dr. Richardson, "that being in the library for the use of recommended books, tended to get men into the habit of using the other books more freely." Speaking of the specific efforts made at various times in other universities to get students to read the best books, such as the establishment of "professors of books," lectures on books and reading, training in library usage, courses in bibliography, etc., he pronounces them all of little avail, because of a lack of personal influence on the reader.

Statistics of circulation reported by the University of Michigan library for the past year show that 50 per cent. of the books drawn by students belong to the class of English literature. The most popular authors in this class, in the order of their popularity, are as follows: Shakespeare, Hardy, Stevenson, Dickens, Kipling, George Eliot, Jane Austen, and Thackeray. Of books belonging to other classes, the circulation was divided as follows:

	Per cent.
Philosophy and religion	5 3-5
Sociology and economics	5
Education	2
Science	4
Medicine	4
Fine arts and music	1
German literature	5
Romance languages	8 2-5
Latin and Greek	3
History	12

Longmans, Green & Co., have issued in their Pocket Library, the text of Mackail's "Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology." Would that the number of Americans who could make use of so delightful a book were many times greater.

During his visit to England in 1906, Charles Battell Loomis wrote a series of letters to the New York *Sun*, which have now been brought out in book form, as "A Bath in an English Tub," by A. S. Barnes & Co. Mr. Loomis sees the absurdities of life and relates them with cheerful vivacity.

J. A. Shawyer has prepared for the Clarendon Press, Oxford (Henry Frowde), an edition of Plato's "Menexenus" that should be useful for college students. The work makes no special contribution to scholarship. The text is taken, with due acknowledgment, from Burnet. In a pleasantly written introduction, which has, now and then, the quality of an essay, the author decides for the genuineness of the dialogue, and refutes, somewhat too easily, the idea of Stallbaum and others that Plato did not intend as a wholly serious effort the funeral oration which Socrates learned from Aspasia. The chapter on the growth of oratory and rhetoric might well have been omitted.

Those who have followed recent articles by Prof. Charles A. Briggs on Church Unity and the Roman Catholic Church will not be surprised at his special interest in the decision of the Pontifical Commission adverse to the higher criticism of the Hexateuch. His feeling in regard to the commission's verdict finds expression in his published correspondence with a Catholic layman and Old Testament scholar of liberal views, Baron Friederich von Hügel ("The Papal Commission and the Pentateuch." Longmans, Green & Co). The most significant section of the brochure is Baron von Hügel's endeavor to prove that the church must eventually take the position opposite to that reached by the commission, not only from the weight of critical argument, but also by reason of forces inherent in the church itself. This correspondence is another illustration of the impotency of ecclesiastical authority, whether Protestant or Catholic, to affect the course of critical opinion.

A volume which speaks well for American preaching is "The Invisible Things, and Other Sermons," by J. Sparhawk Jones, minister of Calvary Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia (Longmans, Green & Co.). Dr. Jones's sermons are marked by thoughtful dignity and genuine spiritual appeal, and are equally removed from the commonplace and the sensational. He seems to dwell in a region of quiet religious certainty, above current controversies, and, with Martineau, to conceive of preaching as "essentially a lyric expression of the soul, an utterance of meditation in sorrow, hope, love, and joy, from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations."

In the Johns Hopkins dissertation entitled "The Ancestry of Chaucer" (The Lord Baltimore Press), by Alfred Allan Kern, professor of English in Millsaps College, Mississippi, we have a genealogical study of the great poet executed with the utmost thoroughness and care. No new information of importance on the subject was to be expected, but we have here a critical digest of the "Life Records of Chaucer" (published by the Chaucer Society), and all other sources of our knowledge concerning the poet and his ancestors, with corrections of the inaccuracies which are found even in the best authorities, such as Professor Skeat's "Life," so that the present work may fairly claim to be the best book of reference in regard to the family of Chaucer. The author has, of course, availed himself of V. B. Redstone's researches into the history of the Chaucers in their earlier home of Ipswich, where, in the variable nomenclature of those days, the family had at one time been called Malyn. Professor Kern properly lays stress on the wealth of Chaucer's father, as proved by the records, to explain the early connection of the poet with the court. There can be little doubt, moreover, that he is right in adopting the commonest of the various derivations which have been suggested for the name, Chaucer, viz. Old French *chaucier*, in the sense of "shoemaker." The almost invariable connection of the London Chaucers with Cordwanerstrete Ward strongly supports this etymology. It is expected that the information concerning Chaucer's ancestry, which is summed up in this volume, will soon be supplemented by similar information concerning the family of the poet's wife, Philippa Roet, as a result of the researches in

which Miss K. O. Petersen has latterly been engaged.

The date of the International Historical Congress, to be held at Berlin, has been fixed for the week of August 6 to the 12th. The chancellor of the German Empire will give official notice to all Governments, and ask for the appointment of official representatives. The congress will be divided into eight sections, as follows: History of the Orient, Greece and Rome, Political History of Middle Ages and of Modern Times, Cultural and Intellectual History of the Middle Ages and Modern Times, Legal and Economic History, Church History, History of Arts, Supplementary Branches (Archives and Libraries, Chronology, Diplomacy, Epigraphy, Genealogy, Historical Geography, Heraldics, Numismatics, Palæography). The languages adopted for the congress are: English, French, German, Italian, and Latin. There is to be a general meeting of all sections daily from twelve to two, the remaining hours of the day being kept free for the sessions of the sections. The president of the congress, as well as the several vice-presidents, is to be elected at the first general session. The membership fee will be 20 marks. The committee organized embraces a distinguished group of the members of the faculty of the University of Berlin, with an executive committee consisting of Dr. Reinhold Koser, director of the Prussian archives; Prof. Eduard Meyer, and Dr. Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, together with Dr. Erich Casper as secretary, and Leopold Koppel treasurer.

Under the auspices of the Société préhistorique de France, a third Prehistoric Congress will be held, from August 13 to 18, at Autun, in Burgundy. The two previous Congresses were held at Périguex (1905) and Vannes (1906). Autun is the ancient *Augustodunum* which under Augustus succeeded the Gallic Bibracte as the capital of the Ædui. It is the most important centre in France for the study of primitive camps and fortifications, and this theme will be the first and main topic of the congress. The first three days will be given to the presentation and discussion of papers and to the study of the museums and monuments of Autun, whose early Roman gates (Porte d'Arroux and Porte S. André) and so-called Temple of Janus are exceptionally important. The other three days will be devoted to excursions, particularly to two early Gallic sites of great natural strength and historic interest, Alesia and Bibracte. Alesia (Mont Auxois) is the strong Gallic *oppidum* where the allied Gauls under Vercingetorix made their last stand against Cæsar in this place. It was long since identified by coins of a number of the Gallic tribes, and Capt. Espérandieu has been making further interesting discoveries. As a city Bibracte (Mont Beuvray) was much more important, being the historic capital of the leading tribe of the Ædui, and recognized as the best place for studying the plan and arrangement of a Gallic city, and the industries carried on by the inhabitants. The finds are preserved partly at Autun, partly in the national museum of Saint Germain, near Paris. It is expected that a characteristic specimen of a Gallic house and a section of the ramparts will be uncovered especially for the congress. Dr. Marcel Baudoin (21, Rue Linué, Paris), secretary of the committee of organization, will answer any inquiries and M. Giraux (9bis, Avenue Victor Hugo, Saiut-Mandé, Seine), treasurer, will receive all membership subscriptions, which are 12 fr., including the volume of Comptes-rendus.

Albert H. Smyth, professor of English at the Philadelphia Boys' High School, died last Saturday, in his forty-fifth year. Professor Smyth was curator of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the founder and which possesses a large number of Franklin MSS. He was thus in particularly good position to carry through the great ten-volume edition of Franklin's works, the last volume of which was only recently published by the Macmillan Company. Professor Smyth was also the author of several other works.

Robert MacLehose, who died recently in Glasgow, was a publisher and printer in the best sense of the word. He was the eldest son of James MacLehose, and, after leaving the university, went to work for a year with the Macmillans in London. He then returned to Glasgow, and became a partner of his father in the well-known publishing house. He was also, with his younger brother, printer to the University, and was active in the Publishers' Association. His greatest monument as a publisher is the series of Hakluyt's "Voyages" and Purchas's "Pilgrims," one of the most remarkable reissues of recent years.

Prof. John Kells Ingram, the political economist and follower of August Comte, and author of the ballad "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" or "The Memory of the Dead," died in Dublin on May 1. The work by which he is best known and most likely to be remembered is the above-mentioned ballad, which is fervidly written in the Irish revolutionary spirit. Professor Ingram himself is said to have bitterly regretted writing the poem, and it is not named in the authorized sketches of his life; but the work itself could not be suppressed, and it is to be found in most collections of Irish verse. Professor Ingram, who some years ago held the offices of senior fellow and vice-provost of Trinity College, Dublin, was born in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1823. He was educated at Newry School and Trinity College. He was appointed a junior fellow of Trinity in 1846, professor of oratory and English literature in 1852, regius professor of Greek in 1866, and librarian in 1879. He was a member of the Committee for Publication of Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland, a trustee of the National Library in Ireland, and he had been president of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Statistical Society of Ireland. He was also an honorary member of the American Economic Association. Professor Ingram wrote many books, the most popular, perhaps, being "A History of Political Economy," which was translated into nine European languages and Japanese. Among his other books are: "A History of Slavery and Serfdom," 1895; "On the Present Position and Prospects of Political Economy"; "Work and the Workman"; "Outlines of the History of Religion," in which he declared himself a Positivist; "Sonnets and Other Poems," 1900; "Passages from the Letters of Auguste Comte," 1901; "Human Nature and Morals According to Comte," 1901; "Practical Morals," 1904; "The Final Transition," 1905.

WILLIAM STRODE.

The Poetical Works of William Strode (1600-1645). Now first collected from manuscript and printed sources; to which is added "The Floating Island, a Tragi-Comedy," now first reprinted from the original edition of 1655. Edited by Bertram Dobell, with a Memoir of the Author. Published by the Editor.

Mr. Dobell points with becoming pride to his earlier editing of Thomas Traherne's works and to his discovery of James Thomson during that unhappy poet's life. To crown, but not, we hope, to end his labors, he now in one of his beautifully made books gives us the poems of a contemporary of Traherne. The case of the two seventeenth-century writers is, however, not the same. Traherne, until Mr. Dobell discovered his manuscripts, had no name as a poet, so that he stands higher to-day perhaps than in his own lifetime; whereas William Strode was already in his day a considerable personage. The Strodes were an old Devonshire family, and in the early seventeenth century there were five or six Williams, several of whom were men of mark. Our William, the poet, was born in 1600 or 1601, probably at or near Plympton, in Devon. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Christ Church, Oxford, rising to the position of public orator of the university. Most of his life was spent in scholastic circles, where he acquired a reputation for learning and wit. His skill in Latin verse was famous, and his contributions may be found in most of the collections of poems turned out by the university in celebration of important events. He died in 1645.

In religion Strode was a High Churchman, in politics a royalist, a follower in all things of what was orderly and established. If one may judge from his poetical effusions, he was a noble specimen of the old college don, happy in the gentle and respected exercise of all his talents. His play, to be sure—the only one preserved—seems to have fallen somewhat flat. "The Floating Island" was written to order for the celebration of the visit of Charles I. and his queen to Oxford in 1636. Whether the allegory of the piece was too bald, or the moral too severe, does not appear; but the play did not please the court, and was not printed until 1655. To the reader to-day it seems to be an agreeable exercise of its class. The language and versification are dignified, if not brilliant, and the characters, unabashed abstractions of the virtues and vices though they be, have a certain vitality.

But the best of Strode's work is undoubtedly in his lyrics and elegies, as his present editor asserts. Mr. Dobell has gathered these from printed and manuscript anthologies of the day. It has been with him a labor of love; and if his zeal has led him to include one or two poems of doubtful authenticity, or if he has a little exaggerated the value of the poet who may be called his property—who shall be heartless enough

to scold? If we must speak our opinion, it would be that with the exception of one or two poems Strode does not rise above the mediocre, that his work shows the unmistakable signs of the amateur, as indeed may be said of no small part of the Carolinian literature. The fervor of the Elizabethan song had died away; the eloquence of conscious art had not yet been attained, and even the poets celebrated for a few exquisite lyrics stumble and grope uncertainly in most of their work. At his best Strode is of the school of Donne, as in the elegy "On the Death of Mistress Mary Prideaux":

Sleepe pretty one: oh sleepe while I
Sing thee thy latest Lullaby:
And may my song be but as shee,
Nere was sweeter Harmonie:
Thou wert all musicke: all thy limbes
Were but so many well sett hymnes
To prayse thy Maker. In thy browe
I read thy soule, and know not how
To tell which whiter was or smoother,
Or more spotlesse, one or th' other.
Noe jarre, no harshnesse in thee, all
Thy passions were at peace: noe gall,
No rough behaviour; but even such
In disposition as in touch.
Yet Heaven, poore Soule, was harsh to thee:
Death usde thee not halfe orderly:
If thou must needs goe, must thy way
Needs be by torture? must thy Day
Ende in the Morning? and thy Night
Come with such horrour and affright?
Death might have ceizd thee gentlyer, and
Embrac'te thee with a softer hand.
Thou werte not sure so loath to goe
That thou needst be dragged so.
For thou wert all obedience, and hadst witt
To doe Heaven's will and not dispute with it.

There can be no mistake in regard to the origin of this style; Donne in his elegy to Elizabeth Drury taught the new generation of poets—and Strode with the rest of them—their lesson, but he could not transmit to them his strange flashes of almost unearthly beauty. The difference may be seen by comparing Strode's lines,

All thy limbes
Were but so many well sett hymnes, etc.,

with their counterpart in Donne:

We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought
That one might almost say her body thought.

This is not an arbitrary comparison, but might be paralleled by a hundred passages which would show what we mean by calling Strode an amateur.

Perhaps the point is brought out most clearly by those poems, hitherto ascribed to more famous names, which Mr. Dobell now claims for his protégé. One of these is the well-known lines on "Melancholy" which have always been associated with Fletcher. It must be confessed that direct evidence, as with many another favorite Elizabethan lyric, is conspicuously weak. The verses occur in the play of "The Nice Valor," which is only partly Fletcher's, and furthermore it was a pretty common practice to insert lyrics from various sources. Now there is no manuscript authority for ascribing the poem to Fletcher, whereas Mr. Dobell asserts that to his knowledge it is in three early manuscripts given to Strode. There is, too, a positive statement of Malone's, on what grounds does not appear, that Strode and not Fletcher was the author. So far the evidence lies rather strongly for Strode. Mr. Dobell prints the poem together with an "Opposite to Melancholy" which answers the "Melancholy" in the well-known Elizabethan and Carolinian manner. Now the suggestion immediately arises that, the "Opposite" being undoubtedly Strode's, the manuscript anthologies ascribed its companion piece, "Melancholy," to the same author by natural inference rather than through knowledge. And a glance at the two poems themselves renders this explanation almost proved. Strode's lines we may give in full:

OPPOSITE TO MELANCHOLY.

Returne my joyes, and hither hriug
A tongue not made to speake hut sing,
A jolly spleene, an inward feast,
A causelesse laugh without a jest,
A face which gladnesse doth anoynt,
An arm that springs out of his joynt,
A sprightfull gate that leaves uo print,
And makes a feather of a flint,
A heart that's lighter than the ayre,
An eye still daneing in his spheare,
Strong mirth which nothing can controule,
A body nimbler than the soule,
Free wandring thoughts not tyde to muse
Which thinke on all things, nothing choose,
Which ere we see them come are gone;
These life itselfe doth feede upon.

Now, these lines certainly show wit and fluency, but compare them with a verse or two of the original "Melancholy":

Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound;
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves, etc.

Here is a something, a transmutation of fancy, which Strode's "Opposite" does not possess, and which incline us to believe that he could not have written the "Melancholy."

Another case of the same kind is the attribution to Strode of the lines "On the Life of Man," commonly attributed to Raleigh:

What is our life? a play of passion;
Our mirth the musick of division:
Our mother's wombes the tyring houses hee
Where wee are drest for tyme's short comedy:
The earth's the stage, heaven the spectator is.
Who marketh still whoere doth act amisse:
Our graves that hide us from the burning sunne
Are but drawne curtaynes when the play is done.

Here, again, there is a certain magic of the imagination which, in our opinion, sets the poem off from even the best of Strode's work.

But all this is not to deny to Mr. Dobell the warmest gratitude for recovering a poet so long forgotten, nor would it refuse to Strode's works qualities of genuine interest historically and intrinsically. To many readers there is a peculiar attraction in a book of this kind, which reflects with talent and distinction, though it may be without great genius, the quiet and refined life of a scholarly gentleman of a past age. And this young orator of Oxford (he was only forty-five when he died, although one naturally thinks of the man as aged, by the antiquity of his century) struck at times a pretty, lyrical vein, as witness this "Song":

When Orpheus swèctly did complayne
Upon his lute with heavy strayne
How his Euridiee was slayne,
The trees to heare
Obtayn'd an eare,
And after left it off againe.

At every stroake and every stay
The boughs kept time, and nodding lay,
And listened bending all one way:
The aspen tree
As well as hee
Begau to shake and learn'd to play.

If wood could speake, a tree might heare,
If wood could sound true grelfe so neare
A tree might dropp an amber teare:
If wood so well
Could ring a knell
The Cipres might condole the heare.

The standing nobles of the grove
Hearing dead wood so speak and move
The fatall axe beganne to love:
They envyde death
That gave such breath
As men allve doe saints ahove.

CURRENT FICTION.

Through the Eye of the Needle. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Like his previous book upon Altruria, Mr. Howells's present story establishes beyond question his sincerity in framing this model community, as an outcome of the appeal of our unsatisfactory conditions to his own soul. Clear proof of this lies in the resemblance between Altruria, Mr. Wells's comet-struck world, the country Mr. Beliamy saw in "Looking Backward," Utopia, and the Republic of Plato. Each one of these is far too like the other to be a plagiarism, and Mr. Howells's island differs from the rest only by a few unimportant details. In Utopia "they bringe up verye fewe horses." The horse likewise enjoys small favor in Altruria. In Utopian cities "whoso knoweth one of them knoweth them all." In Altruria "the villages are a good deal alike to a stranger." All these philosophers believe in discarding money, in putting every one to light, pleasant labor, in benevolent sumptuary laws, in equalizing ability, talent, and disposition.

Glaucon objected to Socrates: "If you had been establishing a city of pigs, is this not just what you would have fed them on?" Mr. Howells's people thrive on a diet of vegetables, fruit, and mushrooms, without even a sip of Plato's wine, much less a taste of Sir Thomas More's carefully slaughtered beeves. Modern hygiene (sanitary cheek-kisses only, in Altruria!) of course prevails, and malefactors are comfortably bagged in a harmless electric net. No one has any worries, no one is in a hurry; in fact, the whole picture again enforces the trite observation that it is simpler to destroy than to create, that even for Swift himself it was easier to sting with satire than to move our feelings with a bland picture of perfection (witness the superiority of Laputa to the average model island).

The story itself, considered purely as fiction, is inevitably subordinate to questions of ethics and economics. Revisiting New York after a lapse of years, Mr. Homos of Altruria notes in letters home the various changes which meet his eye, or which he learns through that method of intelligent inquiry dear alike to Socrates and to Rollo. His description of the Makelys is as appalling as it is unanswerable—the ultra docile American husband, thoroughly apartment broke, and his aridly selfish wife eternally chattering and gadding, yet too lazy to concern herself with any detail of domesticity. This lady strikes the note of her entire character when she delivers her ultimatum: "And I told Mr. Makely that I would rather live in a house all my days than in any flat where my dog wasn't as welcome as I." Apart from this couple, who are even painfully lifelike, the other personages are decidedly shadowy. There is a positively phantom courtship between

Mr. Homos and Eveleth Strange, in which the only obstacle turns out to be the lady's inherited trait of associating the idea of interest with capital. This obstacle naturally vanishes in due time, and when a large sea-going yacht is stranded upon the Altrurian shore, the arrogant attitude of its owners proves as trying to the new Mrs. Homos as to the oldest inhabitant. The account of these plutocrats endeavoring to maintain the forms of an obsolete social order verges perilously upon comic opera, and the way in which their butler carries off the honors obstinately suggests Mr. Gillette's late success in "The Admirable Crichton."

All this, however, is of small consequence, the point of interest being that with Mr. Howells's deep love of humanity as he finds it, the apostle of realism in American fiction should care to spend (almost waste) his precious gifts upon such a toy of the imagination as the island of Altruria. The mere fact that he should do so is of far greater significance than the achievement itself; although in explaining New York, Mr. Homos affords opportunity for Mr. Howells to make sound and valuable comments on the passing hour. His version of the evolution of the apartment house, the expected rehabilitation of the baby (whose passing he noted in 1894), of the approaching solution of the servant question, and of the public disposition towards the overrich in New York to-day, shows a fine spirit of optimism. And if these changes have as yet only been signalled in the innermost circles, it is certainly consoling for people far afield to learn that the difference between New York and Altruria promises shortly to become merely one of degree.

The Golden Hawk. By Edith Rickert. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

In her latest book Miss Rickert tries her wings in yet another direction. "The Reaper" was a grim, apparently faithful study of peasant life on a hard wind-blown coast, the Shetland Islands; a powerful story with more frost than sunshine, more trouble than happiness. In "Folly" she gave a more or less interesting picture of an exceedingly ill-regulated young woman (of the fashionable world) of that kind with whom it is a toss up whether the outlet for her nerves will be neurastbenia or lovers. In "The Golden Hawk" Miss Rickert goes back to the country, but to a sun-baked Provençal village full of good things to eat, of impulses and mirage. The rather painful strength of her Shetland story is here toned down to an agreeable robustness, and she escapes the danger of letting her picaresque hero seem hackneyed and mediocre, by tracing his mental processes from within out, here and there giving a genuine touch of character study, instead of relying entirely upon description of his fantastic dress and twinkling hawk-like eyes. She leaves you as undecided as his fellow townsmen whether Trillon were more mad than sane, more shrewd than foolish; but what she fully understands is the way in which the impulses of such light-hearted beings ebb and flow, their uncertain gusts of enthusiasm and satiety, and the dangerous moments when a rift of doubt threatens to crumble the entire edifice of their immense self esteem. If not quite so delicate a creation as Mr. Locke's incomparable Paragot, Trillon at least belongs to the same care-free brotherhood of grown-up children, with the knack of making mirage come true, with the same desire to *épater le bourgeois.*

The history of his courtship is worked out with sufficient ingenuity and invention to keep up a pleasant suspense as to the end, while never depriving you of the assurance that it will end well, or quite as well as is plausible when a will-o-the-wisp undertakes the responsibilities of citizenship. True, in Trillon's case, Miss Rickert wisely settles him down as citizen of the world at large, and thus avoids leaving behind an uncomfortable sense that her Golden Hawk has been caged.

The Long Trail. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a boys' book. If it be scarcely so dangerously fascinating as to lure home-keeping lads into the Klondike by a difficult and untravelled road, parents and guardians will hardly quarrel with it on that account. Also they will fully approve its tone of manliness, decency, and respect for law. Jack is polite to strangers, considerate to Indians, and merciful to animals, and the straightforward narrative of his venture is by no means uninteresting.

It is never possible exactly to foresee what will hold the attention of children just a shade too old to "play Indians," yet by no means too old to indulge in day dreams about themselves as heroes of adventure. It is perfectly safe, however, to say that if "The Long Trail" does prove to contain the quality which tickles youthful palates, it may be given to the young without a shade of misgiving as to their finding it entirely wholesome provender.

Documentary History of Reconstruction: Political, Military, Social, Religious, Educational and Industrial, 1865 to the Present Time. By Walter L. Fleming. 2 vols. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co. $10.

It is quite possible that Professor Fleming, young as he is, knows more of the specific facts of Reconstruction than any other scholar in the country. If he has kept in his mind the half of the great mass of miscellaneous information which he printed in his prodigious monograph on Reconstruction in Alabama, he certainly knows more than any one else does about the process in any particular State.

Apart from this advantage, the outcome of patient industry, he has also what students of the period generally concede to be the decided advantage of being a Southerner. As he remarks in the general preface to this, his second voluminous contribution to the history of Reconstruction: "All who have done work in Southern history know of the exasperating difficulties in the way of the use of documents which are in the hands of private individuals." But a Southerner, in sympathy with the historical attitudes of his own people, has a far better chance to overcome those difficulties than a Northerner; and there are signs enough in the Alabama monograph that residence in the North, and the training of a Northern university, have not weakened Professor Fleming's sympathy with the Southern attitude towards "carpet baggers," "scalawags," and "renegades." That, however, is an attitude far more common in the North than it used to be. One could find it in one's heart to forgive Professor Fleming his apparently strong Southern bias, so colorlessly impartial is much history work nowadays; impartial, that is, in the sense of being woodenly neither-sided, rather than sympathetically, imaginatively both-sided. One could forgive him, we say, if he only exhibited a compensating freedom from the commoner limitations of the laborious school to which he belongs; if, for instance he presented agreeably the results of his industry. But neither the Alabama monograph nor his own contribution of introductions and explanations in the work before us indicates that he has such a gift. Like so many others, he succeeds better as a delver for historical material than as a writer of history. Not unlikely, his true vocation is to such work as went to the making of these volumes.

The making of them began with the collecting, and the printing in leaflet form, of various documents about Reconstruction which were not otherwise readily accessible. These were apparently intended chiefly for class-room use; and we think the volumes in their final form bear the marks of a class-room origin. They are not a collection of whole documents, like Edward McPherson's misnamed "History of Reconstruction." We have, rather, a series of extracts from documents, few of which are given in full. The collection will not, therefore, take the place of McPherson's, which students of Reconstruction find quite indispensable, and which has become extremely rare. But the exracts in Volume i., aided by the author's brief introductory statements, illustrate fairly well all the steps in both Presidential and Congressional Recoustruction, while Volume ii. deals carefully with the results of the Congressional plan.

Professor Fleming's citations are particularly full in regard to the social conditions and the state of public opinion in the South after the war. He has brought them together from many sources, neglectiug none known to the mass of scholars. They would make, one sees at once, an admirable course of "required reading," to be taken with a course of lectures following the same elaborate topical-chronological arrangement. As material for independent study and research, however, they would prove less satisfying. For that use, McPherson's *omnium gatherum* plan is probably better. It is decidedly unsatisfying, for instance, to find less than the whole of such documents as the reports of Carl Schurz and B. C. Truman on conditions at the Soutb in the autumn of 1865. Not even the Reconstruction part of Lincoln's last public speech is given entire. More annoying still, and we think still less defensible, is the practice of deleting parts of sentences. To condone it, one must have the utmost confidence in the editorial discretion as well as the editorial honesty.

The matter which is found in Professor Fleming's work, and not in McPherson's gives a fair idea of the increase of material concerning Reconstruction since the

end of the Reconstruction period. Naturally, few of the more recent additions are in the form of public documents. Some are taken from printed books, but Professor Fleming has drawn more largely from manuscript sources. The most important single source of fresh material is the manuscript correspondence of Andrew Johnson, now in the Library of Congress. In that collection are the originals of a particularly interesting group of papers—letters from various leaders of the fallen Confederacy, describing the situation created by the failure of their enterprise. There also are letters from anti-slavery men like Chase and Gerrit Smith, giving their view of the President's proper policy. But Professor Fleming has also thought that thoroughness demanded a freer use of certain classes of official documents than most editors would make. He is careful to exhibit in that way the actual working of military government in the South, and the agencies by which three successive sets of State governments were put in operation. He also prints more of the laws commonly called the "Black Codes" than we remember to have seen together anywhere else.

In volume ii., however, the official document occupies but little space; the material used to illustrate the carpet-bag régime is, as a rule, of a more readable character. It is in this part of Professor Fleming's work that his familiarity with the facts and with the scattered and various literature of the period serves him best. He has searched patiently through books of reminiscence, newspapers, and private diaries and letters for citations which, read in their order, bring before the mind a fairly clear and fairly complete picture of the oppressed South during those gloomy years. An editorial animus is, we think, perceptible. For instance, we think too much is made of the Southern sentiment favorable to schools for the blacks. A Northern editor would probably have given more instances of Southern Bourbonism, and taken more pains to let it be seen that not all carpet-baggers were scoundrels. But there is no good reason to doubt the truth of the general inference one draws from what one reads. It accords too well with the verdict of J. F. Rhodes, the latest, most thorough, and most judicial historian of the period.

Fortunately, the final overthrow of the carpet-baggers was so complete, the undoing of Reconstruction has been so thorough, and the South's recovery from its cruel consequences has been so rapid, that it is pardonable to accept what relief one finds in the humorous aspects of the picture. To these Professor Fleming has not been blind, and he could not, if he would, have obscured them entirely. He could hardly, for instance, have left out the diverting documents which set forth the "legislative expenses" of South Carolina under her unequalled carpet-bag and negro Legislature. Were there ever, before or since, in the history of representative government, such items as these: "4 dressing combs," "1 stereoscope," "1 pair corsets," alongside an intolerable deal of sack—set down among the necessary expenses of law-making? Hardly less ludicrous is the light which some of the witnesses before Congressional committees threw upon the actual working out of the theories which Charles Sumner so imperiously refused to adapt to the actual conditions of a great and perplexing human problem.

Studies in Humanism. By F. C. S. Schiller. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

In these studies Mr. Schiller expounds and defends from several points of view the pragmatism, or humanism, of which he is the foremost British representative. He has been so bitterly criticised by the Anglo-Hegelians, particularly by Mr. Bradley, that it is not strange that he should show petulance and acerbity in his replies. Pragmatism has made rapid progress since the publication of Charles S. Peirce's earlier essays, and it has been made popular by the writings of Prof. William James as well as by Mr. Schiller's former treatise on "Humanism." The theory has spread in France and Italy as well as in the United States and Great Britain, although in Germany its success has not been remarkable. It has checked the advance of those doctrines of the absolute which had found special favor at Oxford, and it has been welcomed by certain empirical philosophers who had been stumbling about in the uncertainties of skepticism. We doubt, however, whether these "Studies" will produce much impression upon those whom Mr. Schiller's earlier treatise failed to convince.

Among the essays which make up this large volume several are unworthy of so permanent a place. This is especially true of the fourth, entitled "Truth and Mr. Bradley," which presents little that is either interesting or valuable; and which can be read intelligently only by those who are already familiar with the disputes of these rival Oxford philosophers. Essays XIV. and XV. are rather sorry imitations of Platonic dialogues, and the book would be better had they been omitted, for the author's wit and dramatic talent are not such as to do justice to this form of philosophical exposition. Objection might also be made to the playful style and ill-timed quips which characterize some of the chapters. So much has been said of the dryness and dreariness of works on philosophy that certain writers are tempted to go to the opposite extreme. In this case such expressions are the less necessary inasmuch as Mr. Schiller's polemic against the Oxford Hegelians and their sympathizers is very effective, particularly in those passages which show the futility of the absolute as a theoretical and as a practical principle.

The first essay, on "The Definition of Pragmatism and Humanism," is a restatement and defence of the principle underlying what its advocates proudly call "the new philosophy." The author challenges "the intellectualists" to define truth; and then defines it himself, showing how it is to be tested. In answer to Mr. Schiller's challenge, it might be said that all definitions of truth as anything objective are invalid, and indeed absurd; for truth is altogether relative to a mind which assents. Nor is the intellectualist to be blamed for his failure to give a definition, any more than is the author for using without definition such terms as "assent," "belief," "assumption," "volitional activity." When he calls belief "an attitude of the will," and opposes voluntarism to intellectualism, the terms employed have in them so much of the old "faculty psychology" that one hesitates in describing pragmatism as "the new philosophy." And it would appear that a clear definition and analysis of what is meant by "will" was absolutely essential to a valid presentation of humanism.

The fundamental point of difference between the pragmatists and their opponents is that which concerns the test of truth; yet the more careful and painstaking Mr. Schiller is in explaining the pragmatic doctrine, the more elusive and unsatisfactory must this doctrine appear to his critics. The pragmatist says virtually: If a proposition has value, if it will work, it is to be accepted as true. If later on it it be found to be valueless, it may be abandoned; but *pro tempore*, if valuable, it is true. The answer made to this is that pragmatism thus destroys the distinction between truth and value. For if the true be merely the valuable, to say that the test of truth is its value is to make the tautologous assertion either that the true is the true or that the valuable is the valuable. You reduce your universe to a universe of values or utilities, or at the most you have an indeterminate universe, affirmations concerning which may or may not turn out to have value. If asked whether it be indeed true that value is the test of truth, the pragmatist must reply that "value is the test of truth," but that this latter statement is true because it has value. According to such principles, argument by word, whether written or spoken, seems to the anti-pragmatist to be idle. Assent to any proposition must be withheld until it has been tested by action; and action takes the place of logical procedure. If this conclusion be rejected, the anti-pragmatist must still inquire how "value" is to be determined. If "intellectualism" has to be banished while we are testing truth, it must be reintroduced while we are determining value. This is clearly illustrated in Mr. Schiller's discussions, particularly in Essays XI. and XII. The arguments in defence of his position imply a purely intellectual assent. They have indeed a logical value, by which is meant that they are intellectually true, or are rationally deduced from what produces assent. That is not to say that they have a pragmatic value.

Mr. Schiller's discussion of "Freedom" in Essay XVIII. should have been one of the most interesting in the book. In settling the question at issue between determinism and its opposite, the pragmatic method might be supposed to have a peculiar value. For, indeed, the popular way of settling it has always been pragmatic. The common saying is: "Whether the will be free or not, we have to act as if freedom were a fact." Mr. Schiller has, however, impaired the clearness of his exposition as well as the force of his argument, by certain misconceptions or misstatements, only a few of which we can here point out. 1. He confuses the necessary sequence of causes and effects with the uniformity of nature; 2. He apparently fails to perceive that commands or persuasions may be elements in determining volitions; 3. He assumes that determinists act as if their wills were undetermined, which as a matter of fact is not the case; and. 4. He assumes that we have an imme-

diate consciousness of freedom—an assumption which will not bear close investigation.

These "Studies" will be interesting to readers of every variety or philosophical opinion; and even those who do not agree with the author will always find him suggestive.

The Desert and the Sown. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Pp. xvi., 347. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907. $5 net.

To all who feel the call of the East this book is full of fascination, from the Omar Khayyám title to the parting of Mikhāil and the lady on the last page. While the object of the book is not archæology, Miss Bell is yet a keen and well-trained observer, and one who has read most that is worth reading on Syrian antiquities and art, and her incidental notices of places visited are often valuable to the archæologist. Her map of Syria and many of her illustrations also are of much interest archæologically—little fragments of architectural decoration, curious doorways and façades, quaint capitals from almost unheard-of sites and the like. Other illustrations reveal the costumes and physiognomy of the people, their homes, and customs. The frontispiece is a colored plate of John Sargent's "Bedouins of the Syrian Desert."

The object of the book, or, as the author puts it, the specious and plausible excuse for its existence, is that she "desired to write not so much a book of travel as an account of the people whom I met or who accompanied me on my way, and to show what the world is like in which they live, and how it appears to them." And in this she has eminently succeeded. Familiar from childhood with the language of the people, their customs, and habits, Miss Bell possesses also that keen sympathy with their point of view, that interest in themselves and their doings, without which it is impossible for any one, however familiar with the language or the country, to enter into the very life of the people. To her they laid bare their hearts; and those who have struck her trail report that the Druzes and the Bedouin especially love her and trust her in a way that is most singular. She is a rare combination of the thoroughly feminine woman and the fearless, daring, and resourceful English traveller. How she was able to go where she did, one woman entirely alone among men, is her own secret; but she certainly contrived to do it without losing her feminine charm or her feminine point of view.

As an English woman of family and position, she was intensely interested in the political relations of England in the East and in the attitude of the Turkish Government and the Syrian peoples toward England. Travelling while the Japanese were winning their victories over Russia, she found, somewhat to her surprise, that the news of the war and of those victories had penetrated even to the most remote and unexpected regions of the Hauran and the Arabic desert. To them the victory of Japan meant a victory of Asia over Europe and awakened in each and all a new sense of national and racial pride. The Druzes even believed that the Japanese belong to their race, basing that belief on an alleged secret doctrine "that some day an army of Druzes will burst out of the furthest limits of Asia and conquer the world." On the whole, however, this awakening of the Asiatic and anti-European spirit did not redound altogether to the disadvantage of the English. The bulk of the Christians in Turkey have always turned to Russia for help, and so now in the Christian churches masses were said, prayers offered, and penance done for the Russians. England's sympathies, on the other hand, have always been counted as against the Christians in the East. Moreover, England is Japan's friend and ally, therefore the victory of Asia over Russia was to that extent beneficial to the prestige of England.

The conversations with all sorts of people which Miss Bell, as it were, phonographs, are delightful, and some of them are as apt for the West as for the East:

"Look you, your Excellencies," said a man who was making coffee over the brazier, "there is no religion in the towns as there is in country places."

"Yes," pursued Milhēm.

"May God make it Yes upon you!" ejaculated the Kurd.

"May God requite you, oh Agha! You may find men in the Great Mosque at Damascus at the Friday prayers and a few perhaps at Jerusalem, but in Beyrout and in Smyrna the mosques are empty and the churches are empty. There is no religion any more."

"My friends," said the Agha, "I will tell you the reason. In the country men are poor and they want much. Of whom should they ask it but of God? There is none other that is compassionate to the poor save He alone. But in the towns they are rich they have got all they desire, and why should they pray to God if they want nothing? The lady laughs—is it not so among her own people?"

I confessed that there was very little difference in this matter between Europe and Asia, and presently left the party to pursue their coffee drinking and their conversation without me. (P. 99.)

Here is a delightful bit of philosophy regarding the effect of wealth when unrestrained by law. After dining with a certain wealthy Agha, whose own language and conduct, confirming the reputation given him by others, showed him to be capable of any outrage and extortion upon his poorer neighbors, Miss Bell said to her servant: "Oh, Mikhāil! I have travelled much in your country, and I have seen and known many people, and seldom have I met a poor man whom I would not choose for a friend nor a rich man whom I would not shun. Now how is this? Does wealth change the very heart in Syria? For, look you, in my country not all the powerful are virtuous, but neither are they all rogues." To which he responds: "Oh, lady, the heart is the same, but in your country the Government is just and strong and every one of the English must obey it, even the rich; whereas with us there is no justice, but the big man eats the little, and the little man eats the less, and the Government eats all alike. And we all suffer after our kind and cry out to God to help us since we cannot help ourselves" (p. 318).

It is not easy to criticise a book like this, so full of delightful passages and descriptions which lose their charm unless told in the words of the writer. One's inclination is to do nothing but hang together a string of quotations. Far better is it to say: Go and read the book for yourself. I cannot quote it all and unless all is quoted you have lost the better part.

The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands: A Political and Economic History and a Study in Practical Statesmanship. By J. Ellis Barker. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

"The history of the Netherlands is a history of missed opportunities and of opportunities deliberately thrown away."

To prove this thesis and to make it a warning to Great Britain, Mr. Barker sketches the experiences of the ancient countships as they were aggregated under one sovereign, as they passed under Spanish rule, and out again into a confederation. Then he proceeds to discuss the policy pursued in the administration of the seven provinces known as "The United Netherlands" during the period of their greatest prosperity in the seventeenth century. The writer is, first and last, a special pleader. His aim is to point a moral and to prove that a decline of British prestige is inevitable unless the fatal errors committed by her neighbor, the Dutch commonwealth, be avoided. For that neighbor, he maintains, deliberately sacrificed a world-wide dominion by yielding to petty provincial considerations fostered by commercial politicians. The tale is adorned by a bewildering array of quotations. Fragments from Thucydides, Machiavelli, Ecclesiastes, Schiller, Sadi, and a host besides, ancient and modern, are brandished like torches to illumine the argument, while Netherland authorities without end are cited to show the bases whereon the premises rest.

Now the general conclusion that provincial self-interest overbalances the claims of a larger policy in the Dutch confederation is true, but the historic facts as Mr. Barker uses them for his deductions are sometimes incorrectly conceived, or at least badly stated. For example: In a comparison between Magna Charta and the Great Privilege wrested from Mary of Burgundy in 1477 occurs this sentence: "The Dutch charter *strips* the sovereign of the power of the purse, of the law, and of the sword." There was, indeed, a change in regard to the law as some centralizing measures had been taken before 1477. But there was no change in the purse. The sovereign could not be "stripped" of what he had never possessed for a moment. No Count of Holland had been able to assess his subjects for a cent. Charles the Bold, whose death in 1477 was followed by this Charter, had indeed asked for larger *aids* from the towns than any of his predecessors had ever dared demand, but it was a request only, and granted in part with severe criticism from the sovereign purse-holders.

In another instance the writer's bias seriously affects the presentation he gives of the facts. The contest between William II. and the burghers, in 1650, is described under color of the conviction that the former was a "gifted and high spirited youth, a born ruler of men," who would have maintained the nation's proud position in Europe, while the burghers were "intriguing politicians of the Little Holland party." Now, just before this young stadtholder's death he was engaged in an attempt to control the municipal elections of Amsterdam, and to put in officials of his own se-

lection. That the "self-assertive burgher politicians" were justified in resisting such infringement of their civic rights may, at least, be considered an open question. The crisis might be charged to William's failure to see that respect for local government lay at the bottom of the central authority he hoped to wield. His action gives reason for doubting his ability. But the "strong man" is Mr. Barker's solution for all difficulties. His distrust of party rule, which he counts an injurious self-seeking rule, goes so far that the central power in the hands of a vigorous personality seems to him the only government making for the welfare of a nation.

Possibly there may be some useful suggestions to British statesmen in this fervent plea for a unified nation in lieu of the loosely hung together British empire. A political pamphlet may be forgiven for faults that mar a book as a piece of literature. From an artistic as well as from an historic point of view there are very grave defects in Mr. Barker's volume. Petty inconsistencies in reasoning, repetitions of statement, and above all the over-abundance of citation, all combine to make it tiresome reading.

Science.

The Warblers of North America. By Frank M. Chapman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $3 net.

We have had many books on the birds of the United States and even on restricted portions of the country, but this is the first untechnical monograph on any single group of American birds. The wood warblers, or *mniotiltidæ*, comprise a typically New World group, extending from Alaska to Argentina and numbering some 155 species. Of these, fifty-five are found north of Mexico; and it is of these, with their nineteen additional subspecies, that this volume treats. Direct comparison may be made with Bendire's unfinished "Life Histories"; and like that work, this of Mr. Chapman's is avowedly a compilation. As the value of Bendire has not been lessened in the fifteen years since publication, so the warbler volume bids fair to remain an authority for a long time.

No keys to species are given, for the excellent reason that every species in male, female, and often in young plumage, is represented in color plates by Fuertes and Horsfall, 124 figures in all, excellent both as to drawing and color. These plates and the migration tables have already appeared in *Bird Lore* during the last three years. A plan of the work and a list of the thirty-six principal contributors precedes a chapter on the generalities of the subject. Here we find sub-headings on the plumage, distribution, songs, nesting habits, and mortality by Chapman; migration by W. W. Cooke, and food by E. H. Forbush. Among the contributions to the main part of the book, Gerald Thayer's notes on songs and habits are especially valuable In the discussion of plumage, the mention of the indications of common ancestry betrayed by the nestling types of coloration is of considerable importance, as are also the suggestions as to the probable origin of each genus.

Following this comes the special treatment of the warbler family, each species and subspecies being taken up in turn. The method of presentation is as follows: the genus *mniotilda*, for example, is defined as to its generic characteristics, while its single species *varia*—the black and white warbler—is figured on the opposite page. Of this species we are then given the distinguishing characteristics and the plumage of young and adult in spring and fall, the general distribution, summer and winter range, and the spring and fall migrations. Two pages follow on the bird and its haunts and song; and finally short paragraphs on the nesting site, nest, eggs, and nesting date. A list of bibliographical references rounds out the treatment in a way which leaves nothing to be desired.

The nomenclature followed is that of Ridgway's "Birds of North and Middle America"—the most logical and all-sufficient which has yet been evolved. This gives a trinomial name to each form which is split up into subspecies. It has been proved that the original Maryland yellow-throat did not come from Maryland; so this long-cherished name appears only as an atavism in the colored plate, and as a cross-reference in the index. We must now speak of our familiar bird as the northern yellow-throat, or use its scientific equivalent in a score and a half of letters.

Mr. Chapman's thorough knowledge of the group, together with the free use of the results of co-workers, has given us in a form easy to consult, practically all that we know about the northern species of *mniotiltidæ*. To the technical ornithologist, as well as to the amateur with only the myrtle and yellow warblers on his "list," this volume will be of constant use.

The average chemist knows comparatively little about the technique of the nitro-compounds which have revolutionized modern warfare, but this is not altogether his fault. Each government jealously guards the secret of the composition and manufacture of its own smokeless powders, and boasts of its knowledge of all the others. No handbook on this subject, therefore, can be as complete and satisfactory as in other industries, but P. Gerald Sanford's "Nitro-Explosives" (D. Van Nostrand Co.) comes as near to this as can properly be expected. For ten years it has been a standard authority, and now is revised and brought up to date. It describes the processes of manufacture of nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gun-cotton, picrates, and fulminates, and gives the methods of analyzing them and testing their strength.

The death is announced, in his sixty-fifth year, of Hugo Magnus, professor of diseases of the eye at the University of Breslau. Professor Magnus had written a number of books in his *Fach*, and also on more general topics, such as "Aberglaube in der Medizin," "Geschichte der Medizin," etc.

Drama.

THE PARIS THEATRICAL SEASON.

PARIS, April 23.

The successes of the Paris theatrical season have emphasized certain innate tendencies of French letters and Parisian life.

The first is the universal delight in spoken verse, provided the lines are sprightly and understood without the slightest effort. The unexampled success of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" was due largely to the setting of whimsical, sympathetic emotions in such verse. Catulle Mendès's "Sainte-Thérèse" at the beginning of the season had wonderful versification, but the thought was too fantastic and subtle for more than a moderate success. But the "Bouffons" of Miguel Zamacoïs, which follows in the same theatre (Sarah Bernhardt's), has passed its 100th representation, and may continue endlessly like "Cyrano" and, at the Opéra, Gounod's "Faust." The fate of the piece, without verse and without Sarah, is to be tested in America; and the story and brisk dialogue will speak for themselves. But there can be no doubt that the superb versifying doubles the effect in French. People who do not like to take their art pleasures sadly should rejoice at this revival of popular poetry of a high quality on the French stage. It comes at a time when French book poetry is at a low ebb. Possibly the dramatic art may give rise to a whole generation of poets, whose work will enter into the classic treasure of the French people, just as the plays of Corneille and Racine are now the great French poems.

Rostand and Zamacoïs have begun a movement of verse quite outside of all critical or æsthetic schools, and their success has not been with those who ask if it is the fashion to applaud before they let themselves go in frank admiration. It is a sort of Régence style of poetry for the delight of novel and magazine readers. All literature is now inevitably subject to the likes and dislikes of this class; but French poets, with the doubtful exception of François Coppée, had not been willing to recognize it.

The new piece of Jacques Richepin—"La Marjolaine," just brought out at the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre—is a good example of the new movement, which tries to satisfy the exacting desire of Parisians for really good plays, while contenting the passion of all Frenchmen for lucid, lilting, lively verse spoken naturally and with spirit. The young author is son of Jean Richepin, whose verse is the stateliest measure heard in France since Victor Hugo; but the father's plays, such as the "Chemineau," were too sonorous, too scintillant of high poesy, just as Catulle Mendès is too precious for the public of to-day. It is a public immensely larger than any of the old time, and reading immensely more and conversant with more things, but far less cultivated in thought, far more mediocre in the level of its refinement. Marjolaine is the child of a miller's daughter and a grand seigneur under the old régime. It is a character fitted to spout verse for Republicans who love to think of their grandfathers as either Revolutionists or Crusaders, or a mixture of both.

Paysanne et noble à la fois: c'est Marjolaine.

The piece mixes the pleasures of the Regent with the prophecies of Rousseau; the lover goes to the Bastille and Marjolaine

dles, not without first having her say in this melodious verse. Defects in the piece may hinder its having the success of its predecessors; but it is another example of an interesting dramatic movement, which may prove vital in French poetry.

A second tendency which has grown in the French people with their troubles is a wandering, half-conscious comparison of themselves with what they think the rest of the world must be. This year Americans are caught by the object-glass. Of ourselves as others see us Americans are not fair judges. In Réjane's "Paris-New York," our women who come to sweep everything before them certainly do not shine, at least with those who would wish the puritan honor of our early history to slide down the grooves of time a little less rapidly. When the British author of "Charley's Aunt" looked on at its representation in French, the black clouds gathering on his face threatened thunderous discharge, although the whole house around him was screaming with joy. Alas! the pleasure was not at his fun, but at a rich and strange sea change which had come over it in crossing the Channel. So we Americans have mixed emotions when we find out how we impress the risibilities of the foreigner. "Who knows if the truth is not sad?" said Renan of the whole play of life.

"La Française" of Brieux also has its American, but he is a man and not far from ridiculous. Being in France, he feels obliged to do what he has been told everyone else is doing, until the heroine—typical "Frenchwoman"—puts him in his place. It is well meant by this very sober, serious author, who wishes only to give a good blow in defence of the fair name of his countrywomen. One of the things which made the judicious John Stuart Mill impatient was to hear Englishmen (and Americans) speak lightly of the honor of Frenchwomen; he knew the people as they are in their intense family life from his youth, when he was bred among them, to his death in the midst of them. Brieux's Bartlett, rich "gentleman farmer from Ohio," may seem to us not quite like ourselves; and most certainly, as Émile Faguet says, he pays court to ladies very much as a bear might waltz; but he takes his lesson mildly. The hero is an Americanized Frenchman, who puts everything deftly in place—which is, after all, vastly to our credit. And the earnest desire of the author to protest against the ill-fame earned for his own people by a small class of novel and play-writers is worthy of all reverence and praise. Whether this small class writes only for foreign consumption, as M. Brieux wishes us to believe, is another question, which in no wise affects the good name of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen in general. It has been remarked that Americans also have not been taken as samples of plain living and high thinking by the present French republic as they were in the republic of 1848. Do we, too, need a new literature to let the world know what we are? Our plays, at any rate, are unknown in France.

The third tendency is the reaction of the French race against the divorce evil. Play after play deals with the subject. Before divorce became easy, it was always the wife's tragedy which held the boards. Now it is the direr tragedy of the child, defenceless, and torn asunder by the conflicting passions of adult parents who have not the sense or self-control to unite in his interest. French society is strong and resists constantly all political and social revolutions precisely because of this one thing —the centring of the family in the child. French mothers have always been the strength of the French race at home, its weakness abroad, whither they are unwilling to look. "Les deux Madame Delauze" of Madame Gabriel Mourey at Réjane's Theatre is only a distorted sample.

S. D.

The first production of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, "The Sunken Bell," excited no enthusiasm in London, and the play found little comprehension. As one writer remarked, "The advantage of a symbolic play is that every one who cares can read his own meaning into it." Of the actors, Mr. Wakeley says in the *Times:* "Miss Marlowe gives the grace and elfishness and charm of Rautendelein; Mr. Sothern gives the alternate courage and despair of Heinrich. They do not, that is to say, hide the author's imagined figures from us. On the other hand, we cannot say that they give these figures a fresh and exuberant life. Miss Marlowe is not exactly a frisky fairy; Mr. Sothern's Heinrich is occasionally tame. A tame overman! What would Nietzsche say? And they are both a little too monotonous in their delivery."

"Love's Labour's Lost" was the opening play of this year's festival at Stratford-on-Avon. It was presented by R. F. Benson and his company, and showed how admirably the play, which has never been a favorite with actors, lends itself to production.

Pinero's "His House in Order," which was recently performed in Venice, has been accepted by the Vaudeville Theatre of Paris. This will be the third of Pinero's plays to be given in Paris. The first was "The Magistrate," at the Théâtre Cluny; the other, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which was played sixty times at the Odéon during the season of 1904.

"The Christian Pilgrim" is the title selected for Henrietta Crosman's version of "The Pilgrim's Progress" to be produced next fall.

Two new plays have been given at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. One was "The Eyes of the Blind," the first dramatic attempt of Miss K. Letts, a tragic piece said to have been successful. The other was "Fand," based on an episode in the Cuchullin cycle by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

Music.

Familienbriefe von Richard Wagner. Berlin: Alexander Duncker.

The attacks on Richard Wagner's works which were in fashion during his lifetime gradually grew less virulent after his death, and to-day they have ceased altogether. When his enemies found they could not curb the ever-increasing popularity of his operas, they sought consolation in the vilification of his personality; but this, too, received a serious check when his private letters to Liszt, Uhlig, Fischer, Heine, and other friends were published, revealing a character by no means flawless, yet ruled by principles of conduct so much more exalted, uncommercial, and self-sacrificing than those which guide most mortals that no unprejudiced reader could withhold his esteem. The deepest insight into his soul was given in the letters to his inspirer and patroness, Mathilde Wesendonck, which appeared three years ago; and now we have a volume of 124 more *intime* letters, addressed to his mother and other relatives, and brimful of interesting details. They indicate that in his family affection he was no less ardent than in his friendships and in his music.

In offering this collection, the editor, C. F. Glasenapp (the fifth volume of whose Life of Wagner is soon to appear), explains that it is by no means complete. Of Wagner's letters to his first wife only seven have been included, because it is intended to issue them all later in a separate volume. The earliest of the letters in the present collection is dated 1832, the latest 1874. In 1832 Wagner was only nineteen years old, yet already he is able to boast to his sister Ottilie of various achievements. He admits, with deep regret, that for a time, while he was with the students, he led a dissolute life, but that now he has become a man, and has plauted his foot firmly on what is to be his territory. He was aided in this by Weinlig, "the greatest living contrapuntist," concerning whom he writes:

> How much he loves me you may infer from this: that when mother asked him, after he had taught me half a year, how much she owed him, he answered that, in consideration of the pleasure it had given him to instruct me, it would not be proper to accept payment—that my industry and the hopes he had of me were sufficient payment.

In these hopes the eminent contrapuntist soon saw himself confirmed, for ere he reached his twentieth year, Richard had composed an overture to "King Enzio" which was played in the theatre every night. He had also composed a sonata for piano which was promptly published by Breitkopf & Härtel, and for which he received music scores to the value of fifteen dollars. But he was particularly proud of the performance of an overture of his at the "Grosse Konzert," a great honor, as he explains to his sister, because at these concerts they played only pieces endorsed by all the experts. And what was more, whereas, shortly before, the public had heard overtures by Marschner and Lindpainter without moving a hand, his own overture was applauded as if it had been a masterwork. "I cannot describe my feelings, and Luise was so moved that she wept."

A letter of the following year addressed to his sister, Rosalie, contains remarks on an opera by Marschner and its interpreters, which shows an astounding critical acumen for one of his age. There is, however, very little criticism in these letters, the only other specimen being on p. 144, where Jenny Lind is disposed of in rather uncomplimentary fashion:

> The "Don Juan" performance bored me greatly; but then Donna Anna is said not to be the best of Lind's rôles. Extraordinarily beautiful was her singing of the

last aria, but for the first act she lacks a great deal. She is a strange, wistful individuality, very interesting for her own sake, but not equal to the task of presenting a grand dramatic development.

By far the largest number of letters in this volume are addressed to the Avenarius family. Eduard Avenarius married Cäcilie Geyer, Wagner's stepsister, or perhaps his sister; there are several references to "unser Vater Geyer," and on p. 277 Wagner writes: "To me it seems as if our father Geyer, by his self-sacrifice in behalf of the whole family, thought he was making amends for a misdeed." There are other reasons for believing that Richard Wagner's name should have remained what it was while he was in school—Richard Geyer. However that may be, Cäcilie was his favorite sister. Her husband was a bookseller in Paris, and they saw much of him during his three years' sojourn there. Of the hard times he and his wife endured some new and harrowing details are to be found in these pages. The pawnbroker more than once was the last refuge. Whenever he departed from a town he left a long trail of debts. It must be admitted that he tried hard to make money, and was shamefully underpaid for what he did. At one time he found out that Schlesinger, who had engaged him to make arrangements of operatic scores and other things, paid him considerably less than his other assistants. In Dresden the eminent prima donna, Frau Devrient, lent him 1,000 thaler to enable him to pay his Paris debts. This ought not to have been necessary; his "Rienzi had proved the greatest financial success ever known at the Dresden Opera, yet the intendant offered him an honorarium of 300 thalers, when everybody thought he would get at least 2,000. The publishers, too, did not treat him fairly; at least he suspected they did not, and gives his reasons (p. 238). To nearly the end of his life he remained usually what he called himself, in 1842: "Hans ohne Geld."

Notwithstanding their disagreeable experiences in Paris, his wife had become so attached to that city that, as he afterward wrote from Berlin, "Minna actually hopes I may fare badly here, so that I may make a new contract with Schlesinger and return to Paris. The poor woman thinks of nothing but Paris." An earlier letter to his wife, which contains vivid reminiscences of their trip to France on a sailing vessel, includes a detail which is new and touching: "When storm and danger were at their worst, when you saw before yourself, by way of reward for all that you had suffered with me, a horrible death, you only begged me to clasp you tight in my arms, so we might not sink separated." Several of the letters of subsequent years detail the gradual estrangement and the separation caused by Minna's furious and implacable jealousy; but there is nothing new to add to the exhaustive treatment of this subject in Mr. W. A. Ellis's introduction to the English version of the Wesendonck letters. To the end of her life, Wagner kept his first wife supplied with all the comforts of life, sometimes when he lacked them for himself.

There is an interesting allusion to his most important literary work, which is still withheld from the public: "You would be able to judge me correctly," he writes to his sister Clara Wolfram, "if you could be here on the evenings when I dictate my autobiography, and my past life unfolds itself before me with astonishing vividness and distinctness. . . . Often I am deeply affected by this review of my career." There is also fresh evidence as to the high opinion he had of his Nibelung poems. He wanted them printed and judged as poems, and not merely as opera texts—rather inconsistently, for, just as he wanted his music to be heard only in connection with the poem, the action, and scenic surroundings, so he ought to have insisted that the poems lost much of their *raison d'être* and force when divorced from the music. Most of the adverse opinions on Wagner's plays were based on a disregard of this plain truth, an error thus fostered by himself.

Sixty-four years ago thirty men in Vienna met and founded a singing society, under the name of Wiener Männergesangverein. It soon grew apace, and won fame for its finished art. Eminent composers like Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Bruckner, Brahms, and Johann Strauss were proud to be honorary members. At the present day the Choir numbers 380 active members; it includes representatives of all social classes, but the well-to-do predominate to such an extent that it has been called the millionaire club. Its concerts are always given for charity, and as a result $120,000 has been distributed where it would do most good. Wealthy members have also contributed the means for a number of trips to other cities. London was visited last year, and a few weeks ago a vessel was specially chartered to bring the Choir and its friends to America. It gave a concert on Tuesday night at Carnegie Hall and will give another to-night. The tickets were all sold a week in advance; the proceeds go to local charities. At the first concert the Choir had the assistance of a part of the Philharmonic Orchestra, which was founded a year after it. The conductors were Eduard Kremser and Richard Heuberger, both of them famed as composers. They were represented on the programme and were most cordially applauded. Heuberger is a great Schubert apostle, and so it was natural that that composer should be represented by two of his works. There were also folk-songs, serious and comic, the Pilgrims' chorus from "Tannhäuser," and a vocal Strauss waltz. In the rendering of all these things, the singers displayed a precision of attack, a distinctness of enunciation, a refinement of shading, that were exemplary, and fully justified the reputation of this society as the leading male choir in the world.

It is our opinion that the best operatic work by far ever written in England is Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," with its delightful Irish music. This opera has at last found its way to Germany. It was performed at Breslau on April 12 with such success that the curtain had to be raised no fewer than twenty times in the course of the evening.

Franz Kneisel, who was invited to take the conductorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra, has decided to remain in New York and not to abandon the famous Quartet.

Art.

THE WATER-COLOR SOCIETY.

There is a lingering tradition that water-color painting is a slighter and easier art than that of painting in oils; indeed, it used not to be called painting, but drawing. In such an exhibition as that now open at the Fine Arts building, one feels that the only remaining justification for such a notion is in the prices asked, and even this distinction is vanishing, as there is no reason it should not. Many of the artists are asking as much for their work in this medium as they would for a work in oils of similar size and importance, and why not? The method is at least equally laborious, the result quite as permanent, and, very often, more beautiful. The disappearance of the white mount is symptomatic. It is not to be seen in the present exhibition save, in one or two instances, in the rooms devoted to illustration, and in the gallery of etchings. The two large galleries, devoted entirely to work in color, are an unbroken expanse of gold mounts, while many of the more important pictures are framed exactly as oil paintings might be, in heavy gilded mouldings. By various methods of handling, such as the sponging and rewashing of the Dutchmen, or by the increasing use of body color, water-color painting has been given a consistency and substantiality approaching that of work in oils, and the slightly tinted drawing, that used to go with the white mount, has disappeared.

Indeed, there is some danger that in emulating the solidity and fulness of oil painting the peculiar advantages of water-color, its clarity and sparkle and purity of tint, may be too much sacrificed. There is nothing here, unfortunately, by two of our elder masters who have been wont to show us what the pure wash can accomplish: we miss the powerful directness of Winslow Homer, who can be more solid and luminous than any one with the fewest touches crisply laid on his white paper, and the full glow of La Farge, who is never more the colorist than in his work in what used to be called "the inferior medium." For such work the woolliness of much rubbed surfaces and the semi-opacity of gouache are poor equivalents. But water-color remains, on the whole, a transparent medium, or at least a translucent one, and the muddy heaviness and lifelessness of so much of our modern oil painting is, fortunately, impossible to it. Even the boldest use of body color cannot emulate the obstructive masses of dead material so common in oil. The result of this impossibility is a pervading sense of color in this exhibition which is in refreshing contrast to our other exhibitions. A modern exhibition of oil paintings may contain a few pieces of real color, a number of not disagreeable bits of tone, but the greater part of the works in it will look like disguised black and white. Here the impression, as one looks around the walls, is that everything is doue in color. It may be bright or low toned, full or very gray, but it is color—even pure black looks like color when it is laid transparently over a white ground.

The difference is not in the gifts or training of the painters, and our water-colorists

are not greater artists than our painters in oil. They are largely the same men. One may look over the list of members of the Water Color Society without finding half a dozen names of men specially known as painters in water-color. The others are the men who fill our exhibitions with oil paintings; yet man after man of them is here seen at his best, and shows an unexpected gift for color.

A dozen instances could be found as easily as one. Mr. Reuterdahl, for instance, is a vigorous personality, an illustrator of great dash, but nothing in the dully or violently colored canvases he has exhibited would lead one to expect such a lovely bouquet of hues as his Finish of the Yacht Race. Mr. Charles Warren Eaton has painted many pictures of dark pines against yellow evening skies, but never, in oils, with the transparent luminosity of his water-colors. Mrs. Coman has, within the last year or two, shown several charming canvases in the vein of her tiny picture here, but never has her blue mist been so tender or her sunlight so softly glowing. It is especially in blue, that tormenting problem for the painter in oils, that many of these water-colors excel. It is certain that Mr. Will S. Robinson would find it hard to match, in oils, the limpid color of the water in his Boat Landing, or Mr. Palmer to equal the faint crisp tones of the shadows on the snow in his Last Rays.

Is water-color painting, after all, an easier art than painting in oil, that so many succeed better at it? It is, at least, an art better understood. The most precious qualities of color are largely dependent on transparency. A blue pigment laid thinly over white is an entirely different thing from the same pigment mixed with white. You cannot mix a hue of rose or gold or purple that shall have the vibrant richness or the dainty purity of the same tone got by transparent washes. The painters in oil used to understand this—some of them still do—and there were technical methods based upon it and pictures produced that were colored. But our radically vicious modern education, with its insistence upon "direct painting" and "solid color," has demoralized the art and left most of us floundering in mud. The impressionists tried to pull us out, but they had more knowledge of the modern theory of light than of the ancient practice of painting, and they failed. Apparently we are now slipped back deeper than ever. The water-color painters, almost alone, have not entirely lost their ancient birthright. For the most part they still use the white ground, which the oil-painters, to save labor, have abandoned, and they still use transparent color to some extent, if not altogether. We need not demand that they shall throw away their tubes of Chinese white. Opacity has its uses as well as transparency, and there is a state of semi-opaque, partially translucent, color, which is often very beautiful in water-color, as in oils.

Almost every condition and method of water-color work is shown here except, perhaps, the old English stipple, and even that is not certainly absent. The pure wash, laid sharply on the dry paper, is excellently exemplified in Mr. Prendergast's Marble Bridge with its parterre of red and pink parasols, in Mr. Philip R. Goodwin's richly colored Caribou, in Mr. Pyle's brilliantly decorative little Fishing of Thor and the Giant, translated into Japanese, and in several other pictures. The wet wash—color floated into color without any edges—is shown to advantage in Mr. Ballin's large Pastoral, full, rich, and harmonious, but with a negligence of form which is the danger of this method and of which he should beware. The Dutch manner of sponging and rubbing and rewashing is shown in many skies and landscapes, in Mr. Zeigler's Last Lover, in Alethea Platt's Nearly Tea Time, where it has given a luminosity to the window and the lighted walls which redeem an otherwise commonplace subject.

In almost all of these, and of the pictures previously mentioned, except those by the little group of painters in dry wash, there is an occasional employment of body color to pick out a light, to modify a tone, to give the milkiness of smoke, the solidity of a wall in sunlight, the pearliness of a white sail. Mr. Mora and Mr. Hassam carry its use much farther. Mr. Mora's Before the Bull Fight seems to be painted almost entirely in body color, but his material is never quite opaque, and one feels the white paper through it, giving it a clarity and brilliancy hard to emulate in oil-painting as we practise it to-day. Mr. Hassam's McTaggart's Field is certainly, his Aphrodite presumably, painted upon a warm buff or light brown paper. Over this ground he strikes a mingling of transparent, semi-transparent, and semi-opaque colors, in a multitude of separate touches, much as he handles oils, only that the surface is neeessarily less rugged. The warm undertone showing through thin white was a favorite device of the old Dutch painters in oils, and was admirably employed by Goya. Impressionism has abandoned it, along with many other traditional methods, but here it gets back in the practice in water-colors of an arch impressionist, and the result is delightful. I own to finding this smaller Aphrodite more luminous, more atmospheric, more beautiful in color, than the large painting of the same composition in the exhibition of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, though it is somewhat less happy in shape and division of space.

It is only in Mr. Hopkinson Smith's Old Groote Kirk that one reaches the ultimate condition of painting in gouache—distemper painting, such as is employed by scenic artists, rather than water-color. Even here there is some transparent washing, as in the tower, but the cold gray paper, employed for expedition's sake, deprives it of vivacity. The rest is very skilful use of quite opaque tones, the gradations got by mixture with white. Able as the work is, there is a sacrifice of the peculiar beauty of water-color, a chalky heaviness, that one regrets. It is not very sensible to find fault with clever gouache painting for not being something else, but one may hope that our water-color painters are not all to become painters in gouache.

To sum up, it is indubitable that our painters in water-color have learned much in their emulation of oil-painting. Perhaps the time has come when our painters in oil might learn something greatly to the purpose by a judicious study of the qualities of water-color.

In the small side galleries there are, besides one or two of the works already mentioned, a few monotypes, etchings in color, etc., and a number of partially colored or black and white drawings for illustrations by Abbey, Penfield, Smedley, Frank Craig, Mucha, and others, among which Olive Rush's The Lullaby Mother is especially charming. The little octagonal room is filled with a collection of etchings, varying in style from the indication by spots of Pennell to the much more linear work of Charles Henry White. Mr. White's Condemned Tenement is especially good, and is excelled, if at all, only by Ernest D. Roth's Wooden Bridge, Venice. Different from any of the other plates, less picturesque but with a fine austerity, is Everett L. Warner's Notre Dame from the Tour Dagobert.

KENYON COX.

Charles Scribner's Sons are issuing, in four volumes, the most attractive edition of "Don Quixote" now in print. There are but 1,150 copies, of which 140 are in imperial Japan paper, with extra print, before letter, of all the full-page illustrations. The text is that of Thomas Shelton, the Elizabethan translator. Many translators have tried their hands at "Don Quixote," and the reader can take his choice between a variety of styles. The successors of Shelton have had their day—John Phillips, Motteux, Jervas, and Smollett. Smollett's name has given his version an undeserved vogue, for it is probably the worst of the lot. Jervas is correct and careful, but dull and commonplace. Shelton, in spite of some archaisms, in spite of roughness and incorrectness, is more vigorous, more akin to the original, more sympathetic with the spirit of Cervantes, than any of the later translators. Thus it is that though Jervas's version is widely accepted, Shelton has been kept alive by reprint through nearly three centuries. The feature of this edition, however, is not the text, but the illustrations by the late Daniel Vierge. That Spanish artist, who passed most of his life at Paris, long cherished an ambition to illustrate "Don Quixote." Paralysis destroyed the power of his right hand, but he trained himself to use his left, and when he started upon these drawings, in 1894, he again possessed complete mastery of his pen. He finished the task only about a year before his death. In an interesting Introduction of some thirty pages, Royal Cortissoz discusses the theory of illustration and in particular the "long line of vile attempts" to illustrate "Don Quixote," from the Brussels edition of 1662 to the present day. As Mr. Cortissoz justly remarks, "'Don Quixote' was a picture-book before the first illustrator touched it, a fact which, indeed, has contributed largely to its fame." That is to say, the book is concrete and full of images. The fault of the illustrations has been that they either lack artistic merit or else they fail to give the proper background and the Spanish atmosphere. We need not traverse in detail the ground which Mr. Cortissoz has covered, and, before him, H. S. Ashbee in the "Iconography of Don Quixote." The designs of Coypel, Johan Vanderbank, Antonio Carnicero, and Joseph del Castillo, Hayman, Chodowiecki, Smirke, Westall, Corbould, Daumier, Tony Johannot George Cruikshank, and Doré all fell short in one point or another

The task was thus reserved for Vierge,

whose long apprenticeship in many kinds of illustration was but a preparation for this final achievement. Mr. Cortissoz tells of the training which resulted in that easy mastery which Vierge displays in these drawings—100 full-page and 160 others skilfully placed in the text. His love of the open road and his intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the Spanish world made him by temperament and habitat the fit interpreter of Cervantes. Add the technique which Philip Gilbert Hamerton praised so warmly and we come near to having the perfect illustrator of "Don Quixote." Vierge draws the knight as he was in body and also in soul, gaunt, battered, but always with his heart set upon the ideal—a devotion that lends to him in his worst plights a redeeming touch of melancholy dignity. And so with all the other personages in the shifting scenes of the knight's adventures. Then, too, the pictures, with their delicate and true detail, the admirable massing of light and shade, and the balance of composition, are in themselves beautiful.

Drawings and etchings by Daubigny will be shown at Frederick Keppel & Co.'s until May 11, and eighteenth-century engravings at K. J. Collins's until May 18.

George B. Butler, National Academician and well-known portrait painter, died at his home near Croton Falls, N. Y., on Saturday, in his seventieth year. Mr. Butler had passed a good deal of his life abroad, and at one time had come under the influence of Whistler. But he served in the army during the civil war, and at Gettysburg lost his right arm. He was elected to the National Academy in 1873, and his last picture was shown in the recent exhibition of the society.

Finance.

THE INJURY TO THE CROPS.

On Friday, May 10, the Government's Agricultural Department will issue the second of its important estimates of the season, on the condition of the growing crops; and in advance of that calculation, the grain trade has been trying to ascertain what the crop situation really is. It was pointed out in this column, three weeks ago, that the Government's April estimate on wheat was not unfavorable; that the "condition percentage," as of April 1, 89.9, was nearly 1 per cent. better than that of the preceding April, and was higher than in fifteen out of the twenty past years. But even before that estimate had appeared, on April 10, the grain trade was busy with reports of injury to the growing wheat. At first, these reports took the form of estimates of serious insect damage. The "green bug's" ravages, however, appeared very soon to have been much exaggerated. What assumed a more genuine place in trade calculations was the continued abnormal weather throughout the country, but particularly in the southwestern region, where the wheat was already growing. April's unseasonable cold—to which, so far as his own locality is concerned, every one can bear witness—seemed to be doing part of the mischief; a prolonged drought in the winter wheat belt was doing more. Despite considerable relief by rain in the Southwest a week ago, the grain trade's doubts continued; the price of wheat for July delivery, quoted in Chicago at 78½ cents per bushel on April 1, and at 79 on April 10, has risen this week to 85⅞.

Secretary Wilson of the Agricultural Department gave out an interview last Monday, in which he took decided ground against the pessimistic views. Advices received by him, regarding the early wheat, led him "to believe that the Southwest will have its usual crop this year." The damage by insects had, in his view, been purely local, and his conclusion was that when harvest time comes, "it will be found that all this cry of crop damage has been made for a purpose." This is at least possible. The wheat speculators, some of whom employ trained experts and keep them constantly travelling about the grain belt, doubtless learn the truth about the outlook, but it does not follow that they tell the exact facts to the general public. On the contrary, if they were speculating for the rise in wheat, on knowledge of a slightly damaged crop, it would obviously be their motive to induce other speculators to believe in much greater damage, and so persuade them to buy, at still higher figures, wheat contracts which the disseminator of the "damage reports" might then choose to sell to them.

All this is possible; yet it is only reasonable to point out that in Kansas the State Agricultural Department has already calculated the "May condition" of wheat at 84 per cent., as against 99 in the national government's April estimate for the State; that the Ohio Department fixes 74, against 83 last month, and that Missouri authorities give 82, against 96 in April. In other words, all official data thus far obtained go to show that the wheat crop's outlook has been considerably impaired during April. Compared with the estimates of a year ago this month, these State estimates are 5 to 25 per cent lower, and, although the experts do not agree as to whether or not the crop has been hurt since the "May percentages" were compiled on the first day of the month, all concede that the season, in the West as in the East, has continued so "backward" as to give little chance for betterment of the conditions existing a week or more ago.

It must, however, always be remembered that an "impaired crop outlook" is a very different thing from a "threatened crop failure." This greater catastrophe, nobody dreams of predicting. It could not be brought about, save through a kind of weather, between now and August, of which there has been as yet no indication. Unseasonable cold and damp often blight a part of this country's cereal crops, but only abnormal drought can cause crop failure. In our wheat crop, actual and general disaster of the sort has hardly happened since the famous "dry year" 1881. But the planted area under wheat in this country, sixteen years ago, was less than 38,000,000 acres; it has since then exceeded 49,000,000. With the extension of the "wheat belt" north, south, and west, under the scientific irrigation and cultivation, the crop as a whole becomes constantly less subject to the vagaries of a given section. With the present extent of our agricultural area, a summer in which, as in 1881, all the grain crops are scorched and withered, is about the most improbable of agricultural events.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bailey, H. Lavinia. By the Sea. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Blüthgen's Das Peterle von Nürnberg. Edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 35 cents.
Brown, H. Collins. Mr. Goggles. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
Buskett, Evans W. Fire Assaying. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.25 net.
Campbell, Douglas Houghton. A University Text-Book of Botany. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Carlveau, Robert. Unseen Save of Solitude. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Carus, Paul. The Rise of Man—Chinese Life and Customs—The Story of Sansom—Chinese Thought. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.
Crawshaw, William H. The Making of English Literature. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Davis, Norah. The World's Warrant. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Emerson, Edward W. Life and Letters of Charles Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Ferrero, Guglielmo. The Greatness and Decline of Rome. Translated by Alfred E. Zimmern. 2 vols. Putnams.
Fling, Fred. Morrow. A Source Book of Greek History. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Gardner, John Hays, and others. Manual of Composition and Rhetoric. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Goron, M. F. The Truth About the Case. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Green, Helen. At the Actors' Boarding House. Brentano's.
Guide to Massachusetts Local History. Compiled by Charles A. Flagg. Salem, Mass.: Salem Press Co.
Harrison, Frederic. The Creed of a Layman. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Henderson, H. F. The Age of the Maccabees. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hochwalt, Albert Frederick. Arrows of Ambition. Boston: Mayhew Publishing Co.
Holmes, William Gordon. The Age of Justinian and Theodora. Vol. II. London: George Bell & Sons.
Howard, Keble. The Smiths. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Hubbard, George Henry. The Teachings of Jesus in Parables. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
La Mazelière, Mis de. Le Japon. 3 vols. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.
Lee, Gerald Stanley. The Child and the Book—The Lost Art of Reading. Putnams.
Marriott, J. A. R. The Life and Times of Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland. Putnams.
Metcalfe, Richard L. "Of Such Is the Kingdom." Lincoln, Neb.: Woodruff-Collins Press.
Miller, Olive Thorne. What Happened to Barbara. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Morris, Charles. Heroes of the Navy in America. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Mott, Lawrence. To the Credit of the Sea. Harpers. $1.50.
Osgood, Herbert L. The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century. Vol. III. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Palmer, Francis Sterne, and others. Strange Stories of Colonial Days. Harpers. 60 cents.
Parker, Maud May. The Missive. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Paston, George. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times. Putnams.
Pier, Arthur Stanwood. The Young in Heart. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Practical Problems in Banking and Currency. Edited by Walter H. Hull. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.
Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Vol. V. Boston: Published by the Society.
Putnam, George Haven. The Censorship of the Church of Rome. Vol. II. Putnams.
Rees, Arthur Dougherty. The Double Love. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Rexford, Eben E. Four Seasons in the Garden. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Roberts, Morley. The Flying Cloud. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Scholl, John William. Ode to the Russian People. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Standard Selections. Edited by Robert I. Fulton and others. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.25.
Straus, Ralph. The Dust Which Is God. Samurai Press.
Swing, Albert Temple. The Life of James Harris Fairchild. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2 net.
Thurston, Lucy Meacham. Jenifer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Tozier, Josephine. The Traveler's Handbook. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
Van Dresser, Jasmine Stone. How to Find Happy Land. Putnams.
Vedder, Henry C. A Short History of the Baptists. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.50 net.
Whitcomb, Charlotte. Verses. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Woods, Margaret L. The Invader. Harpers. $1.50.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER
By J. L. GIVEN. The author was recently with The N.Y. Evening Sun. Just published, $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62.
"Deserves cordial praise, understands his subject, and his writing is lucid. He has advice for the novice, encouragement for the young reporter, and information for everybody interested."
—N. Y. Times Review.
HENRY HOLT & CO 29 W. 23d St. New York.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907.

The Week.

It is true that this country is always crossing Presidents before it comes to them, but the process, this year, seems to be more premature and gratuitous than ever before. Usually, the thing has been done more quietly. There would be a certain amount of newspaper thundering in the index about this or that candidate; chairmen at banquets would "have the honor of presenting to you the next President of the United States"; but the real work of shaping political forces and securing delegates would be done without advertisement or blare. The Fairbanks method is the time-honored one. But vociferous days demand something more noisy; and, accordingly, we have all these battle-cries from Ohio and the resounding action of New York Republicans, more than a year before the National Convention meets. These anticipatory alarums and excursions have their drawbacks. Battles won in advance have a way of not staying won. On Sunday, for example, the friends of Secretary Taft in Washington, including the great and good friend in the White House, were all smiles over the news from New York that the State Committee had refused to endorse Hughes for the Presidency. That left a clear track for Taft. But Monday morning brought a rude awakening. Senator Foraker kicked over the agreement which Boss Cox of Ohio was supposed to have made with his consent, to give Taft the solid Ohio delegation without a contest. The defiant Senator now declares that he will not be bound by any understanding entered into by the Taft managers and Boss Cox; that he will set at naught any deliverance in favor of Taft by the State Committee, and will carry the contest for control into the party primaries. This makes a great change. If Foraker adheres to his determination, Secretary Taft will be under the handicap, as a candidate, of having to fight for his own State. Such are the vicissitudes of a combat prematurely forced.

One reason why Gov. Hughes has been so long without the support of the politicians in his party is that he himself is not a politician. Having held no offices, trained with no organization, taken orders from no bosses; but having merely been called upon in a great emergency, as a man of brains and character, to save the State from a riotous demagogue, it was not strange that the hardened politicians of the party should look upon him with a certain amount of jealousy and dislike. If a novice like him could succeed at the first trial, what would become of the mysteries of the political profession? Some such questions must have been in the minds of those who have pityingly said that "Hughes does not know the political game," and who have stood apart to see him make a mess of it by himself, and then call upon them in despair for their indispensable aid. But it did not work that way. At present, it seems simply to be in dispute which one of the disgruntled politicians can first get to the Governor to swear fealty. The sudden turn of events in favor of Gov. Hughes is thus only one proof more that a leader who actually leads will not lack for a following. Mr. Hughes has not solely sought to ascertain public opinion; he has endeavored to shape and direct it. His speeches revealed not merely a strong man, but a good cause; and the two together still make up the greatest polltical force known.

The Merritt bill, which passed the New York State Assembly Thursday, providing for a convention of invited delegates from other States to recommend uniform legislation on utilities, divorce, and other subjects, merely embodies a movement that has been very general this year. And there have been other indications that the States are resolving to make themselves more effective in their own fields. This is due in part to an impulse to assert themselves against encroachment of Federal authority, and in part to a feeling that was growing even before Secretary Root's much-discussed speech. Undoubtedly, the State Governments had a reputation for laxity a few years ago. The ludicrous dissimilarity of their laws failed to impress itself upon the country, only because so few of these same State laws were respectably enforced. In a dozen ways they are now working toward efficient coöperation. Just what the Merritt bill's chances are in the Senate, we do not know. But, if New York does not take the lead in the movement for uniform legislation, it is certain that some other commonwealth will.

Besides its incidental vindication of the doctrine asserted by Senator Spooner, in the debates on the Rate bill, that Congress has no power, after creating a court, to limit its judicial powers, the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Arkansas River case has most important practical bearings. Kansas virtually accused Colorado of stealing her river. Colorado was using water from the Arkansas River for productive irrigation projects, which would have been destroyed had the Court upheld to the full the Kansas contention. As it is, Justice Brewer's opinion is truly applied common-sense. Colorado must not be allowed to monopolize the water, says the Court in effect, but both States are entitled to use it exactly as if they were neighboring riparian proprietors under the jurisdiction of the same State. "Equality of right and equity between the two States forbids any interference with the present withdrawal of water in Colorado for purposes of irrigation." Justice Brewer adverts to the fact that, if Kansas could have enjoined Colorado and its citizens from abstracting water, Oklahoma, into which the Arkansas River next passes, could have taken the same action against Kansas. Such downstream tyranny has at least been averted.

For a commonwealth that everybody admits deserved Statehood years ago, Oklahoma is certainly having a good many troubles. It is now in the air that the Constitution, though it was adopted by a convention that made a record for endurance and embodies every modern improvement known to mankind, may be rejected by the President, after all. Of course it is a radical Constitution, for it has accepted the results of all the "advanced" legislative experiments made in any of the States. If that were all, it would be in little peril of rejection, since much of the experimenting of late has been done by Western Republican Governors and Legislatures. But this Oklahoma Constitution is an arrogantly Democratic instrument. The Democrats unexpectedly controlled the Constitutional Convention about as completely as if it had been assembled in Georgia or Texas. They did as they pleased with their power, and paid no attention to the conservative and succinct report of the minority. They have even gerrymandered the new State, a practice abhorrent to the party of moral ideas, and have assured an initial Democratic Legislature, in any event short of a wholesale massacre. It is this which brings the great leaders of Republicanism into conclave. They are meditating the employment of the last terrific weapon in the party arsenal—a speech by Mr. Taft. He is to address the Republican Convention next month, and if, as forecast, he gives the Democrats to understand just what will happen if they forward the Constitution to the President in its present form, the reply will surely be, "Don't fire; I'll come down."

Complete data for the movement of English and American prices in 1906 are now at hand. For England, the index number computed annually by Mr.

Sauerbeck rose from 72 to 77, or about 7 per cent.; while for this country the statistics of the Bureau of Labor show an advance from 115.9 to 122.4, an increase of 5.6 per cent. Mr. Sauerbeck's figures indicate that the rise of prices was most marked in the group of textile products, and least so in the group of food products. The tables of the Bureau of Labor show that metals and implements, lumber and building materials, with cloths and clothing, contributed most to the general upward movement. Since 1896 and 1897, when prices touched the lowest level, the movement of the index numbers in the two countries has been as follows:

Year.	England.	U.S.	Year.	England.	U.S.
1896	61	90.4	1902	69	112.9
1897	62	89.7	1903	69	113.6
1898	64	93.4	1904	70	113.0
1899	68	101.7	1905	72	115.9
1900	75	110.5	1906	77	122.4
1901	70	108.5			

Clearly enough, the reactionary tendencies which kept the general average nearly stationary from 1900 to 1904 have spent their force, and prices are now advancing with great rapidity. Since 1896, English prices have risen 26.2 per cent., while American prices have increased not less than 35.4 per cent.

Mr. Campbell's famous "New Theology" has had hard things said of it by the orthodox; now it catches a drubbing from the other extreme. In the May *Positivist Review*, Mr. Frederic Harrison pays his respects to the movement which is so mightily stirring the English churches. In it, he is not able to see anything essentially "new." He says of it that it is "almost in terms" a "revival of intellectual developments" often encountered during the past century in various communions, even within the Catholic Church; and applies to the new gospel the hard saying: "It is a more or less conscious effort to water down the popular conception and creed of Christianity into a very fluid form of Christian ethicism, and even Christian pantheism." Of course, Mr. Harrison cannot close without putting in a special plea for his own particular "religion of humanity," which is what Mr. Campbell and all his kind are, he says, dimly feeling after. Lucky for Mr. Harrison that Matthew Arnold is not still alive to attack him again on that issue! For the rest, in his zeal to confute "The New Theology" philosophically, he seems to ignore the moral and humane enthusiasm which undoubtedly burns in its votaries.

The four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin occurs in the same year with the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the University of Geneva. It was first established as the Académie de Calvin in 1559, and became a university only in 1873, with regular faculties of theology, law, medicine, and natural science. Charles Bargeaud, one of the professors of law, published a few years ago an elaborate history of the institution, which has had on its rolls names famous in European letters and science; among them are those of De Luc, the geologist, who was a contemporary of Cuvier; Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, and Adrien Naville, the present professor of logic. There are now more than a thousand students at the university. A committee has been appointed to make plans for celebrating the jubilee, and to invite foreign scholars to be present. The expenses are to be met—at least partly—by the proceeds of a fair to be held next year under the auspices of the leading women of Geneva. The festival itself will recall the intellectual and revolutionary history of the Swiss metropolis in earlier times. "To every nation in danger," says Michelet, "Sparta sent, instead of an army, a Spartan. So it has been with Geneva. To England she gave Peter the Martyr; to Scotland, Knox; to the Netherlands, Marnix—three men and three revolutions."

Too much importance can easily be attached to the "soul-history" of a professional *littérateur* like Joris Karl Huysmans, who has just died at Paris. He began his career as a crass realist, he ended in mediæval mysticism, and on the way passed through various philosophical and emotional vagaries which it has been habitual to characterize as steps in a consistent evolutionary process. How sincere were Huysmans's successive conversions? If sincere, in the ordinary sense of the word, how indicative of actual change beneath the falling and swell of the literary emotional surface? The fact that Huysmans passed from extreme naturalism to extreme supernaturalism may mean only a taste and capacity for dealing with primary colors and strong lights, such as is by no means uncommon among Huysmans's compatriots. Ludovic Halévy is the author of probably the most widely accepted text-book idyl in the world, "L'Abbé Constantin," though in his Offenbachian librettos and elsewhere he has shown that he by no means lacked the Attic salt. Zola himself, Huysmans's first master, has written beautiful idyls. The gifted French author, with his talent, is like the small boy with his new jack-knife: not at all averse to show how many different things it can cut. When he's horrid, as he likes to be so often, he's very, very horrid; but when he's good, he can very often beat the sentimentalists at their own game. But in so doing he does not avoid the sense of the false note to be found in Théophile Gautier when he protests his equal susceptibility to the beauty of Venus Anadyomene and of the Virgin.

So far as the Hague Conference itself is concerned, we can only commend Mr. Root's insistence upon a discussion of the question of disarmament. The Conference bids fair to be timid enough; if it is afraid even to talk about the limitation of armies and navies, it is likely to become the laughing stock of diplomatists the world over. It matters not that Germany has announced that her delegates will not participate in such a discussion. Von Bülow has left a loophole by saying that, if the rest of the nations make some practical suggestion, Germany will promptly consider it. Now, the Chancellor should be taken at his word; the energies of the American and British delegates should be directed to finding some plan which the Germans will be compelled to consider. The British Government has shown its good faith by a limitation of its naval programme—subject to the action of the Conference. If the American delegates assume an active leadership in this matter, England will surely fall in line. It would be a great misfortune if, in deference to Von Bülow's utterances, Campbell-Bannerman should permit the question to drop. As Mr. Root says, even if there were no direct practical results from such a discussion of the limitation of armaments, the mere canvassing of the subject might still be a long step in the direction of peace.

We have frequently pointed out how quietly and steadily the army is year by year increased. Almost every session of Congress since 1898 has seen some addition to the military force. This winter it was the artillery which benefited enormously, and many officers now transferring to that branch of the service, to take advantage of the rapid promotion, are doing so because they believe that the coast artillery will be periodically increased. It is so easy, it appears, to show how defenceless our coasts are! Meanwhile, a campaign has already been begun to bring about an increase of the infantry from thirty to at least seventy regiments. Five were added by the reorganization of 1901, although each regiment was given two extra companies in 1898. Now the plea is that we must have younger officers in the responsible positions, just as the navy boomers are insisting that our naval captains should never be over forty-eight years of age. If one argument does not serve, another will. The Japanese trouble plays its purpose here as well as with the navy. Then there is the cavalry; there is a block in promotions in this branch which is putting it at a disadvantage as compared with the others. Naturally, the cavalry now sees grave reasons of state why at least

five regiments should be forthcoming next winter. This game can be played just as long as people are gullible.

The British Admiralty is not satisfied with its recent extraordinary development of the torpedo-boat destroyer. In 1893 its largest boat of this type was the Havoc, of 240 tons, 3,500 horsepower, and 26½ knots. Five of the boats authorized in 1905-06 are now taking the water, the Ghurka and Afridi having recently been launched. These boats are of 790 tons, 14,500 horsepower, and have a speed of 33 knots, three more than any of the destroyers owned by Germany, France, or the United States, and are 200 tons larger than the largest foreign boat. Not content with this leadership, the Admiralty has laid down at Birkenhead the Swift, a destroyer of 1,830 tons, 30,000 horsepower, with the phenomenal speed of no less than 36 knots an hour. The Swift is to be an ocean-cruising boat with a great radius of action; and, having the pace to overhaul any torpedo-boat or destroyer, cruiser or battleship, will truly become "the eyes and ears of the fleet." Both the Ghurka and the Swift have high freeboards, and are comfortable and livable vessels, instead of racing machines which utterly exhaust their crews in a few days. It is now apparent that in the eyes of the Admiralty the torpedo-cruiser and torpedo-gunboat are failures, the former because its scouting powers were sacrificed to its armament, and the latter because it was neither a scout nor a destroyer. Only three 12-pounders will be carried by the Ghurka and four 25-pounders by the Swift. A clearer example of the way the British Admiralty leads the whole world in naval construction and development it would be hard to find. Every other country is an imitator, and at that from three to five years behind.

Among the steps taken by the British authorities to suppress the revolutionary disorders in northwestern India is the arrest of an influential native barrister who has been the most conspicuous leader in the anti-British agitation. The advocates of a strong policy in India are never tired of reiterating that the present unrest proceeds not from any feeling of discontent among the "great silent mass of the population," but from the selfish ambition of "the briefless native lawyer, the needy schoolmaster," and others whom the Government has educated. Yet it is hard to say where opposition is to come from if not from the classes that have been educated, though educated to discontent. Of India's more than 290 million inhabitants, a little over 14 millions, or less than 5 per cent., are able to read and write. On the other hand, the annual enrolment at the five universities (Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Punjab, and Allahabad) shows an average of nearly 8,000 for the last five years. The University of Madras, for instance, at its last convocation in March, conferred degrees on 760 students, among them eight women. With a vast, ignorant population as raw material for sedition to work on, and with large annual reinforcements poured into the ranks of the learned and agitating class, the situation certainly presents a formidable parallel to that in Russia. When popular discontent is intensified by religious fanaticism, conditions become still more serious. The curious mixture of motives to which the Indian agitator can appeal is illustrated by a statement from a Calcutta newspaper that "one of the stock arguments brought forward by the Swadeshi people [Bengal boycotters] against the use of sugar manufactured under European methods was that it was defiled by the use of blood and bones of kine, and was therefore unfit for the use of Hindus."

In expectation of a ministerial crisis as a result of growing discontent with the general labor situation, French politicians have been making a bid for office by calling for a return to moderate principles in economic and social legislation. M. Poincaré, a former Minister of Finance, came out boldly against the Ministerial policy a few days ago; and it may have been the recognition of the strong sentiment behind him that actuated the Government's recent sharp declaration, through the mouth of M. Briand, against "the violence and tyranny of the revolutionary General Confederation of Labor." On the allied burning question of the hour, the organization of the school teachers and other employees of the state into unions with the right to strike, the Minister of Education pronounced an equally emphatic negative. In the personal evolution of M. Briand, the declaration should mark a more decisive break than ever with his original Socialist principles and associates, "independent" though he has been for many a day. But M. Briand's course is in turn symptomatic of the times. Undoubtedly, a good part of the country is afraid of the present Government's economic theories. In addition, there is the prevailing unrest among the workingmen, which has been described by the French Ambassador at London as responsible for the lack of enterprise, verging on timidity, that characterizes the industrial and commercial life of the country. "We often hear of this or that industrial establishment which, in spite of prosperous conditions, is compelled to abstrain from increasing its plants and agencies because increasing the number of workmen means increasing the chances of strikes."

The opinion that the approaching Franco-Japanese agreement will be favorable to the general situation in China is borne out by a statement of the Japanese Ambassador at Paris. M. Kurino says that the proposed understanding would include a clause guaranteeing the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire. Readers of Mr. Putnam Weale's "Reshaping of the Far East" will recollect the importance which the author of that well-informed book attached to Franco-Belgian influence in China before the war. French and Belgian capital, in fact, was one of the two levers with which the Continental Powers were working to heave over the vast structure of the Celestial Empire, the other being Russia's direct assault on the territory of the Empire. The author may have been over-emphatic in his conception of a conspiracy of the Continental European Powers engaged in the undermining of Chinese independence, and held in check only by Great Britain and Japan, but it would seem plain that the best interests of the Empire for the present are subserved by an understanding among all the Western Powers and Japan. Germany, there is little reason to doubt, will sooner or later subscribe to some such agreement as that formed by the other governments. We may look forward, therefore, to a situation in the Far East analogous to that in the nearer Orient. The example of Turkey is, on the face of things, not a happy one to quote; alliances do not preclude international bickerings and intrigue; but, on the whole, the Chinese Government, deprived of its old method of playing off nation against nation, and secure at the same time in its authority, cannot but be moved along the way of real progress.

Recently the old dispatch from Constantinople came again. Our determined Ambassador had got audience of the Sultan, and the long-standing American claims against Turkey were on the point of being settled at last. We have had this news, at regular intervals, for some years, so that skepticism is now as recurrent as the dispatch. Missionaries in the Turkish Empire, and missionary boards at home, have about given up hope that Ambassador Leishman will accomplish anything for them. Americans in Constantinople tell, with a mixture of amusement and disgust, what they assert to be the true story of our Ambassador's long-awaited interview with the Sultan. He produced, it is said, a list of demands, at the head of which stood one for the admission of American pork products! Considering what Mohammedans think of swine's flesh, this was about as tactful as would be a demand by the Turkish Ambassador at Washington that the Grand Vizier be allowed to marry twenty American girls at once on the steps of the Capitol.

POLITICAL EDUCATION BY BOODLE.

Secretary Root's lecture at Yale Monday, in the annual Dodge course on "The Responsibilities of Citizenship," contained many forcible observations. In particular, he was pungent on the false conception of government as a thing apart from ordinary life. He showed, on the contrary, how in self-governing countries the choice of representatives and the making of needful laws become, of necessity, the business of all good citizens. For that fastidiousness of class which would neglect political duties, or delegate them to a professional clique, Mr. Root had nothing but scorn; while he had some vigorous words on the folly of deploring frequent elections and regarding them as a great bore. A contested election, he maintained, is one of the greatest factors in the political education of a democracy. Nothing, he argued, is so important even to business, "because it is this educational process that is laying the solid foundation of sound judgment, sober self-restraint, and familiarity with political questions among the governing mass, upon which the security of all business depends."

From these impregnable positions, however, it was a perilous sally to an exposed point when he ventured upon a quasi-defence of the lavish use of money in politics. Admitting that there have been some "abuses" in the raising of campaign funds, he contended that, after all, "there is no more useful expenditure of money from the public point of view"; for it is money "applied to the political education of the voters." But in this he showed, we think, less than his usual careful discrimination, and did not keep his eye as closely upon the facts as might be expected of him. And if the newspaper reports of his lecture do not do him injustice, he failed entirely to press the argument for a reform of those abuses which he conceded to exist.

We freely grant that Presidential elections are thoroughly educational, and also that their legitimate expenses have increased with the growth and heightened complexity of our citizenship. This is allowed for in the plans of all reform legislation. Nobody wishes to cut off a party from the means of circulating appeals, stating its principles, holding mass-meetings—in a word, getting the issues as fully before the voters as possible. It would probably be out of the question to conduct a campaign in Pennsylvania to-day, as Col. McClure said the first Lincoln campaign was conducted, at a total cost of $12,000. But it is a long leap from that to a justification of Quay bleeding office-holders and blackmailing protected interests so as to get a fund of $200,000 merely to keep himself State Chairman. In such a wild excess of corruption there is undoubtedly a certain sort of political education, but scarcely the kind that Secretary Root had in mind.

What he wholly omitted to state is the fact that most of the large contributors to campaign funds have not the least desire to "educate" the voters. Their aim is much more simple and direct. They want to buy votes. And their motives are purely selfish. It is not the triumph of a political principle, or even of a party as such, that they pay out their thousands to compass, but the purchase of privilege or the guarantee of immunity. Mr. Root could not with a straight face stand up and contend that the protected manufacturers who all these years have yielded their "fat" to the Republican managers, or the insurance and other corporations which have drawn their checks to the order of the same party, had the faintest notion of "educating" anybody. It was a strictly business operation. They paid out their good money expecting full consideration for value received. And they asked no questions how their cash was to be expended. Most of them, however, must have been morally certain that it was to be laid out in bribery. That, in fact, is the species of education to which a large part of the money so copiously poured into Republican coffers during the past twenty years has been notoriously devoted.

We are not left to guesswork in this matter. Precise details have been put before us. Take the letter in which Mr. Root's former client, Mr. Harriman, explained his financial activities in aid of Roosevelt's election in 1904. After recounting how he had himself given $50,000 to that end, and raised $250,000 more among his friends, he averred that this sum of $300,000 must have "turned" in the city of New York alone "at least 50,000 votes." Now, does any sane man suppose that Mr. Harriman imagined for an instant that these votes were turned by argument or "literature"? The thing was a simple problem in arithmetic—50,000 votes, at $6 each, foot up $300,000. A large body of venal voters made necessary a large bribery fund. That was the whole of it. And the evidence which the Corrupt Practices Association collected in Clinton County and other parts of the State, and put into legal form for presentation in court, left beyond all doubt what is done with the election money in the rural districts. It goes into the hands of the honest yeomen, in sums of from $2 to $10, to pay them for their votes.

We could wish that Secretary Root had fixed his acute gaze upon these evils, and lent his influence to the cause of purer elections. The movement is strongly under way. Progressive men like Gov. Hughes have given it their aid. Bills are pending in State after State, and laws are passed, to prevent that debauchery of the electorate upon which Mr. Root touched all too lightly. No doubt, there is political education to be gained through bribery; but it consists in opening the eyes and rousing the consciences of honest men, as in England, so that they see the imminent peril to the very bases of government. In one word, the true educating power of the huge campaign funds of the Republican party lies in its teaching citizens the need of taking effective measures to prevent the collecting of such sums of money at all. If there is any instruction in boodle, it is to beware of it and abolish it altogether.

UNION PACIFIC'S BORROWINGS.

The announcement last week of the new capital which the Union and Southern Pacific railways propose to raise, would probably have attracted less attention, but for what is now generally known as the "Union Pacific episode" of the past nine months. The salient facts brought to public attention in that interval have a bearing on the present move. On August 17, 1906, Union Pacific's annual dividend rate was suddenly and unexpectedly raised from 6 to 10 per cent.; simultaneously, a very wild speculation for the rise broke out in all active shares on the Stock Exchange. The outcome of the ill-fated "autumn boom in stocks" is too fresh in mind to need to be recalled; the point of interest lies in the circumstances under which it was conducted.

A natural presumption was, that the rash speculation merely resulted from the unexpected "Harriman dividends," and from perverse misjudgment of the real situation by the very rich capitalists in the Union Pacific coterie. In November, however, something happened which made the financial community prick up its ears. Union Pacific published its annual report; the balance-sheets of June 30, 1906, the end of the fiscal year, made the extraordinary showing of $21,258,883 cash on hand, or in bank, and $34,710,000 outstanding in demand loans—a total of instantly available cash amounting in all to nearly $55,000,000. Wall Street at once asked what had been done with this great sum, in the five months which had elapsed since the thirtieth of June, and which had been marked by so extravagant a Stock Exchange speculation. Answers to this interesting query were mere conjectures until, in January, the Interstate Commerce Commission publicly produced, from the books of the Union Pacific, evidence that the company, in this second half of 1906, had actually expended $131,000,000 in purchase of stocks of other railways, mostly bought in the open market.

We do not recall these well-known incidents to repeat the severe criticisms made at the time by competent and unbiassed judges, but to show wherein the present announcements are connected

with these events of 1906. It had been for some weeks reported that the Union Pacific was about to appear in the money market as a borrower; its share of the thousand-million-a-year expenditure, lately declared by Mr. Hill to be necessary for proper improvements on the country's railways, would presumably be considerable. But the money and investmeut markets were extremely unfavorable; hence it was rather generally inferred that the company would endeavor to raise only such sums as were imperatively required for its physical improvements. This will explaiu why the news of an immediate issue of $36,000,000 Southern Pacific stock and of $75,000,000 Union Pacific bonds took Wall Street by surprise.

Surprise was changed to a stronger feeling when it was learned that, of the money to be thus borrowed on bond and mortgage by the Union Pacific, no less than $60,000,000 is to be used, not for improvement and betterment on the lines of the company, but for paying off floating debt, contracted last autumn in buying stocks of other railways, or for purchase of more of such stocks. That is to say, notwithstanding the Union Pacific's quite unparalleled showing of ready cash on hand last June, it has thrown the whole of it into stock purchases—often of roads, like the New York Central, not even connecting with Union Pacific—has placed in similar investments everything else available in ready money, has privately put out its notes, to the tens of millions, in order to buy more, and is now coming into a confessedly doubtful money market to raise the capital to pay off floating debt and equip the company, if it so desire, for more operations of the sort.

It is not our purpose to insinuate that the Union Pacific is unable to endure the strain of prolonged fiuancieriug of this nature. Partly by peculiar good fortune in the direction taken by the "American boom," and partly by Mr. Harriman's undoubtedly skilful operating management, the company is extremely strong, and better able than many similar corporations to take risks in such directions. Nevertheless, we trust that no friend of sound financial methods will neglect to point out, as the *Nation* has done and will continue to do, that this is dangerous railway finance, and utterly demoralizing in its influence on the community at large. It is our sober judgment that, had the railroads indulging in this kind of stock operation been confronted, since 1901, with such situations as faced the Reading in 1892, and the Atchison in 1893, after similar experiments on their part, the reckoning would have been very serious. We shall, no doubt, be told that such a comparison fails, for the simple reason that this is not 1892 or 1893, and that the railway managers now conducting the stock operations are men who make no such mistakes as were made by McLeod and Reinhart. Prudeut and experienced people are aware just how much weight this argumeut deserves. It is a line of reasouing, moreover, to which Mr. Harriman himself gives a sufficient answer. In a statemeut prepared to show that the Union Pacific has made a good thiug, in a speculative way, because of the rise in price of stocks, such as Northern Pacific and Southern Pacific, bought by the company in 1901, he also admits that, on the stocks bought during the last half of 1906, Union Pacific's loss in market values somewhat exceeds $18,000,000. The inference, as applied to a more or less uncertain financial future. is sufficiently obvious; not less so wheu these ventures in stocks are conducted with money raised through mortgaging the property of the company which buys them.

THE TRUSTS AND INDUSTRIAL CONCENTRATION.

One of the most striking facts iu the Federal Ceusus of Manufactures of 1905 is the tendency shown toward concentration into relatively few large establishments. Although the five years since 1900 yielded a remarkable development in output—no less than 30 per cent.—the number of establishments remained almost constant, with au increase of only 4.2 per cent. In almost one-half of the industries separately enumerated, there was either no increase at all in the number of plants, or a positive decline. Over 300 sugar refineries, almost 300 tanneries, over 200 woollen mills, and nearly 300 shoe factories disappeared from the records altogether; while the number of slaughtering plants, tobacco factories, paper and carpet mills, and the like, remained practically unchanged. And yet the annual product in 1905 exceeded that of 1900 by $3,391,600,000. What does this mean? Is the small manufacturer doomed to follow the ichthyosaurus and pterodactyl? May he, at best, hope to hang on to the friuge of things, like the duck-billed platypus in Australasia?

For purposes of closer analysis, comparisons may be instituted between manufactures, grouped in three classes. The first comprises those industries dominated either by the old-timers among the Trusts, such as petroleum aud sugar refiniug, liquor distilling, and tobacco; or those dealing in great staple products, like beef, salt, with iron and steel. One need not name the Trusts; in at least seven industries distinguishable in the Census returns they monopolize from 75 to 90 per cent. of the business. The second group includes those industries controlled by a monopoly of from 40 to 75 per cent. These secondary, or imperfect, monopolies include such industries as the manufacture of woollen and worsted goods, leather, wood-pulp, paper, fertilizers, silverware, and rubber goods. Ten fairly distinguishable ones may be taken as typical. A third group comprises the lines of manufacture still conducted under old-fashioned conditions of free competition. Five such may be selected from the Census returns; cotton goods, boots and shoes, silks, knit goods, and carpets. If the Trusts, as monopolies, are indeed responsible for the industrial concentration, so notable since 1900, differences of degree ought to appear on comparison of the returns from these three distinct groups. If, on the other hand, we are confronted by a well-nigh universal tendency toward large-scale production, these groups should manifest the drift to concentration in about relatively equal proportions.

The facts are contained in the following table:

NUMBER OF ESTABLISHMENTS.

	1900.	1905.	Change Per ct.
Practical monopoly (7)...	3,450	2,990	−13
Imperfect monopoly (10).	5,299	4,754	−10
Independent (5)	4,242	4,356	+ 3

VALUE OF PRODUCT.

(Million dollars.)

	1900.	1905.	Change Per ct.
Practical monopoly (7)...	2,072.9	2,416.9	+16
Imperfect monopoly (10)..	616.7	822.6	+33
Independent (5)	859.4	1,114.3	+30

All due allowance being made for the imperfect character of the data, these statistics are in line with probability, so far as the influence of monopoly is concerned. Concentration varies more or less directly with the degree of monopolization. Even after long antecedent experience, the great staple combinations during these five years have either retarded the growth of independent plants, as in the slaughtering, iron and steel, and petroleum industries; or, as in liquor distilling and sugar and salt refining, have consolidated separate establishments; so that the decline in the number is very striking. Among the imperfect monopolies, the decline in establishments is appreciably less. No striking reductions appear, except, perhaps, in the case of tanneries, woollen mills, and rubber plants. There were about 20 per cent. fewer leather establishments, and about oue-sixth fewer woollen and worsted uills. The number of rubber and rubber goods factories was smaller by 23 in 1905, although the product increased over 40 per cent. The number of wood-pulp paper mills remains practically unchanged, despite an output 50 per cent. greater at the end of the five years. And this is roughly typical of the remaining imperfect monopolies in this class.

As for the independent, still unmonopolized industries, they alone as a whole bear witness to a growth in the number of establishments, commensurate with the substantial increase in output. The development of the South has led to the

construction of about 10 per cent. more new cotton mills; and there are nearly 30 per cent. more silk mills. But, on the other hand, concentration in boot and shoe manufacture reduced the number of establishments 18 per cent., despite an increased output of about one-fourth.

The tendency toward industrial concentration is thus pronounced all along the line. The five years under consideration bear witness to it in the most positive manner. But, in addition, the influences making for monopoly have since 1900 greatly increased in intensity. The outburst of Trust promotion in 1899-1901 was one of the most notable events in our entire economic history. In a night, as it were, industrial combinations sprang up on every side. Exactly half of the "Trusts" enumerated by the Census were floated within the eighteen months prior to June 30, 1900. No less than $6,000,000,000, par value, of new securities—equal to seven times the national debt, and three-fourths of the market value of all railroad stocks and bonds—were offered to the public. Unless either the current be changed, or the tariff speedily revised, we may confidently expect to see monopoly working out its destiny even more overwhelmingly in the future. If tariff revision will stem the tide, it cannot be too soon attempted.

MODERN STRIKE TACTICS.

There are certain features about the present dock-workers' strike in New York which, in common with what we learn of the methods of conducting labor wars in other countries, indicate a marked progress in what almost deserves to be called a science of strike tactics and strategy. Differences of opinion exist as to whether the 'longshoremen, who have succeeded in fairly tying up export traffic in the harbor, are "organized" or not; but it seems hard to imagine that some 20,000 men could have been brought to abandon work with such unanimity, and to abstain from work with such resolution, otherwise than by skilful preliminary agitation and subsequent firm leadership. How far the leaders of this strike or any other American strike have profited by classic European models is difficult to tell; but it is suggestive to find an incident like that of the solitary New York stevedore who was permitted to resume work, in order not to forfeit his service pension, absolutely paralleled among the striking steel-workers in the town of Terni, Italy.

The strike at Terni illustrates admirably the systematization of labor war methods. From the *Giornale d'Italia* of last month we learn that the 3,500 strikers were divided into "battalions" according to the special branch of the work in which they were engaged. Each battalion was subdivided into companies under captains whose duty it was to present at the bureau of labor a detailed daily report of events in their respective commands, of which there were some fifty. In this manner the leaders were constantly in touch with the sentiments of their followers, and "perfect accord" was easily maintained without recourse to the cumbrous method of a referendum. To feed their army and maintain its discipline the leaders adopted various means. Outside aid was obtained through the efforts of a committee "with correspondents in all other Umbrian cities." Work was found in other towns for the skilled laborers whose earnings went to support their idle companions. The aged were permitted to resume work in order to secure their long service stipends. There was no false sense of pride among the organizers of the strike. Ultimate victory was what they aimed at, and if it was necessary to beat a temporary retreat, why, that was a part of war. "It is not impossible," said one of the leaders, "that a partial resumption of work may be decided upon." If the enemy could not be overthrown, he might at least be lamed.

A novel feature of labor warfare which has made its appearance in France and Italy during the last few months can be best described as one that applies to social conflict the rules of the Red Cross with regard to non-combatants. It consists in sending away the children of destitute strikers to be cared for by "proletarian" families in other towns. In the *Giornale d'Italia* we read that in a prolonged strike at Argentano in northern Italy, "fifteen children have passed through Ravenna this morning on their way from Argentano to Civitella. To-morrow fifty others will arrive and will be received by the socialist families of Ravenna. Three hundred had been asked for." At Fougères in northwestern France a bitterly fought contest led to a similar exodus of children towards one of the northern towns. Paris, eager for sensation, made a holiday of it when *les petits Fougérois* passed through the capital; the children were received by labor-union representatives and driven from railway station to railway escorted by a crowd chanting the "Internationale," the new song of proletarian revolution. This is evidence undoubtedly both of a sense of solidarity among the workers and of the shrewdness of their leaders in making use of a device which both relieves their fighting forces of heavy impedimenta and brings them a certain amount of sympathy.

But the strategy of the modern strike is not wanting in certain vicious theories, which, it is just fair to say, have so far been advanced only by extremists of the revolutionary type, such as have played a prominent rôle recently in the continuous strike agitation at Paris. Thus, there is the system of reprisals which has received the name of *sabotage*, and which consists in destroying the usefulness of a machine by the removal of an essential part, or in the adulteration, "scamping," or actual vitiation of a particular product. Bread was to be turned out underbaked or overdone, grocers' assistants were to give either short weight or excessive weight, and there were not wanting hotheads to hint at the resources which druggists' assistants had at their command for enforcing their views upon "society." The Paris *Figaro* lightheartedly quotes a number of imaginary items from the daily papers of an age when *sabotage* shall be triumphant:

Sudden death. A few days ago the chief engineer of the *Santos Dumont, No. 13741*, purchased a box of lozenges, of which he gallantly offered some to a young lady of his acquaintance and to her excellent mother. All the symptoms of strychnine poisoning immediately manifested themselves, and the physicians have abandoned hope.

A curious contrast. One of our subscribers, whose doctor's prescription called for arsenic and nux vomica, has discovered that the arsenic furnished him was only powdered sugar and the nux vomica was Malaga. It would appear that our pharmacist's clerks, in substituting poisonous ingredients for inoffensive substances, have also reversed the process and given us the most agreeable of harmless stimulants for poisons.

We have spoken before this of the new labor policy of conquering the power of State by means of organizing for combat all classes of public servants, culminating in a great strike of the army itself. School-teachers, jailers, postal-servants, Government clerks, all are to strike in their turn, or together. Concerning this danger of the universal strike, *Figaro* has the following report from the future:

At the Hospital Louis (formerly Saint-Louis). A strike of the hospital attendants, which was declared a few days ago, has led to a counter-strike on the part of the patients. All the inmates of the Hospital Louis have suddenly left their beds and resumed their ordinary occupations.

THE DEARTH OF PLAYWRIGHTS.

Talking in Washington the other day, Mr. Bryce remarked that the present condition of the drama affords one of the most puzzling phenomena of the age. How is it, he asked, that, whereas two continents are mad over the theatre, and in all large cities some of the finest sites are occupied by splendid playhouses—how is it that, in spite of every conceivable incentive to the making of good plays, there are no really capable dramatists? The British Ambassador might have found the answer suggested by his very question. The palatial temples of amusement which arise

on every side are, in most cases, signs, not of the prosperity, but of the degradation, of the drama. They are monuments, not to the triumphs of literary or histrionic art, but of a system which has prospered temporarily by putting an end to competition, adopting an exclusively commercial policy, catering to the grosser tastes of the multitude, and, by denying opportunity, crushing the development of budding genius.

Various replies have been offered to Mr. Bryce's inquiry, but none that we have seen has dealt with the plain facts, or been either explanatory or sufficient. In one instance an effort was made to prove that the English and American stage is not so utterly destitute of dramatists as might appear at first sight; that setting the great Elizabethans aside, our best modern playwrights do not suffer so very much in comparison with the old; that the Restoration comedy is not to be desired, regretted, or imitated; that the Georgian drama was either too heavy or too artificial to be tolerated now, and, moreover, that signs of a coming higher and worthier drama, if rare, are already perceptible. Mr. Bryce is not likely to regard this plea as very successful. He is under no illusion concerning the literary quality of the contemporaneous theatre, and knows that an occasional good play, conspicuous by its loneliness, does not necessarily portend a dramatic revolution.

The actual state of affairs is again and strikingly illustrated by the latest theatrical combination. One of the principals to that bargain asserts that there is no alliance, but simply an agreement for mutual advantage and a burying of the hatchet. The meaning of this is that a considerable part of the not too formidable competition with the Theatrical Trust has been extinguished. The motive of the amalgamation was expressed very bluntly by one of the contracting parties. There were too many first-class theatres, he said, in this city, and the plan was to turn several of them into music halls. "Too many first-class theatres in New York!" Few persons ever suspected the fact. The phrase, of course, refers solely to the houses where the expenses behind the curtain are held to justify the highest scale of prices for the seats in front of it. Money is to be made more easily out of the cheap vaudeville entertainments, which appeal to the coarser humors of the crowd, than in the regular theatres, except during the run of an extraordinarily popular play. This fact accounts in large measure for the managerial demand for such plays—rural and musical comedies, with their inserted "specialties," for instance—as most nearly resemble a music hall entertainment.

Thus the old, broad distinction between the theatre and the music hall is growing narrower year by year. This fact, now that both forms of entertainment are coming gradually under the same management, may assume a new significance in the near future. It seems safe to predict that hereafter any theatre which fails to be remunerative at high prices will be added to the music hall circuits. In other words, a poor show that fails to draw will be replaced, not by something better, but by a show that, in an artistic sense, is poorer still. It is these circuits that are the curse of the whole theatrical situation. They are most cunningly adapted to their commercial purpose, but absolutely fatal to artistic progress. By their agency, worthless plays are kept alive year after year, all competition is blocked, actors are deprived of essential training, and new authors of all opportunity. Their baleful influence extends also to the so-called independent managers, who, although they rebel against the terms and conditions of the Trust, and to that extent are entitled to the sympathy of intelligent theatre-lovers, are nevertheless following the same pernicious system, seeking to establish a chain of theatres in which their plays may be performed in almost endless rotation, with very little reference to their merit.

There are exceptions to every rule, but, speaking generally, the managers of the Trust theatres take no risks that can be avoided. They shun experiments. Their chief care is to secure plays that have succeeded elsewhere. If they must use untried pieces, they take them from authors who have already won popular favor. This is why so few fresh names are seen upon the playbills, unless they be those of adapters of some well-advertised novel. Since the theatre has become a mere money-making machine, its capacity for artistic development has been paralyzed. Its condition is not quite so hopeless as it seemed to be a year or two ago, because the independent managers, more or less shut out from the available European and American play-market by the Trust, have been compelled to look about for new material. Thus, for the first time in a good many years, there is an opening for a fresh generation of American playwrights. Already, Mr. Moody has given us "The Great Divide," a notable, if somewhat crude, work, and Mr. Percy Mackaye, his "Joan of Arc," than which there has been nothing better, from an American source, since Boker's "Francesca da Rimini," Young's "Ganelon," and Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia." May they prove the first-fruits of an abundant harvest! So far as America is concerned, the dearth of playwrights must be ascribed to a vicious managerial system, rather than to the poverty of native talent.

AUSTRALIAN FICTION.

SYDNEY, April 18.

The literature of England, like its science, has been continued at the Antipodes by a kind of apostolical succession. All the early poetry, fiction, biography, and history produced in these colonies was the work of men who had received their training and their inspiration in the motherland. The succession has been but slightly physiological. Though sons of Dickens and Anthony Trollope reside in Australia, they have not followed in the paternal footsteps; but Henry Kingsley is the father of Australian fiction. Fired by the same spirit of adventure as animated Charles, Henry came out to Australia when the gold-fever was at its height, and he was a chief figure in the constellation that made Melbourne for two or three decades the intellectual capital of the country. Other members of it were Richard Hengist Horne, author of the farthing epic, "Orion," the two Howitts, Adam Lindsey Gordon and Henry Kendall, the two chief Australian poets, and Marcus Clarke, the chief Australian novelist. Horne was the centre of a group of clever writers who met in Dwight's bookshop in Melbourne. These created literary life in Melbourne and long kept it vigorous. Out of it came Kingsley's "The Hillyars and the Burtons" and Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of his Natural Life." The former is perhaps the first novel where Australian life was found to be susceptible of æsthetic presentment.

The earliest notable Australian novel was thus an English book. So, in a manner, was the second. B. L. Fargeon was both an Australian and a New Zealander when he felt the stirrings of ambition to achieve a career in a wider field. He cannot have been the earliest Australian writer to adventure on literature in England, but he was the earliest to earn fame and a competence there. His first book, "Grif," was published so long ago as 1869. All of it that remains in memory is a description of the night-side of then mighty, but now fallen, Melbourne vivid enough to be worthy of Dickens at his second-best. The book was probably written here, but was published in London. Henceforth, Australian fiction was to be, in good part, issued as well as produced in the scenes it described.

In the following year Marcus Clarke's powerful story, "For the Term of his Natural Life," was published in the *Australian Journal;* four years later, rewritten, it had to seek an English publisher. It was long —perhaps is still—held to be the Australian classic in the department of fiction. It is the solitary survivor of a host of convict-novels, describing the system in its worst days, and is painted in lamp-black, with never a bright tint, but only flames as of Hell to light up its dark expanse. "No man ought to write so," as Emerson said of Hawthorne's sombre tales. Other writers of less note have perceived even in convict Australia redeeming features. "Assigned to his Wife," narrates the fortunes of a convict whose wife devotedly followed him to New South Wales, where the severity of the system had been mitigated by the assignment of convicts to settlers as mechanics and laborers. "The Golden Secret" is likewise brightened by glints of hope, and lightened by touches

of pathos. Yet the greater work was needed to brand into the consciousness of Australians the remembrance of their origin and the large part that convictism has played in their history. It is also the permanent deposit of the system in literature. Resembling ancient slavery and the old Roman *ergastulum*, it was none the less unique—the most finished example of a convict social state and the convict initiation of free communities.

Bushranging was the daughter of convictism. Most of the older bushrangers were or had been convicts, and they often trained their sons to lead the same life. Like convictism, bushranging was destined to find its "sacred bard." Thomas Alexander Browne, who assumed the name of "Rolf Boldrewood," was successively squatter or grazier, police magistrate, and gold-fields commissioner. In these capacities he amassed a wealth of colonial experience. Beginning to write only in the evening of his days, he first recalled the many vicissitudes of the sheep-breeder's life in a series of papers entitled, "Ups and Downs," afterwards republished in London, as "The Squatter's Dream." It had no success. Then he struck a rich lode of virgin ore in "Robbery Under Arms." At first issued in a Sydney weekly, it attracted little attention. Rewritten, it was published in London, and it immediately established the author's position. The book was recognized as at once a genuine work of art and a true picture of Australian life in the wild early days. It is obviously no fiction, but reality, truly seen, powerfully felt, and vividly delineated. The characters are lifelike, their language sincere, their acts natural. The corruption of well-principled youths by their father, their gradual descent, and their futile efforts to resist the declension, are drawn with the poignant intensity of a master of human nature. The work will rank with another, kindred masterpiece, Karl Emil Franzos's "For the Right."

Having found his vocation, Boldrewood proceeded to coin the stored experience of forty years. He has produced almost a score of full-sized novels, faithfully representing life at the diggings and in the bush, in rural and urban surroundings, among bushrangers, and among politicians, and the wonderful octogenarian's fertility is still unexhausted. Doubtless, they are the strongest and most mature of Australian novels. But they have a further attraction. They are a mine of wealth for the recovery of old colonial life, and from them a whole gallery of almost extinct sociological species could be reconstructed.

More modern Australian fiction has deserted the bushrangers, while still clinging to the bush. Life there is distinctive, and (if the main features are those of all pastoral countries) it is unlike in its coloring and detail to any other. Some of its tragedy and a good deal of its farce, its prosaic routine, its rivalries and intrigues, its fashionable "society," with its inclusions and exclusions, its haphazard marriages, illicit relations, and the consequences of these, are well depicted in "An Outback Marriage," by A. B. Paterson. A true story—a *cause célèbre* of some few years ago—furnishes the backbone of the tale. But the story is secondary, and the title a lure. Continually, the thread is dropped for the sake of describing scenes and incidents. Leading characters are left long in abeyance. The development of a complicated plot, subtle character-drawing, psychological situations, exhibition of the internal machinery of the whole, and depth of reflection—all that constitutes the glory of the "new novel"—are conspicuous by their absence. And yet the book possesses what many "new" novels lack—an attaching interest that carries the reader on from chapter to chapter, and leaves him satisfied at the end.

At bottom, it is an essay of descriptive sociology. The object of it is to exhibit station life, and to that end characters, situations, and events are made subservient. A rare faculty of delineation rewards the reader with the vision of scenes that have never before been painted, or never so well. Poet Gordon's "running fire of stockwhips and fiery run of hooves" is expanded into a vivid sketch of the mustering of wild cattle. The methods of the dissemination of news are dramatically shown, and they explain the rapid diffusion of inteligence in primitive countries. The incidents of coaching, buck-jumping, and horse-breaking, opossum-hunting in the interior, and buffalo-hunting in the far north, sheep and cattle "lifting" on a large scale, "bush larrikinism" at balls in Sydney, no less than the beneficent part of women in bush life, are all touched on with a skilled hand. The personalities of the bush—the station-owner, with his "gins," and the station-manager, with his ladies, the bush lawyer (suggestively called "liar") though not the bush parson—are outlined. All this and much else. The American reader desirous of learning something about station life in the heart of Australia could nowhere find a better or brighter account of it.

Not only life on a great station, but also life on a small "selection," as a farm on selected government land is called, has (last in the order of time) formed the theme of much recent literature. Only the other day the Rev. James Green, who was chaplain to the Bushmen's Contingent in the South African war, produced "The Selector" (published in Sydney). Mr. Green knows his bushman well, and his pictures of the very urban yeomen who form the substance of bush life, as of the "sundowners," "jackeroos," and the others, who hang on to its fringe, are recognized as verisimilar. In "Aventures et mœurs australiennes," lately published in Paris, Paul Warrego (who can be no other than Mr. Denis O'Donovan, formerly Parliamentary Librarian in Queensland) gives of the same types a lifelike description that has received the imprimatur of the Australian press. Both the ex-chaplain and the ex-librarian treat the subject seriously, but it has other aspects.

The Moderator of a Presbyterian General Assembly warned a newly ordained minister, who was about to be sent to the back blocks, that he would find there a spiritual torpor such as would fill him with horror and dread. From the religious point of view a state of spiritual death is doubtless the lowest deep, but the reader of such books as "On Our Selection" (published in Sydney, with a brighter continuation, "Black on our Selection," published in Brisbane) is still more repelled by the squalor, the meanness, the misery, and almost the savagery of farm life in the interior of Australia. "Steele Rudd," or Arthur Hoey Davis, draws a picture of the pioneer small farmer in Queensland that is probably true of Australia in general. It is said to be drawn from life, and it is certainly unflattering—Australian "interiors" indeed, such as hopelessly distance the homeliest "Dutch interiors" ever painted! Profound sadness is the emotion it excites in the graver minds, but most of its many readers have found it a screaming farce. At all events, it reveals the emergence of Australian humor, which is evidently going to be of the broadest type. Steele Rudd is chronologically the first of Australian humorists.

Our survey of Australian fiction is obviously incomplete. The charming stories of Australian child-life by Ethel Turner, and Mr. Louis Becke's lurid pictures of the relations between whites and blacks in the Melanesian Islands of the Western Pacific, merit a critical appraisement. Mrs. Campbell Praed's novels, though produced in England, really belong to Australian literature, while Ada Cambridge's many works, though produced in Australia, really belong to English literature. Taken along with those already described, they would seem to show that, if Australian fiction is still in its infancy, it is a vigorous, if not quite a Herculean, infancy. J. C.

NEWS FOR THE BIBLIOPHILE.

The copy of the 1894 large-paper edition of Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with illustrations by Howard Pyle, which had been presented by the author to Charles Marseilles of Exeter, New Hampshire, was sold in Philadelphia last week for $180. The catalogue contained this note:

This is one of three copies of an intended edition of 250, on large paper, gotten up especially for Christmas, and all of which were destroyed by fire excepting three copies.

We have before us a letter of the late Mr. Marseilles, dated March 21, 1904, in which he says, referring to this copy of the "Autocrat":

A Boston bookdealer offered me $750 spot cash for said two volumes, which I declined. A representative of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, a week later called on me. I showed him said two volumes of Holmes's "Autocrat," and said a Boston bookdealer last week offered me $750 spot cash for them. He said: "Well he might, Mr. Marseilles! There are but three sets in existence of that edition of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' It seems Dr. Holmes presented you with one set. The three sets are to-day $1,000 each on the market."

How this statement of the three copies could have originated it is difficult to understand. The edition was never destroyed, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers, state, under date of May 3, that they have some copies of the edition of 250 still unsold, which are offered at the original price of $12. The $180 paid for the presentation set is not an unfair price, but the subscription agents who led Mr. Marseilles to believe the set was worth $750 or $1,000 probably had some ulterior purpose in thus deceiving him.

On May 31 and June 1, Sotheby holds an-

other important sale, including the four folios of Shakespeare, and many of the quartos, several extremely rare pre-Shakespearean Interludes and Morality Plays, first editions, specimens of binding by the Mearnes, Eve, Derome, Reynes, and others, several good items of Americana, etc. The four folios are the property of H. S. Buckley, the first being No. XIX. of Sidney Lee's census. It is perfect, that is, no leaves are lacking, but it is inferior to the Van Antwerp copy, which recently brought £3,600. The leaf of Verses preceding the title is margined all around, though all original matter is present except a comma point. It was sold by the fourth Earl of Gosford, in 1884, to Toovey the bookseller, for £470.

The Second Folio, 1632, the ordinary imprint "for Robert Allot," was formerly Frederick Perkins's copy. The Third Folio is an exceptionally fine copy of the earliest issue, dated 1663, measuring 13¼ by 8⅞ inches, and is in the original calf binding. In this issue the portrait is printed directly on the title, the verses being on a leaf facing. Although logically the seven additional plays "never before printed in folio," do not belong in this 1663 issue, they are found in the Buckley copy. The Fourth Folio is large (14¼ by 9¼ inches), and in the original calf binding.

The collection of Early English Plays, sold as "the property of a nobleman," includes the finest collection of Shakespeare quartos offered in many years. The three rarest are the following: "The Merchant of Venice," with imprint "I. R. for Thomas Heyes," 1600; "King Lear," with imprint, "Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-Yard at the sign of the Pide Bull neere St. Austin's Gate, 1608" (this is known as the "Pide Bull" edition to distinguish it from another edition of the same date with shorter imprint; the latter is comparatively common, but no copy of the "Pide Bull" edition seems to have come upon the auction market for more than fifty years); "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster," 1594, the first edition of the foundation play of Henry VI., Part II. (no copy has, apparently, been sold since Heber's, which brought £64 in 1834, and is now in the Bodleian).

Correspondence.

LEONARDO'S EARLY WORK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the course of an observant account of the changes which are making in the Uffizi galleries, your Italian correspondent, in your issue of April 25, has expressed an opinion upon the authorship of one of the most famously disputed pictures in the world, the Annunciation, attributed to the young Leonardo da Vinci. He thinks that it truly is—in part at least—an early Leonardo. Neither early Leonardos nor critics who believe in them are as plenty as huckleberries, so that your correspondent's view of this matter, considering the very modern and radical tone of his criticism of the recent arrangements in the Uffizi, is comforting to one who has always believed that the young Leonardo is in evidence as a painter, even in his apprentice days.

In the Annunciation of the Uffizi the very divergences of critical opinion have indicated an unusual and problematical work. No Italian picture indeed has excited more controversy or exhibited so curiously the possibilities of expert aberration. The cautious Cavalcaselle's absurd attribution to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo was seriously argued for on technical evidence by Morelli. Bernhard Berenson, while skeptical as to Leonardo's authorship, recognized fully the significance of the picture as a work of art, especially in its marvellous landscape, and by a confident attribution to Verrocchio reduced the problem to its lowest terms. While a few critics may still believe with Mündler that the microscopical Di Credi was capable of such subtile and eager complication in his early years as the execution of this work exhibits, the orthodox view is now that of Berenson, as developed in such an argument as Miss Maud Crutwell offers us in her able book on Verrocchio. It is indeed strongly urged that Leonardo as we know him in his universally acknowledged work resolves and remakes so completely the formulas of the early Renaissance that we must put the Annunciation into another species and type—that the gulf between it and such a modern interpretation of the theme as the little Annunciation in the Louvre can only be bridged by the assumption of a distinct artistic personality. The Louvre Annunciation is obviously a derivative of the Uffizi prototype; but in the former work the high Renaissance has found its stylistic emancipation, whereas the latter is still a mediæval survival.

This entirely reasonable argument, so far as it goes, fails to consider two facts upon which the believers in a very early phase of Leonardo's art rest their case. In view of the importance of the Uffizi picture, whether Leonardo's or Verrocchio's, and the scientific interest it must excite as a test of the principles and methods of art *expertise*, I may be allowed a little space in the *Nation* to outline the argument which will, I think, tend to confirm your Italian correspondent in his rather bold expression of opinion. One fact which the historian of art must always keep in mind in a problem of this sort is that in direct proportion to the power of original initiative in an artist, purely formal and stylistic criteria of authorship must yield to intrinsic and spiritual characters. It is precisely the most gifted men who in their eagerness to learn all that they can learn of the language of their art may most closely imitate the style of their masters. It is notorious that the great problems of connoisseurship in the Italian field turn on the relation of master to scholar. Exactly where Giotto begins in the works in the Upper Church at Assisi—where in universally accepted examples the types of Christ, and of angels, and the actual executive formulas are still of the mediæval Roman style—is the crucial problem in Giotto connoisseurship. Exactly what is Masaccio and *not* mere Masolino divides the best expert opinion. Exactly how and where the early Botticelli emerges in Lippi's atelier must perplex Mr. Berenson and Mr. Horne, I fancy. Exactly where Titian emancipates himself from Giorgione's influence is a matter of dispute—as the Pitti Concert, where the technical evidence is destroyed by repaints, and certain portraits, prove. Wide apart as are Duccio the dainty, and Cimabue, the passionate, majestic realist of the Assisi Crucifixion and the portrait of St. Francis beside the Madonna of the Lower Church, they seem almost to merge in the Ruccellai altarpiece.

And so with Leonardo and Verrocchio. As Mr. Horne in his illuminating notes to Vasari's "Leonardo" well says, the traditional account of Leonardo's participation in the execution of the Baptism of Christ can scarcely be a mere fable, owing to Vasari's unusual reliability in this "Life," and yet in its general formal style how far from a Leonardesque ideal is the still literal metal worker's rendition of a traditional scheme, copied, indeed, in its compositional motives from such a timid work as that now generally agreed to be Baldovinetti's! Yet competent critics insist that behind the austere and even labored if tonic and masterly forms of Verrocchio's Baptism is a landscape artist of the first rank finding a new expression of large elemental effects, grasped and interpreted in Giotto's and Masaccio's spirit, rather than in any literal naturalism, such as we see in the ordinary backgrounds of the early Florentines—in Baldovinetti, in Antonio Pollaiuolo, in Ghirlandajo. It is clear that the acceptance or rejection of the theory that this noble background and much of the execution of the Baptism is by Leonardo himself at about the time of his wonderful landscape drawing in the Uffizi of 1473—a theory which I must accept as highly probable—does not depend upon Morellian norms or upon any external stylistic evidence whatsoever, but upon a larger qualitative judgment and comparison.

In the case of the Annunciation the composition, an awkward and disjointed one, without complication or *dénouement* in its figurative scheme, in its foreground accessories and even in the conventional middle distance, may well be of Verrocchio's inspiration, or even from his actual design; and yet the true virtue of the picture is that it is perhaps the first attempt in modern art to interpret concretely and with poetic insight the beauty of a meteorological immanence, as it were—the effects of the summer afternoon light and the heat-mists of the Arno Valley at play in the foliage. We see also the emancipation of the artist's vision and the freeing of the artist's hand and the variation of his palette as he passes behind his formal parapet and trees to the open country and the distant hills, ever broadening his intervals and simplifying his thematic material in the fashion of the great landscape poets. This virtue, first, I think, fully recognized in Mr. Berenson's acute criticism, is the essential beauty of the work to those who can see at the time no other master than Leonardo capable of the same power and the same unifying, sympathetic, and *ideal* grasp of an objective theme. Believers in Leonardo's authorship see in the master's later work the same creative spirit of landscape painting as a fundamental element in his style, and are not perplexed with the incidental awkwardness, the somewhat overstudied, and even niggling character of the more conventional features in the picture. These have their counterpart in the Vierge aux

Rochers—in norms of over-elaborated draperies and excessively painstaking draughtsmanship—for that matter. I may say that the hand of the Virgin in the Annunciation is a fellow to that hand which supports the infant St. John in the Louvre experiment in chiaroscuro. We admit, nay we claim, a slow stylistic development in Leonardo.

The material evidence for the correctness or incorrectness of your correspondent's opinion—and mine—is, of course, technical. A jury of competent artists could by a consensus one way or another decide the question quite finally; but so far as I know no adequate technical analysis of the possible early paintings of Leonardo has yet been published. Artists would greatly help art historians by such observations. I may say in conclusion, that no art historian has yet adequately considered the technical evidence, and that I do not agree with your correspondent as to the frightfully damaged condition of the foreground of this picture. There are abundant passages in the foreground which in my opinion are as free from repainting as is the landscape. Moreover, I think the picture is certainly by a single hand, and by a young man.

The secret of Leonardo's landscape art—the greatest of Italy, perhaps, because more real and objective than Giorgione's—is revealed at once to the visitor to Vinci, where the vision of the Carrara Mountains and the Pistoian Apennine over lowlands, burned into the inspired boy's mind a sense for those large atmospheres and spatial values which have no counterpart in the work of any Florentine masters of the time, although prefigured in Giotto and Masaccio. At Milan the same conditions obtain upon a larger scale in the marvellous panorama of the Monte Rosa group, and with the background to the Monna Lisa everything essentially modern in landscape synthesis is completely developed and expressed by the master. The objective character of this type of work is not generally recognized perhaps, but that is simply because people do not generally know Italy in the summer. It is recognized by critics of the calibre of Mr. Fry, and is indeed obvious to the lover of Italian nature, although strangely unobserved by Ruskin, who, by the way, believed in the Annunciation. WILLIAM RANKIN.

Richmond, Mass., April 26.

STUDENTS IN WESTERN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The newspaper press has given wide circulation to certain portions of a recent address by President Hadley of Yale, in which he is alleged to have said, among other things, that the student constituency of the Western universities was extremely provincial and local as compared with that of the colleges in the East. It is entirely possible that President Hadley has been incorrectly quoted, but a few facts concerning the issue mentioned may be of interest. President Hadley is said to have referred especially to the State universities, and it occurred to the writer to compare the conditions at Yale with those at the University of Michigan, which is the prototype of the Western State universities.

By the latest catalogues to which I can obtain access (Yale, 1905-6; Michigan, 1906-7), Michigan had in attendance 4,836 students, Yale 3,808. Both institutions had representatives from forty-eight States and Territories of the United States proper. Of our outlying dependencies Michigan had representatives from three, Yale from two. Of foreign countries and provinces Michigan had on its list seventeen, Yale sixteen. Judged by these figures, the Eastern institution is at no advantage either as regards its national or its international character.

Of the total student body at Michigan somewhat over half come from the State of Michigan. At Yale about one-third are from Connecticut. However, if one were to take for comparison a territory as large as the State of Michigan, it would be found that the Michigan attendance is quite as scattered as that at Yale. Nor is the disparity at all so marked on sectional lines as one might imagine. Yale has 188 students from Pennsylvania, Michigan 181. From New York Yale has 603, Michigan 299. From Ohio Yale has 135, Michigan 408. From Illinois Yale reports 147, Michigan 315. There are at Ann Arbor 76 students representing in their number every one of the New England States.

It may be maintained that Michigan is exceptional among Western institutions. But an exactly similar condition of things exists at the University of Chicago, although this is not a State institution. The truth is, of course, that certain colleges in the East, like certain others in the West, have a constituency almost wholly local in make-up. But there are several Western universities whose constituency is quite as cosmopolitan as that of their Eastern rivals. JAMES R. ANGELL.

Chicago, May 2.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a plan that would conduce to international peace much more certainly than the limitation of armaments, but it was not alluded to at the Peace Conference in New York. None of the great Powers believes that it has yet completed its necessary defensive armament, and it is futile to expect this subject to be discussed at The Hague.

But probably all the Powers would welcome a discussion of their respective political spheres of influence, if it were conducted in a proper spirit. Every Government has ambitions to gratify, but still more imperative are its needs to provide for the expansion of its commercial enterprises and the material advancement of its people.

It is evident that a rapidly growing State must have room to extend, and therefore its political horizon must be gradually pushed farther off. If, therefore, agreements can be made between the Powers that meet at the Hague, defining their respective spheres of influence for the next fifty years, a great step will have been taken in the direction of universal peace.

The United States has asserted the Monroe doctrine, which is a definition of its sphere of influence over North and South America. England and France have delimited their spheres, one covering Egypt and the other Morocco. Chile and Argentina have made peace by settling their frontiers. And probably Germany and France might avoid the constant tension of war preparations if France would agree to limit her Mediterranean sphere to the east line of Tunisia, while Germany would have a free hand in Asia Minor, so far as France and England are concerned. These political spheres would not involve a commercial monopoly. Other nations besides Germany could build railroads and obtain concessions in Germany's sphere, and Germany and others could operate industrially in Morocco. It is not in reason that a powerful and populous empire like Germany can consent to be circumscribed in its commercial expansion. If the nations are willing to be fair and reasonable at the coming conference, and take up this matter of spheres of influence in a mutually considerate spirit, the peace of the world for a long time to come may be there assured.

W. P. W.

Fort Wagner, Ind., May 4.

FATHER DE CARA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Commenting upon Mr. Super's letter in the *Nation* (April 18), allow me to state that there are no less than sixteen references to Father De Cara and his Hittite-Pelasgian theories in the index of the second volume of my "Chronique d'Orient." Mr. Super may also find a biography of De Cara by myself in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1906, i., pp. 342-3. Italian savants have been only too much influenced by him. De Cara's etymologies are mostly beneath criticism, and impair the interest of his otherwise learned and readable books. A few years before his death, one of the directors of the German Institute in Rome wrote that scientific criticism would have to be struck dead (*totgeschlagen*) before the etymologies of De Cara could be admitted or even discussed. The German scholars seem to have taken that severe phrase quite literally, and it is true that they almost all ignore the big books of laborious De Cara.

SALOMON REINACH.

Paris, May 2.

Notes.

Harpers this week bring out a life of Charles A. Dana, the journalist, by Gen. James H. Wilson.

Mitchell Kennerley has almost ready "Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tories," by T. E. Kebbel. The other Tories are Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company is bringing out three books on hygiene: "The Nutrition of Man," by Prof. R. H. Chittenden; "The Art of Living in Good Health," by Dr. D. S. Sager, and "Worry," by Dr. C. W. Saleeby.

Scribner's this month will publish "The Militants: Some Stories of Parsons, Soldiers, and Other Fighters in the World," by Mary R. S. Andrews; "The Voyages of Samuel Champlain," by W. L. Grant; "Social and Religious Ideals," by A. J. Haynes; and "The British City," by Frederic C. Howe. The same house will soon have ready a translation of the "Memoirs

of the Comtesse de Bolgne," reminiscences of the Revolution, Empire, and Restoration that have gone through five editions in France in as many weeks.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the following books: "The Churchman's Treasury of Song," by J. H. Burn; "The Pyrenees," by S. Baring-Gould; "The Outlook in Ireland," by Lord Dunraven; "Submarine Warfare," by H. C. Fyfe; "The Life of St. George," by E. O. Gordon; "The Brasses of England," by H. W. Macklin; "The Future of Japan," by W. P. Watson; "Essays," by A. C. Benson; "Blake," by Arthur Symons; "The Parish Clerk," by P. H. Ditchfield; "Russia and Reform," by Bernard Pares, and "The Evolution of Life," by H. C. Bastian.

We have in hand a letter from T. Sano, chief librarian of the Yamaguchi Public Library, Japan, telling of the encouragement by the Government to the extension of public libraries in the various prefectures, and the quick response to this action. In general, the idea of library promotion there seems to be modelled closely after that followed by the State library commissions in this country, including both a personal propaganda and material aid. The travelling library has been specially developed, both as an aid in encouraging the founding of local libraries, and as a supplement to the resources of small public and school libraries. In the prefect of Yamaguchi, twenty-nine local libraries have been established in about two years, and a travelling library system created which now numbers 1,648 volumes. The travelling libraries are sent out in both fixed and flexible groups, according to the needs of the community. Last year they reached a total circulation of 10,227 volumes. With a generosity that goes beyond that of any of our States, save California, the travelling libraries are sent entirely free of cost to the recipients.

In the *Geographical Journal* for May Capt. Roald Amundsen gives an interesting account of his daring voyage for purposes of magnetic research in the region of the north magnetic pole, leading eventually to the first accomplishment by any vessel of the famous North-West Passage. Considering that the Gjöa was probably the smallest vessel ever navigated in the Arctic, and that the crew consisted of only seven men, it was a remarkable exploit. The story of the voyage is simply told, and contains many interesting facts in regard to the Eskimos, including an account of the manner in which they built their snow huts. He describes minutely his method of taking magnetic observations, his fourteen magnets being "kept going day and night, without interruption for nineteen months." It will take years to get his observations into form, and they will show where the magnetic pole is for one epoch, but there is still some doubt as to whether it is a fixed point or not. The results of a personal investigation of the Cutch and the Ran, a part of the delta of the Indus, are given by Mr. R. Sivewright. He shows how great has been the encroachment of the land upon the sea since the time of Alexander the Great, "very great changes having taken place during the past eighty years," but he is not certain as to all its causes, whether in addition to the silt brought down by the river and the action of the monsoon, there might not have been some upheaval of the sea bottom. The Rev. J. Hedley describes briefly au exploration of the higher reaches of the Lao Ho River in Inner Mongolia, a region never before surveyed by any foreigner, and extracts are given of a letter from Dr. Sven Hedin telling of his journey through Tibet to Shigatse, where he was received by the Tashi Lama "with really kingly hospitality."

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number three, Ernst Herzfeld narrates the principal incidents of a journey southward from Bagdad through western Persia. The geographical features of the country traversed are described in detail, and some interesting facts are given in regard to the people of a region rarely visited by travellers. This is largely owing to the constant tribal feuds, which make travelling difficult and dangerous. Large tracts of fertile country, formerly thickly populated, are now deserts with a few nomad inhabitants. Near the Turkish frontier he met dally large bands of pilgrims who were carrying the bodies of their dead to the Shiite Meccas, Kerbela and Nejef. The editor, Dr. Supan, contributes a chart with explanatory notes showing a remarkable submarine chasm, 23,100 feet deep [7,000m.] in the Indian Ocean south of Java and known as the Sundagräben.

The Turfan expedition in chargé of Albert v. le Coq has brought back a number of important manuscripts. Some of them contain portions of the New Testament writen in the now extinct Sogdhlan language, spoken by the inhabitants of the ancient Soghdiana, between the Oxus and the Jaxartes. A comparison with the New Testament is confidently expected to furnish the key for the understanding of this lost dialect. It will doubtlessly also explain the mysterious Soghdian documents discovered some time ago in Manichæan writing. Prof. F. W. K. Müller has discussed this new find in the reports of the Berlin Academy of Science, 1907, p. 260-270.

The Eighth International Agricultural Congress has been called to meet in Vienna during the last week of the current month of May. Over one thousand announcements have been received and practically all the civilized peoples of the globe will be represented. The Austrian railroads will grant special reductions.

When Prof. Niels R. Finsen died in Copenhagen a commission was at once selected to solicit funds from all nations to erect a memorial to that brilliant scholar. It is now reported that the collection amounts to the handsome sum of 50,000 kronen for the monument, and that a surplus is at hand large enough to establish a Finsen scholarship. Out of some thirty plans submitted of a monument, the award was given to Rudolf Tegner, a young Danish sculptor. The latter has been instructed to prepare his work at once.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich (Beilage No. 14-15) publishes the details of the new copyright law, which the Russian Department of Justice has prepared for submission to the Duma, and the adoption of which is confidently expected. It is an elaborate scheme, and covers all works of literature, art, music, photography, and the like. One of the chief stumbling blocks in the past to the establishment of a full international copyright agreement has been the unsatisfactory laws in this respect in Russia This evil is fully remedied by the new law, which particularly stipulates that foreign works of literature and art can be reproduced in Russia only in harmony with the agreement which the State may make with other nations on this subject. To its own subjects Russia proposes to be liberal in granting the copyright, in ordinary cases the exclusive control over a publication being given to the heirs of an author for fifty years after his death. The right to the translation of a work is the author's for a period of ten years.

The Bostonian Society has published in its annual proceedings an address of more than merely local interest delivered at the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation by Edwin D. Mead. His subject was the poets, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Holmes, having special reference to what they wrote of Boston and Boston worthies. The numerous quotations from their poems and the personal incidents narrated show how "they wrote themselves into the history of Boston in the momentous period in which their lives were cast, and their burning verses are a cardinal part of the authentic record." A good suggestion is that some worthy monument should be reared to this great group of poets who, with the contemporary prose writers, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, and Parkman, make the time in which they lived our "golden age."

It would be obviously unfair to apply very exacting standards of historical criticism to such a work as Mrs. Roger A. Pryor's "The Birth of the Nation" (Macmillan); for while the memorable story of the establishment of the Virginia colony still bristles with difficulties, the aim of the book, notwithstanding its evidences of reading in the better-known sources, is frankly popular, not critical. It is distinctly a book for the moment, quite evidently written for the benefit of visitors to the Jamestown Exposition, and not free from the repetitions and trivialities which suggest haste. Those persons, however—and they are doubtless many—who feel moved to seek a pleasantly written sketch of the Jamestown episode, wtih ample emphasis on its romantic and painful incidents, and with the veritable figures of John Smith, Powhatan and Pocahontas greeting the reader at almost every turn of the page, may safely be directed to Mrs. Pryor's agreeable book.

We confess to a feeling of depression and insufficiency in the presence of such books as "American Problems," by President James H. Baker of the University of Colorado (Longmans, Green & Co.). Of the papers and addresses collected under this title, a number, we are told, have done duty on commencement and other occasions, and designedly emphasize tne ethical aspects of citizenship and politics; while the variety of subjects ranges from Wendell Phillips and Phillips Brooks to electives in secondary schools and an American university at Washington. President Baker's observations are in general so true and obviously well intentioned, that it is hard to adjudge them unworthy of a permanent form; but the most friendly judgment cannot claim for the papers any originality, or point to any

passage particularly worth a second reading. The only distinction of the book is its style, which has a crispness and vigor that many readers, especially such as are neither thoughtful nor well read, will doubtless find attractive.

As a tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Bernhard Stade, professor of Old Testament exegesis at the University of Giessen, who died on the 6th of December, 1906, the publisher, Alfred Töpelmann, has issued a second edition, at the almost nominal price of two marks, of his selected discourses and essays, under the title of "Ausgewälte akademische Reden und Abhandlungen" (Giessen). Dr. Stade was, next to Wellhausen, the most noted of Old Testament critics of his day. He enjoyed the rare distinction of having produced a standard Hebrew grammar, a standard Hebrew dictionary, and the most significaut and comprehensive work on the history of Israel on the basis of the results of the moderu critical study of the Old Testament. His death at the early age of fifty-eight years was a serious loss to German scholarship. But his interests were not limited to the claims of the specialists. He recognized the important bearings of Old Testament studies on the various problems of the day, and four of the essays included in this volume touch very closely on these problems. They are as follows: (1) The State of the Protestant Church in Germany; (2) The Messianic Hope in the Psalms; (3) The Scope of Biblical Theology of the Old Testament; and (4) The Origin of the People of Israel. These addresses, delivered either on public occasions at the University of Giessen or before church assemblies, form a notable contribution to the subjects of which they treat. The remainder of the volume is taken up with investigations of a more special character, such as the narrative of Solomon's building operations, the mark of Cain, the tower of Babel, and notes on important passages in Kings, Numbers, and so forth. Of these special investigations, the one on Cain's mark is perhaps the most significant, for it proves the current explanation of the mark placed on Cain's forehead, that it was to brand him as a criminal, to be unwarranted. The mark was a tattoo having a religious significance, and indicated that the one so branded belonged to the community of Yahweh worshippers.

The criticism of D. C. Calthrop's "English Costume" (The Macmillan Co.) must depend on the point of view of the critic. As a book of reference it loses half its value from the absence of an index; as a serious history of clothes it suffers from the author's attempt to be sprightly; as a book of entertainment it is too learned. From any special point of view, that is, the book cannot escape partial condemnation; yet, taken as a whole, as a work at once moderately entertaining to read and moderately useful for study, it may serve a purpose. Mr. Calthrop follows the changes of costume from the Conquest down through its vagaries to Beau Brummel, "who raised the level of dress from the slovenly, dirty linen, the greasy hair, the filthy neck-cloth, the crumpled collar, to a position, ever since held by Englishmen, of quiet, unobtrusive cleanliness, decent linen, an abhorrence of striking forms of dress." It is worth while to read the book, if only to get this truer notion of fat George IV.'s friend. Mr. Calthrop is artist as well as writer, and each period is illustrated by full-page colored plates, besides a number of smaller cuts. The pictures are in themselves brilliant pieces of color, well printed. It is a strange light on history one gets by turning these pages. Of all times Queen Elizabeth's was the most artificial and the most grotesque; and the view of this motley and barbaric garb is a striking comment on much of the literature of the period. We have intimated that for most tastes a plainer style with less effort to be vivacious would be more agreeable. At times, it must be admitted, Mr. Calthrop succeeds in presenting a brisk scene to the eye, as in the story of Queen Elizabeth under the hands of her maids, with its conclusion:

> So in this manner the Queen struts down to posterity, a wonderful woman in ridiculous clothes, and in her train we may dimly see Mr. Higgins, the tailor, who named a street without knowing it, a street known in every part of the civilized world; but, nowadays, one hardly thinks of connecting Piccadilly with a lace ruff.

We noticed on April 4 a reprint of some of the theological essays of the late Benjamin Jowett, entitled "The Interpretation of Scripture and Other Essays." Another volume of the writings of the late master of Balliol, entitled "Scripture and Truth," and including also the famous essay, "The Interpretation of Scripture," has been edited by Lewis Campbell. This has been issued by Henry Frowde, well printed, and in convenient form. These publications, it may be hoped, indicate wide current interest in Jowett.

The last edition of "The Seven Sages of Rome" was published more than sixty years ago. The text is an important one in the history of stories and a new edition was obviously needed. This want has just been supplied in a thoroughly satisfactory manner by Prof. Killis Campbell of the University of Texas, in the Albion Series of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English Poetry (Ginn & Co.). Professor Campbell's well-known dissertation on the subject had marked him out as the person who was best qualified to undertake this task, and the result does not disappoint expectations. The text of this edition is based on the Cotton manuscript (early fifteenth century), the variants of a closely related manuscript in the Rawlinson collection, at Oxford, being given in the footnotes. The remaining seven manuscripts, moreover, are carefully described and the particulars in which they differ from the Cotton-Rawlinson redaction noted. Of especial interest are the sections of the Introduction, which deal with the various versions of these stories, both in the Orient, where the collection originated, and in Europe. Thus of the "Widow of Ephesus" (best known through Petronius), there are seventy-six versions recorded in the list of Originals and Analogues. The parent Middle English version of "The Seven Sages" seems to have been Kentish and was probably composed towards the end of the thirteenth century. The editor, however, is perhaps wise in rejecting the opinion of the late Professor Koelbing, who identified its author with that of the Kentish "Arthour and Merlin" and other poems. Notes, glossary, and an index of names complete the volume.

Dr. Edward Caird has been compelled by ill-health to resign the mastership of Balliol College. Dr. Caird was elected Professor Jowett's successor in 1893, having been Fellow of Merton College and Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. The new election will take place June 5.

PROFESSOR RALEIGH'S SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh (English Men of Letters.) New York: The Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.

It is interesting to speculate on the reasons which prevented Mr. John Morley, as editor of the original English Men of Letters, from including a volume on Shakespeare. Whatever they were, the absence from the list of the greatest name of all has been in a way impressive, constituting a tribute inferior only to the writing of a monograph by a critic of appropriate calibre. Thus the appearance of this volume by the Professor of English Literature at Oxford implies a challenge more than usually daring. The dignity of the subject, the long delay in the assignment of the task, the official position and previous achievements of the author, combine to justify the forming of great expectations.

It may be said at once that these expectations are, on the whole, not unworthily fulfilled. The style is often charming, sometimes eloquent, nearly always brilliant. The pages are sprinkled with apothegms, frequently provocative but always suggestive; and the author's gift of quotation is something to be envied. His familiarity with the text is all but absolute; his appreciation acute and discriminating. The great matters of dispute he handles with sanity and moderation, if not always with decision. On the other hand, the book is not well constructed; and, throughout, the author's strength lies rather in stimulating comment than in logical inference. Thus, as an example of ill-construction, it may be noted that the discussion of all the plays, save the three dramatic romances, is huddled into a single chapter on "Story and Character," within which it is difficult to find order or method. Instances of faulty logic are scattered throughout the volume. In the biographical chapter, in which as elsewhere no attempt is made to add to our knowledge of facts, there is more than enough of unbased and futile conjecture. It profits us nothing that Professor Raleigh thinks John Shakespeare "may well have been excitable, sententious, and dogmatic" in speech, since evidence on the point is absolutely lacking. Why trouble to "guess him to have been of mercurial temperament"? Does Professor Raleigh really believe that William Shakespeare's "unerringly sure touch with the character of his high-born ladies" is in any sense due to an alleged descent from "Guy of Warwick and the good King Alfred"?—"Oh, gentlemen, the time of life is short!"

Subtler and more serious flaws in reasoning occur in the critical chapters. In arguing about the autobiographical elements in the Sonnets, he says: "If the events had no existence, and the sonnets are semi-dramatic poems, it is surely es-

sential to good drama that the situation should be made clear." But "semi-dramatic" and "good drama" are not equivalent terms; and, unless they are, his argument is void. Again, in the same connection, we find: "That they were made from the material of experience is certain; Shakespeare was not a puny imitative rhymster." No one says he was puny or a rhymster; we all know he was imitative, and in Mr. Lee's argument which Raleigh is here opposing it is the fact and not the quality of imitation that is in question These instances exemplify the author's besetting logical sin: he throws in an irrelevant adjective, then, in demolishing that, assumes that he has destroyed the argument based upon those essential elements in the sentence which remain untouched.

In the discussion of the Sonnets as a whole, while he says several wise and penetrating things, he does not seem to us to have advanced the solution of the matter perceptibly. He comes perilously near making shipwreck in his use of the treacherous word "sincere." There is no antithesis between "dramatic" and "sincere." Hamlet's speeches to his mother are in no sense lacking in sincerity; but they are thoroughly dramatic, and no one has suggested that Shakespeare was ever moved to speak thus to Mary Arden. The difficulty here, as usually in this controversy, is in the assumption that all the sonnets stand or fall together. There are sonnets in Shakespeare's volume so artificial that they may well enough be such imitative exercises as Mr. Lee would make them all. There are others that from the nature of the subject, and the kind and intensity of feeling, will probably always convince the non-partisan reader that they have sprung directly from personal experience. But the real greatness of these poems is due after all to the same cause as gave supreme distinction to Shakespeare's dramatic productions—the intensity of the imaginative fervor of an essentially poetic mind.

While not ill-informed, this volume is not distinguished for the use made of recent scholarship. It shares with Professor Bradley's recent work the defect arising from an insufficient attention to theatrical conditions, the plays being treated constantly as books, not as materials for acting. A typical result of this appears in the author's preferring Plutarch's account of the death of Cleopatra to Shakespeare's superb scene, than which there is scarcely anything greater in literature. Had he accustomed himself more to the visualizing of Shakespeare's scenes, he would not find wanting here the effect of Plutarch's "moving little touches of description." Again, his statement, "Nor is there reason to suppose that the public called at one time for comic stories, at another time for tragic, and that [Shakespeare's] plots were adapted to suit the demand," would hardly have been made thus absolutely had he weighed the contributions to dramatic history made by Wendell and Thorndike.

In the estimate of individual characters, there will always be diversity of opinion; but we fancy few careful students will agree that in "Hamlet" Osric is drawn with "loving care," whereas the King is "little better than a man of straw." This last view is partly due to exaggeration of the caution on which the author insists, that one should be careful to view secondary characters in relation to the hero. More serious is what seems to us the limitation of his view of the place of character in affecting the course of the action. He seems to think that there is no middle way between regarding the catastrophe as entirely determined by the character of the hero, or as entirely determined by Providence or Fate or Fortune. But Bradley has admirably pointed out the truth to life in Shakespeare's blending of these two forces, showing how the outcome could be what it is only by such and such a character in interaction with such and such external accidents. With this limitation is connected a curiously narrow view of the meaning of "morality." "There is no moral lesson to be read," Raleigh says, "except accidentally, in any of Shakespeare's tragedies. They deal with greater things than man: with powers and passions, elemental forces, and dark abysses of suffering"—and so on. Does, then, morality have nothing to do with the conduct of man under the pressure of powers and passions?

We have said that no attempt is made to add to our knowledge of facts. One exception should be noted. An interesting line of study is suggested and excellently exemplified in the search for what might be called the non-literary sources of Shakespeare. From books like Harrison's "Description of England," Greene's "Second Part of Connie-Catching," and Lord Burghley's correspondence, he gathers descriptions of fashions and incidents which help us to reconstruct the daily pageant that passed before Shakespeare's eyes. The other contributions are chiefly of the nature of interpretations; and, in spite of the considerable number of differences of opinion we have set down, the bulk of the book forms a brilliant essay upon selected features of the dramatist's work. Viewing it thus, we have no right to insist on such omissions as that of all consideration or appraisal of Shakespeare's verse, or to criticise the volume as if it were meant to be compendious. It is in no sense a handbook or a detailed, critical biography, but a stimulating account of the reaction of Shakespeare's creations upon a keen and sensitive mind, recorded by a master of style.

LEA'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

A History of the Inquisition of Spain. By Henry Charles Lea, Volumes II. and III. Pp. xi, 603, xi, 575. New York: The Macmillan Co. Each $2.50 net.

The second and third volumes of Mr. Lea's monumental work, following close upon the account of the origin and establishment of the Holy Office contained in the first volume, are devoted to a careful analysis of the structure and workings of the Spanish Inquisition, as seen in its organization, resources, jurisdiction, procedure, and punishments, and in the various spheres of its activity. The author keeps the larger aspects of the subject well in mind, and is not afraid to generalize at the proper time, but he is in accord with recent tendencies in institutional study in striving to be as concrete as possible and to show the real nature of the Inquisition by the specific detail which makes clear its actual operations. This illustrative detail, however, is not chosen for sensational purposes; the treatment throughout shows the qualities of sobriety, steadiness, patience, and candor which we have come to expect in Mr. Lea's work. Rarely has so significant an institution been so sanely and comprehensively studied, and rarely has the reader been placed in so good a position to observe its workings and draw his own conclusions from the evidence presented.

To most readers the interest in these volumes will centre in the account they give of the procedure of the Inquisition and the penalties imposed upon its victims. At the outset the law which the Holy Office administered was not of its own creation, but a system inherited from the papal inquisitors of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This the Spanish tribunal modified and elaborated as time went on, sometimes in the direction of greater severity, but often on the side of leniency and justice. Its methods have generally been judged, and condemned, by the application of modern or abstract standards, and it is one of Mr. Lea's signal merits as an historian that he studies them in the light of their origin and of the secular jurisprudence of their time—a task for which he is peculiarly qualified by the wide acquaintance with the history of European law which was made manifest many years ago in his "Superstition and Force." Thus nothing is more repellent to the modern mind than the judicial use of torture; and when we shudder at its prevalence under the Inquisition, we are apt to forget that it was regularly employed in the secular courts of most European countries until the close of the eighteenth century. It had been a well recognized instrument of the mediæval inquisitors; the Spanish tribunals restricted rather than extended its use, and as a rule were "less cruel than the secular courts in its application." The system was bad enough, even within these limits, as the instances given by Mr. Lea (*e. g.* Vol. III. p. 24) prove, but "the popular impression that the inquisitorial torture-chamber was the scene of exceptional refinement in cruelty, of specially ingenious modes of inflicting agony, and of peculiar persistence in extorting confessions, is an error due to sensational writers who have exploited credulity."

The special methods of procedure also, the so-called "inquisitorial process," while they originated in the inquisitorial tribunals of the thirteenth century, had passed into general use in secular courts, but they were not there carried on amid the inviolable secrecy which surrounded all the operations of the Holy Office. No one was allowed to know its methods—hence the barrenness of Spanish literature on the subject of inquisitorial practice, in contrast to the abundance of Italian works on the subject—and one who entered its prisons "disappeared as utterly as though the earth had swallowed him." The Inquisition "framed its own code and administered it in darkness," and in an age when "the secular courts, though open to the public, were little better than instruments of oppression and extortion," it was not to be expected that its secret tribunals

should be either scrupulous or merciful.

Mr. Lea continues:

Yet, whatever we may think of the morality of the inquisitorial process, there can be no doubt as to its efficacy. In studying the long and minute records of the trials, where every detail is set forth in writing, it is instructive to see how often the accused, who boldly commences by asserting his orthodoxy, comes in successive audiences to make some admission of which advantage is skilfully taken and gradually the denial breaks down, or perhaps yields to the terrors of the accusation and the publication of evidence, ending in complete confession and eager implication of kindred and friends. The situation of the accused, in fact, was helpless. Standing up alone before the stern admonitions of the trained and pitiless judge; brooding in his cell, cut off from all external communication, during weeks and months of interval between his audiences; apparently forgotten, but living in the constant uncertainty of being at any moment summoned to appear; torturing his mind as to the impression which his utterances might have made, or the deductions drawn from his admissions or denials; balancing between the chances of escape, by persistent assertions of innocence, and those of condemnation as an *impenitente negativo*, and urged by his so-called advocate to confess and throw himself on the mercy of the tribunal—it required an exceptionally resolute temperament to endure the prolonged strain, with the knowledge that the opponent in the deadly game always had in reserve the terrible resources of the torture-chamber. The whole course of the procedure was based on the assumption that the accused was guilty; that it was the province of the tribunal to induce or compel him to confess his guilt, and in the great majority of instances the assumption was correct. To those who regarded aberrations from the faith as the greatest of crimes before God and man, and their punishment as the most acceptable service that man could render to God, this presumption of guilt served to justify the cruelty of the procedure and the denial of all facilities for defence which, to those trained in the principles of English justice, seem the imprescriptible right of the accused, whether innocent or not.

After conviction or confession had been secured, Mr. Lea finds that the Spanish Inquisition "was not systematically and ferociously cruel as has so often been asserted." Yet it was more merciless than its mediæval predecessor in the work of extermination. It added new penalties, like the gag and the galleys, and it employed the stake, as a foretaste of the unquenchable fire of the world to come, not only for pertinacious heretics, but also for those who repented after sentence. Such penitents, however, were frequently, as an act of mercy, garrotted before burning. It was in Spain, too, that the simpler *sermo* of earlier times was replaced by the *auto da fe*, "an elaborate public solemnity, carefully devised to inspire awe for the Inquisition, and to impress the population with a wholesome abhorrence of heresy, by representing in so far as it could the tremendous drama of the Day of Judgment." Carried out with truly Spanish regard for ceremony and display, the *auto* was considered an entertainment appropriate for a day of rejoicing or for the reception of distinguished guests, until, along with bullfights and fireworks, it became an essential part of a royal fiesta. Philip V., in 1701, was the first king to decline to be present at an *auto* celebrated in honor of his accession.

Even when its sentence was light, "the mercy of the Inquisition was more to be dreaded than the severity of other tribunals," for its smallest penalty might condemn the accused and his posterity to lasting infamy. Not only were the disabilities imposed by the canon law on the children and grandchildren of impenitent heretics construed as applying to the children and grandchildren of all condemned or reconciled by the Inquisition, but all its penances came to be considered a stigma, and this stain, like descent from one of the proscribed races, was transmitted to the remotest descendant. Meanwhile, the craze for *limpieza*, or absolute purity of blood, took hold of Spain and left its mark deep on the national life. Proof of *limpieza* came to be required for admission to the priesthood, to the colleges, to the great military orders, and to any form of employment by the Holy Office itself. The process of proof was slow and difficult, and hearsay evidence was freely admitted, so that a writer of 1629 says that "those who succeed best in the proofs are the poor peasants, whose grandparents have been forgotten, and the great nobles, against whom no one dares to testify." About 1560 Cardinal Mendoza prepared a memoir showing that virtually the whole nobility of Castile and Aragon had a strain of Jewish blood; and "no one of the upper middle class, except in the remote mountainous districts of the north and east, could feel sure that investigation might not reveal some unfortunate *mésalliance* of a distant ancestor." The result was, of course, "greatly to increase the authority of the Inquisition and the terror which it shed around it, by the fact that at a word it could inflict this undying infamy upon a lineage"; and also to increase race hatred.

Another phase of the Inquisition is brought into sharp relief by Mr. Lea in his chapter on confiscation. That the property of condemned heretics should be forfeited to the state was a principle inherited from the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, where it proved effective in securing the support of princes in whom the religious impulse to persecution was weak; and it is to the credit of the Spanish institution that it mitigated in various ways the harsh administration of its predecessor. Nevertheless, confiscation, by reason of the suffering which it inflicted on the families of the condemned, was recognized by the inquisitors "as their most potent weapon and the one most dreaded by the industrious classes which formed their chief of labor." "The enforcement of confiscation was a business matter, reduced to thorough and pitiless system." How much was realized in this way it is quite impossible to say, but the indications are that the amounts were enormous. In spite of the shrinkage resulting from the hurried sales of confiscated property and the mismanagement and peculation from which the Holy Office suffered in common with all departments of the Spanish Government, the Inquisition was enabled to pay all the expenses of its proceedings, to support its officers and subordinates in comfort, with various perquisites and special provision for their entertainment at bullfights and other festal occasions, to accumulate a large capital against the leaner days of the seventeenth century, and to pay over a large surplus to the crown. Such systematic spoliation was a heavy burden upon the productivity of the country, but this was probably the least of the economic evils to which it gave rise. As the heretic's property was held to be forfeited from the time when the first act of heresy had been committed, all his subsequent acts were accordingly invalidated, and although the older procedure was so far mitigated as to allow the collection of debts against his estate, the retroactive construction of this doctrine in other respects unsettled all business:

Trade could not flourish when credit was impaired, and confidence could not exist when merchants and manufacturers of the highest standing might, at any moment, fall into the hands of the tribunal and all their assets be impounded.

It has often been pointed out that the Jews and Moriscos whom the Inquisition drove out of Spain were economically the most valuable classes of the population. Mr. Lea is, if we mistake not, the first to call attention to the effects of the Inquisition upon credit and commercial security as contributing to the decline of Spanish commerce and industry which is one of the most striking facts of modern economic history.

The original field of activity of the Spanish Inquisition was among the *conversos* or Judaizing Christians; and the expulsion of the Jews by Ferdinand and Isabella, followed by the vigorous activity of the inquisitors during the sixteenth century, practically rooted out Judaism from Spain, except where it was reinforced by fugitives from the newly organized Inquisition of Portugal. The expulsion of the Moriscos which ensued under Philip III., an episode which Mr. Lea has recounted more fully in a special volume, threatened to deprive the Inquisition of its reason for existence, for of heresy in the ordinary sense Spain produced exceedingly little. The new life and importance of the Holy Office in the seventeenth century were the result, and the chief result, of the Protestant movement in Spain, the extent and importance of which, naturally exaggerated by the sympathy which many modern writers have felt for the fate of its adherents, Mr. Lea reduces to their true proportions:

There never was the slightest real danger that Protestantism could make such permanent impression on the profound and unreasoning religious convictions of Spain in the sixteenth century, as to cause disturbance in the body politic. . . . Spanish Protestantism was a mere episode, of no practical moment save as its repression fortified the Inquisition and led to the segregation of Spain from the intellectual and industrial movement of the succeeding centuries.

The dread of heretical contamination led Philip II. to order home all Spanish youth studying abroad, and it confined within the narrowest limits commercial intercourse with Protestant countries, so that for a time "the heretic trader took his life and fortune in his hands when he ventured to make a Spanish harbor."

With study abroad prohibited and a close watch kept on all foreigners at the frontiers, the only vehicle left for new ideas was the printing-press, and the censorship took care of that. State censorship of books had been established by Ferdinand and Isabella; but it was not until 1521 that the Inquisition asserted its authority in this field for the purpose of preventing the introduction and spread of Lutheran writings. How this control was exercised, through the Index, the expurgation of bookshops and libraries, the search of ships' cargoes, and

the supervision of matters of morals and art, Mr. Lea sets forth in one of his most notable chapters and illustrates with typical documents in the appendix. There could be but one result, which is thus described in the closing paragraph of the third volume:

Thus the censorship of the Inquisition was all-embracing, from the most dangerous heresies of Luther and Calvin, the popularization of Scripture, the relations between Church and State, and the liberalism of the modern era, down to the veriest trifles. It was an engine of immense power, constantly applied for the furtherance of Obscurantism, the repression of thought, the exclusion of foreign ideas, and the obstruction of progress. It was accompanied by a State censorship, based upon the law of 1558, perfected in innumerable successive regulations, of a character most vexatious and embarrassing to authorship, and this duplication of censors exercised a most deplorably depressing influence on literature and culture. Authorship was discouraged by the uncertainty whether works, on which perhaps years of labor had been spent, would secure a license to print; the business of publication was rendered extra-hazardous by the fact that a book, printed with due license from the State, might at any moment be prohibited by the Inquisition and the whole edition be seized and destroyed, while purchasers who had bought such a licensed book were liable to be deprived of it without compensation. Thus, between the State and the Inquisition, whether working in unison or at cross-purposes, the intellectual development which, in the sixteenth century, promised to render Spanish literature and learning the most illustrious in Europe, was stunted and starved into atrophy, the arts and sciences were neglected, commercial and industrial progress was rendered impossible, and the character which Spain acquired among the nations was tersely expressed in the current saying that Africa began at the Pyrenees.

CURRENT FICTION.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator. By Arthur Morrison. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Thinking Machine. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Case of Doctor Horace. By John H. Prentis. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

The short detective story has become so thoroughly conventionalized within the last few years that it would be as unfair to accuse an author of imitating Sir Conan Doyle by describing the exploits of an unofficial detective of marked personal peculiarities, rapid and incisive deductive powers, as to accuse him of imitating Pinero by writing a play in three acts.

Mr. Futrelle has been bold enough to christen his elucidator in so many words the "Thinking Machine," mentioning only now and then his real name, Prof. Augustus S. F. X. Van Dusen, the scientific man who is consulted on occasions of great stress by Hutchinson Hatch, reporter, a journalistic counterpart of Dr. Watson. "Nothing is impossible," is Professor Van Dusen's dictum. "The mind is master of all things." Martin Hewitt, Mr. Morrison's detective, on the other hand, always maintains, more modestly, that he has "no system beyond a judicious use of ordinary faculties."

The criminals with whom Prof. Van Dusen has to deal in the seven tales here printed are, perhaps, as modern a lot as fiction affords. They turn scientific knowledge to their own purposes in ways that are dark indeed; in fact, rather beyond the scope even of legitimate science. Mr. Morrison's criminals, equally ingenious, employ more familiar agencies for their nefarious business. Mr. Futrelle, it might be said in generalization, is the more fertile devising enigmas, Mr. Morrison in answering them without straining.

On this point, the detective story must be judged by canons of its own. It is the first duty of the writer to carry out his implied contract to provide for every problem a solution that shall be complete and adequate, with the minimum of evidence left in the detective's sole possession till the last moment. From this point of view, it is hard to justify the use of an actually false clue under any circumstances. The reader should have the chance to match his wits on even terms against the writer, who must give as much information as possible, without disclosing the final solution. Now Mr. Futrelle is guilty of keeping up suspense by false evidence. The whole mystery in one of these stories is sustained through twenty-six pages, on the supposition that a revolver shot fired in a certain direction struck nothing. It is only explained at the very end of the story that the constable merely missed his mark. The mistake might easily happen in an actual criminal case, but it does not properly belong in a detective story. For a narrative that complies with the same condition, giving substantially all the necessary clues before the final revelation comes, the first of the Martin Hewitt stories, "The Lenten Croft Robberies" may be cited.

With the requirements of the detective story in mind, one may well wonder why John H. Prentis did not choose this form for "The Case of Doctor Horace." Indeed it would not be bad advice to begin the book on page 65, at which point the detective starts his investigation of the crime or supposed crime, which has already been explained to the reader. The opening chapters could be read almost as well after the closing. "A Study of the Importance of Conscience in the Detection of Crime" is the formidable sub-title of this story. The "study" is made by means of a simulated murder. A wager has been made between two friends, one of whom holds the Websterian theory that it is always a guilty conscience which betrays a criminal to the law, while the other regards the comparative certainty of arrest as merely a matter of superior force on the side of justice. To settle the point the two men arrange a mock murder of one by the other. The body of a pauper strikingly resembling Dr. Horace is found, all the circumstances of the crime arranged, and at a certain daybreak Edwin Wallace, exponent of the "conscience" theory, is turned out in the streets of Detroit, a fugitive from justice, a murderer in all particulars except that no guilt of blood is on his soul.

It is an idea of manifest possibilities, and Mr. Prentis's book begins promisingly. His idea of letting the detective construct from the clues at hand an unfeeling monster as the criminal to explain the acts of an ordinary man with a clear conscience is good enough to redeem the apparent anti-climax of starting the search after the end of it is disclosed. The story, however, though readable throughout, weakens deplorably in the latter chapters. The absence of illustrative quotations from the heads of chapters after the tenth marks also a sad decline in invention. The device by which the fugitive is allowed to escape arrest because the detective is momentarily too angry to see him is puerile.

The Cave Man. By John Corbin. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is evident that, to a large fraction of the public, a novel has come to mean a highly technical description of some form of sport or business, into which has been woven a mechanical love affair or two. The longer the special terminology, the welcomer the novel, since such productions make no greater demand upon the reader's imagination than an average newspaper report. Consequently, "The Cave Man" may be confidently recommended to college lads (for is not the opening scene laid in the Stadium itself?) and to all whole-souled motorists. The latter will find it a pleasant variant upon the usual "Bubble" story, since it strikes deep at the root of matters, and deals not only with cranks, cogs, and gears, but also with a full-fledged and sinful motor Trust. To readers of another kidney, it will seem pathetically artless in its crudity, in the knowingness which patters an endless vocabulary of mechanics and current slang. The polo games, the "iced bottles," the local jests, all fail to infuse one breath of life into the plots and counter plots of the Trust maker and the Trust buster.

Studies in Seven Arts. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Whoever means to become a "centrist" critic in mature years does well to be creative in youth in one of the eccentric schools. Thus one avoids the easy jibe—that one was born an academic, color-blind, stone-deaf, and the like. Arthur Symons has taken this precaution. He is one of the few decadent poets of quality that England has produced; for years he has been a sort of official envoy of the Parisian symbolists at London. It is something of a surprise then to find him a critic almost of the old-fashioned magisterial sort. We are accustomed to him as a subtile analyzer of his personal impressions, neither seeking nor expecting any better apology for them than that they have been deeply felt. Here we find him going behind the impression for universal principles. The result is a rather curious and not wholly pleasing mixture of the old sensitive somewhat profuse diction with a ratiocinative mood. Pater is avowedly the patron saint of the volume, but it is far more metaphysical than anything the recluse of Brasenose ever permitted himself.

To be a disillusioned decadent is not merely to have seen, but also to have seen through much, and Mr. Symons is perhaps most exhilarating in the ruthless analysis of such kindred spirits as Gustave Moreau and Richard Strauss. The essays in which he sets forth the frigid doctrinarism that underlies the pyrotechnics of these two men of supreme talent are among the best in the book, escaping measurably the *morbidezza* that elsewhere attenuates much excellent reasoning. But the reader does not yet know why the arts are seven. Sculpture,

painting, architecture, music, are familiar enough: to these the author adds handicraft (which is hardly a separate art), the theatre (considered as a nexus of drama, pantomime, acting, scenery, and costume), and the dance taken by itself. These arts are considered in their contemporary and most significant aspects. To get at the gist of the book we may eliminate the four short studies of the theatre and the ballet at the end. They contain an interesting theory of the stage, based largely on Gordon Craig's teachings, and some suggestive passages on the decadence, but the scale of these essays is too small to be persuasive; much that is said in them is better said in the admirable essay on "The Ideas of Richard Wagner," and they were, on the whole, better out of the book. As much may be said of the essay on cathedrals, Cologne, Canterbury, Amiens, Bourges, which reveal Mr. Symons in his old musing vein and have little to do with architecture as such, being largely devoted to Gothic sculpture. An essay on the "Decay of Craftsmanship in England" is again, like so many other "decays," a good old journalistic friend offered here as small change. One would be loath to miss the essay on Eleonora Duse, personal as it is to the point of indiscretion. In it one may admire the paradox that the greatest actress of our times has prevailed through scorn of her art and a practice of repression that is the very negation of acting itself. The fact is eminently piquant and modern. Duse once told Mr. Symons petulantly that the only way to have a real theatre was to let all the actors die of the plague. A less painful clean-sweep, and an equally effective one, would be for the entire profession to imitate her own dramatic reserve. We could dispense with the essay on "The Painting of the Nineteenth Century," a review of D. S. MacColl's excellent book, not but that it is a workmanlike review, but it is, perforce, scrappy, and its few general ideas are found also in the studies of Watts, Whistler, and Rodin.

We feel justified in paring this collection down to its substantial contents, the essays on Rodin; the three on painting, Watts, Whistler, Gustave Moreau; the three on music, Beethoven, Wagner, and Richard Strauss; because Mr. Symons in his preface and elsewhere has made solemn profession of discrimination. That indispensable quality is never more in place than when one is tempted to promote one's journalism to the dignity of fair type and sober cloth. The seven essays just enumerated above belong to the best of our time. They are indeed discriminating. No one has more truly described the wholly voluntary smallness of Whistler's greatness, no one has grasped more firmly the unerringly pictorial quality of every design of Watts. That criticism is defective only on the technical side. Watts with his undoubted genius carried a terrible handicap of lapses in workmanship. Take the portrait he did for the Uffizi, you are tempted to say it is the most splendid thing in its gallery, until you note its ghostliness, its absence of bone and muscle, of all that means palpable reality.

The longest and the most valuable essays are those on Beethoven and Wagner. In particular everybody should be grateful for the clear summing up of Wagner's æsthetic ideas. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so good a statement of what Wagner meant for art in general—a statement drawn from many difficult treatises and happily divested of biographical and merely controversial digressions. We may note in conclusion an interesting harmony between the three essays on painting and those on music. They constitute a parallel series: a great instinctive and elemental artist, Watts-Beethoven; a great artist of the conscious and reforming type, Whistler-Wagner; and a great talent of the uninstinctive and cerebral sort, Gustave Moreau-Richard Strauss. All these studies, with the Rodin, are stimulating, freighted with much reading and knowledge of life. They bring us nearer a definition of some of the typical geniuses of the century just passed. They reveal certain pitfalls that yawn for the artist when his art shuns society and grows in the ill-ventilated chambers of the individual mind.

Homer and His Age. By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $3.50 net.

Pour Mieux Connaître Homère. By Michel Bréal. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

Two entertaining chapters are added to the History of Variations—of Homeric critics by Andrew Lang's "Homer and His Age," and Professor Michel Bréal's "Pour Mieux Connaître Homère." The Englishman and the Frenchman maintain an *entente cordiale* in their common rejection of the theories of their German predecessors, and the condemnation of their methods. The "Iliad" is not a *Volks Epos*, or an unconscious organic growth, whatever that may mean, but a product of conscious art. There is, and can be, no popular epic. Such unity and structure as the "Kalewala" possesses is the creation of Lönnrot. The Homeric poems were not transmitted by oral tradition, but were composed or preserved with the aid of writing—the alphabet being now proved for Crete and the whole Mediterranean basin centuries before the earliest date that can be assigned to Homer. The "Iliad" is not a haphazard collection of ballads, but an artistic whole, and the unity of its literary manner, the consistency of its leading characters, and its harmonious picture of a single stage of culture are irreconcilable with the hypothesis that it is a "mosaic of the work of several changeful centuries." It was never translated out of Æolic into Ionian, and its different strata, supposing them to exist, and occasional interpolations, cannot be detected by linguistic analysis of its originally composite dialect.

With these negations, however, all agreement ends. Mr. Lang proves to his own satisfaction that the Homeric poems consistently represent the culture of a single age, the age which follows the late Mycenæan shaft graves and precedes the tombs found outside the Dipylon gate at Athens (900-750 B. C.). The Mycenæans buried; the people of the Dipylon age sometimes buried, and sometimes burned; but they did not build cairns. Cremation and burial in barrows, with no ghost worship, is the mark of the Homeric age. "We can go no further till we find an unrifled cairn burial answering to Homer's description"—the absence of which both surprises and grieves Mr. Lang. M. Bréal, on the other hand, is confident that the Homeric poems were composed not earlier than 700 B. C., by a guild of Greek poets residing at the court of the later kings of Lydia. He greatly lightens the burden of maintaining this thesis by not raising the question of their relation to Hesiod, or to the Cyclic poets whose introduction of customs unknown to Homer is one of Mr. Lang's chief arguments against a late and gradual evolution of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

Again, Mr. Lang cites "Beowulf," the "Niebelungen Lied," and the Chansons de Geste to show that early poets do not archaize or attempt local or historical color. And he infers that the weapons and methods of fighting of the Homeric warrior reflect contemporary practice, which need not, however, have exhibited the uniformity postulated for any given generation by the vigorous and rigorous analyses of Reichel and Robert. To M. Bréal, on the contrary, nothing seems plainer than that "l'idée de noter les choses du jour est une idée qui vient tard en littérature." Homer, he thinks, describes in such detail the accoutrement of his heroes because it was strange and romantic. He represented them as fighting from the war chariots with which Egyptian and Assyrian art had familiarized his imagination in order to lift them above the prosaic level of modern life.

Mr. Lang, after an elaborate comparison of Agamemnon with the Charlemagne of mediæval epic, concludes that nothing but experience or a course in the history of feudalism could have enabled Homer to portray so truthfully the peculiar relation of a feudal suzerain to his subordinate and insubordinate vassals. But M. Bréal thinks that the Homeric Zeus alone is sufficient proof that Homer's conception of royal authority was derived from observation of an Oriental monarchy. Mr. Lang rejects both the school of Chios and the Commission of Peisistratus, and affirms that there is no example in history of a great artistic unity resulting from the labors of a school or a committee. M. Bréal finds the true analogue of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" in the mediæval cathedrals, and argues that though the poems could not have sprung directly from the people or been sung by strolling rhapsodes, they might have been, and probably were, produced by a school of bards composing on prescribed themes in a traditional style for Greco-Lydian festivals, antetypes of the later Panathenaic and Olympian competitions. Popular tradition attributed the work of these bards to "Homer," who may or may not have been the first or greatest of them. The stress laid on the idea of glory and posthumous fame in the "Iliad" may be due in part to the agonistic element in these competitions. And the frequent references to the "sweet fatherland" express the homesickness of Greek exiles at a semi-barbarian court.

It is not worth while to pursue the antithesis further. Until we discover some method for converting possibilities or plausibilities into probabilities and certainties, the value of such books as these will reside not in their conclusions, but in the stimulating effect of their incidental

discussions of Homeric poetry and primitive Greek civilization.

Though both works are readable, neither is properly speaking a true book, laboriously and carefully composed in a spirit of respect for the subject and the reader. Mr. Lang has looked into a great many authorities and collected a vast amount of material about burial and cremation, bronze and iron, primitive weapons, the comparative literature of the epic and other interesting topics. The vivacity of his polemic, his wealth of allusion and occasional felicities of phrase engage and hold the attention. But he has evidently written up his notes *currente calamo*, with little concern for system and unity of presentation, consistency in argument, or the elimination of wearisome repetition.

M. Bréal's slighter performance being French, is, of course, not quite so formless. But if we were to hazard an Homeric hypothesis about the composition of his book, we should conjecture that it has been put together out of old class-room lectures and lecture notes. The lectures, filling pages 1-131, set forth the hypothesis which we have outlined. The notes, of which we have not spoken, occupy the rest of the volume, and under the somewhat pretentious title of "Lexilogus," for which the author apologizes, present a choice of sporadic observations on the etymology or meaning of about 150 Homeric terms. Ἤριον is derived from ἠρώιον, Boeotian ἠροῖον. Its occurrence in Iliad, xxiii., would then be a confirmation of the later origin of that book.

A Genetic History of the New England Theology. By Frank Hugh Foster. The University of Chicago Press. $2 net.

From 1734, when Jonathan Edwards preached his celebrated sermons on Justification by Faith, to the withdrawal of Edwards A. Park from his theological chair at Andover one hundred and fifty years later, a noble army of theologians in the divinity schools and pulpits of New England contended valiantly for the faith once delivered to John Calvin. The contrast between the New England divines and less progressive and original representatives of the Calvinistic system, may have blurred, to the perception of some, the essential loyalty of the New England fathers to their Genevan master, but that they were loyal to the fundamental principles of the "Institutes" cannot be doubted, even in the case of the latest representatives of the school. In New England, Calvinism had a chance to show what it could do, not only with a single generation whom it enfranchised, but also for the education and development of successive generations. During the century and a half of its sway in Puritan America, it was called upon to face the most serious and vital questions that can be raised under the Christian system of truth. Not only Edwards, but other leaders of the school as well, were men of unusual powers of mind, possessing also something of the prophetic gift. The historian of the New England theology, therefore, has a subject of great importance and fascinating interest, which leads into the deeper problems of religion and calls for clear judgment on the most difficult questions with which faith and philosophy have concerned themselves.

Prof. Foster has appreciated his subject, and bestowed upon it the labor and pains which its importance deserves. His criticism of the work and writings of the successive theologians is clear and penetrating. He is at pains to bring to light the order and progress of New England thought, and to exhibit the "improvements" which others besides Edwards effected. At the same time he acknowledges with entire frankness the insufficiency of the reply to Channing and the Unitarian movement; he demonstrates fully the deadening effect of the Calvinistic system when continued for generations as the sole religious doctrine of a community, records the collapse of Calvinism as a vital religious doctrine in New England, and traces its downfall to weaknesses in the system itself.

It is evidently a matter of keen pain to the author that he is compelled to narrate the fall as well as the rise of a distinct school of theology in New England. Such feeling is natural to one of Puritan antecedents, and yet the real wonder is that there should have been a New England school at all, and not that it should have disappeared. New England only received the theology of the Westminster Confession, and worked out its salvation by means of it, or shall we say, notwithstanding it, more thoroughly than was done elsewhere. This was due partly to the isolation of the country and the homogeneous character of its religious life, but more largely to the remarkable succession of great men who were the leaders of New England religious thought. The extinction of the school is to be laid at the door of men outside the confines of Puritan territory, who ushered in methods of thought and investigation which New England could not have been expected to discover, but whose conclusions she was too pious to resist, even at the cost of her own beliefs.

Prof. Foster may be allowed considerable enthusiasm for his saints, but it is a pity that his admiration of Bushnell and his conviction of the similarity of the views of the Hartford preacher and those of Ritschl, betrayed him into speaking of "the inferior Ritschl." Surely this is one of those comparisons which partakes of the proverbial nature of such indulgences.

Science.

Life and Evolution. By F. W. Headley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Although the author has written carefully, and has made but few slips of statement, this volume is, in a number of ways, unsatisfactory, and not least so in regard to the mechanical make-up. It is printed on uncoated paper, yet is awkward to hold, while it opens with such difficulty that reading it is made anything but a pleasure. Why numerous full-page insets should be given up to small line cuts is not clear. Both the value and appearance of many of the numerous illustrations are injured by their amateurish, not to say slovenly, character. To refer to one example among many, in the upper illustration facing page 105 we have part of a fireplace, four shelves of books, a wooden chair, and a ravelled piece of cloth, against which is leaned a bony structure, surrounded by rough, uneven letters and figures. The caption tells us that this mosaic represents the "Skeleton of Wing of Adjutant Bird"! In these days of splendid book-making and skilful and cheap retouching, there is no excuse for a book of this kind being bound and illustrated as this one is. On the other hand, there are a number of photographs which, by their very excellence, emphasize the mediocrity of the remainder.

As to the subject matter itself, it is disappointing to those who have read Mr. Headley's two former volumes, to find that in large part this covers the same ground. The average modern reader has little time for such rehashes, especially when the matter was well presented the first time. As new material we note the first two chapters on "Plants and Animals" and "The Sea." Considering the wide field here covered, it is very well done, being pleasantly written in a popular style, well adapted, as the author intends, for children.

Mr. Headley's specialty, the flight of birds, has so monopolized his pen and thoughts, that to it is devoted more than a sixth of the entire volume—necessitating a complete neglect of scores of other interesting problems of "Life and Evolution" and (considering such a title), resulting in a lack of balance which would be fatal if applied to any of his theories of flight. Indeed, the whole class of mammals is scarcely mentioned.

The portion on flight is by far the best of the book, though requiring no criticism as it is practically a review of the ground gone over in one of his former volumes. It is written in a wholly different style from the other chapters, and in fact seems out of place in this collection of life-histories and descriptive biology. If elaborated and published as a small individual volume, its worth would be far more appreciated.

The final chapters on mentality, struggle for existence, and natural selection contain nothing new, being reviews of well-known facts and theories. Occasional ambiguous sentences are most confusing, as on page 106, "The loss of teeth, found only in some extinct species, still further reduced the weight of the skull."

The Maryland State Geological Survey was established in 1896, after a long period of years without scientific work of this kind under local auspices. It was wisely associated with Johns Hopkins University, whose professor of geology, William Bullock Clark, is at the same time State geologist. Dr. Clark has proved an efficient and successful director, and has placed the university stamp of thoroughness and accuracy upon the reports which have thus far appeared. The publications have taken the form of general reports, now in the sixth volume, and of special monographs. The fifth volume contains four important papers. L. H. Bauer contributes a second article upon the magnetic work in the State.

January 1, 1900 is selcoted as a suitable date upon which to establish all the important features of magnetic declination for Maryland. Since property lines are so often based upon surveys with the ordinary compass; and since the magnetic pole varies from time to time in position, it is of practical as well as of scientific importance to record at stated periods and as accurately as may be, the facts of the behavior of the needle. Dr. Bauer has also carefully located the boundary line between the important coal-producing counties, Allegany and Garrett. The Survey has given much attention to improvement of highways. In the third part of the volume, A. N. Johnson describes the methods pursued and the results obtained. The fourth part, in many respects the most important report yet issued by the Survey, relates to the coals of the western portion of the State, and presents an accurate and well-illustrated description of these the most important of Maryland's material resources. George C. Martin is the principal contributor. The sixth volume of the Reports has recently appeared. It contains a valuable summary of the physical features of the State; geography, geology, and mineral resources are successively passed in review. The Survey has also issued a volume upon Cecil County, which forms the northeastern corner, bordering on Pennsylvania and Delaware. The area embraces the ancient crystalline rocks and the later deposits of the coastal plain. The physiography, geology, resources, soils, climate, hydrography, magnetism, and forests receive thorough treatment, and are illustrated by a separate volume of maps. A monograph has also been prepared upon the Pliocene and Pleistocene Deposits by Geo. B. Shattuck. These components of the coastal plain are soft sandstones, marls, and shell-beds, now appearing in a series of well-marked terraces and overlapping beds. Their classification and interpretation turn upon the successive relations of the sea and land as determined by elevations and subsidences. Dr. Shattuck makes a strong case by the use of these marine factors in deciphering the past history.

"North Polar Problems" was the subject of a lecture on April 29, by Dr. F. Nansen, now Norwegian Minister to Great Britain, before the Royal Geographical Society. He dealt first with the geomorphological features of the region, and said that it was of essential importance to determine the edge of the Continental shelf off the known coast. This is now known exactly in only two places. From the direction of the sea currents and the drift of the ice he was led to believe that there was land to the north of Spitzbergen, and that consequently the North Polar basin was a comparatively long and narrow depression. A drift with a ship across the unknown North from Western Alaska would give most important results, especially if observations were taken of the temperature and salinity of the deep-water strata of the deep sea beyond the edge of the Continental shelf. It would require probably five years.

In reviewing W. C. Morgan's "Qualitative Analysis," the spelling "oxid" and "sulfid" was said to be recommended by the American Chemical Society. This was an error for the Chemical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Drama.

The Goddess of Reason. By Mary Johnston. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.

The most obvious comment upon this blank-verse drama in five acts, or rather six, for the fifth act is in two parts—is that it could not be acted on the stage without severe condensation and many structural modifications. Dramatic inexperience is revealed in the multiplicity of personages; the accumulation of climaxes; the constant arrest of action, under the most improbable conditions, by long flights of declamation; the convenient apparition of characters needed for a designed situation, and the frequent disregard of nature and probability for the sake of emotional effect. But if it has serious faults, it undoubtedly possesses some conspicuous merits. Several of its scenes are admirable bits of romantic melodrama, while two or three approach very closely, if they do not actually touch, the level of tragedy. If much of the verse is simply fluent prose cut into lengths, if there are many crude and not a few broken, halt, or utterly commonplace lines, there are occasional passages of uncommon descriptive power, full of pretty imagery and verbal eloquence, and some that thrill with ardor, scorn, or vigorous passion.

The piece is a series of panoramic episodes rather than a play. The first scene is laid in a Brittany château in the summer of 1791. Many aristocrats have assembled to congratulate the new Baron de Morbec, whose starving peasants had attacked his house the previous night and been routed by a squadron of his own cavalry, to whom the alarm had been given by a lovely marquise, the chief guest. Among the prisoners is a beautiful peasant girl, Yvette, the illegitimate daughter of the dead baron—and the chief instigator of the rioters. In her De Morbec recognizes the original of a fair vision, of whom he had caught a glimpse in a woodland ride a year before, and remembered with longing ever since. For both it was a case of love at first sight, and the jealousy of Yvette towards the marquise is the one really dramatic motive of the play, although use is made of it only once.

A year later the scene shifts to a convent garden in Nantes, where Yvette, placed there by De Morbec, is jealously awaiting his return. Without the peaceful enclosure are heard the sounds of revolution. Presently De Morbec comes with the news of widespread revolt and slaughter. Yvette implores him to adopt the tricolor, and is infuriated when she discovers that he is the pledged escort of the marquise. At his departure she steals away to join the singers of the "Marseillaise." In the third act, in 1794, the revolution is at its height, and Yvette has been chosen Goddess of Reason. De Morbec and the marquise are again in Nantes, and after various escapes fall into the hands of the mob. Yvette, by an appeal which is both eloquent and passionate, secures the freedom of Morbec, but when the latter begs her to save the marquise also, yields to jealous frenzy, and denounces both to the mob.

In the fourth act all the characters are awaiting trial in a church converted into a prison. Here again there is an imaginative and striking picture of doomed aristocrats maintaining traditional gayety in the jaws of death. The fifth act shows the trial and condemnation of the aristocrats, and is full of vigorous and picturesque declamation. Yvette by a passionate self denunciation, earns death with the rest. The final episode, somewhat overprolonged and rhapsodical, reveals the condemned, including Yvette and her baron, awaiting execution by drowning on the banks of the Loire.

This rapid synopsis will give, perhaps, a clearer notion of its scope than any possible quotation of isolated passages. Of the minor details it can only be said that in the main they are vivid, ingenious, fanciful, and appropriate. Space will only permit the reproduction of one of half-a-dozen passages marked for quotation. It is a fair average specimen of the verse, and is taken from Yvette's appeal for her lover's life:

There is a little village that I know,
A hungry village by a hungry sea,
As worn and gray as any Calvary!
The hungry shadows ate the sunshine up:
The children cried, the women wailed at morn;
The very Christ looked hungry on the Cross;
When lo! a miracle! for suddenly
The starving, haggard folk began to laugh,
The tender green put forth, the flowers bloomed,
Blue shone the sky, the lark sang overhead,
And mild the face of Christ and heavenly kind!
The little village had its fill of bread,
Yea, wine it drank, and cheerful breath it drew,
And, by the well, of this strange plenty talked,
Of tolls withdrawn, of perfect friendliness!
And then it blessed the man who gave it bread,
Who had a heart to feel with wretchedness,
And a strong arm to drive the hunger forth
As Arthur drove the giants from the land!
O men of Nantes! you'll keep your oath to me!
In Nantes to-day 't is mine to loose or bind!—
I loose this man—

The performance of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" for the first time in this city, by the Danish actress, Madame Oda, and a special company, in the Carnegie Lyceum, on Monday evening, had a certain interest because it was given with some assumption of authority. Madame Oda, evidently an accomplished performer, is said to have received instructions about the play from Ibsen himself. However this may be, the general representation was one of marked and sympathetic intelligence. But the more conscientiously the piece is played, the less fit is it for ordinary theatrical purposes. In its demonstration of the tragedy involved in sensual indulgence, the futility of dreams, and the joys of practical altruistic effort, it preaches a sound, if somewhat ancient, moral. But in its illustrative detail it descends to a crude realism which is as unpleasant as it is unnecessary. Apart from this defect it is too persistently gloomy to possess attraction for the general public.

Speaking of Émil Fabre's drama, "Timon d'Athènes," which deals with the period of the latter part of the Peloponnesian war, and has been produced at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris, an English writer says:

The author is a scholar as well as a poet, and never in modern times has antique life been put on the stage in a more faithful and genial way than in "Timon d'Athènes." Athens revives before our eyes, and we feel as if we were breathing the same atmosphere in which Aspasia and Pericles, Socrates and Plato, Alcibiades and Cleon

moved, and as if we had before us the very people for whom Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes wrote their plays.

M. Lavedan is engaged upon a new play, of which the scene is laid in England, Sir Joshua Reynolds being the centre figure.

Music.

Die Musik Skandinaviens.. Von Walter Niemann, Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. $1.35.

In a letter addressed to the New York *Times* thirteen years ago, Edvard Grieg wrote: "I am not an exponent of 'Scandinavian' music, but only of Norwegian. The national characteristics of the three people —the Norwegians, the Swedes and the Danes —are wholly different, and their music differs just as much." Heretofore there has been no book describing and illustrating these differences, but at last this long felt want has been supplied by Walter Niemann, who attempts, in 155 compact pages, to pass in review the principal composers of those countries and to enumerate the chief characteristics of the folk music on which the works of most of them are based. He gives his pages additional interest by brief allusions to the Scandinavian authors and painters whose works have the same national characteristics. In a final chapter he reviews Finnish music, which shares many of the Scandinavian traits; Finland has produced at least one master of high rank, Jean Sibelius, whose works are coming yearly more into vogue.

Of the three Scandinavian countries, Denmark is the least exotic, musically speaking. Its folk-songs do not differ greatly from the German in melodic intervals and rhythms. The serious predominates, and there is less variety of mood than in Norwegian music, particularly in Grieg's; nor is the variety of folk-dances nearly as large as in Norway. In Danish music "all is round and soft and nebulous." The composers, too, do not seem so "outlandish" as the other Scandinavians seem to Germans, Frenchmen, or Italians (who, together, established the normal European standard). The most prominent of them are J. P. F. Hartmann and Lange-Müller, true nationalists, whose works, however, became little known outside their own country; and, above all, Niels Gade, who for a time enjoyed a world-wide vogue. Unfortunately the influence of German masters, particularly Mendelssohn, obscured his nationalism.

Norway's greatest master, Grieg, also was in danger at one time of being engulfed in the German maelstrom, but luckily Ole Bull and Nordraak encouraged him in his patriotic inclinations, and thus he became the head of the whole Scandinavian school. To him Niemann devotes several eloquent pages, in which, however, he does not sufficiently emphasize the fact that only a very small proportion of Grieg's works are based on borrowed folk-tunes. Of the other three prominent composers whom Norway has given to the world, one, Svendsen, has little national color, whereas Lange-Müller, and Sinding are unmistakably Norse. It is in Norway that musical exoticism most runs riot. The variety of folk-dances is astonishing, and not only in their rhythms, but in their melodic intervals is there much that differs delightfully from all other music. The forms of the folk-songs are largely shaped by their texts, while the melodic peculiarities are due partly to the survival of mediæval modes (differing from the modern major and minor), and partly to the limitations of the peasant fele and other instruments. On this last point our author touches all too briefly. A most interesting monograph could be written on it with reference to other countries as well as Scandinavia.

The latest contribution to Wagner literature is the "Erinnerungen" of Angelo Neumann, just issued by L. Staackmann in Leipzig. Neumann is the manager who obtained Wagner's permission to break the Bayreuth monopoly of the Nibelung operas and give them in the cities of Germany and other countries; his conductor, fortunately, was Anton Seidl. Neumann began his career as a baritone, but he soon found that his true sphere was at the head of an opera company. He happened to be in Vienna when Wagner rehearsed "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," in 1875. He gives details of the way in which the great composer exemplified for his singers details of pose, action, and facial expression, in all of which he was incomparable. After the first act of "Lohengrin" all the singers and players surrounded him to express their amazement at his achievement.

Art.

THE SALON.

PARIS, May 1.

The opening of the Old Salon—the exhibition of the official Société des Artistes Français, the only one which distributes medals and distinctions and puts an official seal on the work of young talent—has still its twofold interest, fashion and art. Both are dwindling somehow, and, taken by and large, the Old Salon is not worth the New this year, exclusive and mannered as the latter is. Of course, the Old Salon has to encourage the young. There is also new and interesting work, especially from the Spanish artists, who have a note of their own, and from a few Americans whose art is high in applying paints skilfully to canvas, but is often lacking in the "intellectual part," as Delacroix said of the painters of his time. For there is something which makes a great painting different from a picture well painted. Meanwhile, none of the older artists, French or foreign, none of those who have settled reputations, exhibits anything of especial note.

Bonnat has painted all the Presidents of the French Republic; his portrait of President Falliéres is strong and unsympathetic. On the contrary, Madame la Marquise de Wentworth has a portrait of President Roosevelt, which has indeed none of the qualities of the disagreeable picture of him by Chartran, but bestows on him that look of good-natured timidity which is the proper attitude of the American man before the American woman. Prime Minister Clemenceau has consecrated Mrs. Wentworth "one of the glories of American art," if she is really the Catholic lady who managed his conversation with M. Piou, as unhappily reported in the Montagnini papers. The same lady has a portrait of Queen Alexandra, an unsympathetic presentment of that most gracious sovereign. Seymour Thomas, one of our older men in Paris, has a dull but good portrait of Miss Mildred Lee, arrière-petite-fille (?) de Washington.

The most lovable picture of the entire exhibition is a double portrait by Ernest Laurent, who is not precisely a newcomer, since his first official honors date back nearly a quarter of a century. He has always had plenty of official recognition, but with the great art public he has been slow to make his way. His picture represents a man and woman seated beside each other in their own room—just an every-day husband and wife alone at home. And they are charming: first, because of the "intellect" which the painter has put into his work, bringing out into view a youngish Philemon and Baucis, the salt of the earth, without whom the world would not long stay sweet; second, because the painter's colors, like his inner thought, are at once a harmony and a glory. The paint seems applied to the canvas in colored dust, with the vibrating effect, not unlike that of Henri Martin, loved by the few, and detested of many. But here it is altogether amiable. There are light grays and bright pinks, and, dying away in the background, water-green and dull rose and mauve. M. Laurent is a Parisian by birth, but he travelled much in search of his art (a Bourse de Voyage man); and he is totally unlike his masters—Lehmann, Hébert (for he was also a Prix de Rome), and Luc Olivier Merson.

By a veritable fatality, in the same hall with M. Laurent an Austrian painter exhibits new work, which is noteworthy for harmony, both in the idea which the colors show forth and in the colors themselves. It is a landscape of Rudolf Quittner, By the River—a small river such as they have in Europe. We stand in a tree's shade and look across the placid stream—"majestic water-course," says the Parisian who knows only the Seine, and has never looked on the broad expanse of real rivers like the Hudson or Mississippi. On the other bank, the houses of a village rise up in irregular lines, with lilacs blooming over the garden walls. The sun is setting, his last rays gild brightly the housetops, and start up infinitely harmonious reflections in the water below.

It is a comfort to see new Spaniards exhibiting in such numbers. Their eyes are attuned to lights which are at times fierce, but never standardized, as with most moderns. Something might be said in praise of all their work, but it is enough to choose the two most striking. Lopez Mezquita has a portrait group of My Friends—young artists, an old hidalgo, a young priest—all with startling life under the pitiless sun of Granada. What a difference between this group and the Committee of the Association of Republican Journalists of Paris, by Laissement, a new Frenchman, whose figures are, however, very like!

Carlos Vasquez, who had honors at the Paris Salon a dozen years ago, exhibits what is perhaps the strongest picture of the Salon. Two Catalan gendarmes, such as you see only in Spain, are leading

across country two gypsy prisoners—a man and a woman. The woman, a human animal at bay, puts one in love with all the criminal classes, just as we are all of us for the prevention of cruelty to animals. But the gendarmes are worthy and kind, almost paternal, with their faces shaved like any foothaller's, and their comic-opera uniform. It is too pathetic to he laughable; too real to seem theatrical; and it should set many reading Lomhroso and George Borrow. Especially as in Lopez Mezquita's painting the human heings are alive and not merely painted. And no one can complain that the "intellectual part" is wanting to these paintings of Spaniards.

Henri Zo, who is a French Basque and so next door to Spain, has not advanced this year; but he has succeeded in painting a thin stream of sunlight. Under the awning of a *patio* a man and two women, smartly dressed, loll through the heated afternoon in reclining chairs. In the hackground, through some opening in the awning over their heads the fierce sunlight falls in a thin ohlique column; and in the atmosphere of shade it is real sunlight that for once has been painted, and not a mere light-colored symbol. It is a different trick from that of Henri Martin, which is usually eked out with golden grain and deep tree shadows, as it is this year, where his peasant—just a charming outline of shade—stops to kiss his little child. The curve of his cheek and form against the sunlight shows the young father, swelling with the happiness of life at its full. This is quite in praise of Henri Martin, who does not advance in his art, perhaps because the application of colors which artists too often mistake for the art of painting preoccupies him too much.

On the whole, Paris is holding her own in art, so far as these exhibitions show it—but little more. S. D.

THE LONDON NEW GALLERY.

The tradition lingers that the spring exhihition at the London New Gallery is one of the important picture shows of the year. Once induce the British public to helieve a thing, and the difficulty is to make them stop helieving it. There was some reason for the reputation of the Gallery at the start, twenty years ago. It inherited the traditions of the Grosvenor. The Burne-Jones School was still strong enough to give it distinct character. But the managers, though they have inherited the traditions, are not carrying out the principles of the Grosvenor. Sir Coutts Lindsay had big ideas. Only the best work was to be shown on his walls—the best wherever it might come from. To secure it, artists were to he invited to send special specified works, and the selection was made in the studio beforehand. It is true that Sir Coutts Lindsay did not always keep up to the level of his own high amhition, hut he came near enough for the Grosvenor to deserve its reputation. Invitations are also given hy the New Gallery, hut—judging from results—not often with the ohject of ohtaining the best. The show has come to have something of the air of a family gathering for the few connected, in one way or another, with the Gallery. Some of these few, it is not unfair to say, would not easily find a chance to exhibit themselves elsewhere, even in London. There is a suggestion that titles to exhihitors' names are a recommendation. The Burne-Jones legend and influence survive only in rare canvases, neither very notable nor charming, if the simple and delicate little landscapes hy Mrs. Stillman be excepted. Academicians are prominent, and they, as a rule, reserve their more important performances for Burlington House. And the worst of it is, that the International Society, which really does aim at representing the worthy outsiders, holds its winter exhihition in the New Gallery, and so sets a standard that cannot be forgotten between the last of March, when the International closes, and the last of April, when the regular New Gallery show opens.

All things considered, therefore, one should not he surprised to find how little of interest there is in the collection this year. And yet, it does come as a shock. The little is so very little. Mr. Sargent is conspicuous: in the first place, hecause his technical accomplishment always seems more astounding in London than anywhere else, for in London he has few technical rivals; in the second place, because, for the largest of his three pictures—the Rev. Edmond Warre, D.D., C.B., M.V.O., Late Head Master of Eton, Presentation Portrait—to which a centre of honor is given, he has used such a very hig canvas, as if by size alone he could express the dignity of his subject. One cannot help looking at it, but it is hardly to be counted one of his successes. The Doctor stands on steps, leading, presumably, from school or chapel, against an architectural hackground that resembles nothing so much as scene painting. Nor has Mr. Sargent trouhled to keep the figure in the picture; it has no relation to its surroundings, it has stepped out of their atmosphere, and is not fine enough, nor strong enough in character, to excuse such a pictorial liherty. Not even the Doctor's gown, though it has picturesque possihilities, seems to have interested him. That he can, if he chooses, paint architecture delightfully—or suggest it—is seen in a small Architectural Study. His other sitter, Mrs. Harold Harmsworth, apparently has not interested him much more than Dr. Warre. Some of the detail, especially a pale blue gauze drapery floating ahout the figure, is wonderfully rendered, but both figure and face are characterless, colorless. Among the other portraits are two hy Sir George Reid—a Sir Charles B. Logan, D.D., Deputy Keeper of the Signet, 1887 to 1905, and the Very Rev. Principal Robert H. Story, D.D., LL.D., Principal Clerk of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, 1905—serious and learned as his portraits always are, but dull and prosaic.

Of what the critic calls "suhject pictures," there are no examples of note: there is no one taking up the hurden of Watts and Burne-Jones. Of the landscapes, the most striking are hy Mr. East who, in the Dignity of Autumn, is distinguished hy his usual feeling for composition and marred hy his usual self-consciouness in trying to express it; and by Mr. and Mrs. Withers. Neither is the sculpture remarkahle. Mr. Thomas does not even provide the sensation of rejection. And Prince Troubetzkoi was better represented in this winter's International, though his Bernard Shaw, Esq., will draw the crowd that fulfils the aim and object of Mr. Shaw's habit of self-advertisement. Altogether, whatever justification there is for the exhibition is scarcely to be found on the walls or in the central court.

N. N.

A discovery is reported from Naples, which, at the present moment, when the excavation of Herculaneum is in prospect, has special interest. The famous bronze quadriga, mentioned by Winckelmann in his writings as having heen found at Herculaneum, but of which all trace had long heen lost, has been redlscovered. A young Italian, Ettore Gabrici by name, is the ingenious finder. According to an old tradition, a large bronze horse in the National Museum at Naples was supposed to be the only remnant of this chariot. As a result of long-continued studies of the bronzes in the exhihition halls and magazines of this same museum, and of a careful examination of the documents relating to the excavations of the Herculaneum bronzes, carried on between 1739 and 1872, Gabrici has been ahle to identify a number of pieces as undoubtedly helonging to the same monument, and forming part of the quadriga. The most important of these is the statue of a male figure, which, by its attitude and the movement of its arms, is marked out as a charioteer. The other pieces are various parts of the chariot and of the pole, a fragment of the wheels, the yoke, two decorative statuettes from the chariot, many fragments of horses, in short enough to attempt the reconstruction of this colossal monument.

Among the late accessions of the Metropolitan Museum of Art the altarpiece dedicated to St. Andrew, and attributed to Luis Borrassá, is perhaps the most important. It is composed of five large panels with a base of seven smaller panels. The central panel is a figure of St. Andrew seated, holding a large cross, his face full of resignation and sorrow. It is painted in distemper, which accounts for its remarkable state of preservation, after having been exposed to the air for some four hundred years. In speaking of this altarpiece, Roger Fry calls attention to the several artists hrought to light hy Señor Sanpere y Miquel in his book, "Los Cuatrocentistas Catalanes," which reveals a flourishing school of painting in Barcelona throughout the fifteenth century.

Dr. A. Schulten, working with funds provided by the Prussian Government, has excavated the site of the old city of Numantia, which was destroyed hy Scipio, and has determined the position of the forts thrown up by Scipio's beleaguering army. Dr. Schulten's discoveries will throw light on a difficult period of Roman history.

The *Bollettino d'Arte* for April is as usual largely devoted to museum news. The gallery of the Turin library has heen rearranged with a view to emphasizing the Pledmontese school. At Parma a fine Dosso has been bought—a St. Michael disciplining the fiend in a splendid landscape. The addition is valuable hecause of the analogies between Correggio and the later painters of Ferrara. The leading article is a study of a Greco-Roman sarcophagus recently discovered near the church of S. Vittorio.

Ravenna. The sculpture represents an oculist examining a patient, and there is a garbled Greek inscription in Roman letter, which Dr. Paolo Amaducci has ingeniously emended and translated. The work is of the end of the third century, A. D., and poor enough, but the piece is rare iconographically, and recalls the Grecian origin of Roman medicine.

By the time this note is printed the exhibition of Umbrian Art at Perugia will be in full swing, and connoisseurs will be more or less amicably tearing the catalogue and each other to pieces. Out of such strife some truth usually comes. There is also an enormous influx of the nonmilitant and merely curious, not to mention the dealers. From all parts of Italy round-trip tickets are to be had at greatly reduced rates—a point for tourists to remember. Those who wish to see the show in its early, and (judging by previous experience, incomplete) stages should engage their rooms a month in advance. The wise course for most will be to wait till the rush is over, for as summer approaches the upper Tiber valley becomes only more attractive.

Edward Kemys, a veteran of the civil war, and a sculptor of wide reputation, died on Saturday at his home, in Washington, in his sixty-fifth year. Mr. Kemys was born in Savannah, Ga., but his sympathies were strongly with the North and he enlisted, when little more than a lad, in the Sixty-fifth New York Infantry. He served until the close of hostilities, and was mustered out with the rank of captain of artillery. He was a member of the group of engineers who laid out Central Park in this city, and in connection with this work he accidentally discovered his own talent for animal sculpture. Without previous training he modelled a wolf's head with such facility and vigor that he determined to study and devote himself to sculpture. He went to Paris and exhibited for the first time in 1878 in the Paris Salon a bronze group of Bison and Wolves. Later he returned to America and spent a great deal of time in the West, hunting and studying the wild animal life of the plains and the Rockies. One of his best known works, The Still Hunt, is in Central Park, and Panther and Cubs is in the Metropolitan Museum. A collection of fifty of his bronze works is in the Natural Museum at Washington.

François Eugène Burney, the French engraver, has died, in the sixty-second year of his age. M. Burney was a pupil of Ferdinand Gaillard, and his engravings after Holbein, Velasquez, and others show the style of his master.

Finance.

"DOLLAR WHEAT."

For the first time since the markets were calculating, two years ago, how to provide for the season's bread-eaters out of the short wheat crop of 1904, the price of wheat last Monday, in both New York and Chicago, passed the dollar-mark. "Dollar wheat," like "ten-cent cotton," is a traditional landmark in the trade; when prices rise above that level, it is recognized that an old-time "boom" is in progress. During the general advance of the world's commodity prices, in the past ten years, these two objective points have been reached with reasonable frequency; before the decade began, "dollar wheat" was for many years an unknown phenomenon. Cycles of high prices in wheat, and cycles of low prices, follow one another almost as automatically as cycles of prosperity and cycles of adversity in finance. From 1879 to 1890, inclusive, wheat prices constantly went above the dollar-mark.

In 1891, owing to the Russian crop failure, wheat was above a dollar for several months; but after August of that year, the Chicago price for immediate delivery did not reach such a level during six successive years. It will not have been forgotten what intense excitement, political as well as financial, was caused in the Presidential campaign of 1896, when in November "dollar wheat" was once more touched in New York. It was in some ways a demoralizing blow to the Bryan canvass, which had based its appeal for free silver coinage largely on the facts that "cash wheat" had sold at 53 cents a bushel at Chicago in the preceding August, that "dollar wheat" had not been scored since 1891, and on the inference that, as the Bryan campaigners alleged, wheat could never again sell at profitable prices under the single gold standard. Since that memorable election year, wheat has crossed the dollar-mark in 1897, in 1898 (when it touched $1.85 per bushel), in 1904, and in 1905. The period has, in short, been as distinctively one of high prices for wheat as the preceding seven-year period was one of low prices.

As to the reason for this alternation of high and low price periods, economists differ. Some maintain that it results from alternate decrease and increase in gold production; but unfortunately for this theory, the two sets of phenomena do not cover exactly similar periods. Others ascribe the harvest results to nature, holding that periods of soil exhaustion must follow in due course after large exploiting of new grain areas, due to a previous era of high prices; and certainly the precedent for lean years and fat years, in seven-year periods, is as old as the Book of Genesis. Professor Jevons ascribed alternations of wheat abundance and scarcity, like the resultant alternations of prosperity in general, to the eleven-year interval between maximum sunspot periods.

Whatever the cause, the fact is a matter of history. The present year's situation, however, is in several respects peculiar, and the violence of the recent advance in wheat—the Chicago price for May delivery was 78¾ cents per bushel on May 1, 82⅝ a week ago to-day, and 94½ last Monday, while on the last-named day the December option touched $1.03½—was not merely a whim of speculators. The situation of our own winter-sown wheat, the damage done in the Southwest by the cold weather, the drought, and the insect pests, and the low "May condition estimate" then expected from our Agricultural Department, were discussed in this column a week ago. The actual figures of that Government report, published last Friday, showed a condition of "winter wheat" 7 per cent. below that of April, and a loss in acreage, through abandoned fields, of 11¼ per cent. from the December estimate, and of 5 per cent. as compared with the area harvested last year. But the highly unfavorable weather conditions of the past six weeks were by no means confined to our Southwestern States. The same abnormally low temperature, which blighted the Texas and Oklahoma wheat, froze the ground in the Northwest, where 25 per cent. of our wheat crop was raised last year. Farmers should have planted their "spring wheat" four or five weeks ago; throughout a good part of the Red River Valley region, and in the whole of the upper Canada, they have hardly got it under ground as yet; and this means a crop prematurely exposed, in its early and tender growth, to the hot winds of summer, and equally jeopardized, because of its delayed maturity, by the frosts of early autumn.

Meanwhile, by a most unusual coincidence, precisely the same abnormal cold—of which even people in our Atlantic seaboard cities have been complaining—has overhung the European continent. France, Germany, Russia, and the fertile Danube Valley, which among them raised

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last year one-third of the wheat of the world, have been watching their crop with apprehension. Here was at least the possibility of an exceptional situation, certainly not witnessed in a dozen years. When our wheat crop ran comparatively short in 1904, Russia increased her own to precisely the extent of the shortage. When Russia's partly failed in 1905, a large American crop made up the difference. Even in such a year as 1897, when crop failure cut down Europe's yield 352,000,000 bushels from the year before, North America produced 105,000,000 bushels more than in 1896. These reminiscences will give some idea of the peculiar possibilities to-day.

They are as yet only possibilities; the chances are still heavily against such world-wide deficiency as occurred in the famous year 1881, when scorching drought withered this country's crops, and when, simultaneously, a wet harvest half destroyed the yield in England and on the Continent. What the effect of such a shortage, supposing the worst to happen, would be on the financial situation, and in particular on the "American boom," is a question which many financiers are putting to themselves. It would certainly injure prospects on both hemispheres. The price of wheat would, of course, advance to figures not yet approached, and we should hear once more the familiar argument that a short crop sold at high prices is quite as good as a "bumper crop" with values low. But this is pure illusion; it is of a piece with the argument that the burning of San Francisco was a good thing for business, because the rebuilding of the city would increase the demand for materials and labor. A year's harvests are the new wealth on which the ensuing season's prosperity is based, and high prices for what is left after wholesale destruction cannot possibly make up for what is gone. In 1881, the results were distinctly bad; notably on our foreign trade, for with all the higher price, we had little more wheat than our home consumers needed, and a great part of our annual export disappeared.

To this day, it is a matter of discussion, which event caused the admitted "downward turn of prosperity" that began with 1881—the assassination of Garfield, the exploding of an unsound financial "boom," or the failure of the crops. The best consolation to the American farmer, in the event of serious further damage to our wheat crop, would lie in the recent spread of "diversified farming," which makes possible, after one early crop has failed, the substitution of other crops with a ready market. And meantime, it still remains to be proved that even our wheat crop is to be seriously damaged.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aked, Charles F. A Ministry of Reconciliation. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Allen, William H. Efficient Democracy. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Andrews, Mary Raymond Shipman. The Militants. Scribners. $1.50.
Anthropological Papers Written in Honor of Franz Boas. G. E. Stechert & Co.
Barclay, Armiger. The Kingmakers. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Barnard, J. Lynn. Factory Legislation in Pennsylvania. University of Pennsylvania.
Belloc-Lowndes, Mrs. Barbara Rebell. B. W. Dodge & Co. $1.50.
Bonser, A. E. Exmoor Star. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Calvert, Albert F. Murillo. John Lane Co. $1.25.
Clarke, Maud U. Nature's Own Garden. Dutton. $6 net.
Commons, John R. Races and Immigrants in America. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Dreiser, Theodore. Sister Carrie. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Sinner. Putnams. $1.50.
Fulda's Das Verlorene Paradise. Edited by Paul H. Grummann. Boston: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.
Griswold, Lorenzo. Short Stories. The Trow Press.
Hâlid, Hall. The Crescent versus the Cross. London: Luzac & Co.
Henderson, W. J., and others. Strange Stories of the Civil War.—Strange Stories of 1812. Harpers. 60 cents net each.
Ingersoll, Ernest. The Life of Animals. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Johnston, Mary. The Goddess of Reason. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Landor, Walter Savage. Charles James Cox: His Life and Character. Putnams.
Life-Saving Service, Annual Report of. Washington.
Lighton, William R. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Putnams. $1.50.
MacArthur, Robert Stuart. Quick Truths in Quaint Texts. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Michael, Helen Abbott. Studies in Plant and Organic Chemistry and Literary Papers. Cambridge, Mass.: Riverside Press. $2.50 net.
Morley, Margaret Warner. Grasshopper Land. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Myllarde, Dolf. As Ye Have Sown. John Lane Co. $1.50.
Muther, Richard. The History of Modern Painting. 4 vols. Dutton. $25 net.
Neihardt, John G. The Lonesome Trail. John Lane Co. $1.50.
Nesbit, E. The Story of the Amulet. Dutton. $1.50.
Patten, Simon N. The New Basis of Civilization. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Pelham, H. F. Outlines of Roman History. Putnams. $1.75 net.
Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air. Compiled by Edward Thomas. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Pollok, Allan. Studies in Practical Theology. London: William Blackwood & Sons.
Punnett, R. C. Mendelism. Macmillan Co. 80 cents net.
Pyle, Howard. Stolen Treasure. Harpers. $1.25.
Quiller-Couch, Mabel. The Carroll Girls. Dutton. $1.50.
Roberts, Charles G. D. The Haunters of the Silences. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Salceby, C. W. Worry: the Disease of the Age. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.35 net.
Shakespeare's England's Ulysses. Dramatized by Latham Davis. Seaford, Del.: M. N. Willey.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Old-Fashioned Folk. Boston: Privately printed.
Rose, John Holland. The Life of Napoleon I. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Taboada's Cuentos Alegres. Edited by Murray A. Potter. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50 cents.
Tallentyre, S. G. The Friends of Voltaire. Putnams.
Thorp, Frank Hall. Outlines of Industrial Chemistry. Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.
Tunison, Joseph S. Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages. University of Chicago. $1.25 net.
Vanderlip, Frank A. Business and Education. Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.
Viereck, George Sylvester. Nineveh and Other Poems. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.20 net.
Wallace, Dillon. The Long Labrador Trail. Outing Publishing Co.
Whitson, John H. The Castle of Doubt. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Woodhull, Marianna. The Epic of Paradise Lost. Putnams.

Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1907.

The Week.

Seldom has a Governor had so marked a triumph as that of Gov. Hughes iu the unopposed passage of the Public Utilities bill on which he staked the whole success of his Administration. To have pressed a measure so comprehensive, so fair, and so expressive of the best public opinion that both parties in the Assembly were forced to accept it unanimously, was a great achievement. How great, it is easy to overlook in this hour of victory. The result now seems to have been foregone; but it was not. A formidable campaign against the bill had quietly, even secretly, been organized. There was, for instance, the press bureau set up to flood the newspapers with "arguments" against the Governor's plan. It suddenly went out of business not long ago. We have sorely missed the daily envelope, with its enclosure of great thoughts placed at our disposal. What caused the collapse of the opposition? It was not the Big Stick. That it was ever sincerely swished in behalf of Gov. Hughes may be doubted. The long, inspired, and amusing explanation in the Washington correspondence of the New York *Tribune* one day last week, of the way in which the President suddenly found "national questions" so pressing that he could no longer bother with such trifles as the New York situation, helps to set that matter straight. Even after the storv was put about that the Federal patronage had been offered Gov. Hughes to aid him in his fight—though he did not accept it—the legislative combination against all his measures remained strong and threatening. It was broken, not by manipulation or compromise, not merely by local leaders or alarmed Senators, but by the steady pressure of public sentiment making it clear that the unyielding Governor was but interpreting the wishes of the people, while showing them how to get their will enacted into law.

Our playwrights who of late have shown such a stroug predilection for politics should find in the events of the last two weeks more than one striking theatrical situation. The suddenness with which evil has gone down before good in New York, at Albany, and in San Francisco is more than dramatic; it is almost melodramatic. Here is Gov. Hughes seemingly threatened with the failure of all his policies, the bosses openly defiant, the Senators bent on his complete humiliation, when, lo, with the dawn of another day, the fragments of the Raines machine lie scattered over the plain, their forces are like Sennacherib's, and the Governor stands erect, with his foot on the neck of his enemies. Here in New York is Tammany Ahearn, under whose soporific sceptre peace breathes iu the borough departments of our city, peace on the public buildings and sewers and pavements, peace in the streets, with vast accumulations of débris and dirt. But who is this that leaps like a war god into his buggy, bent on supervising every bit of public construction in person, swinging his axe to the sound of falling heads of unfaithful servants, crying a strange un-Tammanyite *Peccavi?* It is Ahearn. Yet they say that all dramatic possibilities have been exhausted!

Mayor Schmitz and Boss Ruef were the shining marks for investigation and prosecution in San Francisco. Schmitz offered a fortnight ago to confess in return for immunity; Ruef last week pleaded guilty to what he called a false indictment against him, and declared his intention to "do all that still lies in my power to help overthrow the system which has made possible the terrible corruption of public officials." The broken boss's admission that "in order to hold together the political machine which I had built up with great difficulty, I did *lower the high political ideal* that I had hitherto upheld," is a statement laughable or nauseating, according as one may regard it. In San Francisco's orgy of corruption we have looked in vain for the display of generous Western vices, gameness, even thieves' honor. Tweed, in the hour of his flight, was less contemptible than the despoilers of the city now crawling to save their own skins. Croker and Devery appear as exemplars of sterling character. Ruef, in his extraordinary statement, made a distinction between voluntary and involuntary grafters, saying he would protect the latter while exposing all others. Such extenuation as there may be for the rottenness of San Francisco lies in the amazing rapacity of the interests which sought to make profit out of the community's misfortune. Ruef speaks as an expert when he says that "these labor-union bums" who were Schmitz's satellites "would eat the paint off a house."

If the President favors the movement for a civil pension list, it will be greatly strengthened. Certainly, of all suggested solutions of the perplexing problem of superannuation, this one is the simplest and the kindest, while the objections are mainly that it is costly and that it violates the unbroken tradition of our Government. The Keep Commission's recommendation, on which the President's project is said to be based, is not a bald civil pension system to be paid for out of taxation. The idea is for the Government to make deductions from all employees' salaries in future, sufficient to provide the necessary retirement fund. Congress would be asked only to provide for the old clerks who are now clogging the work of the departments, but who manifestly cannot at this date contribute enough for their own pensions. With this temporary aid, the plan would be on its face essentially like the Australian requirement, that every clerk, on appointment, take out a deferred annuity policy in some reputable insurance company. Apparently, the President is not much impressed by the report of a Committee of the National Civil Service Reform League, which found that the actual loss through the work of superannuated clerks is only $1,200,000 a year, and proposed a deduction of this amount from the pay-rolls. The new scheme, as outlined, sounds modest, and will be hailed with delight in every Government office. In view of the experience of this country with pensions of all kinds, however, no one can seriously suppose that this would be more than an entering wedge.

The remarkable lack of excitement in Wisconsin over the choice of a successor to Senator Spooner has been explained on the grounds that the people of the State really trusted their Legislature, and that there was no public aspirant for the seat whom they would not be willing to have sent to Washington. The choice of Isaac Stephenson in the Republican caucus, last Thursday night, is a natural way of ending a long contest that was never quite obstinate enough to be called a deadlock. Adherents of other candidates might be expected to gravitate to the man who only wanted to fill two years of the unexpired term, and would leave the field clear again at the end of that time. Mr. Stephenson's Senatorship, of course, is the reward for service done, rather than the opportunity for future service to the State. He is said to be the richest man in Wisconsin—certainly one of the richest. Twenty years ago he would have been named with the late Philetus Sawyer as a wealthy lumberman who had gone into politics. But instead of sticking to the rather sordid Sawyer school of statesmanship, he became an ally of La Follette, a former colleague in the House of Representatives, when the new movement most needed sup-

port. No one pretends that he has the intellectual parts of his predecessor, but his State has accepted him as a sincere convert from the practices for which his class was once notorious.

Having exposed the falsehoods of diplomats, Senators, railway magnates, and newspaper reporters, President Roosevelt has now turned to yarns about wild animals. There, for example, is Jack London, who represents a bulldog as putting up a good fight with a wolf. "This thing," says the President, "is the very sublimity of absurdity"—"a closet product." London makes the equally inexcusable mistake of permitting a wolf to be beaten in a fight with a lynx. But William J. Long seems to be the worst offender. He describes the killing of a caribou by a wolf which had bitten the caribou behind the shoulder. Now we have it on the President's authority that "nothing except a shark or an alligator will attempt to kill by a bite behind the shoulder." Animals take different bites, just as some people prefer a chop to a leg of mutton. The difficulty with Mr. Long is that he lacks hunting and sporting experience. Let him go to a dog fight and learn wisdom, for "no man who knows anything of the habits of wolves or even of fighting dogs" would make such mistakes. E. Thompson Seton escapes severe censure, but is warned not to mix fiction with fact. "Nobody is deceived," says the President, "by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts," who "loves the wilderness," but who writes "fairy tales." He points out also the danger of these misrepresentations. "If the child mind," he says, "is fed with stories that are false to nature, the children will go to the haunts of the animal only to meet with disappointment." Anxious parents will no doubt look about them for some fountain-head of truth, and may find it in Mr. Roosevelt's "Big Game."

From Rome the cable tells that a German professor has laid before the Italian Government a plan for the excavation of the ancient towns of Locri and Crotona, in Magna Græcia. "The former is famous as the place where the first written code of laws, drawn up by Zaleucus, was promulgated." It was this code which provided that the proposer of a new law should stand forth in the public assembly with a rope about his neck, and that, if the law was rejected, the would-be legislator should be strangled. Tradition reports that a popular chief archon of the city, who had introduced a measure dealing with the proper administration of the aqueducts, the baths, the open wrestling-place, and other public utilities, was in danger of meeting with the prescribed fate, owing to the machinations of his opponents, who were known as the Sable Horsemen, from their undoubted affiliations with Pluto, the king of subterranean ways and means. This astute archon, however, by permitting the plotters to proceed with their schemes to amend the measure out of all recognition, soon placed them in the position of appearing as its virtual authors, over whom in turn the dread fate impended in case of failure. The opposition of the Sable Horsemen thereupon disappeared, and the archon's will was achieved. To this tradition is probably due our common proverb about giving a thief rope enough.

In connection with the humiliation of the unfortunate clergyman who officiated at the unsavory wedding last week, the question must have puzzled many why his services should have been sought at all. One might have thought that a Tammany magistrate would have had just about the holy presence needed to "solemnize" such a marriage. So long as the whole proceeding was confessedly an outrage upon all religious feeling, to say nothing of mere morals, why should even the semblance of religion have been lugged in? True, under the hugger-mugger of our divorce laws, the affair was perfectly legal, but that is no reason for attempting to throw the hollow mockery of a sacred ceremony about it. A common-law marriage would have been sufficient, and much more appropriate. Yet it is well known that the parties to such travesties are usually consumed with anxiety to secure "the blessing of the Church." To get this, they are often as unscrupulous in deceiving ministers about the true state of the case as they are in making the legal arrangements for their revolting unions; and this puts an especial duty of caution and inquiry upon the clergymen to whom they apply to "consecrate" them. In the present instance, of course, the facts were notorious, and the unhappy minister walked into his own discomfiture with his eyes open. A ready knowledge of the Scripture would be an invaluable help to a clergyman so tempted. To an emissary of a man like Corey he could say, "Thy money perish with thee"; or, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

The status of Sunday legislation in this country is somewhat peculiar. Here, for example, action is being taken against the Sunday theatres at the very time when a bill permitting amateur baseball games on Sunday has been advancing at Albany. The sweeping resolutions passed by the Presbyterian General Assembly, last Friday, do not recognize the distinctions which laymen are making more and more between different kinds of Sunday amusements. But two of the new suggestions illustrate how hard it is in these days to set off one day in the week absolutely by itself. The denounced Sunday newspaper, for example, is not a product of Sunday work. Yet the General Assembly sees clearly the "overlapping" principle when it asks colleges and seminaries to omit Monday morning recitations which would require Sunday preparation. It asks employers to pay off their men on Friday, that the temptation of a Saturday night with money in the pocket and a holiday ahead may be removed from the workingman. To protect Sunday completely, in other words, the work of the days before and after must be affected. To persuade the public generally to accept this necessity is the insurmountable difficulty of the Sabbatarian at present.

The Jamestown Exposition has rendered no greater service than the bringing to the United States of the various ambassadors from Japan, official and unofficial. We welcome their presence heartily, not because they come wearing laurels freshly won in campaigns on land and by sea, but because we believe that they are true friends of the United States. We have taken no stock in the jingo talk of some of our newspapers, our military officers, and our consuls, that our next war is to be with Japan, and that we must make of the Pacific an American lake by conquering the Mikado's subjects. That sort of muttering, mischievous and wicked as it is, abounds whenever there is any difference of opinion with another country. It is Germany one day, Japan the next, and it is quite as likely to be little Venezuela, or even England, to-morrow that we must whip on twenty-four hours' notice. Coming as it does immediately after the disgraceful San Francisco school incident, the presence among us of Gen. Kuroki, Baron Ozawa, and Vice-Admiral Ijuin is particularly grateful, since it gives the opportunity to convince them that the mass of the American people by no means sympathize with the Ruef and Schmitz grafters of San Francisco and their obedient School Board. No American can point to-day to a single unfriendly act on the part of the Japanese. The talk of war has been entirely American; it is our navy officers who have insisted upon a strengthening of our Pacific fleet, and some of our representatives in Congress who have done their best to make trouble between the two countries. The Japanese Government is bent on establishing peaceful relations with every country. Her relations with Russia are in a satisfactory condition, as has appeared from the recent successful negotiations. Besides her English alliance, by the aid of British influence Japan has concluded one with France, with the purpose of preserving the territorial *status quo* in

Asia and, as M. Pichon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has recently stated, of "establishing new bonds for the maintenance of peace in the Far East."

The first Austrian elections, last week, on the basis of full manhood suffrage must be written down as another victory for democratic principles. The elections were orderly throughout, despite the great excitement, and there seems to have been a large vote cast by the workingmen. As a result, the Socialists and Christian Socialists have shown great strength, while the racial candidates, both Czech and German, have been defeated in all directions. If this means that much of the clashing of the various races has been artificial, the Empire has gained mightily by this test of public opinion. Especially should the defeat of the Pan-Germanic leaders end a fruitless agitation from which nothing was to be gained. What Austria has needed for a long time is the quiet to work out its own peculiar economic and industrial problems free from race antagonisms. So far as the success of the two Socialist parties is concerned, the situation there is much like that in Germany, where the Liberal idea has also been pushed into the background by Socialistic principles. Liberalism has yet to find the leaders to guide the voters along truly democratic lines. But the time is certain to come when this will be the case. One curious fact noted is that 50,000 electors in the province of Lower Austria, which includes the capital, abstained from voting, despite the law, which makes the exercise of the franchise compulsory. This is the system which prevails in Belgium, and is regarded as working with success there. Its introduction in Austria is attributed by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* to the Christian Socialists, with the intent of bringing out their prosperous stay-at-home voters. The results indicate the rather imperfect working of the compulsory-voting law. But, then, all beginnings are hard, and Vienna is an eminently pleasure-loving city.

Every now and then some one of distinction rises to protest against the steadily increasing number of foreign students at the German universities. The latest to complain is Herr von Arnim, who uttered his fears in the Prussian House of Delegates. The foreigners, it seems, take the best places at lectures, which they attend with really censurable regularity. They remain in residence during vacations in order to get on with their studies, and in many cases show as regrettable a purpose to get ahead of their German fellow-students as that displayed by the women in our coeducational institutions to outdo their men rivals. Fortunately, the Minister of Education, Herr von Studt, was on hand to reply to Herr von Arnim, which he did vigorously, and with genuine breadth of view. He rejected every proposal to limit German universities to Germans only. Even the proposed increased tax upon foreigners he opposed. The truth is that Germany's high position as instructor of the world's teachers is one of her greatest assets, a genuine source of pride. Where visiting students misbehave, there is always the university discipline to fall back upon; and, if lecture rooms are overcrowded, other arrangements can be made. Some of the Russian students who crowd German classrooms because of the intermittent activities of their own universities, are doubtless undeserving a welcome, being concerned more with political agitation than their studies. But this is no reason for depriving worthy students from all the world of the privilege of listening to the great German thinkers of the day.

It is scarcely right to say that the Duma declared on Monday against terrorism, when it adopted a resolution condemning the widely ramified conspiracy against the life of the Czar, which M. Stolypin's secret police are said to have unearthed. A vote on the abstract question of terrorism, embodied in various resolutions now before the Duma, has not as yet been taken. The outsider must be not a little puzzled at the evident importance which both parties in Russia attach to an academic declaration about a mode of political warfare which has its cause in desperately unacademic conditions. But in reality the question is a very practical one. There is a widening gulf between the extreme Left and the Constitutional Democrats. The latter have, by their moderate policy, pretty well assumed the character of a party of the Centre. In theory always opposed to violence, they nevertheless condoned it in practice, even as many otherwise peace-loving people outside of Russia have come to regard it as an inevitable evil. Could the Liberals be brought to abjure terrorism even in theory? That would constitute a triumph for M. Stolypin's policy, and even render possible the formation of a solid governmental majority in the Duma. The declaration was made easier for the Constitutional Democrats by having the resolution turn on the question of personal loyalty to the Czar. A conspiracy, in these troublous times, could undoubtedly be had as an excuse—and Monday's vote was the result. That the Left abstained entirely from voting does not militate against the ministerial policy in the least. For undoubtedly M. Stolypin feels himself capable of dealing with terrorism from the Left, provided he has the moderate Liberals on his side.

Apparently, the Russians and the Japanese are testing the maxim that the pen is mightier than the sword. Rival newspapers are being established by them in the former war territory. At Harbin there is a periodical published in the Chinese language with the title *The Far East*, the object of which is to acquaint the natives with Russian ideas. A German correspondent at Yokohama relates that early in the year Russian emissaries visited Peking in search of editors for two more newspapers to be issued for the edification of the Manchus and Mongolians. The Japanese, on their part, print a considerable number of newspapers in Chinese, and these are in the hands of shrewd, expert journalists. Nor is Korea neglected. For some time the Government at Tokio has looked askance at an Anglo-American missionary journal published in that country, which severely attacks Japanese rule in Korea. To counteract its influence, a well-known journalist, Mr. Zumoto, has been sent there to issue the Seul *Press*.

The protest of the wine growers in southern France against conditions which are threatening their industry with ruin, is pretty sure to receive the attention of the Government. On the face of the reports, the problem the Cabinet will have to face is one involving a conflict of interests between the grape growers of the south and the northern beet-sugar farmers; and no matter what be the merits of the case, the Midi must be heard. Not so powerful as it was three years ago, when the *méridionaux* Emile Combes, Jean Jaurès, and Camille Pelletan ruled the destinies of the republic, the south still exercises a great influence in the Government. It is the stronghold of the Radical and Socialist movement and of anti-clerical feeling; and at this very moment its leaders under the same Combes, Pelletan, and Jaurès are actively encompassing the fall of the "reactionary" Cabinet, headed by the astute Breton Clemenceau and the equally sagacious Norman Briand. The discontent of a whole countryside, attested by such vast assemblages as that at Perpignan, or last week's at Béziers, must add to the driving force behind the dissatisfied southern contingent in the Chamber of Deputies. The peaceful nature of the present agitation is only another illustration of how fast France is learning the lesson of self-control under democracy. That more than 100,000 fiery sons of the south, whose everyday table-gestures are sufficient to impress the stranger with the imminence of panic and sudden death, should gather, protest, and disperse without creating an opening for the intervention of the police, argues commendable self-control.

THE BULWARKS OF PROPERTY.

We imagine that few who had followed closely the testimony before the Special Master, in the matter of the 80-cent gas law, were surprised at his finding in favor of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York. The case presented by the Company was, *prima facie*, very strong. Indeed, it has been no secret that, after the array of evidence going to show the actual value of the Consolidated's plant, and the real cost of its manufactured product, some of those most active in working for the 80-cent rate had become convinced that that figure was too low. One of them is reported to have said that a mistake had been made; that a 90-cent rate could have been defended, but that the courts were nearly certain to upset the other. This now appears in a fair way to be done.

Of course, the report of the Special Master, Mr. Masten, is in no sense final or binding. It does, however, carry with it a strong presumption that it will be confirmed by the courts. An appeal will doubtless be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, from which a decision may be expected within a twelvemonth. It is highly desirable that the issues should be argued before the court of last resort, because the principles involved go to the root of the whole question of the protection of property from legislative invasion. Mr. Masten's report is not yet accessible in full, but it seems clear that the grounds of his decision are Constitutional—that is, that the enforcement of an 80-cent rate for gas would deprive the Company of a reasonable return on its investment, and so would be a taking of its property without due process of law. If the facts establish to the satisfaction of the Supreme Court that such is the case, then the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment should be extended to the Consolidated Gas Company as carefully as to the poorest widow, whose tiny holding of land could not be taken by the State without just compensation.

The whole case illustrates most happily and reassuringly the truth that firm bulwarks of law still make secure, in this country, the rights of property. This gas litigation has been conducted on principles embedded in the legal foundations of our government; and no railway-rate laws, or public utilities bills, can go counter to them. The courts will always intervene to uphold a corporation, or a private citizen, in the lawful use of property, and in the enjoyment of its fruits. According to repeated decisions of the Supreme Court, the fruits of property *are* property; so that no law of Congress, or act of a Legislature, can destroy the right to a reasonable income upon capital. Nor can the power of courts to inquire into any alleged violation of property rights be denied or curtailed. It is inherent in the very conception of a court of justice. Thus it really makes very little difference—except as bearing on the question of the Constitutionality of the bill—whether the specific guarantee of a "court review" be put into a railway-rate bill, or a public utilities bill. The power is there, whether recognized or not, and will surely be exercised by any upright judge to whom appeal is made.

Two tests may be applied in any litigated case. The first is that of Constitutionality; the second that of remuneration. When the first can be shown clearly to be involved, the question is ended. Property cannot be taken by the nation or by any State without compensation; and the imposition, on a railway or a gas company, of rates that prevent it from earning a reasonable income, is a deprivation of property, and hence forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment. When it comes to the further question, what constitutes a reasonable income, the matter becomes more intricate. We will only note the holding of the courts that the income must be figured upon the actual capital invested, not upon what it would now cost to reproduce a plant or a railway; and that it must also be determined by the nature and cost of the service rendered. No one fixed rate of return can be insisted upon. A barely remunerative rate of income for a given service might, as Judge Brewer pointed out in Catling v. Kansas City Stock Yards, "by reason of the multitude" of transactions, make "the aggregate of profits large"; but in such a case the charges could not be deemed unreasonable. There is also a discrimination to be made between public and private companies. The reasonable income of the former can be more fairly regulated by law than can that of the latter. Indeed, Judge Brewer, in the case cited, suggested that only the Constitutional test be applied to public-service corporations, while the remuneration test be reserved for private business. This would naturally tend to the fixing of a recognized rate of income for corporations "affected with a public interest." Apparently, in the gas case, the Master has reckoned it at 6 per cent.

One moot point in Mr. Masten's report is his reckoning the value of the Consolidated's franchise at $20,000,000. It is probably worth all of that. The State, it was put in evidence, assesses a franchise-tax upon it on a basis of $32,000,000. Yet it may well be doubted if a capitalized franchise ought to be made the ground for a charge to the public. It certainly cannot be so made in this State after the passage of the Public Utilities bill. That measure has a clause forbidding "the capitalization of any franchise, or the right to own, operate, or enjoy any franchise whatsoever, in excess of the amount actually paid to the State, or to a political subdivision thereof, as the consideration for the grant of such franchise or right." That principle we believe to be sound. A franchise is a piece of property; it can be sold; it can be taxed; it cannot be taken away without compensation; yet it must not be capitalized in order to render greater the charges for a public service. Probably the law, as it stands, would not compel the Consolidated Gas Company so to omit its franchise from capitalization; but after the enactment of the Public Utilities bill, all future public-service corporations will be, in that respect, upon a new legal basis.

In any event, we have in this important case a timely reminder of the safety of the system under which we live. With written Constitutional guarantees beyond the reach of hasty legislators, and with a pure and independent judiciary ready to set aside wanton attacks upon property, men conscious of exercising their property rights within the law need not live in dread of the agitator or demagogue.

OUR FOREIGN TARIFF RELATIONS.

The Reichstag last week adopted the provisional tariff agreement with the United States—not, however, without some mutterings. Conservative and Anti-Semite members voted against it on the second reading, while in committee the vote was 20 to 8. Count von Posadowsky, the Vice-Chancellor, in urging for the Government the ratification of the *modus vivendi*, admitted that many members would be disappointed by it, and that its advantages pertained almost exclusively to matters of administration. By these, many just grievances would be removed. At best, however, the Vice-Chancellor considered the agreement merely a stepping stone. The United States ought to realize that Germany was one of their best customers, and that the American tariff was much too high. So he hoped that further negotiations looking to a better and a permanent arrangement would be undertaken at once.

That Count von Posadowsky correctly expressed the views of German industrialists was immediately made plain by the publication in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of a number of interviews with Saxon manufacturers, all of whom emphasized the temporary nature of this agreement. Writing in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, Ludwig Max Goldberger, author of a book on America entitled "The Land of Unlimited Possibilities," and a member of the Central Industrial Committee, takes a somewhat different tone. He warns his "good friends on the other side of the ocean" that German complaisance has its limits. His countrymen have made many concessions out of deference to our political conditions, but he is inclined to think

that anything further would be regarded by Americans as a confession of weakness. Hence he wishes America to understand that the German worm may yet turn. Herr Goldberger is particularly dissatisfied with the measure which provides for the automatic renewal of the *modus vivendi* on the first of July of each year, if neither party to it has given six months' notice of abrogation. Meanwhile, he insists, everything should be done to make the leading American Senators and Representatives understand that Germany will not be satisfied until both nations are giving each other the most favorable tariff treatment possible.

Now, Germany is a great manufacturing state, whose industrial conditions would be gravely disarranged by a tariff war with the United States. The shrewdest German observers admit this; Herr Goldberger confesses that such hostilities would result in wounds on his side of the water which could be healed only with the greatest difficulty. The leading journal of the German textile trade recently pointed out the great difference which exists between Germany's exports and those of the United States. America, it said,

> sends to Germany about ninety-three per cent. of the total in the form of raw materials and cereals, which we urgently need and most of which we cannot procure elsewhere. On the other hand we export to America only finished goods, as to which, if any cogent reasons existed, that country could be quite independent of Germany. We have, therefore, every reason for avoiding a tariff war with America and for making every effort to prevent any reduction of our business with that country.

The Commercial Treaty Association and other important business organizations have long since expressed similar views, as have the more liberal newspapers. And Germany has not forgotten her bitter experience in losing trade of several million dollars a year with Canada through her attempt to penalize that country for giving a preference to Great Britain.

But the mere fact that Germany is, so to speak, at our mercy is all the more reason why public opinion in this country should assert itself and compel Congress to act. We should welcome such a campaign as Herr Goldberger suggests, because American manufacturers ought to realize how much more readily they could enter German markets under other arrangements, and how unfair is the refusal of Congress to meet the Emperor's Government half-way. Even if Germany has so much at stake as to make it practically impossible for her to risk a tariff war, the feeling of being deeply wronged remains. That is in itself harmful to the further expansion of the business of the two nations; more than that, it makes for international friction and dislike. The German knows that seven European countries, including Austria, Belgium, Italy, Russia, and Switzerland, have recently negotiated fresh reciprocity treaties with his country. He is unfamiliar with the way in which certain of our protected interests rule the Republican party in the interest of their own pockets; and he therefore attributes the unwillingness of Congress to consider a treaty with Germany to some form of hostility.

Again, how our obstinate refusal to treat with Canada in a business-like way has repelled that country, was told last Thursday evening, at the Canadian Club dinner, by Speaker Sutherland of the House of Commons. When there was reciprocity between the two countries from 1854 to 1866, trade grew from $20,000,000 to $80,000,000 a year. But now, although, as Mr. Sutherland said, he and all Canadians "have the most friendly feeling for the United States, and there are many ties to bind us together, we have, after repeated efforts to get better trade relations with you, given it up as a bad job, and have drifted off to trade with other nations." He added a warning that even present conditions could not last. Here again is the clearest illustration of the way our dog-in-the-manger tariff policy makes enemies for us. Of what avail are peace congresses and speeches about our pacific intentions towards all nations, if we persistently run counter to the currents of peace and friendliness through trade?

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

An advance in the wheat market so violent as was that of last week is a matter of public interest for more than one reason. That a sustained rise in the price of flour and other breadstuffs, coming on top of the recent rapid increase in the cost of all other items of household expenditure, would touch very closely a good part of the community, hardly needs to be pointed out. The London *Economist* has during many years published regularly a so-called "index number," giving the sum of prices of various commodities selected as typical factors in the cost of living. At the end of April this "index number" stood at the highest level in almost exactly thirty years. The figure given was 2549, which compared with 2499 last December, and with only 2211 in the middle of 1900, when commodity prices had reached a height very commonly complained of as intolerable. Yet when this compilation at the close of last month was made, the wholesale cash price of wheat on the New York market was 88⅛ cents per bushel, and of flour $4.50 per barrel. Last Friday the same commodities were quoted, respectively, at $1.04¾ and $5.70.

Independently of the simple question of rise in the cost of living, the wheat market's action, especially during the past week, is itself an index of much significance in its bearing on the question of our trade prosperity. Rapid advance in wheat—the price of contracts for future delivery, at Chicago, went up no less than 12 cents a bushel last week—necessarily reflects an expected reduction in the world's harvest for the coming season. Such a reduction does not always mean that American producers and carriers will suffer; exactly the contrary is sometimes true. The rise of the Chicago price from 81½ cents a bushel to $1.33 in 1879, and from 71 cents to $1.09 in 1897, was in each case a response to crop shortage in Europe, coinciding with an abundant yield at home; it resulted, therefore, in unusual profits to the American farmer, large business to the railways which carried the grain from farm to seaport, and a very great increase in the export trade of the United States.

On both of those occasions, therefore, it was possible to say that the rise in wheat was an index of American prosperity. In 1896, the advance in wheat, from 55 cents in midsummer to the neighborhood of a dollar per bushel in November, was so far from a recognized calamity that it checkmated a good part of the Bryan campaign, and upset the chief argument of the economic agitators. That remarkable advance was chiefly a consequence of the shortage of India's crop and England's consequent urgent bid for our export trade; it was a timely and very tangible proof that profits of wheat-growers were not, as Bryan and his friends alleged, bound up with the rise or fall in silver.

The present month's spectacular advance in wheat, however, can hardly be classed with that of the years just mentioned. Primarily, its cause has been the doubtful prospects of our own wheat crop of 1907. The Agricultural Department's own monthly estimate of May 10, on the country's wheat acreage and condition, indicated that 11 per cent. of the acreage of winter wheat, which makes up the greater part of the American crop, had been abandoned because of unfavorable weather, and that what was left promised a yield 88,800,000 bushels less than what was predicted a month before, and 87,000,000 less than what was harvested in 1906. Meantime, the abnormally cold and unseasonable spring had delayed so long the planting of wheat in our own Northwest and in Canada that it was doubtful if that part of the crop could come up to recent expectations, or approach last year's satisfactory harvest. While all this was happening in America, an almost precisely similar season in Europe, with snow in France and hailstorms in Germany at the end of April, has caused foreign wheat-growers to take an equally gloomy view of their own crop outlook.

A world-wide shortage in grain would

be an event not witnessed in this generation, and a general misfortune. It is reasonable, however, to take the more pessimistic predictions, made at so early a point in the season, with much allowance. It is very seldom that damage to the whole world's crops, occurring in or before the first weeks in May, can be so serious that it may not be in large degree repaired by subsequent favorable weather. It therefore follows that an advance in wheat, to such prices as last week's, may at least be called premature; and, as a matter of fact, it is perfectly well recognized, even on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade, that actual "crop news" has probably had less to do with the violence of this rise than the keenness of the public appetite for speculation. It did not require even the foolish and disastrous Stock Exchange speculation of last winter to prove that a wild boom in prices, during a distinctly speculative period, may be due more to psychological than to economic causes.

Nevertheless, the events in the wheat market, backed up as they are by ascertained and important facts, are in the nature of a warning, and as such they serve, in our judgment, a useful purpose. We do not suppose it to be as true of the past few months, as it was of the craze of 1901, that our financiers have paved the way to trouble by persuading themselves that the country's industrial welfare was no longer identified with its agricultural fortunes. But even if our speculating millionaires have learned, since then, that the fruits of the earth have somewhat more to do, in promoting prosperity, than the output of corporation printing presses, they have nevertheless refused to take into their reckoning such possibilities as an awkward accident of Nature. After such an episode as that of last winter, it cannot be altogether unwholesome if Nature herself gives them a sharp reminder.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

With the Colonial Conference closing in something like rancor, and with the Irish bill rejected by the Nationalists in their Dublin convention, it cannot be said that the prospects of the Liberal Government are exactly roseate. It has, of course, its big majority still intact, and it can hold itself in office three years more, undoubtedly; but merely marking time, and reducing itself to the grade of an old public functionary, will never do for the Liberal party. It came into power backed by too many ardent hopes, and pledged to too explicit a programme, to be content with that. Campbell-Bannerman feels behind him the push of striving and discontented elements which he is bound to try to satisfy. The Labor Party and the Radical Liberals are demanding land legislation; and the alert Winston Churchill is making himself the spokesman of the cry for small holdings. The education question will have to be tackled again; the Ministry is under bonds to propose some sort of reform of the House of Lords; and the Irish are an ever-present trouble. Certainly the English Liberals do not lack for "problems." Those of them who are most gluttonous for difficult work cannot complain that their skill and energy are not sufficiently called upon.

The greatest of all their difficulties remains to be mentioned. They cannot fight their opponents on equal terms. Mr. Balfour holds all their legislation in the hollow of his hand, because he holds the House of Lords in the hollow of his hand. When the Irish bill was introduced the other day, for example, the dispatches stated that there had been high hopes that Mr. Balfour would not denounce so moderate a measure. He did, however, fall upon it savagely, and that was at once taken as an indication that the Lords would never allow it to become a law. Leading but a pitiful minority in the Commons, Balfour is thus able to say what bills shall, and what shall not, be enacted. This is the anomalous position, under a government professedly by party, which fills the Liberals with a sense of unfair play. When the Conservatives are in power, all their legislation, even that designed to placate the Irish, slips through the Lords easily; but when there is a Liberal Ministry, with a majority of even 250, the Conservative leader can hold up his hand and wreck successively and sardonically all its important measures.

Of course, there is a short and sharp and wholly Constitutional way of dealing with this *impasse*. The Liberals could, on the throwing out of any of their bills by the Lords, take an instant appeal to the country, and then, if they came back with a majority, could demand the acceptance of the measure in question, with the threat in reserve to create enough new Peers to ensure it. This, it is pretty well understood, was Gladstone's idea of what should be done when the Lords rejected his second Irish Home Rule bill in 1893. But he was very old, and could not hope long to lead the fight; and Rosebery and the other Liberals thought that the party ought to swallow its discomfiture and hold on in order to work at the rest of its programme. It did continue a precarious existence in office for a couple of years, when it went out of power for ten, with the House of Lords more firmly established than ever as the sworn ally and best political asset of the Conservative party.

There is much talk now of making a square issue with the Lords, and having the fight out at once. Some of the formidable obstacles to that course are pointed out by that stout Liberal, Mr. J. A. Spender, writing in the *Contemporary*. There is, in the first place, the enormous labor and expense of going into another general election so soon as two years after the last one. Candidates would rebel; the needed party funds it would be hard to secure. Then there is another class of considerations. Some Liberals say it would be playing the Conservatives' game rashly to challenge a dissolution so soon. Despite the hostile Lords, the Liberal Ministry can manage to write a part of its programme into legislation. It can pass its budgets; and they are safe from meddling by the Lords. But the budgets themselves can be made to embody a good deal of Liberal policy. They illustrate the desire for peace, for economy, for rearranging equitably the burdens of taxation, and for making a beginning of an old-age pension scheme. Why break off that work prematurely to risk an electoral battle? Then there is the question of foreign relations and wise colonial development. Here, too, the Liberals have ideas of their own, and have been carrying them out with considerable success. They have given the Transvaal self-government. They have strengthened friendships and knit closer the bonds of peace with all European nations. Can it be the duty of Liberals to hazard all this by forcing an early general election? Is it not, rather, distinctly their duty not to imperil the work to which they have set their hands?

To such questions the Tories will, of course, reply tauntingly that they indicate merely a desire to cling to the sweets of office. They will call Campbell-Bannerman's policy one of letting I dare not wait upon I would. And they can undoubtedly point to some signs that the country is growing a little cold to the Liberals. The bye-elections have shown, on the whole, a pretty strong drift against the Government. But this is an old story. It is an English proverb that Governments seldom, but the Opposition nearly always, command the confidence of the country. And hence there would be an inevitable lurking fear that, if the Liberals turned angrily upon the Lords and went to the country, they might return beaten, or else so reduced in strength that they would have gained nothing. The ground would have to be very carefully chosen for a contest of that kind. Certainly, no bill now in sight would be fitted for such a putting everything to the touch. If a popular measure for land-law reform should be thrown out by the Lords, the desired *casus belli* might be furnished; but, short of that, we are not likely to see the Government resort to extreme measures. It will probably go on much as before, getting a percentage of its bills through, and making wry faces

over those which the Lords will not have.

THE HERO WITH THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

It would be difficult to find two eminent European writers of the present day who present a stronger general contrast than was embodied in the two leading men of letters whom France has just lost—André Theuriet and Karl Joris Huysmans. Something of the difference between them is suggested when we state that one was a member of the French Academy and the other a member of the Académie des Goncourt; and the whole case may not unfairly be summarized by saying that Theuriet was one of the few French writers of the present time whose books an Anglo-Saxon publisher might venture to translate without danger of iucurring bankruptcy, while Huysmans's work was quite as gross as popular Anglo-Saxon opinion takes contemporary French fiction to be. Which was the greater artist of the two? A few years ago the decision would have been definitely for the grewsome narrator of the extreme in "naturalism," sorcery, and pietistic devotion, and against the poet of the open fields and romancer of quiet bourgeois life. The post-mortem tributes of the French press to Huysmans have not reached us as yet; but from the judgment which eminent men have already passed on Theuriet, it is not hazardous to conclude that the cause of the normal and the objective has been making its way against the morbid and the subjective in Continental literature.

There can be no denying an author's right to study neurology and "temperament" as against life in the placid form if he so desires; but there is certainly room for objecting to philosophies of life so deduced being advanced as of universal validity. French literature is by no means alone in its fondness for the artist hero; German fiction, if anything, surpasses it in its plenitude of Hamlet painters, Don Quixote musicians, and Chatterton *littérateurs* who go crashing down to destruction beneath the ruin of the world's conventions which they are able to overthrow, but not to escape. In Italy, D'Annunzio plainly announces that the heroes of his Triumphs of Death, his Fires, and his Pleasures, are only himself swayed by the eternal forces of "sex, love, passion, and death." And we can rise still higher to Ibsen. His master builders and sculptors who awaken when they die, are the sport of influences to which the coarser souls of most of us, mere candidates for the position of *Untermensch*, are quite insensible.

From this glorification of the professional artist-hero certain signs indicate that a definite reaction is now under way. German fiction is still plentifully supplied with the histories of painter Euphorions and their incompatible wives, and of great novels that are written in the heart's blood, or that are destroyed after being written because the great tragédienne who was their inspiration proves fickle, or goes away to the Riviera with the leading tenor. The type persists, but its importance is diminishing, and we have a marked drift away from these specialized souls to the broader sweep and infinitely more elemental conditions of a Gustav Frenssen, or, in Italy, Antonio Fogazzaro. In France, too, it is significant that the popular dramatists, like Brieux, Capus, Lavedan, and Mirbeau, nowadays choose their topics from among the problems of unexceptional life, and that novelists like Barrès and Bazin, instead of coddling their souls as incubators for rare sensations, have turned to study their fellow-citizens and their country.

The protest against the abnormal in art is cleverly voiced by the author of a fable in a recent number of the Paris *Temps*. A young American millionaire is represented as coming to Paris, impelled by the desire to satisfy the vague longings of a lofty soul. The ordinary pleasures that the French capital has to offer fail utterly to attract him, and, disappointed, he is about to leave the city without having found a purpose in life for himself or his vast millions, when he happens to stroll into a salon of paintings by "progressive" artists. As he stands completely bewildered before a triumph of radical impressionism, a voice behind him sighs out, "*Ah, comme c'est beau!*" When the young American asks wherein lies the beauty beyond his grasp, the stranger, who turns out to be a noted *jeune* art critic, tells him that if he cannot see beauty of himself, it is useless to attempt explanations. "I will buy this," says the rich youth; and thereafter, under the guidauce of the same mentor, he continues to buy till the studios of all the "advanced" painters in Paris are denuded. But as he purchases canvases, he also acquires his education, and the climax comes one night when the young millionaire invites all the "independent" artists and critics to a splendid fête at his château. He orders a great bonfire to be lighted, and before all his guests throws into it his vast stock of paintings, with the solemn words, "For the sake of the beautiful in art!"

THE LITERARY PRODUCTION OF FRANCE IN 1906.

PARIS, May 10.

Information which is instructive as well as interesting may be derived from the last "Table Systématique de la Bibliographie de la France année 1906." This classifies the titles of all the copyright publications of the year as registered at the Ministry of the Interior. Only printed matter for private circulation escapes this registration. For example, the society of Freemasons does not register its printed documents nor deposit copies in the Bibliothèque Nationale; consequently, under the head "Freemasonry" only ten titles appear, of which eight belong to books or pamphlets attacking the famous society. But, apart from the few similar cases, the Table furnishes complete data of the literary output of France for an entire year.

Including pamphlets and songs, but not periodicals or sheet music, about 7,900 titles appear. Those for whom the bulk of French literature is constituted by novels will be surprised to learn that the total of novels, romances, and tales amounted only to 340 volumes. On the other hand, 410 plays are registered, 215 books of new French poetry, and 400 volumes of letters, addresses, miscellanies, anecdotes, and criticism coming under the head of French literature. There were 210 translations, prose and verse, from foreign literatures, ancient and modern; and 26 Greek and Latin texts, sometimes accompanied by translations, and including half a dozen books or theses of scholastic theology. The University practice of the Latin thesis for the doctorate of letters is evidently disappearing, as only one title is noted, which happens to belong to our English philology—"Bastide (C.). De Recentiore Gallicorum Verborum Usu in Anglica Lingua."

The high place taken by history in the intellectual life of France is shown by 440 separate works, for the most part real volumes; 450 biographies; and 315 pamphlets, or books dealing with archæology, numismatics, inscriptions, chivalry and nobility, palæography and archives. In the allied branches of geography, ethnography, and ethnology, travel and guide books, there are 225 titles. A large number of the works classified under the military art (270) and marine and navigation, including that of the air (80), are also technical historical studies.

Under the head of religion, which includes everything from the higher criticism of Scripture to the notice of a pilgrim shrine, patrology, church history, saints' lives, theology, Catholics naturally have the immense majority (500 titles). Only twenty-six publications are formally attributed to the Protestant religion, mostly *actualités*; but the official indexer places a translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" under the head of moral philosophy! Oriental religions are credited with ten books, including two on Judaism, and two on the Greek churches. Many of the books showing the religious aspirations or troubles of mind are stowed away under the head of philosophy, mental and moral, which has 180 volumes, while 52 are down for mysticism and occultism.

So far the mere statistics show that the French general reader is not exclusively wrapped up in novels and that the speculative thought of the people is not yet totally enslaved to material science. We now come to departments of intellectual activity where a certain influence of the university monopoly over all liberal professions is shown in a multitude of books printed as theses for the various doctorates. This influence is also felt in history and philosophy, where such theses not sel-

dom add to the permanent treasure of the language. In law, where the doctor's degree is required for nearly all judicial posts, there were 620 publications on legislation, jurisprudence, administrative law, and penitentiary questions. In the various medical sciences 607 books are registered. There are 31 volumes on general mathematics and 32 on astronomy, meteorology, and mechanics. Physics and chemistry have 95 volumes, and there are 65 in natural history, which in France means geology, botany, and zoölogy. Over 200 hooks are devoted to agricultural sciences, including silk and oyster growing.

The official classification under moral and political sciences is rather disconcerting and leads us again from the material to at least semi-spiritual realms; thus "Russia and the Universal Church" and E. Vandervelde's "Socialist Essay" on Religion crop up among the 162 titles of political and social economy. There are 160 works on financial, commercial, and statistical questions; 20 in public administration—and 190 classified as politics, meaning present-day controversy and criticism.

In the fine arts, there are 100 publications on the arts of design, many of historical and critical interest; and there are 24 on music and the dance. There are 210 books on the various industrial arts and engineering; and 20 on domestic economy.

In spite of certain incomprehensihilities of the official classification, it may he said that none of the puhlications so far mentioned directly concern hooks for the uses of students in the schools. These are of great interest, if only hecause of French order and lucidity. To puhlic instruction in general 25 works were devoted; to pedagogy, including anthologies and miscellanies, 130; and there are 225 books of "education and recreation." Of text-hooks proper there are 26 made up of extracts from chosen authors (reading hooks, hut not quite in the American sense). The distrlhution of class hooks among the languages tells a tale of French schools: French has 140, as is natural; Latin 41, Greek 20, then English 26, German 19, Spanish 4, and Italian only 5, and Russian 2, in spite of the alliance. Oriental languages, which comprise French colonies even in the Pacific Ocean, have 13 grammars and so on to their credit. There are 29 class hooks of philosophy to 135 on the sciences; 60 of history and 40 of geography; and 60 hooks are set down to general linguistics, with the new fad of Esperanto responsihle for most of them.

Of unclassifiable matter, the hunt and fishing, races and equitation, exercises and games have 60 entries. There are 22 encyclopædias and reports of academies and learned societies. And bibliography, which is in honor in France, claims 47 copyrighted publications for itself.

Such an annual production of printed matter assuredly shows intense intellectual activity and a general cultivation of the widest scope among a people of fewer than 40,000,000 souls. It may be considered hy some a sign of general over-education. It is certainly due in large measure to the secondary education which is compulsory for all who wish to enter any profession from veterinary to officeholder in the puhllc administrations. Even the higher commercial element of the country comes under this secondary or college education. Whether it is too general or too high and unpractical for the interests of the country is another question; but it is undoubtedly favorable to intensive literary cultivation and production.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first book on Virginia, Smith's "True Relation," of 1608, was a narrative of events in the Colony itself, and was issued, probably without authority of the Council of Virginia, as a promising speculation by its publisher. The second book was a publication of the Council; its purpose, to induce colonists to emigrate to the new settlement and to augment the sale of the Company's stock, being indicated by the title: "Nova Britannia. Offering Most Excellent fruites by Planting in Virginia. Exciting all such as be well affected to further the same," London, 1609. The book is a thin small quarto of twenty leaves, signatures A, B, C, D, and E, each four leaves, A having only the letter "A" on the recto, and E4 being blank. The title is A2, and the Dedication to Thomas Smith, Treasurer for the Colony of Virginia and Governor of the Company of Muscovie and East India Merchants, signed "R. I.," fills the recto and verso of A3. The text begins on the recto of A4 and ends on the recto of E3. The pages are unnumbered.

The book was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 18th of February, 1609, and it must have been published as early as March 5, as on that day Zuñiga, the Spanish minister in London, who was keeping his home Government well informed about the new ventures to America, wrote to his King, Philip III.:

> They have printed a hook which I also send Your Majesty, in which they call that country New Britain and in which they publish that for the increase of their religion and that it may extend over the whole world, it is right that all should support this Colony with their person and their property. It would be a service rendered to God, that Your Majesty should cut short a swindle and a robbery like this, etc.

The initials "R. I." signed to the dedication are supposed to be those of Robert Johnson, a public-spirited London merchant, member of the Grocers' Company, an incorporator of the East India Company and of the Northwest Passage Company, besides being an adventurer and official in the Virginia Company. He apparently never came to America. He is supposed to have been the author of the hook under discussion, though he does not admit it in the dedication, which calls it "the summe of a private speech or discourse, touching our plantation in Virginia, uttered not long since in London, where some few Adventurers" were met together.

That there were two distinct editions of the pamphlet in 1609 has been known for a long time, but by a comparison of a number of copies we have discovered that the tvpes of the book were set not less than five times, making five (or six) distinct editions, varying generally in minute typographical particulars only. Of the thirteen copies examined, all but one has a cut of a ship in full sail as a vignette on the title-page. This, one of the two copies in the Lenox Library, is without the ship, hut has a head-piece containing the royal arms, and is evidently the earliest form. As copies of the same setting are found with the "ship" title-page, we may presume that this change was made while the first edition was printing. There were, therefore, two issues of the first edition. Only two varieties of the title with the vignette of the ship can be positively distinguished. In one of these "Offering," in the second line, is correctly spelled; in the other it is spelled "Offring."

While positive diffcrences, proving the five settings-up, arc found on every sheet, and on almost every page, it is sufficient for the purpose of distinguishing the edition to take the leaf D4. Lines 20 and 21 of the recto of this leaf contain the only important textual differences, and these may be used as a distinguishing mark of the various editions:

Edition I. Recto, line 20, "vs: As also for euery Planter and Aduenturer shalbe inser-"; recto, line 21, "ted in the Patent by name: This ground beeing laid wee". The first issue of this edition contains the title without the ship. The second issue has the "ship" title.

Edition II. Recto, line 20, "vs: As also cuery Planter and Aduenturer shalbe inser-"; recto, line, 21, "ted in the Patent by name: This ground heeing laid wee".

Edition III. Recto, line 20, "vs: As also euery Planter and Aduenturer shall bee inser-"; recto, line 21, "ted in the Patent by name: This ground being laide, wee"; verso, line 28, "least. Now if any thinke that we shal be tyed to a continual".

Edition IV. Lines 20 and 21 of recto are identical with Edition III.; verso, line 28, "at least. Now if any thinke that we shall be tyed to a conti-".

Edition V. Recto, line 20, "uerne vs"; recto, line 21, "This ground beeing laide, wee purpose presently to".

The last edition, it will he ohseryed, does not contain the sentence: "As also every Planter and Aduenturer shall be inserted in the Patent by name." This is the greatest and only important textual difference among the various editions. The new charter of the company was not signed by the King until May 23, 1609, having been kept open, probahly, in order to allow the insertion of the names of the stockholders. After the charter was signed and sealed it was not possible to incorporate new names. It is probable, therefore, that the first four editions described above were printed between Fehruary 18, when the book was entered for copyright, and May 23, when the new charter was signed, and that the fifth edition (which is the more common one) was printed after this latter date.

That there was great interest in England among all classes in Virginian affairs, in 1609, is shown by the following, written in 1612, by William Strachey:

> Which was once a thing so full of expectaunce (and that not above three years since) as not a yeare of a romain-jubile, no nor the Ethnick Queene of Ephesus, can be said to have beene followed with more heate and zeale; the discourse and visitatioun of yt tooke up all meetings, times, terms, all degrees, all purses, and such throngs and concourse of personal undertakers, as the aire seemed not to have more Lights thenn that holie Cause inflamed Spiritts to partake with yt, almost every religious Subject that stood sound indeed at the coare within to Loialtie and to the professioun of the present Faith brought his Free-will-offring, and professed thenn to throw his bread upon those waters.

The widespread interest, probably, made a demand for this publication of the company, and made necessary the printing of five editions in less than as many months.

Correspondence.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The opposition of denominational colleges supported by private endowment to the growth and prosperity of the State universities supported by public funds from the State and the United States Government has long been a familiar phenomenon in the South and West, where it is now dying out, partly because it is seen to be useless, and partly because the supposed dangers to the smaller colleges looked for in the growth of the State institutions have proved in the lapse of time imaginary. The State universities have grown great indeed; but the colleges have grown also, their patrons have not forsaken them, their benefactors have kept on endowing them, those who preferred them have received there their education. Familiar examples are North Carolina, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Maine itself, not to cite many others. This is the right result of the founding and development of the State institution; for in the case of "land grant colleges" their charters were based on Senator Morrill's bill expressly providing that the character of the instruction should be not merely technical, but general and liberal; and the only rational principle that can be defended for a State university is that any and all the youth, of both sexes, in the State, shall be offered such kinds of education as they may desire.

Of this question but little was known in New England until within comparatively recent times. In Maine it arose ten years ago, on the establishment of the course leading to the degree of A.B.; and the contest in the recent Legislature was merely an attempt on the part of the friends of the three other colleges in the State (two Baptist and one Congregationalist) to reduce the university to a technical school by removing the departments that make possible the giving there of an arts course. Your correspondent in the issue of May 2d is hardly correct in saying that the "Maine Legislature has temporarily disposed of a question of broad educational interest"; when it has been settled pretty much everywhere else but in Maine, and there appears permanently settled by the action of the Legislature reaffirming the position already repeatedly taken. Certainly his statement of the "question" would seem to have been written in ignorance of educational history in this country; for, while it is hardly to be thought that any State has deliberately wished to "compete" with any existing educational institution in the establishment of the various colleges and universities, the fact of possible competition has long since been accepted as an educational commonplace in nearly every State in the Union. But the educational impetus and inspiration coming from the great growth of the State institutions has been a blessing to the denominational colleges in many ways, and the jealousy which the latter have so unfortunately manifested has been all too groundless, and has done little credit to the ideals that should prevail in the older academic circles.

Maine is not "demanding the public funds for a college of liberal arts." The small additional amount required for those classical departments which alone are concerned was from the start paid out of other funds, and even that expense was materially diminished by the income from the students attracted by these courses. For the other courses in line for the arts degree must be given just the same in connection with other degrees. Even if the total expense of supporting the classical departments in the University of Maine were to come out of the pockets of the impoverished and long-suffering taxpayers of Maine, it would not cost the said abused taxpayers three cents apiece!

The implication that an inferior article of education is dispensed at Maine in the liberal arts courses is equally erroneous. Comparisons are odious; but if anybody thinks it necessary to prove the above statement by comparison, the catalogues of the various institutions are easily accessible, wherein may be seen what facilities for classical study are afforded at each.

It does sound absurd, on the face of it, to be "advertising in the papers of Massachusetts to secure boys to take an A.B. course at the expense of the taxpayers of Maine." But when the facts are examined, the statement seems even more absurd. Very little advertising is done in Massachusetts papers by the University of Maine, and very few A.B. course students go to Maine from Massachusetts. But, so far from being at the expense of the taxpayers of Maine, the coming of students from Massachusetts to the university is easily seen to be a profitable thing for Maine. The additional cost for the additional students in courses already established is trifling, but the money brought to Maine by students from Massachusetts this year exceeds $20,000, about half of which goes directly to the university, and the rest to the "taxpayers."

One other fallacy needs to be exposed, one familiar to the writer during years spent in North Carolina, where the denominational colleges wasted much good strength in opposing the State University, namely, the idea that by cutting off some branches of the tree of higher education, there would be more available sap for the trunk of common school education. How often it has been shown by simple statistics that there is nothing in it but a specious plea! If all the money, for instance, that is spent on the departments of Greek and Latin in the University of Maine were divided among the schoolteachers of that State, it would not suffice to buy them each a new hat!

Karl Pomeroy Harrington.

Middletown, Conn., May 13.

WHERE WAS NOVA BELGIA?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Where was Nova Belgia? The question if addressed to an American antiquary or historian will seem to admit of only one answer. De Laet's map of "Nova Anglia, Novum Belgium et Virginia" (1630) and Blaeu's map of "Nova Belgica et Anglia Nova" (1636), and Allard's map, entitled "Totius Neobelgii . . . tabula" (1673) appear to furnish sufficient evidence of the use of such a Latin phrase for the Dutch settlement which is now New York.

Turning from maps to books, what are we to conclude as to the place of printing of the little work the title page of which runs thus: "An / Arrow / Against / Idolatry / Taken out of the Quiver / of the / Lord of Hosts / By Henry Ainsworth / Psalm 119, 31 / I cleave to thy Testimonies: Lord, let me / not be ashamed / Nova Belgia. Printed 1640"?

The book is now a rare one; of the only two copies I have seen one is in the British Museum, and the other lies before me in its original binding, as I write. It is a small volume (5¾x3¾ inches) of 121 pages, not badly printed, but without any special typographical distinction.

The author, Henry Ainsworth, was long considered a Lancashire man, but he was really born in Swanton Morley, Norfolk, in 1570. He was educated at St. John's College, and Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, but it does not appear that he ever graduated. In so recent a book as Dale's "History of English Congregationalism" (1907) it is said to be doubtful if he had been to a university. This is probably based on a statement of Roger Williams, who says "that most despised (while living), and now much honoured Mr. Ainsworth had scarce his peer amongst a thousand academicians, and yet he had scarce set foot within a college walls." The Admission Register of Caius shows that he was admitted a scholar there December 15, 1587, and had then been at St. John's for a year. He was a fine type of the Puritan; learned, earnest, and uncompromising. As an Independent he had to take his share of persecution, and about 1593 found refuge in Amsterdam, where he worked as a porter in a bookshop and lived "upon ninepence a week and some boiled roots." With others like-minded he founded a congregational church, but the brethren could not live together in unity and quarrels arose on various matters. Some of them were troubled as to the apparel of the wife of Francis Johnson, the pastor. She had it appears "bodies tied to the petticoats with points as men do their doublets to their hose contrary to I. Thess. v. 22 conferred with Deut. xxii. 5, and I. John ii. 16." The reader who remembers, or refers to, these verses will have before him the whole Puritan theology of "points." A more serious division was the secession of Ainsworth on the question as to whether the power of excommunication belonged to the entire congregation or rested with the officers. In the twelve years of his pastorate Ainsworth wrote a number of theological and controversial works and commentaries. To the last class belongs a translation of the Song of Songs entirely, and indeed pathetically, destitute of all poetic feeling or inspiration. He died at the end of 1622 or beginning of 1623, of renal calculus, though there was an absurd suspicion that he had been poisoned by the Jews after a conference upon the Messianic prophecies in which it was claimed he had confounded the rabbis. It fortunately happens that Nicholas Tulp, the famous physician, has left a detailed account of the disease which carried off the

learned Hebraist, and it conclusively disproves the poison story.

That Massachusetts had a press in 1638 is, of course, well known, but New York is not credited with one until 1693. Is it possible that some disciple of Ainsworth, who had left Holland for Holland's colony, carried over type for the production of an "Arrow Against Idolatry"?

If there was no press at New York, in 1640—and I know of no evidence of the existence beyond the suggestion of the title page here quoted—there remains for solution a bibliographical puzzle: Where was Nova Belgia? WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, Eng., April 26.

THE KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I feel sure that many of your readers will be interested to know of the imminent success of the project to establish a Keats-Shelley Memorial in Rome, in the house on the Piazza di Spagna in which Keats died.

The option on this house was secured some months ago at $22,000, and was taken up on the 30th of December, 1906, by a cash payment of $14,000, and a mortgage of $8,000, which has since been reduced by the payment of nearly $5,000. Of this last amount, $4,200 (including $2,000, the proceeds of the Waldorf matinée on February 14) has been raised in this country; $500 was obtained by the entertainment at the Duke of Sutherland's, Stafford House, on March 20, and $165 has been contributed in Canada. The title of the property is now held by the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association, organized under English law, and having its executive committee in Rome. The opening of the library in the apartment occupied by Keats and Severn is expected to take place in November, by which time these rooms will be rearranged in simple style, and provided with bookcases and other necessary furniture. After the enterprise is fairly established, it will be maintained by the rentals of the other apartments.

Until that time, however, subscriptions will continue to be received:

(1.) For the extinction of the balance on the mortgage, $3,000.

(2.) For the furnishing of the rooms—which it is hoped will be undertaken *en bloc* by some admirer of the poets—say, $1,200.

(3.) For the purchase of the beautiful lately discovered portrait of Shelley, painted by the Kentuckian, William Edward West, two months before the poet's death, but never known to his widow. This portrait, on which the American Committee has a virtual option, has not yet been appraised, but it is hoped that this also will be bought by some one for the library.

(4.) For the purchase of such editions of Keats and Shelley and other appropriate works as may not be presented.

(5.) The gift of a small fireproof safe is also desired.

The English committee is supplementing its labors in collecting some $4,500 toward the fund, by efforts, already successful, to obtain for the library the gift of interesting materials. Sir Charles Dilke will doubtless present one of his three portraits of Keats by Severn—probably the one shown in Lord Houghton's edition—possibly the "standard portrait," the one which Keats gave to Fanny Browne. If we could get the Shelley by West, Sir Charles could thus make sure that the library would have the best portrait of each. He has also given the original of the letter of Severn recording the circumstances of Keats's mention of his desired epitaph. On this side of the Atlantic Mr. John Gilmer Speed, grand-nephew of Keats, has presented two interesting portraits: Severn's water-color of Tom Keats, brother of the poet, and the oil-painting of his sister Fanny by her son, Juan Llanos y Keats, and there is reason to hope that a distinguished American painter will make a copy of the portrait of George, the brother who settled in Kentucky, thus completing the portraits of the four of that generation. Mr. Henry W. Cannon, one of the executive committee, has recently purchased and presented a number of letters of Byron relating to Shelley. When the house is once paid for, a special invitation will be given to owners of MSS. and portraits to make gifts, or at least bequests, to the library.

The American committee will soon send to Rome a considerable number of volumes appropriate to the archives; among them Mr. Woodberry's edition of Shelley, presented by him; copy No. 1 of the limited édition de luxe of Keats and Shelby issued and presented by the publishers, Virtue & Co., and not a few volumes by American poets, presented by request of the committee, and containing poems on Keats or Shelley.

The Stafford House entertainment, mentioned above, had among its distinguished features a most interesting exhibition of objects related to the two poets—a catalogue of which I shall be glad to show to any one. It includes MSS. of the "Ode to a Skylark," and many other poems of Keats, the first draft of the "Adonais" and of other poems of Shelley, with a precious array of volumes owned or written by the two, besides portraits, relics, etc. When the permanent and cosmopolitan character of the Roman memorial is realized, doubtless many of these will be there deposited. In the Roman house they would probably be seen by more English-speaking people—certainly under more sympathetic conditions—than in the British Museum, in the Hampstead Library, or in any institution in America.

I have undertaken to compile for the library a list of similar articles now owned in the United States, which include the MSS. of the "Ode to a Skylark" and the Shelley notebooks, of "Endymion," "Lamia," "Otho" (at least in part), and the "Ode to Autumn," besides Keats's copy of Shakespeare; and I shall be obliged by information concerning others.

Any one desiring to do so may still have a share in this interesting and inspiring memorial by sending to me at No. 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York, a check payable to the order of The Keats-Shelley Memorial Fund. The chairman of the American committee is Mr. E. C. Stedman.

R. U. JOHNSON, Secretary.

New York, May 20.

IAN MACLAREN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You rightly say that the interest in Ian Maclaren's fiction has much abated of late, but for my single self I feel that his best work will hold high place as long as the English language endures. I well remember when I first came under the charm of his pen. Against the Scotch dialect I had always felt a strong prejudice, and though I had seen highly praised "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," I felt no interest to read it, until a gracious hostess in the Schuylkill valley gave me the volume, as I went to my room, with the kindly injunction to lay aside my prejudices and give it a fair trial. I did so, and soon the scales fell from my eyes. From that time I have always felt and ever shall feel the enthralling spell of the tender pictures of Scottish life. I am sure that I am but one of many thousands to whom his writings are an abiding joy, for whom Scotland and its dialect will have a peculiar charm because of him. An eminent Canadian judge told me recently that his brother, a practising physician in the far Northwest, was known as William MacLure the country round. Once, in making the voyage hither from the Mediterranean, it was my pleasure to read from his writings each day to a dozen or more, gathered from the four quarters of the earth, and representing many walks in life. Yet all, bishop or banker, doctor or student, gray-haired scholar or young girl, yielded readily to the charm of his words.

It is to be remembered that fiction was his avocation, and not his vocation. He wrote his sketches in the leisure hours of a laborious pastorate, where he preached twice on Sunday to one of the largest Presbyterian churches in England, of which he was the only pastor in its history until two years ago. Under such circumstances it is wonderful that his work should be of such high quality; not in invention, but in the portrayal of character. One element of his power that always impresses me I have never seen spoken of in public print: that is, the complete art by which he passes from genial humor to the most tender pathos, without the slightest break or jar upon the feelings of the reader. This is most fully illustrated in one of his stories, "Jamie."

Your rather unsympathetic editorial note on kailyard literature has no allusion to his short stories without Scotch dialect, which are found in the volume entitled "Afterwards." These have been largely overshadowed by his more famous Scotch stories, yet some of them are of unquestioned merit. To my mind, the one which gives its name to the book is a classic; it received the highest praise from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps when it was published in magazine form. Its moral purpose does not interfere with its artistic execution.

Any lover of Ian Maclaren, if he is ever in Scotland, should make a pilgrimage to Drumtochty, where Dr. Watson ministered before he went to Liverpool. Its real name is Logiealmond, and it is easily reached from Perth by the train to Methven Junction, and then by branch line to Methven, which figures in the book as Kildrummie. That delightful character, Peter, the railway guard, in 1896, was run-

ning the train on the short branch. Ian Maclaren bas pictured him to the life, but I fear by this time he has gone to "his lang hame." If he is not yet out of the service, then any friend of Ian Maclaren will be sure to get from him a hearty hand grasp and cordial greetiug in broad Scotch. Then a walk of three miles over the hills will bring the pilgrim to the valley of the Almoud, and the village of simple, God-fearing folk, whom the power of the author has immortalized.

I must conclude this letter with an anecdote of Dr. Watson which, among many pleasant memories that I treasure of him, has an especial charm. In the story, "The Minister of St. Bede's," there is a whole page of description of that charming university town of Germauy, Tübingen, on the Neckar, where Dr. Watson studied theology. It occurs in the letter which Rutherford is writing to his Highland love, Magdalen, about what they will do on their wedding journey. "We'll go to my rooms near the Kirche, where I used to write a letter to you every day, and here is what old Frau Hepzäcker will say, 'Mein Gott, der Schottlander und eiu wunderschönes Mädchen.'" I told Dr. Watson how much I had enjoyed the story, and that I thought this passage an especially happy touch. He turned and looked at me with a radiant smile ou his face, and said: "I am glad you liked that passage; but it is fact, not invention. That is what she did say to me wheu I went there on my honeymoou."

GEORGE L. FOX.

New Haven, Conn., May 12.

Notes.

Fifty more volumes have been added to Everybody's Library of E. P. Dutton & Co., bringing the total number to 200.

The second volume of Bielschowsky's "Life of Goethe," translated by Prof. William A. Cooper, is about to be issued by Putnams.

The Baker & Taylor Co. has in press a new book by the Hon. John Bigelow, entitled "Peace Given as the World Giveth; or The Portsmouth Treaty and its First Year's Fruit."

Houghton, Miffliu & Co. announce two new volumes in their Riverside Press series of special editions. One will contain the "Unpublished Correspondence of David Garrick," edited by Prof. George P. Baker. The other is a reprint of "The Poems of Maria Lowell," which were first published, privately, by her husband, J. R. Lowell, in 1855.

The fifth volume of "The *Times* History of the War in South Africa" is to be ready the last day of this month. It has been written by Erskiue Childers, under the general editorship of Mr. Amery, and covers the whole period of the guerrilla war, from Lord Roberts's march to Komati Poort to the conclusion of peace.

Lemcke & Buechner will import next month the first volume of a series of illustrated monographs on "Die deutschen Hochschulen," edited by Theodor Kappsteln.

Dr. Mark Lidzbarski of the Uuiversity of Kiel, favorably known as an authority ou Semitic epigraphy, has begun the publication of a useful series of texts under the title of Altsemitische Texte (Giessen). He proposes to issue these series in parts of from sixty to seventy pages, each part to contain selected inscriptions—Phœnician, Punic, Aramaic, Arabic, etc.—accompanied by explanatory notes. The feature of the series, of which part 1 has now been issued and seven other parts announced, is the reasouable price of only two marks for each part. The study of ancient Semitic inscriptions has hitherto been rendered difficult owing to the expensive nature of the publications on this subject. Dr. Lidzbarski, by placing the material within the reach of the purse of all students, will no doubt find his reward in the stimulus that will be given through his series to a most important branch of Semitic philology.

Among the French books just published in Paris may be meutioned: "Byron et le Romantisme Français," by Prof. Edmond Estève, on the influence of Byron's works in France from 1812 to 1850; "Philosophie des Parfums," by Charles Régismanset; "La Jeune Littérature Hispano-Américaine," by Manuel Ugarte; "La Littérature Anglo-Canadienne," by M. Henry D. Davray; the poems of Jacques Vallée des Barreaux (highly praised by Voltaire, but, save for a single sonnet, hitherto lost), edited by Frederic Lachèvre; "Le Socialisme Municipal en Angleterre et ses résultats financiers," by Raymond Boverat.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., the Socialist publishers of Chicago, have issued cheap reprints of C. Osborne Ward's "The Ancient Lowly," and Lewis H. Morgan's "Ancient Society."

Gerald Stanley Lee's "Lost Art of Reading" has been reissued by Putnams in two volumes, one retaiuing the earlier title, the other taking the name of "The Child and the Book." We are not admirers of Mr. Lee's spasmodic smartness, but his books have evidently found their audience.

Arundell Esdaile relates an amusing discovery in the *Athenæum*. While looking through at the British Museum a copy of Augustinus de Ancona, "De Summa Potcstate Ecclesiastica," printed at Cologne by Arnold ther Hoernen in 1475, he observed a marginal note evidently written by an English hand of the early sixteenth century in that section of the book which discusses the power of the Church to give dispensation for breaches of the seventh commandment. The text runs: "Ad primum ergo est dicendum quod plures uxores habere non fuit contra naturam in antiquis patribus"; and the marginal note adds: "Ergo nec in nobis." Now this particular copy of the book had been in the library of Henry VIII., and examination seemed to show conclusively that the words had been jotted dowu by the royal sinner's own haud. He had also, by marks and by short headings writteu in the margin, drawn attention to parts of the table of contents of special interest to himself.

The summer meeting of English and foreign students at Oxford will begin this year on August 1 aud end on August 26. According to the programme just issued there will be lectures on the history, literature, science, fine art, and architecture of the seventeeuth century, on social economics, and lectures and classes in the theory and practice of teaching. Some of the subjects in the section devoted to literature and philosophy are "Roger Bacon," "John Wycliff," "The Schoolmen," and "Richard Hooker." A. C. Benson will lecture on "Walter Pater," and Dr. W. Osler on "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," Sir John Gorst will discuss "Labor Laws and Labor Conditions in New Zealand," and "Combination and Trade Unions" will be the subject of Mr. E. Horsburgh, while Prof. M. E. Sadler's is "English Ideals of Education, Socialist and Individualist." At one of the conferences the problem of old-age pensious will be discussed.

The twenty-fifth State to establish a State department of public libraries is Missouri, whose General Assembly has just passed a law creating a State Library Commission, and providing for a system of travelling libraries. The act embodies most of the general features of other State commissions, and is to be composed of five persons, two of whom are to be the State superintendent of schools and the president of the State University, the other three to be appointed by the Governor. An appropriation of $10,000 is made for organizing and carrying on the work till the meeting of the next Assembly. The commissioners are to serve without pay, but they are authorized to employ a paid executive and other needed assistants. In one respect the law is in advance of that of any other State, and that is in its specifications for work with schools. The commission is specifically instructed to arrange for courses of lectures on library usage in each of the State Normal Schools, to provide plans for the care of school district libraries, and in general, to promote coöperation between schools and libraries.

A uew public libraries bill, to supersede the famous Ewart act, now in force for more than fifty years, has been formally introduced in the House of Commons and is strongly urged by representatives of the library interest throughout Great Britain. The main provisions of the bill are, to provide for county as well as municipal library systems, to remove the tax limit of one penny on the pound for library support, to exempt public libraries as educational institutions from local taxes, and to legalize the expenditure of public money to provide for lectures or exhibits at the library.

Free circulating libraries are being placed in the elementary schools of Italy through the efforts of a committee founded by Signora Clara Cavalieri of Ferrara aud patronized by the Queen. These libraries consist of from twenty-five to fifty volumes in cheap editions, and the distribution is made by the master with mere registration of the borrowers. From Ferrara the movement has spread to Padua, Bologna, Spezia, Pisa, Leghorn, San Remo, and Turin. This work is especially needed in Italy, for the public libraries are scarcely popular. They serve the studeut class well, but their tone is academic, and their red tape alone makes their use practically impossible for the working classes. To attack "the illiteracy of the literate" in the schools, then, seems to the promoters of this work almost as important as dealing with the 48 per cent. of actual illiterates.

In this connection, Paola Lombrosa of Turin has been studying the intellectual condition of a group of "readers." She found that among them the Constitution was variously defined as "The King's festa," as "The place where the deputies who rule us are," and more doubtfully as "Perhaps a title of the Madonna." Her remedy for this sort of literacy is to introduce the reading of newspapers, with explanations by the master, into the elementary schools. The proposal naturally finds approval with the press.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for May contains as its most valuable article a convincing plea, by H. M. Wilson of the Geological Survey, for the establishment of a Federal drainage service for reclaiming the swamp lands on a basis similar to that of the Reclamation Service for irrigating arid lands. After briefly sketching what has already been accomplished in several States, he shows with the aid of a map and diagram where the sixty millions of acres of swamp are located, and estimates that if properly drained they would furnish homes for six millions of people and crops worth $750,000,000. Of much interest, also, are the impressions of W. E. Curtis, gained during a recent visit to Russia, of the manner in which the autocracy is being overthrown. He has little praise for any of the actors in the great drama with the exception of Premier Stolypin, who in three months introduced "more reforms than were ever known in any previous administration." Attempts to prevent the dissemination of revolutionary literature have practically ceased. In St. Petersburg "you can buy revolutionary music, photographs, and post cards on the streets, and at the news-stands. . . . One of the most popular and profitable photographs represents William Jennings Bryan sitting in the centre of a group of the reddest socialists and anarchists in Russia. It was taken on the steps of the Tauride Palace during a session of the Duma, and has done incalculable harm, because it has convinced many honest workmen that Mr. Bryan and the people of the United States sympathize with the bomb-throwers and anarchists."

In "Seeing and Hearing" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), Mr. George W. E. Russell has produced another volume of mixed gossip and reminiscence, after the general fashion of his "Collections and Recollections." This new book differs from the old in not containing so many anecdotes, and in being a trifle more reflective, even pensive at times, but the note is much the same; the good-natured observer looks out upon the life which passes before him and allows it to stir his memory and provoke him to literary allusion and a sort of sub-acid Horatian comment. Mr. Russell knows English society intimately, and this volume is a sort of chorus accompanying it throughout its "season" and on its travels. There are five chapters on the pleasures, or pangs, of the table; others on social changes, purple and fine linen, suburban Sundays, hospitality, ostentation, publicity versus reticence, etc. We have said enough to show upon what kind of topics the author comes forward again in his guise of agreeable rattle.

An interesting attempt to apply some of the results of experimental psychology to the art of public address is made by Prof. Walter Dill Scott of Northwestern University in "The Psychology of Public Speaking" (Philadelphia: Pearson Brothers). The author has written for those unfamiliar with the methods and results of the newer psychology, and with the purpose of offering helpful suggestions to all classes of public speakers. Some of the investigations of eminent psychologists are described, together with experiments which have become common in psychological laboratories; and the principles thus established concerning the reproduction of mental images, the expression of the emotions, the fluctuation of the attention, and kindred subjects, are applied to the art of oratory. It speaks well for the author that the counsels regarding public speaking which he derives from psychology are very similar to those which successful speakers have reached by simpler methods, but the advantages of his more technical approach to the question are obvious. There are doubtless few public speakers who would not receive helpful suggestions from Professor Scott's study.

Those who care to hear something in its favor will find in "Alcohol, the Sanction of its Use," by Dr. J. Starke (G. P. Putnam's Sons), an ingenious if not altogether convincing discussion. The author's main contention is that a sharp distinction must be made between moderate drinking, for the sake of stimulation, and drunkenness where oblivion is sought. He considers alcohol to be nutritive, although not an economical food, and contends that its judicious use is valuable in abating nervous irritability and regulating the distribution of the blood as well as for other purposes, ends that may be attained without increase of quantity or the development of any pathological condition or any form of "poisoning." Drunkards are persons who are abnormal, or otherwise unfortunate, and who feel the need of some sort of stupefaction; in certain cases other substances (*e. g.*, fusel oil, absinthe) are the real cause of the trouble and not alcohol. The translation, from a German original, is for the most part smooth and clear, but the "checking sensations" of the sixth chapter are somewhat obscure.

Prof. Adolf Harnack's classical work, "Die Mission und Ausbreitung des Christentums in den ersten drei Jahrunderten," which appeared only three years ago in one volume of 572 pages, has now appeared in a second edition of two volumes, with a total of 747 pages. This work, which the Berlin savant himself declares to be his "favorite" production, has proved to be a pathfinder in analyzing the inner factors and forces that enabled Christianity to become the leading religion of the world. Among the new additions in the second edition is a group of twelve maps and charts prepared by the author himself.

F. Loraine Petre, who has long made a special study of Napoleon's military operations in northeastern Europe, now publishes "Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia" (John Lane). The battle of Iena and the subsequent operations up to the Emperor's occupation of Berlin and Murat's capture of Lubeck form the central thesis of the book. The author reproduces with considerable care, and with due accompaniment of maps and illustrations, the information gathered by the best French and German authorities on the subject; and if he has nothing very novel to offer, he is generally safe to follow. The designation of such a well-known military writer as Hohenlohe Ingelfingen as "Prince Kraft," will, however, puzzle most readers.

John Mackintosh, LL.D., has died at Aberdeen in his seventy-fourth year. Dr. Mackintosh was almost entirely self-educated, having been sucessively farm-hand, shoemaker, policeman, and stationer. He found time to write a "History of Civilization in Scotland," in four volumes, another volume on Scotland in the Stories of the Nations series, as well as various monographs.

From France comes the news of the death of Eugène Le Roy at Montignac, his home and the scene of his romances. From Berlin the death is announced of the novelist Robert Schweichel, author of "Der Bildschnitzer von Achensee," "Heimatlos," and other stories. And Italy has lost the poet Luigi Conforti, who died at Naples in his forty-third year. The best known of his books of verse is "Pompèi" (1886).

A NEW STUDY OF CRABBE.

Un Poète réaliste anglais, George Crabbe, 1754-1832. Par René Huchon. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

George Crabbe and his Times. A critical and biographical study. By René Huchon. Translated from the French by Frederick Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

René Huchon, of the University of Nancy, exemplifies in this definitive treatise the conscientiousness of French scholars in the discussion of English literature. The chief authority dealing with Crabbe's life is the often reprinted biographical study by his son, which was freely used by Canon Ainger and T. E. Kebbel in their popular sketches for two well-known series. The work now before us fulfils the most exacting demands of higher academic research by rectifying misstatements in all three lives, and in its exhaustive sifting of a vast number of minor sources heretofore unstudied. How wide a range these involve may be seen at a glance from the admirable appendices and bibliography, as well as from the countless corroborative footnotes. And, further, incidents in Crabbe's life are again and again illustrated with the help of quotations from the poems, which thus carry out the biographer's purpose of interpreting characters and conduct through the detailed study of accomplished work. Any competent reader of "The Patron" ("Tales," V.) divines, without promping, the autobiographical bearing of its situation; but the ingenuity of M. Huchon transfers the same method of reading to "The Widow's Tale" ("Tales," VII.), wherein few students would have suspected a more than probable allusion to the poet's wife and her queasy feelings in the following verses:

> The air surcharged with moisture flagg'd around,
> And the offended damsel sigh'd and frown'd;
> The swelling fat in lumps conglomerate laid,
> And fancy's sickness seized the loathing maid, etc.

At the end of Part IV. of his book M. Huchon supplies a significant list of analogous identifications in support of his contention that Crabbe's "realism" draws its

vitality from immediate surroundings. Indeed, the very order of appearance of "The Village" (1783), "The Borough" (1810), and "Tales of the Hall" (1819) may be held to indicate his readiness to utilize his steadily extending social knowledge in the leisurely presentation of rural and provincial life.

Herein, as M. Huchon shows, lies Crabbe's affinity with the later realists and naturalists of the nineteenth century, whose methods and results he in a measure anticipated without exercising any strong influence on them, even through suggestion. He shares, moreover, their dominant conviction of the inexorable pressure of existence, their sense of disillusion, their unflagging interest in the study of degeneracy with all its grimy consequences; and, as adviser bodily or ghostly, he had perhaps obtained an occasional closer view of moral plague-spots than the searcher after "documentation." But the parallel, it should be added, stops here. In another aspect, the work of Crabbe might prove to be more closely related to the work of Gissing and Hardy, concentrated, as each in turn chiefly is, upon one region of the national soil. Where Crabbe differs emphatically from all of them is in the clerical didacticism imposed on him by his profession and the literary practice of eighteenth-century England. It may surely be guessed that consciousness of these limiting conditions produced in Crabbe the reticence over some forms of detail, which (as appears from App. iii.) his public would have disrelished, in spite of the precedent established by Fielding. A country parson had best be chary of reiterating that

> . . . Joseph's fame had lessened in our view
> Had he, refusing, fled the maiden, too.
> —["The Borough," III.

We are disposed to think that most of Crabbe's critics lay inadequate stress on his quiet sense of humor, sparingly drawn upon (we admit), and yet enlivening many a *longueur*. To this theme M. Huchon gives a division of pt. iv., ch. 1, which analyzes two designedly comic tales. But in "Lady Barbara; or, The Ghost" ("Tales of the Hall," XVI.), a solemn warning against ill-assorted unions unexpectedly tells us in whimsical phrase,

> How ghosts advise, and widows persevere.

"Inebriety" (1775) shows clearly this early bent in the poet who describes the tavern sot in the lines (disrespectfully parodying Pope):

> Whose head proud fancy never taught to steer
> Beyond the muddy ecstasies of beer;

which culmination achieved, the fuddled swain

> . . . shapes his way in ill-proportioned curves.

In similar vein, we hear that the thrifty man

> . . . sometimes saved his cash
> By interlined days of frugal hash.

One might safely conjecture that had Crabbe been subjected to a shorter and less acute period of *vache enragée*, his pages might have been more frequently spangled with such gladdening phrases, turned with the neo-classic precision of his time. And it is the same gift of easy verbal fitness which points his satirical compassion in such verses as

> The piteous patchwork of the needy vain.
> —["The Borough," XV.

As M. Huchon points out in his conclusion, the origin of such a style is obvious.

What might perhaps have claimed more emphatic notice is the responsiveness of Crabbe's thought to the influence, not only of the great revolutionary humanitarianism, but on distinct occasions to less conspicuous impulses, philosophical or literary, of the transition period which coincided with his maturity. So late as "The Dean's Lady" ("Posth. Tales," XIII.) we find an introduction to a mild satire on "blues," which nevertheless conveys in a few short lines the very spirit of Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman" (1792), in its advocacy of advanced education for the capable of the sex. In the case of "Sir Eustace Grey," published in 1807, M. Huchon recognizes in a footnote the influence of a phase of romanticism directing Crabbe to the choice of progressive madness as a theme for a poem whose vivid and swinging lyrical verses offer a most striking contrast to the usual humdrum beat of his heroic couplet. This quality Canon Ainger ascribed to the suggestions of an opium-dream. We remember that M. G. Lewis's "The Captive: A Monodrama" had (1803) terrified an audience with the frenzied cries of a madwoman. The seeker after parallels might follow up the literary trail to a melodramatic page in "Pickwick."

This admirably arranged monograph of M. Huchon's is, however, mainly concerned with life and character. Its abundance of literary judgments is presented rather in dispersion than compactness, for the purpose of elucidating the biographical theses; and the complete proportion and harmony preserved throughout may well be considered the crowning achievement of the work. At the recent unveiling of the memorial to Crabbe, in his native town of Aldeburgh, M. Huchon filled the place which, even then, belonged to him as of right; he has now completed his independent monument—the worthier of the two.

TURKISH LAW.

Corps de droit ottoman. Par George Young, M. V. O., 2me secrétaire de l'ambassade d'Angleterre. Vols. IV.-VII. New York: Henry Frowde. $5 each.

In noticing the first three volumes of this monumental work (*Nation*, January 25, 1906), an account was given of those peculiarities of Turkish law, as to origin and form, which make a statement of it so complicated and abstruse. Behind this Corpus, as behind the legal system of every Muslim state, lie, when historically developed, at least five elements. First, there is the sacred law, what is meant when the Muslim law is roughly and ignorantly said to be based upon the Koran, corresponding in a sense to the canon law of the Roman Church; this system originally affected all the sides of life, but is now limited, in almost every Muslim state, to some phases only. Second, modifying and displacing the above, come the local usages of the different Muslim peoples and countries; these have often completely obscured and annulled the requirements of the canon law. Third may be reckoned specific statute law imposed by the will of rulers. At first showing itself in the form of individual decisions of the ruler, judging his people in the gate as was his right and duty, this element has expanded into the elaborate system of Turkish statute law, based on the French and other European codes. Fourth are the laws and usages of the different non-Muslim communities living under Muslim rule. Towards these Islam has always maintained a contemptuously tolerant attitude, leaving them to administer themselves under their own ecclesiastical organizations. Fifth comes what is strictly an extension of the above, though now developed into its basis and support, the extra-territorial law of the capitulations and conventions. European merchants, etc., living and trading in Muslim lands, were put, at first by usage and finally by treaty, under the justice and control of their own consuls. So an element has developed which makes it impossible for a Muslim state to modify its legal system in any way that can even remotely affect non-Muslims, without the consent and adherence of the European embassies. But, finally, if these elements are stated as they stand at present built into the one complicated structure of Ottoman law, it may be said that they are three-fold: the religious law of Islam; the civil law, consisting of the statutory law of the Ottoman empire, and the customary law of the races composing it, Muslim and non-Muslim; the international law of capitulations and conventions, with a contractual sanction of its own.

In the present four volumes, then, all these elements are more or less evident. Although the law of the capitulations is not expressly treated, yet one side of its practical working comes out strikingly, namely, that which makes the European embassies at Constantinople a kind of Supreme Court, passing upon Turkish legislation. Again and again there come in the annotations such phrases as "communiqué aux Missions," "les Missions n'ont jamais accepté," "ce Code, communiqué aux Ambassades, a été soumis a une Commission de drogmans," "les Missions n'ayant jamais accepté ce code de Procédure civile, considèrent comme encore en vigueur. . . ." This is not only in defence of Europeans resident or trading in Turkey, but also of the native non-Muslim Turkish subjects. For example, one of the devices used to raise money for the Hijaz railroad has been a tax levied by means of stamps on a variety of decrees, documents, etc. This has not been accepted by the embassies, because it is made applicable to all Turkish subjects, non-Muslims as well as Muslims, while the railroad itself is essentially connected with the religion of Islam, being intended to afford easy communication with the two holy cities, Mecca and Medina (vol. v., 282).

Another example of similar control of an essentially Turkish matter is the foreign mail systems. The history of these is given in vol. iv., pp. 388 ff. They began with the mail-bags carried by couriers from the different embassies in Constantinople, Foreign Office messengers, in the English phrase; and developed with the tacit, and in the case of Russia and Austria, explicit agreement of the Porte into a number of completely organized postal systems. At first the Turkish Government troubled itself with none of these things, and even entered into treaty relationships

which are now interpreted as a permanent derogation of its sovereign rights with regard to postal service in its own dominions. Only in 1874 was a formal but unheeded protest made to the Postal Congress at Berne. In 1888, when Constantinople was connected with the European railway net, a further attempt was made to do away with the foreign post-offices. The railway was directed to refuse to carry their mail bags. But this movement also failed, and since then the Porte seems to have contented itself with a series of fruitless and simply irritating "incidents," never carried through. Thus in 1895 the English, French and German agents were arrested, and in May, 1901, on the arrival of a train, the police carried off by force all the mail bags to the Turkish post-office, doing the same with those brought to the station to be sent away. The embassies then sent the mail bags under escort, and the Porte collapsed.

The situation, of course, would be impossible in any but an Oriental state or a comic opera. But Turkey, theoretically and practically, is out of court on three counts. First, her late awakening to her rights as a sovereign state; secondly, her weakness—she is not strong enough to take back the rights which she indolently and carelessly abandoned; thirdly, her incompetence—it is notorious that she could not adequately administer this trust if it were restored to her. As to legal right, as to force to take and hold, as to moral right, Turkey is equally impotent.

The element of specific statute law imposed by the will of the ruler is naturally most of all represented in these volumes. For it the French codes have been most frequently consulted. Thus the penal code of 1858 and 1863 (vii., pp. 1 ff.) goes back, with important divergences to that of France; the commercial code of 1880 (vii., 58 ff.) is a simple extract from the same with omissions; the maritime code of 1863 (vi., 103 ff.) similarly with extracts from the Dutch, Spanish, Italian and Prussian codes. Of a more mixed origin is the civil code of 1869 ff., commonly called the *Mejelle* (vi., 169 ff.). It professes to be based on the views of the Hanafite school of canon law; but is largely influenced throughout by the "Code Napoléon." It may, therefore, be classified as statute and not sacred law. But though the canon law is not expressly treated in these volumes, its influence here and elsewhere cannot be mistaken. The unchangeable Islam lies behind all the codes, and is the burden which all Muslim states have to carry. If we may compare a great effect with a small, it might be likened in its workings to the supposed Mosaic prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister and its echo in English law.

To give any complete statement of the contents and varied interest of these volumes is naturally impossible. Naturally, also, they are not easy reading. But he who cares to get back to the roots and reasons of things, to see them as they are and work, and not as the polite historian dresses them up, will not mind his time spent over these paragraphs and tables. In volume iv. he will see the Ministry and Chamber of Commerce constituted and the chambers of commerce of the different nationalities at work. Almost two hundred pages are given to a very frank and precisely documented and figured history of the Turkish railways, each being treated in turn. We have not theories and hopes here; but the facts as they exist up till now. Roads, posts, telegraph, weights and measures follow. Under the last there is something even for the philologist in an elaborate table of the weights and measures of the empire. "Anciens" they are called here, though the Turk has been wrestling unhappily since 1869 with the metric system, and it has not yet downed his picturesque confusedness. Volume v. contains the financial and fiscal law. The system is bimetallic. But 15 to 1 is not precise enough for an Oriental; 15.0909 to 1 looks much better on paper. Behind that equation, of course, are endless ramifications of value; there are not only piastres gold and piastres silver, but these have different values for different accountings and different localities. An elaborate budget is worked out with the interesting result (p. 18) of an annual deficit of two million pounds Turkish. To that the remark is added:

> L'équilibre a été maintenu dernièrement par des économies dans les traitements des employés [*i. e.*, non-payment of salaries], par l'introduction de quelques nouveaux impôts et par diverses ressources financières telles que conversions et unifications.

There follow the history and constitution of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, the history and situation of the Public Debt, and a statement of the different forms and sources of revenue. In these the salt monopoly plays an important part, involving constitutional questions with the Principality of Samos (p. 145), that survival as singular as the House of Keys in the Isle of Man, and with the British protectorate in Cyprus. It is curious to find a constitutionally teetotal Muslim government drawing revenues from wines and spirits and applying the principle *non olet* like any prohibition State. It has also "hundred yard regulations," here from mosque, school, dervish cloister, and cemetery, and a requirement that there shall be no back doors (p. 160). A very different regulation, going back to the earliest times of Islam and fixed in the canon law, is the head-tax (*jizya*) on non-Muslim subjects; at first a payment for protection, now regarded as in lieu of military service. Under that heading it is now entered (p. 275). The tithe has undergone a similar development. At first imposed by the canon law upon Muslims, there was later incorporated with it the very different land-tax, payable by non-Muslims under the constitution of Umar; and both have now developed into a confused system of general land taxation. In volume vi. we are given the law of forests, mines, and land titles, the nearest approach made to a cadestral survey in a rough kind of Doomsday Book (p. 90); pious foundations in mortmain (*waqf*), like mediæval European monastic endowments, which have so developed as to comprehend more than three-quarters of all lands built upon or cultivated (p. 113); the municipal law of Constantinople, and the civil code mentioned above. The contents of volume vii. have also practically been noted above, except as regards an index of almost forty pages.

With what judgment, skill, and industry Mr. Young has done his work of compiling, editing, and annotating, there can be no shadow of question. In spite of the delicacy of his situation as member of an embassy at Constantinople, he has succeeded, through tact and courage, in meeting the facts in the case. To him who understands there is many an innocent little foot-note, here and there, which will tell much. The actual situation in Turkey, it need not be said, is to be discovered from these, rather than from the beautiful phrases of the codes. Finally, no library of any size, certainly no law library, can afford to be without a copy of this thesaurus.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Cruise of the Shining Light. By Norman Duncan. New York: Harper & Bros.

To suggest that Mr. Duncan's new story contains something both of Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Phillpotts implies not a charge of plagiarism, but a tribute to the unusual quality of his book. There is a queer seafaring, or rather water-side, humor in the old derelict Nicholas Top, who brings up his adopted nephew by the joint light of the Psalms of David and a battered copy of Lord Chesterfield. However fanciful this may be, and remote from probability, it is at least successful in keeping to the color and texture of the wholly artificial medium which Mr. Duncan has chosen to employ. The medium itself has much of Mr. Phillpotts's peculiar intensity, although the dialect of Newfoundland naturally differs from the obscure tongue spoken by English hinds. The theme also has that curious moral twist we are apt to associate with Mr. Phillpotts's saturnine tales. In this instance it is a case of high-minded blackmail, undertaken from the purest and least interested motives and carried through with success, both in accomplishing Nicholas Top's aim and in mystifying the reader—blackmail, nevertheless, entirely ruthless and without the law!

The whole story has a distinct atmosphere of its own, lurid, oppressive, darkened by storms, by sinister episodes on land and sea. The episodes, in fact, at times threaten to overweight the main theme; such a chapter as the parson's struggle for Elizabeth's soul, though full of genuine power, seems almost too tragic to form part of what is, after all, a slightly fantastic genre picture. Nevertheless, the whole leaves a distinct sense of force and individuality, if not of photographic truth. Perhaps upon another retina, the life at Twist Tickle might make a less harsh impression of a community rife with unwedded mothers, unfathered children. But whatever the literal fact, no one can doubt that Mr. Duncan reflects the shadow cast by facts upon his own special individuality. Hence "The Cruise of the Shining Light" may lay definite claim to be considered as a real book, that indefinable result of original personal impulse and conservative literary tradition.

Ghetto Comedies. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In his latest work, Mr. Zangwill has succeeded in the difficult feat of preserving a twofold interest. Each story stands complete in itself, may be read by itself purely as a new example of his witty observation, as an amusing bit of character sketch-

ing without reference to the reader's attitude towards the Jewish question. Taken as a whole, however, each story will prove to form part of a wonderful piece of affectionate satire and speculation upon the attitude of the Jewish world towards its own contemporary problems. This effect is cumulative, reaching its climax in the tragic picture of a Russian village full of Jewish philosophers bent on solving the difficulties of Russia and the world by theory alone. They dispute blindly over Marx, Hegel, Spencer, Zionism, Territorialism, Bundism, parties by the dozen, panaceas by the score, until "the unconditional historic necessity had overtaken them all" in the form of Russian Gatling guns.

Most of the stories take place in England, and two at least are as robustly and delightfully humorous as "The King of the Schnorrers," but in the majority the comedy is of the saturnine kind, and plays about the contest between Jewish national feeling and genuine patriotism to adopted king and country. "Anglicization" deals with an acute phase of this struggle. S. Cohn, rich shopkeeper, a jingo of jingoes, grows hot over the dismemberment of "our Empire." He contributes largely, gives a bonus to clerks volunteering for service in South Africa; he is pure English to the core until his only son also puts on the khaki. In a few short conversations Mr. Zangwill typifies the whole situation—the clash between generation and generation, the conflict between heredity and environment. "The Sabbath Question in Sudminster" gives a witty application of Talmudic casuistry to practical business, and "The Luftmensch" contains brilliant pages of peculiarly Jewish humor, never ceasing to be amusing, but always illuminating some characteristic national trait.

In reading these stories (fourteen in all) it is impossible not to feel that merely as a writer of fiction, Mr. Zangwill has gained greatly in the past decade. Moreover, his point of view has broadened, and while his sympathies and enthusiasms are as distinctively national as ever, while he still loves so tenderly that he can find fault, or even laugh, he never falls into that partisan sentimentalism which would rob his Jewish pictures of their unflinching sincerity.

The Windfall. By Charles Egbert Craddock. New York: Duffield & Co.

Really, Miss Murfree should do better, if only for the sake of her early admirers. Fancy recommending her as one of our delightful writers, say, to an intelligent Frenchman, and having him then chance upon "The Windfall"! But listen:

A wandering showman (who speaks a Tennessee version of Bowery) pitches his tents in a village of the Great Smoky. Strolling up the road he falls in with some moonshiners (of whose trade he forms no suspicion, although the reader is fully aware of it before ten words are uttered). He admires Clotildy, the daughter of the tribe, in a purely professional way, and engages her to do a turn of native song and dance at his show. The moonshiners seize this as an excuse to come to town and drive a thriving business, under cover of seeing the entertainment. Clotildy's lover, a desperado wanted for "time," is jealous of Lloyd, the showman. Clotildy falls in love with Lloyd. Her natural grace and talent fail to please the rustic audience, but charm an aristocratic party who are storm-stayed in Persimmon Cove. One of the aristocratic ladies falls in love with Lloyd, who unites the "form" of Cashell Byron, the features of Antinous, with the sterling worth of Abraham Lincoln and Aristides the Just. Clotildy's lover attempts Lloyd's life. The aristocratic lady's lover denounces him as a criminal accomplice of the moonshiners, mistaking a mysterious stranger who joins the party for a revenue officer. The stranger turns out to be a respectable lawyer ranging through the mountains in search of a missing heir. Lloyd naturally proves to be the inheritor of millions, and an aristocratic name, and so on! By the way, the lady, of course, loses her heart to Lloyd long before the lawyer establishes his eligibility.

Alas! the treatment is altogether worthy of the conception. The scourge of many words and long, long words, has fallen upon this formerly estimable writer. She shows no trace of self-criticism or self-restraint. She talks of "repetitious echoes"! She does not hesitate to say that "Mrs. Laniston had a monition of George Laniston's ultra particularity," and gives herself free rein in page upon page of the very dullest description that ever escaped editorial scissors.

The Censorship of the Church of Rome and Its Influence upon the Production and Distribution of Literature. By George Haven Putnam. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

For some 2,000 years the constant effort of the government of Rome has been to control public opinion. During the Imperial period bread, the circus, and the Pretorian guard fulfilled this object. During the mediæval period religion, its monopoly of intellect, its centralization at Rome, and a surviving sense of European unity continued the older tradition, though on a less specifically political basis. From the Renaissance to our own day, following the enormous expansion of Europe in numbers, in knowledge, and in thought, Rome has continued the struggle against diversity and disruption by erecting a dam of prohibition and punishment against new ideas. For from that period, and even more markedly since the seizure of Rome by Victor Emmanuel, the authority of the Pope stands only by the constant guarding of an ancient tradition.

The long series of the Indexes of the Church, which catalogues the ideas it prohibits, begins at the time of the Reformation and constitutes, with such kindred documents as the bull *Quanta Cura*, the official record of its struggle against modern thought. The printing press was clearly the vehicle that was to carry European intellect to vast realms hitherto untouched, and Rome must control the printing press or see her loved traditions rudely assailed, perhaps overturned. Dr. Putnam classifies the pilloried works under a number of heads; but what is perhaps even more important than to arrange a more or less arbitrary system of classification, is to note that the Index system shows on its own internal evidence its inability to withstand the tide it is set to dam. Contrast, for example, the books prohibited in past centuries, and those tolerated now. "Robinson Crusoe" was indexed as subversive, but "News from Nowhere" or the wildest flights of Mr. Wel's are apparently not worth bothering about. Copernicus, who held that the earth moves round the sun was duly indexed, but Professor Pickering, with his arguments for the existence of life on Mars, is in little apparent danger. In other words, though certain books which for one reason or another attract wide notice, as those of Loisy or Fogazzaro, will continue to be pilloried for some time to come, yet the fact is fairly clear that the tide of printed knowledge and opinion is now far too great and far too active for the artificial barrier of Indexes which Rome still attempts to set up.

In dealing with this large and difficult subject, Dr. Putnam appears to have fallen between two stools. He might have given us a complete record of the Roman censorship, with bibliographical apparatus—he might, in other words, have addressed himself exclusively to scholars and furnished them with a definitive work of reference on similar lines to Reusch's "Index der verbotenen Bücher." Or, again, he might have turned to the philosophy of the subject, treating its history on broader lines; for where could a more important and more difficult thesis be found than in the struggle of Roman Authority against freedom of thought? He has not exactly done either. Although the book shows evidence of considerable labor and contains much matter not to be found elsewhere in convenient form, it is frankly selective, and therefore not of essential value for scholars. On the philosophical side, again, Dr. Putnam has but little to offer, though it must be added that there are few living historians one can imagine rising to the height that such a task demands. The book is somewhat loose in style and inaccurate in minor details.

Cavalry in Future Wars. By Lieut.-Gen. Frederick von Bernhardi, Commander of the Seventh Division of the German Army; translated by Charles Sydney Goldman; with an introduction by Lieut.-Gen. Sir John French. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Gen. von Bernhardi undertakes briefly to review the whole subject of modern cavalry, with a special application to the service of his own country. His rank and experience entitle his views to great respect, the more from the earnestness with which he pleads his cause. Not a partisan of the old school, he lends a partial support to the new ideas; yet he contemplates the possibility of such feats as the attack, mounted, of infantry and of artillery, an operation regarded by the new school as all but absolutely impossible. When we write *new* and *old*, we have only European conditions in mind, for here in America the problem of the proper use of cavalry was long ago solved once and for all, a point which we shall discuss later.

No reader of the foreign military press can fail to be struck by two facts: the prominence given to the subject of cavalry combat, and the unconsciously apologetic attitude of most advocates of the so-called new theories. The whole question is this. Has cavalry as such disappeared from the

modern battlefield? If not, we must arm and train our horsemen to charge on the hostile ranks. But if it has disappeared, that is, if the charge is no longer normally possible, we must break with the past, we must arm and train for the new work. Most European cavalries are suffering today from the traditions of their glorious but dead past. They are dying hard, sword in hand, unwilling or unable to see the dawn of a resurrection in an adaptation of cavalry to modern conditions of warfare. And so two camps are formed, according as shock or fire is the mode of action advocated; the middle ground between these extremes is occupied by those who, like Gen. Bernhardi, see a future combiuation of the two.

It is easy to sympathize with the defenders of the old cavalry. Heirs of that elder day when to ride down the close-formed enemy meant victory, of the traditions of Von Seydlitz, of Murat and Lasalle—why, they ask, should an arm so decisive in the past have lost any of its importance today? What a fine thing it was, in the very nick of time (the "psychological moment" of the text-books), to launch our squadrons on the opposing lines, and taking them all, horse, foot, and gunners, in the stride as it were, by one stroke to do the whole business! Shall no future Kellerman again turn defeat into victory by one charge home? Shall we never again hear "Scotland forever!" on some future Waterloo?

The reply is no, and it comes mercilessly from the magazine rifle and the rapid-fire field gun. But long before smokeless powder the answer was negative. For this problem is no new one to us: it was settled years ago by Stuart and Sheridan and Forrest. All the corollaries were established; once the mode of action was fixed, the questions of equipment, of armament, of leadership—all these passed at once into the category of undisputed and accepted results.

Did our solution exclude shock action, the cavalry combat pure and undefiled? By no means; the troopers on each side charged with the sabre wherever circumstances called for it, as freely as they dismounted to fight on foot, whenever mounted work seemed unprofitable or out of the question. We discovered a great principle: that cavalry is a means, not an end. And it is to this principle that the adherents of the old school are blind to-day. They are riding for a fall. So sure have we always been of the soundness of our solution of the cavalry problem, that one of our foremost military writers, the late Col. Arthur L. Wagner, predicted years ago its acceptance by all foreign services. The failure of the Russians to accept our conclusions, according to Gen. de Négrier, lost them the battle of Mukden. Hear further what that admirable officer remarks in the *Revue des Deux Mondes:*

> The complete reorganization of our [French] cavalry has become a necessity. . . . What we agree in calling cavalry spirit, *l'esprit cavalier*, is opposed to fighting on foot, *the essential thing* [italics ours].

So Lord Roberts—we have not his exact words: "The sabre must hereafter be secondary and the rifle the main thing: the trooper must become an excellent shot, and must learn how to fight on foot." And again Gen. von Bernhardi, in the book under notice (p. 49):

> Whereas formerly the *arme blanche* was recognized as the principal method by which the cavalry made its inherent fighting power felt, the employment of dismounted action nowadays has gained in importance to such an extent that the whole character of our activity appears completely changed.

Of a truth Col. Wagner's prophecy is approaching fulfilment. It is only a question of time when the troublesome lance and absurd cuirass will have been rejected, when the hurtful distinctions between light and heavy cavalry will have been abandoned in favor of the type developed and fixed in our own land.

A close reading of Gen. von Bernhardi's book reveals the fact, in regard to the main question, that he is unwittingly carrying water on both shoulders. Compare the passage just quoted with the following (p. 62):

> Having admitted that dismounted action has increased considerably in importance, particularly on the offensive, it nevertheless remains the fact that the combat with the cold steel remains the chief *raison d'être* of the cavalry, and when the principles have to be considered according to which troops have to be employed upon the battlefield, the actual collision of cavalry "masses" remains the predominant factor.

This view we can accept only under the assumption that both sides by common consent withdraw their horsemen from the battlefield, and by tacit consent agree to a decision by shock. The thing may happen, but surely not as a normal case. As to the German cavalry, the author's suggestions for improvement are in the main sound. His tactical recommendations, however, inevitably reproduce the defect of all the other texts with which we are acquainted—extreme generality. The fact is, it is far harder to lay down rules for cavalry than it is for infantry or artillery.

Barring a few slightly obscure passages, and a faint trace here and there of Teutonic roughness, Mr. Goldman's translation is smooth and flowing. The one or two short passages quoted from the original are badly mispriuted. The expression "hang of the ground" (p. 65) for the "lay of the land," is new to us. There is a good index, and an introduction by Sir John French, in which that officer unequivocally ranges himself on the side of the author.

Success in Life. By Emil Reich. New York: Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

A book with this title is pretty certain to have no practical value. Life is not a foreign country to which, before setting out to travel through it, one buys a Baedeker's Guide. It is one's native place, and who ever thinks of consulting a guide in order to find one's way about there? In an idle hour one may possibly glance through some tourist's handbook to it, to divert one's self with the mistakes contained therein, and with its odd alien view of the familiar. To one looking backward such a book may have a certain dilettante interest, but to one looking forward it is an impertinent superfluity. As a guide to success in life, Dr. Emil Reich's set of essays is no exception to this rule. "In considering the lines of success we take it for granted that the initial mistake of selecting the wrong line has been avoided." This huge assumption might be called vicious, if it were not inevitable. Later on Dr. Reich discusses "the methods helping us to avoid the initial mistakes." But he had better have left them undiscussed. The attempt only displays the folly of the whole undertaking.

The book, however, has an interest and value not promised in its title. A large part of it is an examination by a cosmopolitan foreigner of the peculiarities of the British boy. Dr. Reich has taught the British boy and knows a good deal about him. He also knows a good deal about the United States and France and Germany. He is therefore able to compare the young Briton with his compeers elsewhere, and the comparison is often ingenious and instructive. He writes cleverly, for instance, about British "tongue-tiedness," which, as he says with some truth, "the young Englishman ascribes to some mysterious 'racial' quality of a nation 'born to rule.'" He points out the many drawbacks of the habit, and establishes a connection between it and the frequency and expensiveness of litigation in Great Britain:

> From the inveterate habit of refraining from talk and verbal discussion, the average Englishman rather than settle a difficulty by means of an animated talk, will at once have recourse to a solicitor. The truth is that Englishmen, averse to talking, prefer to hire a man who will talk for them vicariously.

There are a good many acute remarks in the chapters on "Woman," "The Journalist," "The Novelist," "The Dramatist," "Lawyers and Doctors," "The Statesman," each of which headings should be preceded by the epithet "British." For the whole book is written with reference to British conditions. As a criticism of these it is interesting. Dr. Reich is a Teutonic Max O'Rell, who has read Schopenhauer and Herbert Spencer.

Science.

LINNÆUS.

This week the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Linnæus is celebrated by the scientific world with a gratitude due to an appreciation of the important reforms he introduced. It is universally recognized that his improved methods of description, characterized as they are by simplicity and directness, emancipated the study of natural history from embarrassing complexities. He possessed a marvellous power for detecting resemblances and differences, and for giving expression to them in a few well-chosen terms. This power was united to untiring industry, and resulted in contributions of such importance and extent that they constitute an epoch in biology. The two biological sciences divide their history into pre-Linnæan and post-Linnæan time, and this division is recognized widely for its convenience even by those botanists and zoölogists who do not accept its strict validity. By his diverse activities in every department of natural history he attracted to its study innumerable enthusiasts, who, by the use of his methods, enriched mineralogy and geology, as well as zoölogy and botany. Much of the material thus brought

together has been redistributed and redescribed, and hence many young students to-day are unaware of the relation which their Linnæan predecessors bore to it; to some of the youngest students, it may be a surprise to learn that Linnæus, before he had reached the age of twenty-five, had introduced reforms in all of these sciences. The three things which are most prominent in the thoughts of naturalists to-day, as they commemorate Linnæus, are, first, his substitution of precision and conciseness in scientific language for vagueness and prolixity; second, his astounding sagacity in discriminating between small groups of natural objects (genera and species), and third, his stimulating influence upon his age.

Linnæus was fortunate in his birth, training, and opportunities. His home was an ideal birthplace for a lover of nature who was to serve and suffer as a reformer. His earliest associations were with the fields and forests of Smaland, in Sweden, where every thicket had its legend and every water its guardian fairy. The father wished that his son should follow in his steps as pastor, and sought to educate him to that end. But Linnæus had no taste for such a calling. After a dozen years had been passed in a desultory study of nature, with hardly any acquirement of book knowledge, it became necessary to give up the idea of making him a pastor, and steps were taken to choose a handicraft. Here good fortune intervened, in the guise of a country doctor, who begged that the lad might put off his apprenticeship to the cobbler's or the tailor's trade at least a year. The year was granted. It was delightfully passed in collecting and studying plants and animals, and then the youth was induced to begin an academic career at the University of Luud. After a short stay at this institution, he made his way to the more northern University of Upsala, and there found within his reach even more abundant material for his untiring study. But he was the very poorest of the poor. Only the scantiest means could come to him from the home which was so disappointed in his course, and he had now long and painful struggles of the most trying sort. In the university town, which this year celebrates with splendor the achievements of the scholar who has made it most famous, the lad was reduced to mortifying expedients for food and clothes. Hard work gives exceptional training. Certainly it was in large part this training, and not that which he received from his teachers, which made him what he was. His instructors were accomplished and active, and they were anxious to do all they could for all their pupils. But this lad was so impatient of restraint and criticism, and delighted so much in criticising the errors of his teachers, that only strained relations could exist between them. But, in spite of his peculiar temperament, all his teachers recognized his ability, and frequently assigned him tasks out of the common way. For instance, he had the responsible work of rearranging certain collections of living plants in the gardens, and during this period he was indefatigable in investigations in his own way. Thus he was able to accumulate voluminous notes, which he was soon to use in his own treatises. But since he made no concessions to the reasonable prejudices of his teachers, he received little formal instruction, and at times was scarcely on speaking terms with them. It is therefore no surprise to learn that, following a common Swedish custom, he decided to ask for his doctor's degree in a foreign country. The degree was secured in the now vanished University of Hardewyk, in Holland.

With this degree of Doctor of Medicine in hand, he began a long course of study in Holland, France, and England For the moment we may restore the old term of journeymau, and speak of these next four years as a fitting supplement to what had been a very irregular apprenticeship in Sweden. His travels were confined to the localities where there were important botanical gardens or collections of dried plants. In almost every place he received warm welcome, and it does not appear that he often wore his welcome out or even threadbare. He was always outspoken and independent, and not averse to argument; but, even at this time, when he was scarcely out of his teens, he impressed the foreign botanists by his acuteness and knowledge. While examining these collections in different localities, he found time for arduous work in the preparation of natural history treatises of a revolutionary character. Three of these ought to be mentioned. A small octavo, "Fundamenta Botanica," gave explicit directions for the proper description of plants. The rules were laid down by the hand of a master, instead of a journeyman. Following out these rules, he published his "Genera Plantarum," illustrating in every page the advantages of precision and conciseness. But his studies were not confined to plants. He prepared a tabular view of the three kingdoms of nature, the "Systema Naturæ." These folio tables later became octavo volumes, passing through many editions, always with additions, until at last the treatise may be said to have broken under its own weight.

When his years of travel closed, Linnæus returned to Sweden to practise medicine, in default of obtaining a professorship of botany and zoölogy. At first his practice was meagre, but, later, owiug to some happy cures of the nobility, it increased rapidly. Shortly after this, he was made professor of medicine in Upsala, but soon exchanged chairs with a colleague. The colleague became professor of medicine, while Linnæus became professor of botany. He now took his permanent place at Upsala, which had not been to him so much an alma mater as an unkind stepmother, but it should be said, to his great credit, that he allowed bygones to be bygones, and behaved himself as a loyal son.

It would be tiresome to enumerate the great works on natural history which were now produced by Linnæus and his pupils, in rapid succession. Two of these treatises must, however, be specially alluded to. The times were ripe for both. The "Philosophia Botanica" was based on his earlier work. It consists of an authoritative grammar which served as a guide to botanical description at that time. The treatise took from the works of Jung and others the best possible terms in use, reexamined their exact significations, and limited their application. New terms were devised to fill up gaps, and strict rules were formulated to secure their unvarying application. The substitution of a simple binomial appellation for each organism, which had been found to work so well since its first suggestion by Linnæus, was now insisted upon, and general directions were given, all looking to simplification. The second great work was the "Species Plantarum," which exhibited in the fullest manner the excellent features of the rules proposed by Linnæus.

During much of this time, Linnæus was giving thought to the proper classification of plants. Early in his career he had devised a sort of index system for the convenient cataloguing of plants. This system was based upon the number of stamens and carpels in the flower, and was found to be so useful as to meet general acceptance. But Linnæus, although very proud of its merited success, never regarded it as more than provisional. He was always on the search for natural affinities, and he constructed several systems on a natural instead of an artificial basis. He was much hampered by his belief that all species have come down to us in definite straight lines out of an unknown past, and hence, of course, he could not clearly discern any birth-affinities. The hypothesis of origin through variation belonged to a later stage of philosophical thought, although here and there some hazardous conjectures had found their way into science.

During his life, and for some time after it, the provisional system of Linnæus held full sway—*rien ne dure comme le provisoire.* In a few of the most convenient local floras of Continental Europe one can find to-day the handy Linnæan index prefixed to the natural synoptical one. The artificial system brought to Linnæus materials from all quarters, which for mass and variety have had no parallel in the history of science. From all sides plants were sent to Upsala to be described and named, and all questions there received their answers. If one should exhume this correspondence, it would be seen that the answers were sometimes discourteous, and sometimes unfair. We ought now to let these dead controversies lie buried.

To Linnæus came honors without number. Among these was a patent of nobility. The title Carl von Linné is the name by which he is frequently known in citations, but he appears to have preferred the Latin form under which his earliest triumphs were won.

The active life of Linnæus closed soon after he had passed his sixty-fifth year. He died in 1778, the last of the naturalists who have attempted to make themselves proficient in the knowledge of the three kingdoms. Since his time, specialization, demanded by the accumulation of materials, has become year by year more minute. There is a special fitness in honoring one who was able early to mark out lines in all directions which, no matter how far specialization may go, must continue to be the lines of progress. No one can safely ignore the rules laid down by the master: Describe with precision and in the fewest terms; To each natural object assign a simple unvarying name.

GEORGE LINCOLN GOODALE.

Flammarion's Bibliothèque de Philoso-.

phie Scientifique is to have a volume on "L'Électricité," by Lucien Poincaré.

Sir Joseph Fayrer, physician extraordinary to King Edward, died on Tuesday. He was born at Plymouth, England, in 1824, and was brought up under private tuition in Scotland, continuing his studies in London, Edinburgh, and on the Continent. He took the degree of M.D. in the University of Edinburgh, and became a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of London and Edinburgh, and of the Royal Societies of the same cities. He soon entered the medical service of the navy and served in the military hospital of Palermo during the siege of that city from 1847-1848. In 1850 he entered the Bengal medical service, retiring in 1874. He was in service throughout the Burmese war in 1852, and served in the Indian mutiny in 1857 and at the defence of Lucknow, where he was political assistant and resident surgeon. He was created a baronet in 1896. He was honorary physician to Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family, and was made physician extraordinary to the King in 1901. He found time to write a number of books, relating chiefly to his medical experiences in India. Among these may be mentioned "Clinical Surgery in India," "Tropical Diseases," "Climate and Fevers of India," etc. He also wrote several non-professional books, among them "The Life of Sir R. Martin," "The Royal Tiger of Bengal," and "Recollections" of his own career.

Dr. Frank L. James, one of the Government experts in the "embalmed beef" investigation, died on Monday at St. Louis. He was born in Mobile, Ala., in 1841, and received his preliminary education in his native city. After 1857, however, he went abroad and studied at Carlsruhe, Munich, and Paris. He did special work in chemistry under Baron von Liebig, and also specialized his medical studies. After various adventures during the civil war he went to Japan, returning to St. Louis in 1877. Of the American Pharmaceutical Association he was an honorary life member, and of the Royal Microscopical Society an ex-officio member. He was the author of many monographs on technical subjects, among which should specially be mentioned, "The Microscope in the Investigation of Scorches and Burns on Textile Fabrics" (Proceedings American Microscopic Society, 1891). He was the editor for twenty-one years of the *American Druggist*, and the author of "Elementary Microscopical Technology."

Drama.

THE BUILDERS.

Crude as it is in its constructive machinery, "The Builders," by Marion Fairfax, produced in the Astor Theatre on Monday evening, is a piece which, coming as it does from a new female dramatist, is of more than common interest and promise. Cast in the form of Western melodrama, its actual motive deals with the efforts of two persons, a man and a woman, to overcome the effects of hereditary influence and social prejudice, and if it offers no new solution to the problems which it proposes, it at least treats them with sincerity, vigor, and some ability. The details of the story, being both clumsy and conventional, require only the briefest reference. A young engineer, son of a profligate father, shoots a man in a drunken quarrel, and is sent to prison for five years. Beginning life anew in Arizona, he achieves a great engineering triumph, being aided greatly by a female secretary, who herself is striving to obliterate the shame of having once loved not wisely, but too well. When the engineer is at the point of realizing the fruition of his most sanguine hopes—a lovely young bride, wealth, fame, honor—the secretary, Hilda Norris, who has long worshipped him in secret, inveighs against the inexorability of social prejudice, passionately protests against the injustice of the scoru of which she has been made the object, and with bitter reiteration asserts that there is no such thing as forgiveness of sin, no way to regain peace, happiness, or honor, once lost through transgressiou, no matter what the measure of repentance and amendment. To her the man preaches the gospel of resolute, indefatigable, devoted work and high endeavor as the one sure means of forgetfulness and resurrection, she remaining rebellious and incredulous. This is, really, a fine and moving scene. Presently, the engineer's past is unexpectedly revealed, and he finds himself avoided by all but his fellow-workmen. Fortunately, his pecuniary success enables him to maintain his professional position, but his affianced bride and former backers shrink from him as from an outcast. Hilda's theory of life seems to be justified, but, in the end, the hero recognizes in her a kindred spirit, and when the curtain falls, it is evident that they will continue life's battle as allies. Thus, the real issue is avoided. The two tainted wethers of the flock are forced to make common cause. Both, of course, apart from their single lapses, are paragons of virtue. The play, indeed, is very far from a masterpiece, but it reveals purpose, ideas, and a sense of actual dramatic conflict—qualifications conspicuously absent from the mass of contemporaneous theatrical pieces. Miss Fairfax enacts one of her own characters, but is less successful as an actress than as a writer. The general representation, by a stock company of practically unknown players, was unexpectedly effective and contributed greatly to the success of the piece.

Von Wildenbruch is one of those authors who, having learned the source of their strength, waste neither time nor talent in experimenting. Twenty-five years ago, in "Die Karolinger," he turned his attention to German national themes, and such successive dramas as "Der neue Herr" and "Die Tochter des Erasmus" soon demonstrated a superior temperament for the handling of particular historical stuff. In his latest play, "Die Rabensteinerin,"—produced this month in the Königlichen Schauspielhaus, Berlin, as his twenty-fourth drama—Wildenbruch's training in law and government makes itself felt, but long service in arms contributes also to the realism. The story is laid in Southern Germany in the Sixteenth Century, in the palmy days of confederation between Nuremberg and Augsburg, and a touch of verity is given the narrative by the rôles allotted the Welsers, then among the wealthiest merchants of Augsburg. The play opens with Burg Waldstein, between the two cities, where spies of Hilpold Jeronimus, the Knight of Rabenstein, raise the cry that Augsburgers are in sight and will pass through the forest in an hour. Versabe, the gypsy-like daughter of the impoverished warrior, is the heroine, and the three acts are filled with the bustle of war and the intrigues of love. The author more than maintains his reputation as one of Germany's leading dramatists, especially in his admirable technique and the clever development of the plot. The conclusion alone seems somewhat *fabelhaft*, a too sudden softening, perhaps, of the fierce heart of the mediæval man. The diction, which well becomes the piece, is exceptionally simple and direct, particularly when compared with some of the recent lines of Hauptmann or even Sudermann.

The English Drama Society began its season in London the other evening with the production of two plays, neither of which appears to have fulfilled expectations. The first, "Cleopatra in Judea," by Arthur Symons, deals with a visit of the Egyptian Queen to Herod after the marriage of Antony with Octavia. Her object, seemingly, was to induce him to make war upon Antony, whom she declared to be in love with Herod's wife Mariamne. Herod at first resolves to kill her, but finally abandons this project, although he refuses to comply with her wishes. The piece is described as well written, but vague, indecisive, and undramatic. The second, a comedy, by Nugent Monck, called "The Hour," consists largely of a debate between a skeptical student and his wealthy and ambitious friend, as to whether the latter would be wise to marry his penniless sister and thus imperil his prospects.

G. E. Morrison's "Don Quixote," played by F. R. Benson during the Shakespearean festival at Stratford, impressed the audience as a work of fine imaginative quality. The Don was represented in his idealistic character, as a man of nobler soul than his times. He is seen watching his arms, or praying before his sword, and from his lips is heard a description of chivalry that might have come from King Arthur. At the same time, the humorous scenes of the story are not omitted.

Music.

Early Concert-Life in America, 1731-1800. By O. G. Sonneck. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

It is commonly assumed that concerts were given in the cities of Europe long before any one ever thought of such a thing in America. Mr. Sonneck's volume corrects this impression. It is true that John Banister advertised the first of his daily public afternoon concerts in London on December 30, 1672, and that there were in France and Germany, during the seventeenth century, various "academies" and other more or less private organizations that afforded occasional opportunity to pay to hear music, secular or sacred. But the actual public concert-life of German cities remained in an undeveloped condition for decades after

Banister's innovation had borne plentiful fruit in London. In Vienna, Dr. Hanslick failed to trace public concerts before 1740. Mr. Sonneck has come across a reference to a Viennese benefit concert In 1728, but these entertainments seem tc have been sporadic. The earliest allusion to a public concert in our own country, of which he is aware, dates back to 1731; but it is more than probable that still earlier ones will yet bc brought to light, especially in the records of life in the South. where there was a nearer approach to a European musical atmosphere than in the North.

It is to Charleston and the South that Mr. Sonneck devotes his first chapter, which is followed by three others, on Philadelphia, New York, Boston and New England. Although it was in Boston that, so far as now known, the first public concert was given, the author chose to begin with Charleston, "be it only to emphasize the fact that New England's share in the development of our early musical life has been unfairly and unduly overestimated to the disadvantage of the Middle Colonies and South." This New England bias on the part of preceding historians has resulted in the general belief that during what Mr. Sonneck calls the formative period of our musical history, from 1720-1800, sacred music developed more rapidly and received more attention than secular. This he shows to have been true only in New England, not including Boston:

Undeniably the interest taken in music by the Yankees was keen, earnest, and sincere, but, outside of Boston, it moved predominantly in the narrow channel of what we call psalmody, cultivated by the innumerable singing schools and singing societies. For instance, where we find in the newspapers one advertisement of a dancing master or a musician anxious to teach the German flute, harpsichord, violin, etc., we run across a dozen advertisements of singing schools, or of the publication of the psalm-tune collections (now so scarce) compiled by Stickney, Billings, Jocelyn, Read, Holyokc, Law, Holden, and others.

Boston was less one-sided; it was "a musical city even in the eighteenth century," a city in which all forms of music soon came to be cultivated and appreciated. The limits between sacred and secular were not always closely observed here or elsewhere. It is amusing to note, in these days of Sunday plays masquerading as "grand sacred concerts," that in 1786, also, at Charleston, the entertainments recorded "were mostly theatrical performances under the disguise of concerts, the disguise being adopted to steer clear of the strong current against the theatre shortly after the war." In Mr. Sonneck's pages we come across many other reminders of the maxim that there is nothing new under the sun. There were eighteenth-century concerts at which ice-cream was served. There were concerts by composers who filled a whole programme with their own pieces. Analytical programmes were not unknown, nor was "that æsthetic abortion, the precocious child," introducing a sensational, unmusical element. Charity concerts were numerous. Charlatan teachers had their victims; one of them advertised that "the violin and German flute are taught in the space of two or three months each." There were individuals who misbehaved at concerts—rather worse than at present—"laughing and talking very loud, squawling, overturning the benches, etc.," as a music-lover complained in the weekly *Post Boy*. There were orchestra leaders conducting with their hands only, *à la* Safonoff. Critics there were, who used flowery language, speaking of "the transports of the music-enraptured soul" "soaring upon the wings of melody to its kindred skies." As for programme music, Richard Strauss and Silas G. Pratt were surely anticipated and bested by Bandmaster Hewitt, who wrote a piece "expressive of a battle" in nine movements, as follows: (1) Introduction; (2) the army in motion; (3) the charge for the attack; (4) a national air; (5) the attack commences, in which the confusion of an engagement is heard; (6) the enemy surrenders; (7) the grief of those who are made prisoners; (8) the conqueror's quick march; (9) the finale.

Mr. Sonneck devotes many of his 338 pages to the reprinting of programmes, thus giving the reader opportunity to draw his own inferences as to the taste of the time. Surprisingly popular were the symphonies of Haydn and Pleyel; much less so those of Mozart, who, however, is better represented by his chamber music. In the eighteenth century there was no rigorous distinction between orchestral and chamber music programmes, partly because there was less difference in the number of executants, orchestras being much smaller than they are now. Here is the first part (or "act") of a quaint programme performed in New York in May, 1774: "A grand Orchestry's Symphony. A French Ariette will be sung, accompanied with the guitar and violin. Mr. Caze will play his own composed music on the violin with Mr. Zedtwitz. A Concert on the Flute. A Sonada on the Spanish Guitar. The first act to end with a March."

While music undoubtedly made much progress in America during the nineteenth century our author nevertheless is justified by the facts he has so busily collated from scattered files of old newspapers in asking: "how many American cities of fifty thousand inhabitants are there to-day with orchestral subscription concerts such as Philadelphia and other smaller cities enjoyed more than a century ago?" This, however, relates chiefly to instrumental music. Choral concerts were few in number, and the efforts to enlist the services of the church choirs and singing schools succeeded only temporarily or failed entirely. "On the whole, vocal music was represented on the programmes of the eighteenth century only by airs, duets, etc., from oratorios and operas, by popular songs or by catches and glees." The opera, to be sure, served to counteract the preponderance of instrumental music in the concert halls. To it, we are glad to note, Mr. Sonneck purposes to devote a companion volume under the title of "Early Opera in the United States." It is to be hoped he will have the leisure and patience to make it the equal of the present volume, which is the most scholarly, comprehensive, and impartial source book on its subject yet written.

Would it be possible in Germany, France, Italy, or any other country, to raise a fund of $35,000 for a composer of music whom illness has prostrated? It has been done in this country. About a year ago the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York started out to raise a MacDowell fund of $100,000. Of this, more than one-third is now in hand, and the work will continue next autumn. New York contributed $16,237. The committee announces that it has received from Mr. Hamlin Garland an offer to deliver a lecture on Edward MacDowell and in aid of this fund.

Organists will welcome the first complete English edition (published by Novello and Company) of Bach's works for their instrument. The text has been made to conform in the main with that of the edition of the German Bach Society. Suggestions as to the rate of performance and general treatment are also given. The editors are Dr. J. F. Bridge and Dr. James Higgs.

The piano quintet of the American composer, Edgar Stillman Kelley, has already been played three times in Berlin. He has just completed a string quartet which three organizations have requested permission to give in public next season.

Paderewski has nearly completed a new opera. It is called "Sakuntala," and is based on a story by Catulle Mendès.

Art.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 2.

The Royal Academy has opened, and the Royal Academy is what one expects it to be. With the walls of Burlington House crowded from floor to ceiling, it is only at rare intervals that any ambition is revealed save the desire to follow the more successful along the path of fame or popularity. The sham Sargents are many. Mr. Abbey has found copyists who have studied his methods so carefully that it is some little while before you realize the absence of Mr. Abbey himself. Imitations take their good where they can find it, anywhere, from the early English water-color painter to the Pre-Raphaelite. But for genuine observation of nature at first hand, for any personal convictions, any honest endeavor to see things or express them for one's self, you look almost in vain. It is curious just now in England that the younger men seem to have attained, without a struggle or suspicion of revolt, the same academic mediocrity and polite impersonality as their elders. At the Academy you might think it almost an indiscretion to hint that such a thing as Beauty or Art exists. And to crown the absurdity, the Academic answer to this year's invariable complaint of good work rejected, is that the work was too good to be hung under the system of selecting and hanging observed at the Academy from time immemorial. Stupidity could scarcely be carried further even by Royal Academicians.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that one must turn again to Mr. Sargent for the chief interest of the exhibition. He is not, except in one instance, at his best; he has no huge group like the Misses Hunter, or the Marlborough family; but his technical skill, his knowledge, in

itself, is a relief after the weak, hesitating renderings of the usual tailor's dummy and royal puppet. All his portraits at the Academy are of women, and in almost all of them—there are five—he gives little more than this dexterity. I do not make light of it—the folds of his draperies, the gleam of his jewels, are a pleasure to the eye, after the labored, or feeble, or flashy detail of the Academic portrait. But then, Mr. Sargent can give more, and there is one portrait, Lady Sassoon, to prove it. It is a three-quarters length; she stands, wrapped in a voluminous cloak of black silk, with the pale rose of the lining showing here and there, and her jewelled hands losing themselves in its ample flow; on her head is a great feathered black hat. The painting of the cloak and jewelled hands and hat is a triumph. But the greatest triumph of all is the face, with its beautiful, quiet modelling; there are none of the aggressive high lights, the swirls and trails of paint that sometimes irritate one by their superfluous insistence on Mr. Sargent's skill with his brush. It is so restrained that I heard some of the critics on press day comparing the head to a Holbein; though they would quickly forget the comparison in the National Gallery. Mr. Sargent has simply succeeded in his own way, as Holbein did with his flat modelling, in concealing the means by which the effect—the truth of it—is obtained, and he has done so at no sacrifice of character. The portrait, as a portrait, might remain the type of the fashionable woman of the twentieth century, as Lely's and Kneller's Shepherdesses and Dianas have remained for us types of the beauties of the Court of Charles II Mr. Sargent's other portraits show something like fatigue or indifference, the reason perhaps of a rumor that he intends to desert portrait painting for landscapes.

Several Academicians supply the accustomed Academical portrait—Frank Dicksee in his most sentimental mood, Mr. Herkomer in his most prosaic, Mr. Ouless and Luke Fildes, in their most commonplace. Mr. Cope, in true modern fashion, has been paralyzed before royalty, and produced a sleek and characterless presentment of the King that must surprise His Majesty himself. Was it for this, one asks, that Velasquez painted Philip, and Holbein, Henry? Mr. Orchardson, I begin to feel, has repeated the same scheme of color, the same treatment, until what was charming and distinguished and refined in earlier work has dwindled into a convention that weakens with the years, and his two Presentation Portraits—of men—strike me as little more than distant reëchoes of the Sir Walter Gibbey and other fine performances in past Academies. M. Blanche's Miss B. Capel, well placed on the canvas, well posed, its rendering of shimmering stuffs clever and amusing, grows in distinction from its surroundings—in Paris, they may disdain beauty, but they know their trade. And at least one portrait group, by George Lambert, has a vivacity that calls immediate attention to it, though it is not as well hung as its many qualities deserve. There are four figures: two women and two children, standing on what appears to be a breezy hilltop, against a wide, romantic sky. This choice of scene and background has a suggestion of Furse's Diana of the Uplands, certainly "the picture of the year" of a few Academies ago. One of the women wears her modish gown with a dash, a provocation, that recalls the Spanish women of Zuloaga; one of the children, a small boy, bareheaded, in short breeches and sandals, is distinctly out of Velasquez, if masquerading. It is a curious jumble of inspirations and influences and borrowings. But there is good painting in it. A baby, with its little skirts drawn up about its legs, as it toddles in the foreground, is an extremely able and sympathetic piece of work, while the whole thing is alive. The painter has not been afraid to betray his own interest, he has not been ashamed to paint with vigor and enthusiasm; which is exactly what Associates of the Academy, like J. J. Shannon and Mr. Henry, seem ashamed of doing.

Academic anecdote flourishes, but so sedately that no longer would a special rail be needed to keep off the crowd. Frith's Derby Day and Railway Station were worth all the pretentious moral lessons and domestic incidents of his successors, though these may tell their stories on a more colossal scale in their eagerness to catch the popular fancy. F. Cadogan Cowper tells a mediæval tale: "How the Devil disguised as a vagrant troubadour, having been entertained by some charitable nuns, sang to them a song of love." In the telling, Mr. Cowper owes much to Mr. Abbey. His picture, however, might be ignored with the rest were it not for the clever painting in it of the stained glass of the Fairford Church windows, reproduced with a realism that would have satisfied Ruskin, but that does not, and cannot make a picture. Mr. Abbey's other most devoted follower is Frank Craig, who in a huge arrangement of Joan of Arc on the battlefield, makes good use of those red lances of Ucelli's battle scenes that have so often served their turn. An attempt to give the light and atmosphere of a cool, sober, gray room is made by L. Campbell Taylor—whose name is new to me—in The Rehearsal: a group of five men and women, in early nineteenth century dress, at the piano, and with violin and 'cello But it is painted on an enormous canvas, and you think regretfully of the restraint of the wise Dutch masters in treating subjects of the kind. Mr. Taylor understands his Academy. It seems he has himself hitherto painted on a smaller scale, and received no favor in Academic eyes; his first big picture is at once bought for that unfortunate Chantrey Collection out of the bequest administered by the Academy for the relief of Academicians and encouragement of the young. Mrs. Swynnerton's Oreads is one of the few pictures that rise above the prevailing dulness. No other woman in England has her ability and force. But she will not let you forget it by the slightest concession to charm or beauty. Her Oreads, nudes grouped on rocks rising from a brilliant blue sea, are studies of models for whom loveliness of form could never have been the recommendation, and the flesh tints are as unpleasantly violent and harsh as the poses found for the figures and their grouping. This absence of grace, this violence of technique, is no less marked in her portrait of two children daintily dressed and seated in front of an open window that looks out on a stretch of lawn, vivid in summer green and sunshine; it is a surprising study of values, but marred by a coarseness, tending to brutality, in the figures of the two little girls; as if the artist were afraid to lose her masculine grip of things if she ventured upon the slightest approach to tenderness or refinement of handling.

Landscape is rapidly becoming a lost art in the Academy. You might think that Constable had never lived, nor the French Romanticists carried on his tradition to greater splendor. You might doubt that *La peinture claire* and *en plein air* had only recently been familiar terms in the studios, and that one *Ism* after another had sprung from them in the painter's impassioned determination to solve the problems of light and air. All trace has disappeared of the school of "naturalistic painters," who sprang up at Ruskin's bidding, camping out face to face with nature, selecting nothing, rejecting nothing, scorning nothing; and they, in their most extreme phase, would be better than the present Academic school, building up a landscape according to the approved standard, that it may fill its annual place at Burlington House. Only two or three men seem to be working with any real personal feeling, any respect for great traditions. Alfred East is one of the few. He rejects and selects in defiance of Ruskin, going to nature for the material to construct a dignified, decorative design on his canvas; or if he find nature prodigal in supplying a design he could not improve on, as in the case of Durham Cathedral on its wooded height, he is glad to accept it as it is. This preoccupation with design gives his landscapes a distinction as you see them here. But he has not yet managed to conceal his means; you are conscious of the machinery; the composition, admirable in intention, is too obviously planned. The aims of George Clausen are very different. Barbizon is stamped on his work; his laborers, Building the Rick, statuesque figures in silhouette against the hot sky, are touched, almost transformed, by the tragic dignity of Millet's peasants, as they move about the homely tasks that Millet also watched in the farmyards of France. Since the days of the masters of Barbizon, other painters have gone to the country to study, not so much the heroism of labor as the magic of sunlight, and they too have influenced Mr. Clausen. At the foot of the rick, where the hay is tossed up with a solemn rhythm of movement, is a little group of fowls brilliant in sunshine, that Monet could but approve. Mr. Clausen has managed fairly well to combine these two different interests in his picture.

But it is hard to reconcile with these qualities a curious convention adopted for his trees, the leaves looking as if carved, their texture and quality almost that of sculpture. Barbizon again breathes from the canvases of Edward Stott, but Barbizon with its sentiment shorn of tragedy, lightened, attenuated. Lovers wander through the shadowy spaces of his pastures in the afterglow, the "belated" cattle creep peacefully homeward through the twilight lanes—it is the tenderness of the country that appeals to him, a tenderness that threatens

to open a pitfall of sentimentality at his feet. And then, just when one is regretting some loss of the old freshness in his treatment of these themes, one comes upon a passage that proves him as accomplished as ever: as in his Cottage Madonna, where the true painter's sentiment and poetry are not in the Mother with her Baby on her knee, but in the jar of sweet peas on the window sill, with the light filtering through the white curtain at the window, and filling the blossoms with sun-steeped color. Mark Fisher and Buxton Knight both show excellent work, though Mr. Fisher is reducing his methods to such a hard-and-fast formula, that his pictures vary but little in subject and treatment year by year.

The sculpture does not reach a higher level. A scandal of rejection has proved its chief advertisement, the committee, at the King's commands, having been obliged to accept and exhibit a bust of the Queen of Spain, which they had had the almost unprecedented independence to reject. Whether it justifies their rejection, or the royal interference, I cannot say, for, being more concerned with sculpture than scandal, I find I passed it by unnoticed. Alfred Gilbert has a curious group, Mors Janua Vitæ, with the beautiful detail he knows so well how to render, in a casket held by the two figures, in their draperies, and in the lovely bas-reliefs. Harry Wilson, whom it is a surprise to see here, as he has hitherto identified himself entirely with the International Society, shows a staff of office, Marischal College, Aberdeen, in silver, ivory, and lapis-lazuli, these different materials combined with fine decorative effect. There is no man to-day who has such an exquisite sense of color in his use of precious stones and substances, and the top of the staff, with its delicately modelled and wrought tiny figures in silver, is a beautiful example of the jeweller's art. Some of Mr. John M. Swan's statuettes in silver have been, I think, more effective than this year's large Orpheus in bronze. And really, there is nothing else calling for special notice. N. N.

Though there is, of course, much solid matter in the May number of the *Burlington Magazine*, it cannot be said, on the whole, to be as interesting as that sterling publication usually is. The most beautiful of the illustrations is of two views of a small portrait bust of Agrippina, carved in plasma, recently presented to the British Museum by an anonymous donor. The reproductions, from a plaster cast, give the idea of a severely noble yet charming art which goes far to justify the high praise of Cecil H. Smith: "Among all the sculptures of antiquity which challenge a comparison with it, this bust stands preëminent, not only for the consummate art which characterizes it, but for the exquisite beauty of its material." A piquant juxtaposition of names is brought about in Katherine A. McDowall's paper on "Theory, or the Graphic Muse, Engraved by Blake, after Reynolds." The section on Art in America deals with two pictures in the Widener Collection, and with two cassone fronts in the Jarvis collection at Yale. One of the pictures is Hals's unusually elegant Lady with a Rose, the other a portrait of Bianca Maria Sforza, attributed to Ambrogio da Predis. The resemblance of this latter to a portrait of the same person in the collection of the Countess Arconati-Visconti at Paris, recently reproduced in M. Reinach's "Tableaux inédits ou peu connus," is pointed out, but hardly enough dwelt on. The Paris portrait is also attributed to Da Predis by M. Reinach, but to Bernardino dei Conti by Berenson and by the writer in the *Burlington*. M. Reinach speaks of the Widener picture, formerly in the Lippmann collection at Berlin, as a beautiful replica of the Paris portrait. This it certainly is not, as it represents a younger and slenderer woman than the latter, and is therefore, presumably, the earlier picture of the two. Yet the resemblances between the portraits are too great to be a matter of chance or of their common likeness to their original. Witness especially the escaping wisp of hair, very faint in the Widener picture, so marked in the other that M. Reinach supposes it to be "a bandeau passing under the chin and serving to hold on the coiffure." It would seem that whoever painted the later portrait based it upon the earlier one rather than upon the life, giving it a little greater age and changing the costume and jewels slightly to bring it up to date, but having no fresh sittings for it.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish two volumes of lectures delivered before the students of the Royal Academy by George Clausen, A.R.A., professor of painting, entitled respectively "Six Lectures on Painting" and "Aims and Ideals in Art." Mr. Clausen is himself a painter of very respectable achievement, and is evidently also a man of some breadth of culture and judgment, able to appreciate other qualities than those of his own work. He is possessed of no extraordinary literary skill, but his judgment is sound and his mind clear, and he makes many shrewd remarks. His lectures must have been valuable to the audience for which they were intended, and may now be read by a more general public with both pleasure and profit.

Two French artists have just died: Félix Régamey, painter of Oriental subjects, whose work is represented by a collection of forty pictures at the Musée Guimet; and Eugène Girardet, member of the Société des Artistes Français, and also a painter of Oriental subjects.

The death is announced from Berne of the Swiss sculptor Alfred Lanz. His monuments to Pestalozzi at Yverdon and to Ruchonnet at Lausanne are widely known.

Finance.

THE QUESTION OF GOLD EXPORTS.

A sudden rise last week in the rate of exchange on London, to a level close to that at which gold exports from here would become profitable, marked an interesting change in the money market. The prolonged maintenance of the foreign exchanges in favor of New York, and the consequent prolonged absence of gold exports from this country, have been among the most striking events of the period. Ordinarily, the United States sends to Europe, during some months of the year, a substantial amount of gold, such exports being offset by imports of gold from Europe at some other season of the same year. Thus, in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905, we sent $42,943,000 gold to Europe and received $7,494,000 from thence; in 1904, our gold exports to the same quarter were $68,476,000 and our gold imports $23,978,000. The remarkable fact about the past two years of our international finance is that since July, 1905, exports of gold from here to Europe have virtually ceased. Precisely $176,000 has gone out in that interval to England or the Continent. While sending out so utterly insignificant a sum, our import of gold from Europe, since midsummer of 1905, has footed up $100,000,000. In the face of this record, a movement of foreign exchange such as promises resumption of gold exports is a matter of much financial interest.

Its significance may perhaps be best ascertained by inquiring what has been the reason for the absence of any gold exports to Europe, during the past twenty-two months. Fundamentally, it might be explained by the very great industrial activity and financial prosperity of the United States. Gold moves traditionally from other nations to the ports of a nation thus favored. If it comes for no other reason, it is likely to come because the demand for capital by the country's industry fixes a high bid on the money market; in response to which, foreign markets remit from their own stores of capital. Usually, also, foreign investors in securities make purchases on the Stock Exchanges of so prosperous a country. Both these phenomena have been witnessed in the United States during the period beginning with July, 1905; and during just this time the New York market has witnessed such rates for money as had not been seen in a generation. It was in December, 1905, that demand loans rose to 125 per cent. in Wall Street, following this with the 60 per cent. rate of January, 1906, the 30 per cent. of April, the 40 per cent. of September, and the 36 per cent. of December. Time loans and merchants' paper touched, in the same period, the highest autumn rates since the early seventies; between November, 1905, and December, 1906, inclusive, the reserve of the New York banks went on seven separate occasions below the legally required ratio to liabilities. That European markets were heavy lenders of capital to New York, in response to these high bids, was equally well known; such remittances became so abnormally large, last summer and autumn, as to force the unusual protective measure of an advance in the Bank of England's official discount rate to 6 per cent.

Necessarily, remittance of foreign capital on such a scale will move international exchange in favor of the country to which the money comes, and will make almost continuously profitable gold shipments to that country. As it happened, there was still another important influence serving to hold the foreign exchange in our favor. The burning of San Francisco during April, 1906, threw on the European fire insurance companies a burden of more than $50,000,000 indemnities. These obligations had to be paid in cash, and remitted promptly to America. The ordinary financial, commercial, and industrial incidents of the period since July, 1905, are sufficient explanation of the unprecedented gold import, and, inferentially, of the absence of export of gold to Europe,

So much for the past. Why, however, should the movement of international exchange have turned, this month, to such a degree that gold exports are now expected? On the surface, the first and most obvious reason is, that the bid of this country's markets for European capital has practically disappeared. Since last year's partial corner of enormous blocks of speculative securities, by Wall Street financiers, was broken by the forced liquidation of last March, New York's demand for such assistance has ceased. When last October's extravagant money rates were quoted in Wall Street, the lending rate at London, Paris, and Berlin was 2 to 5 per cent. lower than New York's. At the close of last week, Wall Street quoted call loans at 2½ per cent. and time money around 4, while at the same time London was charging 3 per cent., Paris 3½, and Berlin 4½, all three markets having lately been still higher. In other words, the tables were turned in the international markets; there was not only no longer any inducement for Europe to remit its capital to New York, but its natural course was to call home what still remained on loan in the American market.

Presumably, also, a good deal of the foreign capital, placed in our stock market a year or more ago, was withdrawn through realizing sales, when prices reached their abnormal heights of last winter. Return of this money to its foreign owners would similarly serve to move exchange in favor of Europe's markets. Even the merchandise movement between this country and the outside world has been much less in our favor lately than at the height of the business boom. Large as our excess of exports over imports still remains, it was $54,000,000 less, in the ten months ending April 30, than in the same months of the preceding fiscal year. Furthermore, this decrease in the "export balance" was a consequence, not of actually diminished exports—on the contrary, they were $120,000,000 greater than in the ten-month period a year ago—but of imports increased by $174,000,000. This, as all students of economics are aware, is a familiar symptom in the later stages of an excited industrial boom.

There is, then, nothing astonishing in the fact that, for the first time in twenty-two months, the gold movement seems now to be turning against New York. That an outflow of gold, sufficiently large to inconvenience the bank reserve, is likely to ensue, does not necessarily follow. How large the export is to be depends in the main on two considerations—first, whether the New York money market will continue to quote low rates, or will once more bid for outside capital; second, whether our export trade in grain is to be impaired by a harvest shortage.

Burton J. Hendrick has done well to reprint in permanent form the series of valuable articles upon life insurance which he contributed last year to one of the popular magazines ("The Story of Life Insurance," McClure, Phillips & Co.). These articles, doubtless, are familiar to many of our readers. Mr. Hendrick begins with the scandals growing out of the "surplus," traces the notorious career of Henry B. Hyde and the others who contributed to the demoralization of American life insurance, gives a sympathetic account of the reforms secured through the good offices of Elizur Wright, presents a concise history of the "tontine," and describes the race for business, the speculative management, and the actual corruption disclosed a couple of years ago. In part, the story is familiar; but apparently it cannot be told often enough, and no one has told it so well as Mr. Hendrick. Again and again disclosure has followed scandalous mismanagement and breach of trust, but it seems impossible to work a permanent cure—at least in the larger companies. In writing a trustworthy popular account of the evils that have attended the insurance business, Mr. Hendrick has performed a distinct public service; his volume should reach a wide circle of readers. By some oversight of the proofreader "tontine" has been changed to "combine" in the table of contents.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Andy. Reed Anthony, Cowman. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 net.
Adams, Joseph H. Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys. Harpers. $1.75.
Aldrich, Fred Davis and Irving Lysander Foster. Elementary French. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Baedeker's Southern France and Corsica. Imported by Scribners. $2.70 net.
Ball, Francis Kingsley. A German Grammar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Baring-Gould, S. A. Book of the Pyrenees. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Before Port Arthur in a Destroyer. Translated by R. Grant. Dutton. $3 net.
Birdseye, Clarence F. Individual Training in Our Colleges. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Boudin, Louis B. The Theoretical System of Karl Marx. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Buchanan, A. M. Manual of Anatomy. Vol. II. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. $2.75 net.
Butler, Ellis Parker. The Confessions of a Daddy. Century Co. 75 cents.
Calkins, Franklin Welles. The wooing of Tokaia. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Camden Miscellany. Edited by Miss H. C. Foxwell. Vol. XI. London: Royal Historical Society.
Clay, Albert T. Light on the Old Testament. Philadelphia: Sunday-School Times Co. $2 net.
Collectanea Anglo-Premonstratensia. Edited by Francis A. Gasquet. Vol. III. London: Royal Historical Society
Cutten, George B. The Psychology of Alcoholism. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Deming, P. The Story of a Pathfinder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Edwardes, Marian. A Summary of the Literatures of Modern Europe. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Eisbemus, Louis M. Inspirations. 50 cents net. Mystery and Truth. 75 cents. Eastman Lewis.
Engels, Frederick. Landmarks of Scientific Socialism. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Fyfe, W. T. Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott. Dutton. $3 net.
Grandgent, C. H. Vulgar Latin. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Guide to Massachusetts Local History. Compiled by Charles A. Flagg. Salem: The Salem Press Co.
Gummere, Francis B. The Popular Ballad. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Hare, Christopher. The High and Puissant Princess Marguerite of Austria. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Harwood, Edith. Notable Pictures in Rome. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Hilliard, Katharine. An Abridgment of the Secret Doctrine. New York.
Holt, Henry. On the Civic Relations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Hubbard, Lindley Murray. An Express of '76. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hueffer, Ford Madox. England and the English. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Irish Parliament, 1775. Edited by William Hunt. Longmans.
Jahrbuch der Bücherpreise. Edited by C. Beck. Lemcke & Buechner.
Jenner, Thomas. Tsze Teen Piao Much: A Guide to the Dictionary. London: Luzac & Co.
Johnson, Trench H. Phrases and Names: Their Origins and Meanings. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Joynes, Edward S. German Lesson Grammar. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Kebbel, T. E. Lord Beaconsfield and other Tory Memories. Mitchell Kennerley. $4.
Kingsley, Flora Morse. The Princess and the Ploughman. Harpers. $1.25.
Kirkham, Stanton Davis. The Ministry of Beauty. Paul Elder & Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1907.

The Week.

There have been a good many pernicious political doctrines preached of late years, but Senator Hemenway's seemingly comfortable counsels are worse than any of them. "No matter who may be nominated by the [next Republican] convention," he says, "you may rest assured that a wise choice will be made, for, with such men as Fairbanks, Taft, Cannon, and Knox to choose from, how can any mistake be made?" In other words, he seems to think, as any ordinary voter might, that it really makes very little difference who is nominated. Yet in the last month the Protective Tariff League has unmasked Mr. Taft and shown him to be a free-trader, Fairbanks's reactionary designs are known to all, Knox was a corporation lawyer, while Cannon is as objectionable to the revisionists as Taft to the stand-patters. Mr. Hemenway remarks that neither bouquets nor brickbats are expected for the Fairbanks boom, when President Roosevelt speaks at Indianapolis. But we must have these things. It is not right, after some years of government by bouquets and brickbats, to speak as if neither mattered. The axiom that things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, if accepted, would play havoc with politics. Next we shall have some one saying that a Republican national convention could safely be left to choose the next Presidential candidate, acording to its own judgment and convictions at the time.

Speaker Cannon's remark, "I would rather that the people wished me President in their hearts than that I be made President," is almost suspiciously well-adapted to the quotation book. It is, in fact, faintly reminiscent of the modest utterances of many other great men. The trouble is that, while everybody knows who is President, nobody can tell for a certainty who the people "wish in their hearts" were holding that exalted office. Yet there is a distinct place in our public life for the man whom few would think of really making President and yet whom hosts of fellow-citizens would like to see honored in every possible way. Mr. Cannon is such a man on the Republican side, and ex-Senator Cockrell on the Democratic. The two most impressive unorganized "demonstrations" of recent years were given these veterans—Mr. Cannon's in the House of Representatives, Mr. Cockrell's in the last Democratic National Convention. Neither ever stood more than the remotest chance of nomination, but both occupy places in the hearts of their countrymen that most of our actual Presidents would have envied.

Postmaster Willcox undoubtedly made a strong point when he referred the other day to Secretary Cortelyou as proof that entering the civil service does not mean the stagnation of every one who takes the examinations. Mr. Cortelyou will long be the classic example of the Cabinet Minister who rose from the ranks of the civil employees. But whether he is not to remain merely the exception which proves the rule, time alone can show. Men of parts undoubtedly take the examinations; some of them resign from the service before their ambition is quenched, while others succumb early to the narcotic influence which comes with a permanent position, easy hours, and a fixed routine. Mr. Cortelyou was fortunate in being transferred to the White House, than which there is certainly no more broadening or interesting field of activity, and he was thus given the opportunity of impressing his personality upon two Presidents, while remaining very much of a mystery to the public at large. Dozens of men in other departments in Washington may have Mr. Cortelyou's admirable qualities, and still others, but lack the chance to bring them to the attention of a superior. No one contends to-day that our civil service is perfect, least of all those who are most devoted to its purity, but with time it should yet be made a genuine career for men of talent eager to get ahead and capable of assuming great responsibilities, as Mr. Cortelyou has shown himself.

The action of the National Association of Manufacturers, in voting to raise a fund of $1,500,000 in the next three years with which to combat the labor unions, is another significant sign of the times. It will be denounced, of course, by the unions as a corruption fund. If any part of it is used for the purpose of buying special privileges or interfering with the lawful rights of workingmen, the Association will properly be classified among those whom the President has so often denounced as the real enemies of the people. We do not believe that this is the purpose of the Association. Its members wish to control their own affairs. They do not object to labor unions as such, but to the lack of responsibility of their leaders. These men are too often corrupt and criminal, perfectly willing, as in Chicago, to bring misery to hundreds of families by calling strikes in return for bribes. They habitually play into the hands of the worst types of politicians, and, as in the Moyer and Haywood case, assume the attitude of being above the law. Now, if these leaders represented all the working people of the United States, the situation would be different. But they stand for only a small minority, who insist not only upon a labor monopoly, but the right to prevent by force Americans from earning a living as they see fit.

The work of the San Francisco grand jury in returning indictments against six public-service corporations, in company with Mayor Schmitz and the fallen boss Ruef, goes to the heart of the entire question of political bribery. To punish the giver of the bribe, as well as the receiver is not only just and logical—it is effective. An indicted or threatened official may resign in the face of attack, or may seek immunity by confession or weeping in court, or, at the worst, may "take his medicine" philosophically, in the knowledge that a short term in prison may be forgotten in the calm old age of retirement which a fat bank account always makes possible. To the "respectable citizen" who buys franchises, on the other hand, the prospect of punishment must be unpleasant, to say the least. In this connection, too, we cannot but commend the action of Judge Coffey in exacting heavy bail—$10,000 on each count in the indictment. The United Railways was made to deposit no less than $560,000 in securities in behalf of its four indicted officials. This is in line with action taken recently by other courts in mulcting guilty corporations in really appreciable sums, and wounding them in their tenderest spot. It remains now for the San Francisco district attorney to press the indictments home, and to see to it that Abe Ruef receives his proper share of the punishment that must be meted out to rascals before the city can redeem itself.

Whether Secretary Root's Yale address, last week, on the reawakening of the nation's conscience, should be regarded as flattery or not, is a little difficult to say. His conclusion, from the review of various past episodes in the nation's history, is that the standard of political and commercial morality has been raised to a notably higher level. The instances which he cites prove that it indisputably has been. Unfortunately, however, the incidents to which he alludes as typical of other days were so utterly discreditable that, if we were charged as a nation with tolerating them

now, we should resent it as an insult. It is no very high praise to be told that the bribing of Congressmen by a railway construction company, the selling of appointments by a Secretary of War, the acceptance of subsidies from a foreign government by a general of the army, or the election of a notorious financial and political adventurer to the Vice-Presidency, are no longer possible. Nor is it straining compliments to point out that the days when Gould and Fisk habitually bribed corrupt New York judges, fortified their offices with hired prize-fighters, and moved the books and headquarters of a great railway from New York to New Jersey in order to escape the law, are gone forever. We fully agree with Mr. Root, however, that this lifting of the standard has been due quite as much to the raising of the general idea as to improvement in the ideals of corporation managers. That the practices of such notorious scoundrels as Jay Gould and his railway associates had come long ago to be repudiated in disgust by the new generation of railway men, and this without any necessary coercion by outside public opinion, we see no reason for doubting. But it will hardly do to flatter ourselves too much on the new sensitiveness of the financial conscience, when we have so near at hand such episodes as the sharp practice in Metropolitan Street Railway finance, during 1902 and 1906; the swindling operations in various famous steel-trade "promotions," during 1899 and 1902, and the use of life insurance funds by speculating trustees in 1901. Possibly it is even true, as Mr. Root declares, that "the standard of probity and fidelity among the corporation managers of the country is higher now than it ever has been before." But the greater safeguard lies in the other fact, also stated by the Secretary, that "our people demand that a more rigid rule of morality shall be applied."

The fact that immediate disarmament is impracticable is no reason for shelving its present discussion. Its impracticability lies wholly in the need of a more active and vigorous public sentiment, and public sentiment was never yet engendered by a cautious fear of asking for some new concession to righteousness and civilization a little ahead of time. If some "statesman" of an earlier day could have persuaded Phillips, Whittier, and their kind that *abolition* was a word not to be uttered until minor mitigations actually within reach were secured, the chains would still be clanking in the Southern cotton fields. There is no real progress for the cause of international peace apart from a vigorous campaign against the folly of ever-increasing preparation for war, and the Mohonk Conference will find that it has weakened its moral power by listening to advice emanating from sources not really in sympathy with the cause for which it is supposed to stand. It might as well be abandoned, if it is to continue as timid and cowardly as it was last week—not even daring to follow Secretary Root's advice and ask of the Hague Conference more than the Government could.

"If it were more generally known in the United States that the best cottonseed oil is equal in purity and healthfulness to olive oil," said Major Carson, chief of the Government Bureau of Manufactures, at Jamestown, the other day, "the demand for cottonseed oil at home would expand to a point that would seriously interfere with the profits of foreign olive oil manufacturers." If the American people, after using cottonseed oil for generations, in its thin disguise of olive oil, does not yet know its good qualities, the case might as well be given up at once. Of course, there is an immense amount of nonsense about substituted articles of this sort. It may well be that, if cottonseed had been a costly foreign product, and olives a cheap by-product of another crop, we should be denouncing the olive oil man for palming off his greasy wares upon us. But the effort of cottonseed oil to make a reputation for itself is only part of one of the most interesting movements of the "fake" products now trying to be sold on their merits. It will doubtless take years for adjustments. Some deceptive wares have already disappeared from the market precipitately. Others, of which this oil may be one, are destined for prosperity greater, as well as more honest, than before.

Every intelligent theatre-goer will hope that Richard Mansfield may be speedily restored to health by the airs of his native country, and that he will be enabled to resume his theatrical work with renewed spirit and vigor. His recent illness appears to have worked some strange transformations in his temperament and ideas. It has even brought him to the point of confessing that in the days of his hot and impulsive youth he made a mistake in regarding certain experienced critics, who disapproved of his artistic methods, as base calumniators or contemptible ignoramuses. He has discovered, as the Master of Trinity once observed to the undergraduate who contradicted him, that we all make mistakes, even the youngest of us. That is a valuable lesson to learn. When he has mastered it more completely, it may occur to him that the candid critics may not have been wholly responsible for the loss of the fortune which he deplores. Otherwise, he might find himself compelled to admit that the laudatory notices, of which he has had his full share in these later years, were among the chief causes of his prosperity. A little while ago, he announced his irrevocable decision to retire from the stage at the end of three years. It is good news to hear that his present intent is to remain upon it indefinitely, but in the character of a star, not as a manager. Is it possible that he meditates an engagement with the Syndicate, which he once defied and denounced in more outspoken fashion than he ever did the critics? This, surely, would be for him a huge mistake in every respect, except, possibly, the pecuniary. Fortunately, this contingency is not imminent, and in the lazy months to come Mr. Mansfield will have time for many new resolutions.

The insistence of members of the Bible Class conducted by John D. Rockefeller, jr., that notices of its meetings be sent no longer on postal cards, but in plain, sealed envelopes, like private letters, racing tips, circulars of green goods games, or cures for inebriety, betrays a singular state of mind. Many of them say that they live in boarding houses, where one's right hand or right-hand neighbor seldom remains in ignorance for more than a few minutes of what one's left hand or left-hand neighbor is doing. They do not want to be twitted about belonging to the most celebrated religious fellowship in America. Their neighbors hint that the class must be subsidized or granted rebates in some underground fashion, and this is not pleasant for those who know that there is nothing of the sort. It takes vastly more moral courage in these days for the poor and struggling to fraternize with the excessively rich than for the excessively rich to hold out the helping hand. But, if this kind of moral courage is not engendered in this paragon of Bible classes, then where, in a selfish and hypocritical world, are we to look for it?

The announcement is made at Harvard that to Alain LeRoy Locke of Philadelphia has been awarded $250, the first of the three Bowdoin prizes given annually to undergraduates for the three best literary essays. The interesting fact about this is that Mr. Locke is the young colored man who recently carried off the Rhodes scholarship from Pennsylvania over a number of competitors. The Bowdoin prize is the most important bestowed at Harvard. This, we are inclined to think, shows conclusively that Mr. Locke has "forgotten his place." It is trying enough to have him beat our white boys for the honor of going to Oxford; but that he should now carry off the Bowdoin prize by an essay on Tennyson of really unusual literary merit, will be regarded in some circles, we fear, as seriously threatening the foundations of our Anglo-Saxon civil-

ization. It is really very cruel of Mr. Locke. True, he has two generations of educated parents behind him, but this is no excuse. We very much fear that the negroes are determined not to stay in the places assigned to them by their mental superiors.

The Paris press derives a good deal of amusement from the German Emperor's act in ordering the removal of the statue of Heinrich Heine from the grounds of his recently acquired Villa Achilleion, in the Island of Corfu, formerly the property of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of Austria. It would have been miraculous, remarks the *Temps*, if the King of Prussia had extended his toleration to one who signed himself "Heine, emancipated Prussian." The Germanic nature, this journal goes on to say, cherishes its hatreds; and it quotes Heine himself as authority for the fact that the Germans have never forgiven the French the execution of Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, by Charles of Anjou, in 1268. The Kaiser's action does give rise to the question whether the fame of Heine is waning in Germany. That the contrary is true outside of Germany, there can be little doubt. But William II. is undoubtedly representative of his nation, and he has our own President's infallible instinct for voicing the prevailing sentiment of the moment among the great mass of his subjects. Is it possible, then, that, in a period of intense patriotic self-consciousness like the present, Germany is turning against her great mocker and cosmopolite, who was also a great lyric poet?

If the rejection of the Irish bill leaves the Liberals looking rather chop-fallen, it has caught the Tories looking very foolish. They had made all their preparations for a resounding fight against the measure. There was to have been an immense Unionist meeting in London, early in June, to denounce this new attempt to rend the Empire; and all the changes were to be rung on the perfidy of the Liberals, and the treason of Irishmen. This artificial excitement will now scarcely be indulged in. What the Irish themselves have rejected as a mere nothing, the Tories cannot erect into a terrible portent to alarm the nation. And they have further grounds for uneasiness over the mistaken action of the Nationalists at Dublin in putting an end to Irish legislation at this session of Parliament. This will leave the Ministry free to turn their hands to other measures. One of these was hinted at in the Prime Minister's speech at Manchester, the other day. It is the question of land reform. On this subject there is a vast stirring of public opinion. The movement for securing small holdings of land for laborers and farmers, for increasing the security of tenure for those who rent land, and especially for readjusting the taxation on land, which is often grossly inequitable, is making great headway. If the Government resolutely press a bill, embodying the popular demands, it will be an exceedingly awkward thing for the Lords to throw it out. Indeed, it might furnish the best of chances to go to the country on the issue of reforming the House of Lords. This is the reason why Mr. Balfour speaks so bitterly about a possible land bill, and why it causes such searching of heart in his party.

The latest report to the German Reichstag of the development of the Kiao-Chou colony is of a more encouraging character. It covers the period from October 1, 1905, to October 1, 1906, during which the income of the colonial government rose from $250,000 to $342,600, or 37 per cent. The value of the commerce passing through the harbor of Tsing-tau rose from 32,400,000 Mexican dollars to 39,400,000. This does not mean that the actual trade of the colony has grown to that extent, for Tsing-tau is a port used by the merchants of the interior to ship their goods, which, going either way, pass through German territory. Indeed, this transitory character of the trade of the colony is one of the greatest difficulties confronting its administrators. It is so dependent upon the *Hinterland* that it can be but slowly developed into a separate state. None the less, it profits by the shipping in its harbor, which increased by 50,000 tons in the year under consideration, while the passenger traffic of the railway rose from 780,228 persons to 811,285. The coal traffic is steadily increasing, owing to the development of the German mines, which gave 13,716 carloads to the railroad to haul. As there has also been a continual improvement in the judiciary and school systems, this report must cheer the Reichstag not a little, for from Africa it has had nothing but bad news for several years past.

Though the reported uprising in Kwan-tung has so far assumed no definite anti-foreign character, the probability that the rebels may turn their arms against Europeans, as well as against the local mandarins and the dynasty, is not at all remote. All accounts agree that the feeling against foreigners has been steadily growing since the great war, and that progressives are competing with reactionaries in proclaiming fervid principles of patriotism and national self-sufficiency. The native press, which has experienced such a remarkable growth of late, is hostile to the white man's influence, an attitude which is generally explained as due to the fact that most of the newspaper writers are young men fresh from their studies in Japan, and eager for radical measures looking towards national regeneration. There can be little doubt, however, that under the guise of patriotism the reactionaries have succeeded in winning the sympathy of the court away from ideas of progress. This has been made manifest by the partial eclipse of Yuan-shih-kai, viceroy of Chili, and the shelving in the governorship of Mukden of his protégé, Tang-Shao-Yi. He, at Peking, had exercised a powerful influence for progress in connection with the Foreign Office, the railways, and the maritime customs. The rebellion in the south is very probably the response to the reactionary course of the Government. In general, there is no lack of evidence that China is fast mastering the theory and practice of revolution according to the latest methods. Socialist literature in Chinese translations is being circulated in the north, and dynamite seems clearly to be coming into vogue at Tien-tsin and other advanced towns.

Rumania, from present indications, may soon join Russia and China in appealing to the world for famine relief. A prolonged drought, following upon the destruction wrought in the recent peasant uprising, has rendered harvest prospects of the gloomiest. The steps taken by the Liberal Government for ameliorating the condition of the peasantry have been met with characteristic selfishness on the part of the large landed proprietors. The royal proclamation promising the enactment of laws doing away with the great agricultural trusts, establishing a rural bank for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of land by the small farmers, and making it incumbent on the state and the large insurance companies to lease their lands to associations of peasants, has brought about a better feeling among the mass of the population. Meanwhile, the radical policy which the Liberal Government has thought it imperative to introduce, such as the intervention of the prefects for the purpose of arbitrarily reducing rents under existing contracts, has evoked a sharp protest from the large landowners, who, in addition, complain that the indemnity for their losses offered them by the Government in the form of three-year loans, is insufficient. The Conservative party, which for a long time has been split up into bitterly hostile factions, is now reported as reunited, under the leadership of M. Carp, whose views are those of the landlords. Should the Liberals be defeated in the parliamentary elections in the beginning of June, the prospects of effective agrarian reform should be dim indeed.

KUROKI ASKS ABOUT THE TARIFF.

We have received by wireless from Washington a short-hand account in Japanese of a conversation between Gen. Kuroki and the President. It shows that the distinguished visitor from Japan is deeply interested in the ongoing of democratic government, and is especially curious about the power of public opinion in this country. Of course, owing to the uncertainties of transmission, deciphering, and translating, we cannot absolutely guarantee that the following is an exact transcript of the actual dialogue at the White House, but it cannot be far wrong. Truth, after all, shines by its own radiant light. As nearly as we can make out the talk between the exalted personages, it ran very much in this fashion:

Gen. Kuroki. I am anxious to learn about American government. You have no Samurai, no nobles, no Elder Statesmen. Who then is it that decides what must be done?

President Roosevelt. Why, my dear General, with us the people rule. Elected officials are but their servants, to do as they direct.

K. But how do they make their wishes known?

R. Through the newspapers, through meetings, boards of trade, public associations, party conventions, and through the utterances of their chosen representatives. That is what we call public opinion, and it is supreme in the United States.

K. Then Congress and the Administration are compelled to do what public sentiment desires to be done?

R. Certainly. No party in power would dare to disregard a real popular demand.

K. Let me make my questions specific. They tell me that there is a strong movement in this country for tariff revision. From what I learn, the sentiment appears to be overwhelmingly in its favor. Now, why is nothing done?

R. Well, you must know that this subject is very intricate and disputed.

K. Still, are not the facts as I am informed? Do not all Democrats want the tariff lowered? Are not many Republicans demanding the same thing? Is it not true that many honorable Senators are declaring for it, and that your great Secretary of War with your powerful Speaker Cannon are saying it must be done? Am I wrong in supposing that you yourself were once a free-trader, and that you had a message ready for Congress two years ago calling for a reform of the tariff? My interpreter tells me that chambers of commerce and associations even of manufacturers are passing resolutions in favor of cutting down your customs duties. It seems clear that public opinion has declared itself in that sense. The people are nearly of one mind. Then why is nothing done? Why has the Republican party not hastened to execute the popular will?

R. Ah, but we are going to. We are going next year to promise the people to revise the tariff a year or two after that.

K. But why wait? Have you not the power now?

R. Yes, but there are great difficulties in the way. There is, for example, the Steering Committee in the Senate.

K. I have not read of that, nor has our Embassy told me anything about it.

R. Well, it is a sort of General Staff of the Republican party. It decides what legislation may be enacted, very much as your General Staff plans a campaign. And thus far it has not permitted the party to take up the revision of the tariff.

K. Is it, then, more powerful than the party? Can it refuse to let the people have their way?

R. Oh, no; but some one has to be in charge of all such matters, you understand, and these influential Senators are the ones in this case. They have much to do, you see, with providing the sinews of party war—what we call campaign funds—and this enables them to say what laws may be passed, and when. They have decided that tariff revision would be ruinous to our prosperity this year, but that two years from now it would heighten it.

K. May they not change their minds, two years from now? If so, could they not then prevent all legislative action?

R. They could, but we all hope they won't.

K. This is truly puzzling. If public opinion rules, how can a handful of men resist and thwart it?

R. The trouble is, General, that there are practical considerations which come in to delay matters. Even an army, you know, cannot move until the commissariat is ready.

K. Now I begin to understand. My experience with the Russian troops helps me. Those brave fellows could not do their best because the corrupt army contractors did not give them good supplies, and their generals were all the while overruled from court. It was not the stout soldiers, but the incompetent commanders and the thieving Government clique, who brought defeat upon them. What you mean to tell me is that your Steering Committee, with the men who pay money to your party, are the ones who are holding back the Republican army from marching to do its duty.

R. You quite misunderstand me, General. We are sure to do it, in time. But, as practical men, we have to consider opportuneness and ways and means and political strategy and party advantage and the awkwardness of doing what we have denounced our opponents for proposing.

K. Thanks for all this information. I now understand what is meant by public opinion always having its way in the United States. It is supreme unless some one has bought the power to defy it. It can do everything except reform a tariff which selfish men have paid the Republican party to keep unreformed. When I tell them about this in Japan they will be interested. Perhaps, they will be surprised.

THE LAND QUESTION IN THE DUMA.

The existence of Russia's second Parliament is probably more precarious at the present moment than it ever has been during weeks of rumored dissolutions, *coups d'état*, and conspiracies. No single violent speech brought about the dispersal of the first Parliament, and something far more serious even than an injury to the honor of the army will be needed to precipitate a crisis in the second. Such a crisis is not improbably at hand now. Up to the present we have had, on the whole, comparatively light skirmishing, but as a result of the position taken last week by Premier Stolypin with regard to the agrarian question, issue has finally been joined on the question that lies closest to the heart of the great mass of the people. The Agrarian Commission of Ninety-nine, according to the Prime Minister's statement, has adopted the principle of forcible expropriation of private landlords for the benefit of the peasants, without consulting the wishes of the Government, which is unalterably opposed to the scheme. Against forcible expropriation M. Stolypin upholds his method of gradual transfer of land through the peasants' banks, through which between twenty-five and thirty millions of acres, or about one-third of the minimum amount considered necessary to satisfy the land-hunger of the population, have already been offered for sale.

Is the Duma, then, near its end? If that body should insist on upholding the action of its commission, there would be little chance, or, for that matter, little reason, for its further existence. Its fate would seem therefore to lie in the hands of the Constitutional Democrats. Their land plan was characterized by the Prime Minister as amounting to virtual expropriation, because of the inadequate rate of compensation it prescribed. If, however, the matter of price only is in question, it is not impossible that the Constitutional Democrats may be willing to negotiate with the Government. Of the parties of the Left, as we have said before this, the Government would in that case take little account. That the Duma to them is not a place for doing business, but for carrying on revolutionary agitation, they have frankly avowed.

The Government's stand against any method of agrarian reform involving a

sudden "social upheaval" must be the cause of unlimited satisfaction to the members of the Left. Still more pleased would they be if the Constitutional Democrats should join hands with the Ministry. That storm of popular wrath which they have been waiting and working for would then burst, so they reason, over the heads of all the bourgeois parties. We find this point of view stated in a remarkable speech recently delivered by Gregory Gershuni, the Social-Revolutionary leader, who was in this country a short time ago. Defending the tactics of those revolutionary Deputies in the Duma who were exerting themselves to prevent a dissolution, he said frankly that such action was necessary in order to gain time for the great upheaval, the armed insurrection which is to sweep away the entire existing political and social structure. He pleaded for patience, for submission to *force majeure*, in order that the responsibility for the inevitable failure of all moderate schemes of reform, and notably of the Duma itself, should once for all be placed upon the shoulders of the Government.

The great argument in the revolutionary arsenal is that from the Romanofs and their supporters no good can come. Let the land be offered to the peasants in large quantities by the present Government, land enough in the total to relieve the pressing wants of the people, and who will guarantee that the peasants shall not be tricked and plundered as they were in 1861, or that they shall not be crushed under the weight of taxes placed upon their new holdings, or that they shall be protected against the exactions of the usurer and the temptations of the state vodka shops? In homely language, their case might be stated as calling not only for a new deal all around, but for a sure preventive against all cheating on the part of the dealer of the cards.

Concerning the technical questions involved in Russia's agrarian problem, it is difficult to speak in any but the most general way. When Russian public men differ among themselves as to whether the endowment of the peasants with sufficient land will cost 2,500,000,000 rubles or 7,500,000,000 rubles, the outsider should proceed with caution. Books of statistics, and such authorities as Beatrice C. Baskerville, who has written on the question in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, assign from 32 to 39 per cent. of the soil to the peasants, from 35 to 42 per cent. to the Crown and the Imperial family, and about 25 per cent. to private landowners. The additional amount needed by the peasants has been computed by a Cadet leader at about 120,000,000 acres, according to recent dispatches, though Miss Baskerville quoted an earlier estimate ranging from eighty-six to ninety millions. On the basis of the latter figures this writer asserted that some twenty-seven millions would be forthcoming from the Crown, and that about 10 per cent. of private holdings, amounting to 25,000,000 acres, could be purchased within a reasonable time, as in fact has been done. There remain about thirty-five million acres to be supplied before a reasonably satisfactory solution of the problem can be attained.

But, after all dallying with figures, the problem resolves itself into the old one—how to bring about the cessation of a régime which, on the one hand, crushes the cultivator of the soil under a burden of taxes that rise frequently to the crying absurdity of "180 to 280 per cent. of the normal rental value of the holding," and, on the other, upholds as its policy the retention of the peasantry in a state of ignorance that renders intelligent cultivation impossible. Official figures give every *mujik* in European Russia, "man, woman, or child, 4 1-25 acres to live upon," enough, surely, to prevent chronic famine. But under the present régime can the agrarian question ever be settled?

JAPAN AS A COLONIZER.

The London *Times* report that a Japanese expedition of 8,000 men is endeavoring to subjugate the savages of the east coast of Formosa, indicates, if correct, a change of policy from that of the late Governor-General, Viscount Kodama. He undertook to solve the difficulty by leaving these natives severely alone; only when they have sought to leave their territory was any force applied. The civilized part of the island is protected by a frontier of blockhouses, and it was the plan of Viscount Kodama to make greater headway with this western portion before trying to conquer the savages. Japan has felt that in Formosa she is on trial as a colonizing Power, and that according to her successes there her efforts in Korea and Manchuria will be prejudged.

The Japanese are particularly sensitive to foreign criticism. Hence they are anxious that they should get full credit for what they have already achieved in Formosa. Official blue-books are always available, and these have been further reinforced by an elaborate study, entitled "Japanese Rule in Formosa," by Yosaburo Takekoshi, an excellent translation of which has just been published by Longmans, Green & Co. There is much in the facts herein related of which the Japanese may be proud. First of all, brigandage, a curse of centuries, has been put down, so that it is now safe for a young girl to travel alone from one end of the civilized part of the island to the other. Viscount Kodama was prompt to do away with military government, and substitute civil rule. If Formosa is still properly described as an "island of policemen," it is at least noteworthy that these policemen are responsible directly to the Governor-General. The taxes, it is true, are heavier under Japanese rule than Chinese, but the payments to brigands and corrupt officials have stopped, while the railroad has been built, many new roads constructed, and life and property secured. On the other hand, the farmers receive much better prices for rice, wages are higher, and business opportunities have been greatly increased. The last Japanese subsidy was paid in 1904, and the island is now self-supporting. It is believed that by 1910 Japan will have made out of the profits of her trade with Formosa all that the island has cost her.

Altogether, so far as the financial and industrial side of the case is concerned, the Japanese record has been really remarkable. For instance, the rice crop has risen from 20,529,000 bushels in 1899 to 41,598,000 in 1904, an increase of over 100 per cent. The railroad now pays for itself, the mileage having been increased from 63 to 259. There are 6,000 miles of good roads, nearly all of which were built between the years 1899 and 1902. Nearly 2,000 miles of telegraph wires have been put in service since the Japanese conquest, and the telephone and wireless telegraphy are also in use. But, while all this spells one kind of progress, the supreme test of the success of a colonizing nation is, after all, whether it is supplying a just government, and whether the governed are contented. As Mr. Takekoshi says: "New territory may be won by the sword, . . . but unless the conquering nation possesses the qualifications necessary for the wise administration of its possessions, decay and dissolution inevitably follow." Naturally, Mr. Takekoshi feels that the success thus far achieved should admit Japan "into the community of the world's great colonial powers"; he has no doubt as to the ultimate happiness of the Formosans under Japanese rule, precisely as he defends the government monopoly of the salt, camphor, and tobacco industries.

It must be admitted that, if the Japanese follow the policy laid down by Mr. Takekoshi, they are likely to do as well by the Formosans as any foreign rulers could. "Any attempt," he says, "to force our customs and social institutions upon them, and to mould them on the Japanese model, will only imperil our policy of colonizing the island without achieving any good result. . . . We should not forget that the secret of success in tropical colonization lies in winning the confidence of the natives by a liberal and wise administration, and securing their loyal coöperation. . . ." These are words that might well be posted in large letters over the Governor-General's desk in Manila. We have no doubt that the foolish and unsuccessful effort to mould

the Filipinos into the American form was in Mr. Takekoshi's mind when he penned these words.

In Korea, the problem is likely to be far more difficult. The Nagasaki correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* has recently confirmed the reports of the growing uneasiness of the Koreans. Affairs are assuming a "menacing aspect," and the Korean hatred of their overlords is intensified by such incidents as the recent extraordinary theft of the holy Korean pagoda of white marble. The wisdom of a Viscount Kodama is greatly needed in Korea, where many of the Japanese immigrants are of a highly undesirable class. "So long," remarks the *Guardian's* correspondent, "as Koreans can be insulted, abused and imposed on without penal consequences to the aggressors, they cannot be expected to bow humbly to the new conditions." Individual cases of oppression will occur in all colonies. For this we need not criticise the Japanese too severely, but the Government which fails to suppress such conduct on the part of its subjects is open to the severest criticism. The refusal to accept letters in the Korean language for transmission in the mails is one of the natives' grievances, and it is alleged that railways, mines, timber-lands, and other property have been or are being expropriated by the Government. The outlook, therefore, for Japanese success in Korea is as gloomy as it is cheerful in Formosa, and goes to prove that many years must elapse before the final judgment can be passed upon Japan as a colonial administrator, Mr. Takekoshi to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS.

The exchange of professors between German and American universities has now been going on long enough to give some hint of its value and the trend in the future. That it has been not much more than a *succès d'estime* appears to be the general opinion in Berlin university circles. The first enthusiasm has passed away, while the benefits in the way of international courtesy and good-will are now thoroughly attained. These have been practical results of value. Beyond this, however, there is little to be said. The latest German representative at Columbia is reported to have returned to his home much disappointed. On the other side, it cannot be alleged that the lectures of any of our representatives have deeply stirred the German *Gelehrtenwelt*. The present Harvard professor at Berlin, Dr. Richards, is one of our ablest chemists. But he learned nearly all that he knows from Germany, and has to impart his own investigations in English, a language understood by only one German student in every two hundred or so. Moreover, if Germany is rich in any field of learning, it is in this one of chemistry. Hence there is danger that his lectures, or others like them, may degenerate into a pastime for some of the members of the American or British colony.

The criticism is also heard that our representatives have been too much influenced by or drawn into court or diplomatic circles. They have not understood the Berlin situation, or realized that in the opinion of the German public this exchange of professors has appeared to be more of a court fad than anything to be taken very seriously. The newspapers have made little or no mention of the American professors, beyond reporting their initial lectures. German editors care no more to translate an English discourse than ours to give space to the views of the distinguished lecturers of the Alliance Française. Even the course of Professor Burgess, who delivered his lectures in German, aroused comparatively slight interest. Whether this is due solely to the court stamp upon the whole enterprise, or possibly to a belief that it is merely another whim of the Kaiser, like his enthusiasm for yachting, we do not undertake to say. It does, however, appear that the time has come for considering the future of what ought to be a valuable institution.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* is also of this opinion. Although it disclaims any intention of criticising the American lecturers individually, it none the less feels that, if present methods are to be adhered to, "no result worth mentioning, no real moral or scientific gain, will result." The whole experiment "can only turn out to be a curiosity in the history of education." It does not feel itself at liberty to go into the reasons for this, which are many, but it has a remedy to suggest. If there is to be "any prospect of success whatever," the matter must be taken up from another point of view. In the *Tageblatt's* opinion, "not an exchange of university teachers is what is needed, or an exchange of lecturers, but of methods of teaching." Knowledge of the scientific and educational progress of the countries concerned will have value, not lectures upon American Constitutional questions, which interest only a handful, or matters chemical, on which Germany has all the learning possible. The *Tageblatt* would have not merely professors of standing as delegates to the two countries, but young and studious teachers, medical men, scientists, even apprentices in the field of pure science. Men of this type should have the opportunity to study on the spot foreign methods of teaching and investigation, in order to compare them critically with those with which they are familiar. This would, it thinks, quickly result in a gradual "reanimation of the mental views of those countries affected."

If this sounds a bit pedantic, it is none the less suggestive. It could not be expected that we could send two professors to Germany each year who would have something notable to say. To our mind, the selection of Dr. Felix Adler to represent Columbia two years hence is one of the best made, not only because of his mastery of German, but because, through his lectures on ethical culture, he will be able to interpret American life and ideals not only to select educated classes, but to the masses as well. But intermediaries of this kind do not exist in large numbers; and if they did, it is questionable whether they, too, would not pall after a while. On the other hand, if the exchange is to follow the *Tageblatt's* lines, it might easily become merely one of graduate students, after the manner of the Rhodes scholarships. That would be valuable in itself, but by no means achieve the ends originally intended.

It must not be forgotten that a certain amount of exchange has been going on for decades. Leopold Ranke spoke many times before the Paris Academy of Science, while Liebig, Hoffmann, Helmholtz, Koch, and many other distinguished men have lectured before the Royal Institution in London. Centuries ago there were plenty of foreigners to be found at the Italian or Dutch or German or French universities. To-day there are several American professors permanently at English universities; Leipzig has long had Professor Caspar R. Gregory, and we on this side have Münsterberg, who came to us from a German chair, as did Von Holst. In the temporary and simultaneous character of the Berlin exchange lies the novelty. If it can be made of genuine value either along educational lines or in the interests of international understanding of international differences, no stone should be left unturned to accomplish this end. Perhaps there is a middle way—such as the lengthening of the stay of each professor; but whether there is or is not, something must be done, ere the exchange becomes a subject for jesting.

ART IN SMALL CITIES.

Growth of interest in the fine arts, in smaller American communities, particularly in those of less than one hundred and fifty thousand population, is an encouraging indication of our national progress in other than material directions. Wherever the art centre of the country may be just now—whether at Pittsburgh, where the munificence of the ironmaster has provided ample galleries, though there is no colony of painters and sculptors capable of filling them, or in New York, with its many artists whose works, to be adequately exhibited, have to be shown in Washington or Philadelphia—the fact is certain that subordinate centres of produc-

tion and appreciation of art are all the while developing.

Prof. Charles Eliot Norton used to predict an artistic renaissance in this country when such places as Worcester and Lowell and Fall River should vie with each other in rivalry of the kind that in the best periods of Italian art subsisted among cities of substantially the same size as these New England manufacturing towns. The conditions for such competition are apparently being slowly prepared in many American cities whose habits and standards of living are distinctly *kleinstädtisch*. In the lesser industrial capitals the fine arts are cherished with ever-increasing regard—at least on the part of the women's clubs.

At all events, exhibitions of works by painters of high professional standing are to-day seen frequently in the minor cities. The wives and daughters of well-to-do manufacturers and merchants in these places invariably compel the men members of their families to attend the opening night in evening dress. Small-city folk buy pictures, too. An exhibition of paintings by contemporary American artists, arranged for Springfield, Mass., has annually sold more canvases than the New York public, reënforced by hundreds of thousands of visitors from every part of the continent, has purchased at Academy shows. Springfield is perhaps exceptional, but other cities of less than 100,000 population are interested in collections of pictures. A travelling exhibition, gathered from studios in this city, went the rounds successfully, during the past winter, of Charleston, Savannah, Tampa, Nashville, Lynchburg, and other Southern cities. Lowell, Whistler's birthplace, has an art association which has held two good exhibitions since 1905, and which now has ambitious designs to appeal, through picture shows, popular lectures, and instruction in the arts and crafts, to the artistic instincts not only of American-born middle-class people, but of the polyglot horde that has filled the factories and tenement houses of the city. Dallas, Tex., through the initiative of its art association, sees from time to time the work of painters of New York, Chicago, and Boston. The Worcester Art Museum since 1897 has been holding summer exhibitions which give not only the local public, but the world that travels through central Massachusetts by motor-car or trolley, opportunity to see some of the best things that were on view in the larger cities through the winter. There are associations for the promotion of the fine arts in such towns as Waco, Utica, Erie, Hamilton, and many more. We are, in fact, approaching such a condition as exists in Great Britain, where almost every provincial town has its "art union," with, oftentimes, a creditable museum, containing one or two Italian masterpieces, a few canvases by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, and a sprinkling of works of the nineteenth century that suggest an answer to the question, "Where do Royal Academy pictures go when they are dead?"

Museums of art have been founded in many of the smaller cities of this country. Mrs. Hannah A. Currier, wife of a former Governor of New Hampshire, has provided for leaving an estate, of a present estimated value of more than a million dollars, to establish an art museum in Manchester. The validity of the Salisbury bequest of several million dollars having been established, Worcester, already provided with a well-equipped museum, is in a position to become a secondary art centre of great importance. Providence, Hartford, Rochester, Toledo, Pittsfield, and others have typical institutions for display of art collections.

The economic usefulness of an appreciation of the graphic arts in the minor industrial centres needs, of course, no argument—even if the exaggeration in the Manchester school's innocent belief that the study of Raphael would assist in the production and sale of ribbons, be conceded. Sculptors have long found some of their best opportunities in the smaller cities. Painters are now very generally seeking the same constituency. The field for the sale of pictures is broadening. Boston has become a much better place of residence than formerly for painters and sculptors, since the men at the New England capital have discovered that when they go into the cities of the West and South they are at no disadvantage.

The present inclination of the lesser municipalities, generally, appears to be to secure the best work, and to get competent advice as to what is best. Syracuse, neglecting a chance which twenty years ago would inevitably have been taken to spoil a public square with a conventional soldiers' monument selected from some contractor's book of patterns, lately took counsel with an eminent sculptor and secured from a limited competition a design which bids fair to give the city a thoroughly worthy monument. Again, Malden, Mass., has just put the matter of choosing both site and sculptor for an important monumental work into the hands of a committee in whose membership are painters and art critics. Such a disposition to act upon expert advice in æsthetic affairs is not the least hopeful sign of the progress of art in our democracy.

ROMAN ITALY IN THE NORTH.

I. TURIN.

It is not easy to remember that Turin, most modern and modern-looking of large Italian cities, owes its aspect to its faithfulness to Roman antiquity; and that under the present streets in the core of the town the sewers and pavements, the house walls, and even the cellars of the city of Augustus are so well preserved that they prove just how closely the lines of the old Roman streets have been followed. In fact, the city kept within its ancient limits and was surrounded by its Augustan brick walls with its colossal gateways until the sudden expansion of the seventeenth century led to their destruction. In the office of the Regional Department for the Preservation of Monuments, in the ducal Palazzo Madama, there hangs a plan of the ancient city to which every now and then some detail is added, as bits of the old streets are casually found, and which ought to be published without delay in its present form, as few archæologists, even, are aware of its existence and depend on what Promis gives in his superb but slightly antiquated book of 1869. It is true that a comparatively small subsidy would enable the department practically to complete the plan, but the Government seems unable to furnish it. My special interest lay in the study of the Roman Gates and in the place held by Turin under Augustus as one of the Keys to Italy; perhaps I may add something to Mommsen's masterly sketch of the policy of Augustus in his "Roman Provinces."

By a curious coincidence one can pass directly from the office of the Department of Ancient Monuments, by narrow subterranean stairs and passages, among the substructures of the mediæval Palazzo Madama, to the considerable remains of the principal gateway of the Augustan City, the Porta Prætoria, over and around which the mediæval dukes of Savoy built their castle and palace. It has four openings, two large central arcades for incoming and outgoing vehicles, flanked by two narrow passages for foot-passengers, corresponding to the sidewalks. All four of the Roman gates, one on each side of the city, were of the same style and size; and all, like the walls, of excellent brick work. The plan was of the usual Augustan type, even deeper than wide, with a central court and two huge flanking towers. How deep the court was in the Turin gates has not yet been exactly determined, but it can be as soon as the Government provides the funds for completing the restoration and uncovering of the so-called Palazzo delle Torri, or Porta Palatina, the ancient Porta Principalis Sinistra of Roman Turin, which was also turned into a fortress in the Middle Ages. On its outer face this colossal gateway, with its high sixteen-sided towers and double-arched gallery, is the only one of the four to remain in almost perfect preservation, so perfect that its Augustan date was not until quite recently admitted. Since 1905 it has been in process of restoration—the mediæval battlements removed, the windows and galleries opened up, the ancient level, two metres below the street, laid bare, and the later constructions attached to the face removed. If the ancient foundations and walls in the rear should be wholly uncovered—which the Government has not yet provided the funds to do—the plan of the fortress-like structure would be evident. Already we may conjecture it to be similar to the well-preserved Augustan gate at Nîmes, which also has four openings and a central court, though the Turin gate is on a larger scale, for its width with the towers exceeds 100 feet (36 metres).

The two other city gates have disappeared, but they have been located and part of their foundations has been found. That on the south was called in the Middle Ages Porta Marmorea, perhaps owing to the marble facing that originally covered the lower part of the brickwork of these gates, but may have long previously been torn away from the others.

On none of them, however, was there any place for sculptured decoration in relief, so that I was led to attribute to some destroyed arch the sculptured frieze of arms and armor and the bit of a military scene now in the Museum, as well as the similar fine fragment of a prætorian soldier and horse in the Office of the Direzione! I am much tempted to resurrect for the purpose the Colony Arch of the Augustan Turin, which must have stood a short distance outside the principal city gate (Porta Prætoria), across the approach by the military road. I may be permitted to refer to the theory which I laid before the recent Archæological Congress at Athens, and which French archæologists seem to have since tested and found true of their numerous African arches, that when a Roman colony or municipality was founded, it was the general custom to build an arch across the main approach, on the sacred boundary line or *pomerium*. This arch usually received an inscription stating the name of the city, its municipal status, the time and sometimes the circumstances of its foundation. It was, in fact, the monumental emblem of the city, and marked it as part of the Roman domain. It corresponded to the triumphal arches in Rome.

We find such colony or municipal arches in the other Augustan cities of this northern and Alpine region, at Verona, Aosta, and Susa. It certainly must have existed at Turin. Where did it stand? At Aosta it it was placed 366 yards outside the city gate, and as the Roman Turin was of exactly the same length (2440 ft.) as Aosta, we may place its arch at about the same distance in front of the walls, probably outside of the gate under the Palazzo Madama. I have suggested to the Turin Office to look for its foundations near the line of the present Via della Zecca. The frieze of arms and armor which I attribute to it are of a type quite similar to that on the Colony Arch at Pola in Istria, and to that on the Colony Arch of St. Rémy in southern France, both of which belong to the early part of the reign of Augustus, undoubtedly also the date of Turin and its arch.

How can we venture to date the foundation of Turin so exactly? The form of its official title gives the clue: "Colonia Julia Augusta Taurinorum." It is clear that the colonies founded in the time of Julius Cæsar, say in Gaul, had been called "Colonia Julia Paterna." After his death (44 B. C.), the colonies founded by the triumvirs (43-30), who kept his memory green, were called simply "Colonia Julia." Then, when Augustus had in 27 B. C. frankly established an imperial constitution, he began to call all the new colonies founded by himself after his own name, "Colonia Augusta." But there were three years, from 29 to 27, during which he may have prepared the way by combining the two ascriptions Julia and Augusta, and to this category Turin belongs. This explanation seems more probable than the one which would make Cæsar its first and Augustus its second founder.

But are there historic reasons for placing Turin so much earlier in the reign of Augustus than is commonly thought? I believe there are. The explanation is the more interesting as it involves the entire scheme of Augustus for the combined defence of Italy from northern invasion, and for the invasion and conquest of northern Europe, by opening up the roads across the Alps. We know that, curiously enough, while Rome was conquering the world she was by no means safe in her own peninsula. The entire arc of the Alpine ranges from the Riviera to the crest of the Adriatic was still in the possession of unsubdued warlike tribes, and all the great Alpine passes were open to invaders from northern Europe, who could descend into the plains of Piedmont, Lombardy, and Venetia. Settled and advanced culture was impossible where freebooters had full sway. Worse yet, military communications with Gaul and Germany were insecure except in case of a large force, and depended on the friendship of local chieftains, such as that of Donnus, King of the Cottian Alps, whose friendship for Julius Cæsar had made the passage to Gaul across the Mont Genèvre possible.

As soon as Augustus had restored normal conditions, after the defeat and death of Marc Antony, and had become sole master of the Roman world, he planned to put an end to this intolerable condition, and at the same time to create a base for the conquest of Germany and the Danubian lands, so as to make of the River Danube the northern boundary of the empire, a plan which he was soon to entrust to the generals of his family, Drusus and Tiberius. For this he needed to control all the Alpine passes; and it is the details of this scheme, and the monuments that still record it, that I have been studying at Turin and all along the line. How successful it finally was, after years of minute, inglorious, and wearing strategy, far more difficult than that of the Boer war, is commemorated in the famous Augustan Trophy, which the French are finally laying bare at the present moment, at La Turbie, near Nice. This towering pile, overlooking the main Roman causeway which leads along the Riviera to Gaul and Spain, gives the names of forty-six Alpine tribes, from Mediterranean to Adriatic, whom Augustus had conquered. It was built in 7-6 B. C., after the last insurrection had been quenched.

I believe that the general plan of Augustus, which was carried out mainly during the fourteen years between 28 and 15 B. C., was to establish separate groups of two fortified cities in connection with each of the main Alpine passes: a smaller city at the head of the narrow valley that led to the pass on the Italian side; and a larger city opposite the lower end of this valley, where it opened out into the great Italian plain. Not until 15 B. C. did the Augustan troops, under Drusus, begin to occupy the slopes and valleys beyond the passes. Setting aside for the moment the insignificant passages of the Maritime Alps, the first great passes as one moves from west to east along the Alpine range are those over the Mt. Genèvre and the Mt. Cenis. Toward them a single road ascends from the Italian plain along the narrow valley through which the Dora Riparia flows until it reaches the site of Susa. At this point it forks: the left road passes over the Mt. Genèvre through what was the most important of the passes in Republican times, while the right road traverses the Mt. Cenis. As Susa commanded both, it was very strongly fortified, and was called Italiæ Claustrum. Politically speaking, its condition was anomalous, and was expressed by what I shall call the Colony Arch of Susa, though Susa was not a colony, but the chief city of a federation of tribes who were allowed considerable autonomy under Cottius, the son of Donnus, Cæsar's friend, who was at the same time king of these tribes, and their governor (prefect) on behalf of Rome. This federation, to which Roman municipal rights were conceded, was unique among the whole galaxy of Alpine tribes in its friendship for Rome, the only group not conquered by force of arms; and its recompense for willingness to enter into the Roman scheme was this recognition of autonomy, resembling, but somewhat more real than, the treatment by which the English perpetuated in India some of the native principalities. The scene enacted, when at a solemn sacrifice these tribes took the oath of fealty to Rome and Augustus, is represented on the frieze of the Arch of Susa, and its inscription enumerates the tribes that formed the confederacy. To their chieftain, Julius Cottius, the Emperor entrusted the building and policing of the great pass-roads, and the entire region was named, after him, the Cottian Alps.

Susa, therefore, was the Roman bulwark at the head of the valley. If we then pass down the old highway a distance of forty miles we reach the point where the Dora Riparia runs into the Po. Here, at the entrance of the great plain, we find the second unit in the duet, Turin, Colonia Julia Augusta Taurinorum, a great bulwark in case by any chance Susa should have been captured or boxed up; and also a base of supplies and military camp, colonized by veterans, from the legions disbanded when the close of the civil war made a reduction in the army necessary. The close relations between the two cities—Susa and Turin—at the beginning of their history, were proved very recently by the discovery in Turin of part of a large inscription from some public monument of the Augustan Turin, actually dedicated by Cottius himself, the prefect-king of the Cottian Alps. Turin itself, as usual, had not been created *ab ovo* by the Romans. Their colony was established at the point where an original station of the native Taurini had existed, for it was a self-indicated site, at the intersection of two rivers, on the great northern trade thoroughfare from east to west, between the two seas, and the national centre of the west section of the Po valley.

The plan of the Roman colony was almost exactly the "classic" norm of camp and city given by the well-known gnomatic writer Hyginus. He describes the ideal plan as 2,400 feet long and two-thirds of this (1,600 feet) wide. Any greater length, he said, endangered defensive operations, as signals and alarms could not be as distinctly heard. Turin fulfils exactly the length measurement and if its width was greater than the

normal (2,220 feet in place of 1,600 feet), this was not important; it was only here that it surpassed Aosta in size. Apparently the city fluctuated but little in the course of imperial history, and we may conjecture that its time of greatest importance was under its founder, Augustus, and before the surge of the Roman advance had passed permanently northward. Together with Susa it guarded the main commercial road to Arles (Arelate) and the rest of the *Provincia* of Southern Gaul (Provence).

This was but the westernmost unit in the scheme of Augustus for defensive and offensive operations in the north. The next, both geographically and historically, is the group Aosta (Augusta Prætoria)—Ivrea (Eporedia).

A. L. FROTHINGHAM.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the *Nation* of last week there was a letter from William E. A. Axon, describing a copy of Henry Ainsworth's "Arrow against Idolatry," with its anomalous imprint, "Nova Belgia, Printed 1640." Mr. Axon was able to trace two copies only, his own and one in the British Museum, and hazarded the suggestion that the book might have been printed in New York, the name Nova Belgia (or more commonly Novum Belgicum) having been frequently applied to the Colony of New Netherlands by contemporary geographers. A third copy of the book is before us, and, if the printing of any book in English in New Amsterdam in 1640 were a possible supposition, the superiority of the typography to that of the early productions of the Massachusetts or New York presses would be evidence enough to disprove it. Watt in his "Bibliotheca Britannica" gives the "Arrow against Idolators" in his list of Ainsworth's writings, but gives the place and date as "London, 1640," where, as a matter of fact, the book was probably printed. To put "Printed at Amsterdam" on the title-page of a book was a not uncommon custom where author or printer for one or another reason wished to hide the actual place of publication of any book. Following this ancient custom the title-page of "An Object of Pity," that amusing skit by R. L. Stevenson and his friends, bears the words "Printed at Amsterdam," though the book was actually printed in Sydney, New South Wales. Ainsworth died in 1622, and whoever published this "Arrow against Idolatry," not caring to give the actual place of printing and having reasons perhaps for not naming Amsterdam (Ainsworth having resided there for many years) took instead that distant colony Novum Belgicum.

The Grolier Club Year Book for 1907 has just been distributed to members. A list of books and articles in magazines, etc., relating to bookbinding, and which are to be found in the club library, fills, with its index, nearly seventy pages, and is a welcome addition to the reports, list of members, etc., usually found in such year books.

On June 3, afternoon and evening, the Anderson Auction Company sells an interesting collection of books. Most notable, perhaps, is a series of works on Mexico and Peru, including: Boturini's "Idea de una nueva Historia General de la America Septentrional," 1746; Gomara's "Historia de Mexico," 1554; Sahagun's "Historia General de las Cosas de Nueva España," 1829-30; Villa-Senor's "Theatro Americano," 1746-48; Garcilaso de la Vega's "Commentarios Reales," 1722; Torres-Rubio's "Arte y Vocabulario de la Lengua Quichua," 1754; Juan y Illoa's "Viage a la America Meridional," 1748, large paper copy, etc.

On the same day the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company sells a private collection of book-plates, 462 lots, about one-half being American. On June 4 they sell a collection, including miscellaneous Americana, books on John Brown, Harper's Ferry, and Kansas; Confederate imprints; books relating to the American Indians; a few first editions of Bliss Carman, Andrew Lang, N. P. Willis, etc. On June 6 they sell the autograph collection of William R. Weeks of Newark, N. J., 313 lots, mostly American, and including a large number of documents of unusual importance and interest. An original survey by Washington of a plot of land in Frederick County, Virginia, dated April 21, 1750; a petition addressed to Washington, signed by thirty officers at West Point, dated June 21, 1784; several fine letters of John Quincy Adams; four A. L. S. of Benedict Arnold, one dated from Ticonderoga, July 6, 1775. There are also letters of Longfellow, Kipling, Mark Twain, and many others.

Correspondence.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is somewhat singular that a small colony like Newfoundland should be associated with some of the most important judgments of the Privy Council on colonial law. The decision of Baron Parke in the great case of Kielly vs. Carson, settled forever the status of colonial and statutable parliaments, their rights, privileges, and limitations. Baird vs. Walker defined the operation of a *modus vivendi*.—that it was not an "act of state" and did not control the common law rights of a subject. The present decision of the Newfoundland Supreme Court in the case of the two fishermen who were convicted before the magistrate in Bay of Islands for selling herrings to an American schooner contrary to the provisions of the local law known as the "Bait Act," goes one step further than Baird vs. Walker, and decides that a *modus vivendi* does not operate over a colonial statute that has received the Royal assent and become law.

The judgments of both the chief justice and his assistant, so far as made public, do not distinctly grapple with the *modus vivendi*. It is only by implication that their decision really amounts to a clear judgment that the *modus vivendi* has no effect over the local statute. The defendants contended, first, that they formed part of the crew of the American schooner, and a commission was issued to take evidence in Boston as to their regular engagement as seamen according to the laws of the United States. It turned out that the only formality was that the mate took down the names of the Newfoundland fishermen whom he engaged to catch herrings for him. So according to American law they did not form part of the vessel's crew, not being legally shipped. The Convention of Ghent gave the fishing privileges to "inhabitants of the United States." No one could transmogrify these Newfoundland fishermen into such inhabitants. The *modus vivendi* provided "that the shipment of Newfoundlanders by American fishermen outside the three-mile limit is not made the basis of international interference, or to be penalized."

In reading this arrangement we are struck with the arrogance and ignorance of its framers. In Star Chamber fashion two officials by a stroke of the pen calmly proceed to destroy the sovereign rights of a colony, and to declare that its laws shall be a dead letter. A rudimentary knowledge of law would show them that the fishermen engaged outside the three-mile limit would be amenable to the local laws as soon as they returned to port and came under the colonial jurisdiction.

The important part of the Supreme Court judgment is the decision that the engagement of these Newfoundlanders by an American is wholly void and illegal, being contrary to the express words of the act of 1905, which forbids the local fishermen to engage or serve aboard American vessels in the herring fishery at Bay of Islands. The judgment goes on to declare that the selling and putting aboard of herrings by the defendants was a breach of the local law known as the "Bait Act"; that they were rightly convicted by the magistrate, and his judgment is sustained.

The grave character of this judicial pronouncement is obvious. In effect it declares that the provision in the *modus vivendi* to ship the local fishermen outside the three miles is a subterfuge, a fraud, and a clear violation of law, utterly void and of no effect. The English public have a sensible dread of anything immoral, but they have a holy horror of illegality. The whole proceeding is, to use Talleyrand's immortal phrase, worse than a crime, it is a blunder, and an exceptionally stupid blunder. Winston Churchill declared that if the *modus vivendi* had not been agreed to, we were exposed to great international danger. Our good relations with America would be most seriously endangered. The consummate audacity of this assertion is simply splendid mendacity. The whole object of the arrangement was to serve Lodge's smugglers to get cheap labor from the natives, and thus enable them to make a big profit on their smuggled herrings, caught by Newfoundlanders, paid for in American gold, but passed through the United States custom house "*as the sole product of American industry.*"

What confidence the bold Churchill must have had in the supreme ignorance of his hearers when he dared to say that America would be angry, almost ready to declare war for the sake of Lodge's smugglers! Every one knows the contrary, that all intelligent sentiment in America is in favor of Newfoundland and free cheap fish.

There is one other point about the judgment—who is going to pay the costs? Is the Gloucester Ring or the American Government supporting the defendants' case? No expense is spared, and the appeal to the English Privy Council will cost some thousands of dollars. Who is going to pay the piper?

The terms of the *modus vivendi* seem intended for an undertaking and guarantee that Americans shipping natives are not to suffer, "nor to be penalized." Here is a case in which the men so shipping are penalized. No one seems to know who is finding the money for the defence. It is, however, generally believed here that it is furnished from the American Treasury, and in that case, England will, under the terms of the *modus vivendi*, be bound to reimburse Washington. How pleased John Bull and the British taxpayer will be to pay up for Bannerman blunders and Lord Elgin's illegalities!

My readers will naturally ask the question, What is a *modus vivendi*? It is an arrangement unknown to the law. It is not an act of state; it is not an act of Parliament, nor is it a treaty. It is wanting in all the formalities and essentials of these agreements. It is simply a diplomatic arrangement; a temporary provision, binding in honor on both parties, but without any legal effect. I feel convinced that Sir Mortimer Durand, the British ambassador, well versed in American politics, foresaw the effect of the diplomatic muddle, realized that it would embitter colonial feeling, and like a wise man hopped out of the embroglio.

D. W. Prowse.

St. John's, Newfoundland, May 10.

CRIMINAL LAW REFORM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your recent article entitled "Criminal Law Reform," you ask, "Are American lawyers going to do nothing to make such a reproach to American jurisprudence as the conduct of the Thaw trial hereafter impossible?" If I may venture an answer to this question, it will be "Yes; in all probability that is precisely what they are going to do; just nothing"—and this notwithstanding the crying need of a remedy. The reasons are various, but they may be effectually summed up in two words, viz., "Commercialism" and "Conservatism."

The commercialism which now pervades American society at large pervades also the legal profession and largely determines its character. American lawyers may be roughly divided into two classes, one of which is struggling for wealth and the other of which is struggling for existence; and each class is so absorbed as to have little time and no inclination for the cultivation of legal science or plans for social betterment.

From the very nature of its calling the legal profession is intensely conservative. Its primary function is to administer rather than to make the laws—to deal with the law as it is, rather than as it ought to be—leaving it to the law-maker to determine the latter. Moreover, it realizes more vividly than any other class that changes are always dangerous, because the entire framework of society is supported by an intricate network of laws which are so intimately interwoven that any radical change is likely to work harm rather than good. In all progressive countries the law must be constantly changing, because conditions are constantly changing. These changes would naturally be made by legislation, but in common-law countries like our own they are made for the most part indirectly by judicial decisions. Through long and devoted adherence to this method of adjusting laws to social needs we have strengthened and confirmed the habit of its use, and at the same time caused the legislative method to be neglected.

In view of these conditions it seems a safe prediction to say that American lawyers will not undertake the task which you mention, and it is doubtful whether they could accomplish much if they should undertake it. The particular evils which you desire to see reformed are intimately interwoven with our system of trial by jury. The underlying cause of what was most objectionable in the Thaw trial was the fact that within certain limitations the power of the jury is practically absolute and above the law. Although in theory and by their oaths bound to render a verdict according to law, the jury may, and not infrequently do, render verdicts according to their own feelings and in violation of law. The simple fact is that the right of trial by jury is not only the right of an innocent man to a fair and impartial trial by his peers, but also the right of a guilty man to a verdict of acquittal contrary to law if he can induce the "twelve good men and true" to grant him that favor. This may seem absurd, but it is nevertheless true.

The situation may be briefly summed up by saying that in some of its essential features our system of trial by jury has become an anachronism, and that the work of revising it to meet changed conditions without destroying it, is one of the most important and difficult problems that we now have to face. It requires the co-operation not only of lawyers, but of intelligent and public-spirited citizens of all classes. It is by no means so simple a matter as is assumed by the writer in the *Solicitors Journal* (London). He evidently considers that it is merely a matter of judicial discretion on the part of the trial judge, and asserts that "the weakest English judge" could have so conducted the Thaw trial as to eliminate all the objectionable features. Possibly a trial judge might do that with impunity in countries where there is no criminal appeal; but if he undertook to do it in this country he would be very likely to find himself presently retrying the case with some sharp reminder from the Appellate Court that his function is to administer the law as it is, and to refrain from assuming the rôle of law-maker for the particular case on trial.

Herbert L. Baker.

Detroit, May 14.

THE VOTE OF SENATOR ROSS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent death at Albuquerque, New Mexico, of ex-Senator Edmund G. Ross makes it appropriate to print the first note that Mr. Ross wrote to his wife after his vote for the acquittal of President Johnson. The note is in the possession of Mrs. George Leis of Lawrence, Kan., who is a daughter of Mr. Ross. Mrs. Leis allowed me to copy it some months ago, but only now consents to its publication. It is written upon a half sheet of Senate stationery, is dated "22d," meaning the 22d of May, 1868, and reads as follows:

Don't be discouraged, dear wife, it's all coming out right. This storm of passion will soon pass away and then the people, the whole people will thank and bless me for having saved the country by my single vote from the greatest peril through which it has ever passed, though none but God can ever know the struggle it has cost me. Millions of men are cursing me to-day, but they will bless me to-morrow. But few knew of the precipice upon which we all stood on Saturday morning last. Your aff. Hus.

I am accustomed to think of Senator Ross's vote in the Johnson trial as the most heroic act in American history, incomparably more difficult than any deed of valor upon the field of battle. But why, it may be asked, was Ross's vote more heroic than that of the other six Republicans, who also voted for acquittal? There would seem to be some difference, chiefly for two reasons. The other men, especially Fessenden, Grimes, and Trumbull, had been longer in public life, were more accustomed to its storm and stress, and better able to withstand its pressure. Second and more important, the pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Ross was vastly greater than upon the other men. His constituency was the most radical of all, and it was believed to the last that he could be intimidated. He, therefore, cast his vote in the face of the greatest difficulties. No man was ever more foully abused, yet he bore personal abuse and retirement to private life alike with patience and without bitterness. If the people of Kansas wish to atone for the injury they did to Mr. Ross during his lifetime, they can scarcely do better than place his statue in the Capitol at Washington in the hall reserved for statues of notable men of the several States. Such a statue would commemorate an heroic act, a valiant soldier, and an honest man.

F. H. Hodder.

University of Kansas, May 13.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE "AGAMEMNON" PERFORMANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I shall be glad if I may use your columns to answer many inquiries in regard to photographs of the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus in the Stadium last June. They may still be had by applying to Dr. C. N. Jackson, Beck Hall, Cambridge. Your readers will be glad to know that the music to the play, written by John Ellerton Lodge, has just been published by C. W. Thompson & Company of Boston.

W. F. Harris.

Cambridge, May 23.

PICTURES BY JOHN THOMSON OF DUDDINGTON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit me to make an appeal through your columns to any one resident in the United States fortunate enough to be in possession of pictures by John Thomson of Duddington, the Scottish landscape painter. I am compiling a catalogue of all the known works of the artist to form an appendix to a critical and biographical survey of his career, and would, therefore, feel very grateful for information in regard to works of his in America.

Possessors of pictures communicating with me, might kindly do so without delay, giving a full description of each picture, with size and transcription of any writing on back of either canvas or frame, and any further particulars it may be in their power to give. R. W. NAPIER.

Edinburgh, 26 Bruntsfield Place, May 16.

Notes.

The Macmillan Company this week publishes the tenth volume of "The Cambridge Modern History." It is called "The Restoration," and is divided into twenty-four sections.

G. F. Abbott has finished his work on "Israel in Europe," and Macmillans expect to have it ready next month.

John Murray is to publish a selection from the letters and papers of Gladstone on matters ecclesiastical and theological. The editorial work together with the preparation of the explanatory narrative has been entrusted to D. C. Lathbury.

Funk & Wagnalls Company will issue a curious story called "Magda, Queen of Sheba," taken from the Gbese. the language of the Etbiopian priests. The English translation is by Mrs. John Van Vorst and is made from the French version of Hugbes Le Roux. This strange history of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba and their son has never before been fully translated into any European language.

It is announced that the official memoir of Tbomas Bailey Aldrich is to be prepared by Ferris Greenslet. The owners of letters from Mr. Aldrich, of general or characteristic interest, are requested to send them to Mr. Greenslet, at No. 4 Park Street, Boston.

A ninth edition, revised and enlarged, of Dr. S. D. McConnell's "History of the American Episcopal Church" has been issued by Tbomas Whittaker.

A seasonable little book for the month of commencement exercises is Jennette E. C. Lincoln's "May-Pole Possibilities; with Dances and Drills for Modern Pastime" (American Gymnasia Co.).

Tbe Oxford University Press publishes "A Handbook of tbe Ila Language," by Edwin W. Smith of the Baila Batonga Mission. Ila is the speech of tbe Baila, or Mashukulumbwe, wbo live in Northwest Rhodesia. Tbe Baila themselves number about 25,000 only, but tbeir language is used by several of the neighboring tribes.

A volume of *pages choisies* from the "Caractères" of La Bruyère has been added to tbe Dent-Putnam series of Classiques Français. Tbe Preface is by Augustin Filon.

Alphonse Lemerre issues tbe fifth volume of Mme. Adam's "Mémoires," called "Mes angoisses et nos luttes, 1871-1873." Hachette publishes a complete edition of Alfred de Musset in ten volumes with notes by Edmond Biré, and tbe fourth and last volume of "H. Taine, sa vie et sa correspondance, 1876-1893." Sansot will soon have ready Alphonse Séché's "Alfred de Musset anecdotique."

An interesting pamphlet has been issued by the New Bedford Public Library, relating to its collection of books, pamphlets, log-books, prints, and other articles illustrating the whale fishery. The position of New Bedford in respect to tbis old industry is unique, and this attempt to bring together what material can be collected descriptive of a dying industry, is worthy of praise. In the fine building of tbe Historical Society, in tbat city, there are numerous excellent specimens of boats and implements once used, and in connection with the library documents, these will afford an almost complete picture of one important pbase of tbe old days. Among the documents is a quaint woodcut from the early eighteenth century, showing Jonah just thrown upon a rocky sbore, the wbale lingering near, in manifest curiosity. Books and pamphlets relating to tbe subject are classified as those dealing with the whale alone, "whale fishery," "incidental references to whaling," "articles in periodical literature," "whaling fiction," and "log-books." Mr. George H. Tripp, librarian, writes that "tbe library is desirous of obtaining, by gift or purchase, any additional material pertaining to the subject of whale fishing."

Another magazine for the few, *Orkney and Shetland Old-law*, bas now reacbed a second number. It is put out by the Viking Club, founded in 1892 for the study of the antiquities and literature of the North. Each quarterly is to consist of (i) a miscellany of notes and queries on genealogies in Orkney and Shetland, their folklore, arcbæology, natural history, etc.; (ii) a diplomatarium, records relating to tbem, or else of special works., *i. e.*, translations, articles on place-names, reprints of rare tracts, legal documents, etc. Next to the Shetland Sasines, tbe most interesting items in the present volume are "The Authorship of the Orkneying Saga" (Yarla Sögur), by Yón Stefánsson, and a legend of Shetland from Fljótsdæla Saga, by W. G. Collingwood. Besides this magazine, which may be had for 10s. 6d. a year from Mr. A. Sbaw Mellor (No. 14 Westbourne Street, Hyde Park, London, W.), the club publisbes "The Saga Book," a yearly volume of proceedings, with contributions from scbolars of all nations, a special series of translations, and a certain number of other works.

Tbe Reale Deputazione di Storia Patria per le antiche Province e la Lombardia (Royal Society of National History for the original Provinces [Piedmont] and Lombardy), wbose publications, "Historiæ Patriæ Monumenta," "Miscellanea di Storia Italiana," and "Biblioteca Storica Italiana," rank among the most scholarly collections edited by European historical societies, has initiated an additional series, Biblioteca di Storia Italiana Recente, 1800-1850 (Library of Modern Italian History). Until now the royal historical societies of the different parts of Italy, excepting that of Sicily, have occupied tbemselves almost exclusively with mediæval and classical studies, partly from fear that political passions and traditional family jealousies migbt disturb tbe serenity of historical criticism in the treatment of later events, but partly also from a failure to appreciate tbe importance of Italian history of the nineteenth century in tbe development of European nationalities and in the establishment of tbe principles of constitutional liberty. The first volume of tbe new publication consists of two studies of primary importance, "Aneddoti documentati sulla censura in Piemonte dalla restaurazione alla costituzione," by Antonio Manno, and "Alcuni episodi del risorgimento italiano illustrati con lettere e memorie inedite del Generale Marcbese Carlo Emanuele Ferrero Della Marmora, Principe di Masserano," by Mario degli Alberti.

Tbe censorsbip of tbe press is a subject upon which little research bas hitherto been carried on, and one which is calculated to contribute vital and positive evidence upon the undeclared principles and inner sentiments of the fallen despotic governments. Manno's work, which covers the period of 1815-1848, is but a chapter of tbe comprebensive studies upon Piedmont, which he has been pursuing for a long period of years in tbe state archives of Turin as well as in the archives of many private families. He bas brought together a mass of specific facts and episodes, arranged under various headings—political precautions, religious precautions, regard for foreign susceptibilities, favors, penalties, tbeatrical representations, newspapers, scientific congresses, etc.—forming in tbe aggregate a substantially complete record of the character of press restrictions in Piedmont during tbe period. Among the documents given in full are twenty-four unpublished letters of Vincent Gioberti, 1842-1847.

The work of Degli Alberti consists almost exclusively of letters and diaries of the general, who made the campaign of 1848 against Austria as major-general on the general staff of Carlo Alberto, and tbe brief campaign of 1849 against tbe same traditional enemy as bis first aide-de-camp. Tbe body of the work consists of one hundred and two letters of the general addressed to his wife, March 27-October 19, 1848, supplemented by extracts from his diaries added in foot-notes. Tbe intimate character of the documents and the peculiar opportunities for observing events enjoyed by their author, lend unusual value to their reflection of the opinions and sentiments prevailing at Piedmontese headquarters during the campaign, and to their account of such events as the tragic episode at Palazzo Greppi in Milan, of which Della Marmora was an eye-witness. Appendixes contain letters and diaries relating to his mission to Spain, March-April, 1849, to obtain confirmation of Carlo Alberto's verbal abdication given at Novara; and to his mission to tbe same country, August-October, 1849, to accompany the remains of the dead king on their journey back to Piedmont. Several typographical errors of dates are to be noted in Degli Alberti's work.

The University Library of Tübingen has recently come into possession of a valuable collection of Armenian manuscripts and publications. The catalogue reports in full on 110 manuscripts. Tbe most important number is doubtless a New Testament parchment containing tbe gospels, which is a good copy of a manuscript dating back to 839 A. D. So rich are these documents in miniatures and other ornamental features tbat a special atlas of them is being prepared, reproducing on six sheets twenty-four specimens.

The religious communities among the early German settlers in America have received scant notice by historians of American religious life. That these humble folk were not without influence, and contributed not a little to the worth of our national character, is shown by Lucy Forney Bittinger in her "German Religious Life in Colonial Times" (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.). The author has made extensive use of local histories and obscure publications, and has brought the life of these small sects and communities into relation with larger movements both in Germany and America. Her work shows much care and pains, and full sympathy with its subject.

The celebration in Germany of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Paul Gerhardt (born in Grafenhainichen, Saxony, March 12, 1607) has called forth a large number of publications on the life and work of the great Lutheran hymn writer. Festival orations characterized by exaggerated praise, and sketches for popular celebrations, with music and declamations, have appeared in quantity, but serious critical studies of Gerhardt's work are not wanting. Perhaps the best is the essay of Paul Wernle, the Basel theologian ("Paulus Gerhardt." Tübingen: Mohr). Wernle is at pains to exhibit the background of Gerhardt's life in the fierce theological contests between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, and his estimate of the poet shows a fine sense for the merits as well as for the limitations of his religious poetry. Another historian of ability who has turned his attention to Gerhardt is Hermann Petrich, whose "Gerhardt-Buch" (Güterslow: Bertelsmann) reveals æsthetic appreciation as well as historical thoroughness. An address by Prof. Gustav Kawerau of Breslau (Halle: R. Haupt) is also worthy of mention. Of special excellence is an illustrated edition of Gerhardt's 130 German poems, with drawings by Rudolf Schäfer (Hamburg: Gustav Schloessmann). Gerhardt as a theologian was narrow and uninteresting, but Christianity as the religion of sorrow has seldom found more beautiful expression than in his "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," and the faith of the pious soul has scarcely had fuller revelation than in the hymns "Befiehl du deine Wege," "Gieb dich zufrieden," and "Ist Gott für mich, so trete."

"French Romanticism and the Press," by T. R. Davies (Cambridge University Press), discusses one of the manifold factors in the determination of the famous literary epoch. The inquiry is here narrowed down to the rôle attributable to *Le Globe* (1824-1832), which, by encouraging critical independence in its contributors, contrasted with the usual policy of a settled platform and a programme of literary dogmas. Sainte-Beuve, it is true, judged *Le Globe* differently. Mr. Davies's contention proceeds with an initial sketch of the history of the Romantic Tendency (not altogether free from question-begging), and elaborates his thesis with extracts from the newspaper which illustrate its diversities of judgment on contemporary poetry, criticism, fiction, etc. This method leads to occasional confusion, for the critic at times omits to emphasize the distinction between the newspaper's opinion and his own. As a collection of judgments the book is interesting and serviceable; but we fail to see exactly what weight of authority these views really exercised, for want of ample reference to *Le Globe's* circulation and influence.

Prof. Georg Jacob of Erlangen has added two new parts (6 and 7) to his "Türkische Bibliothek" (Berlin: Mayer & Müller), which are of high value for modern Turkish life. In one of them another "Month" is given from Mehmed Tevfiq's "Year in Constantinople," containing a short novel, mostly in dialogue, describing how two cousins who had known one another from infancy and who, for family reasons, had to marry one another, were dexterously brought to fall in love. It is a quite luminous little story of Turkish family life and affection of the old-fashioned kind. The other part gives three character sketches by Ahmed Hikmet of a much more modern type. He is plainly under Western influence, but uses simple Turkish motifs, reaching fundamental emotions. His old mother of three soldiers, all dead for the Faith, another younger mother with her one ailing child, a young wife, waiting in the strain of the fasting month for her husband's return after three years' absence, all stand out in most natural, simple pathos. The life in them is plainly Turkish and yet plainly modern.

In "Les Arabes en Syrie avant l'Islam" (Paris: Leroux), René Dussaud occupies himself principally with the semi-nomad people who left behind them what are known as the Safaite inscriptions, a group of graffiti in the Safā, a volcanic plain southeast of Damascus. With their manner of life, their dialect, pantheon, and final assimilation to the Syrian population he illustrates the way in which from time immemorial Arabia has disposed of her surplus inhabitants. They give occasion also, to discuss the architectural remains on the the Arabian-Syrian frontier and to find in them strong Persian influence, showing how the Arab kings of Hira had extended their rule and their type of art to the east of the Dead Sea, and had been recognized there by the Roman Empire as kings of all the Arabs. The Safaite alphabet also gives occasion to discuss the history of the alphabet in the broad and more particularly the relationship of the Sabæan-Minean characters to the Phœnician and the archaic Greek. M. Dussaud regards as almost certain the Greek origin of the South Arabian script and as most probable the Ægean origin of the alphabet in general His view, however, is obviously biassed by his attitude towards the Minean question which he begs by saying that if the Minean antiquity be conceded, they must have used the alphabet before it was invented (p. 74). But his book all over is most interesting and instructive, written with a light and artistic touch.

Prof. Pierre Arminjon of the Khedival Law School at Cairo has written a unique and most valuable book in his "L'Enseignement, la doctrine et la vie dans les universités musulmanes d'Égypte" (Paris: Felix Alcan). Few even professed Arabists have hitherto had any knowledge, either historical or practical, of the Muslim university system, and none has written upon it more than a few scattered notes. The present book, therefore, will be found full of information even by the professional student of Islam, while to the student of pedagogy it will open up a new field of the broadest. Professor Arminjon's style and method can be unhesitatingly commended, and his range of information and reading, both Arabic and European, his practical experience of the present situation, and his scholarship—in spite of some strange transliterations requiring divination in their re-renderer into Arabic—make him evidently a safe guide. He divides his material under six heads. First, the origin and vicissitudes of the Egyptian universities, especially the Azhar, which has now annexed all the others, down to the recent partial reform. Secondly, a very picturesque and full description of the Azhar and its extra-mural dependencies in the Delta. Thirdly, a similar description of the organization and life of the students, closing with two attractive little biographies, one of a student still there and the other of a blind professor. Fourthly, as Muslim learning has always been doctrine, a history of the development of that doctrine—legal, dogmatic, metaphysical, mystical—and of its relations to the schools is necessary and is given. This is the only really second-hand part of Professor Arminjon's treatment; Muslim theology and metaphysics are plainly not his ground. Yet he has seized and stated excellently the rôle of the schools in elaborating and fixing the still existent system. How a finished and changeless body of theological doctrine was reached, and philosophy became its scholastic handmaid, is made very clear. Fifthly, a statement of the actual programme and material of instruction: (i) what are reckoned as instrumental sciences—grammar, etymology, rhetoric, logic; and (ii) the final sciences, for which the others exist—dogmatics, religious ethics, canon law and its sources, exegesis of the Koran, prophetic traditions. Sixthly, the methods of teaching and learning, and the results of it all. Here the best is made of a pretty bad situation. But for all that, we are forced to feel the brave simplicity and iron diligence and earnestness that animate the whole. Some very useless things and a great deal of very fine character but absolutely no literature are cultivated on a very little oatmeal. On that point there are few teachers or students in this country but might profitably go to school at the Azhar, or at least read Professor Arminjon's book.

Mr. Ernest Gaskell has been at no small pains to make his "Oxfordshire Worthies" as comprehensive as possible. It includes biographies not only of the representatives of the great families of the district, the Churchills, the Fiennes, the Villiers, etc., and of the chief political leaders, but also of university dignitaries such as Doctor Edward Caird, and the Dean of Christ Church, and of civic and other notables belonging not only to Oxford, but to the neighboring divisions of Woodstock, Banbury, and Henley. The various notices are attractively written and will appeal to those who have a liking for British institutions, though some may be tempted to smile at the author's respect for tradition and his whole-hearted belief in the English aristocracy. It is only just to say that for all his hankering after Conservatism and "the old paths of constitutional reform and progress," he deals with

the Liberal leaders in a fair and impartial spirit. The book which contains numerous photographs has been published for private circulation (price three guineas), by the Greenhithe Printing Company, No. 10 Bread St. Hill, Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Dr. Warren Washburn Florer of the University of Michigan, who some time ago prepared, with Ernst Wolf of St. Louis, a useful "Guide for the Study of Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea," has now completed a somewhat similar *Führer* for Goethe's "Egmont," (George Wahr, Ann Arbor). Dr. Florer is an enthusiastic advocate of the "direct method" of teaching German, and most of the book is made up of questions in German relating to specific scenes or to the story in general. There are also several pages of extracts in the original from Goethe's expressions concerning the drama, and a surprising amount of reflection and criticism they form. Simultaneously comes Dr. Florer's edition (Wahr) of Heyse's "L'Arrabbiata," made up after the direct method, and with a vocabulary having the nouns, strong and weak verbs, etc., separated.

It is probably true that honest volumes of sermons, by which we mean those that do not leave off the texts and pretend to be something else, are less in demand than formerly. Yet it were a pity if one could not run across, now and then, a book of gentle and persuasive homilies, like those of Dean Hodges of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge in "The Year of Grace," a collection of sermons appropriate to the chief Sundays and festivals of the Church year (Thomas Whittaker). The author has a sense for what is vital in piety, shows himself a keen observer of the tendencies of modern life, exhibits tact in the encouragement of spiritual living, and plies the lash on current foibles pleasantly, wisely, and to good effect.

Albert Harkness, professor emeritus of languages at Brown University, died on Monday, at Providence, R. I. He was born in Mendon, Mass., in 1822, was a graduate of Brown University, and soon after his graduation became a teacher in the Providence high school. Afterwards he studied in Germany, receiving the degree of Ph.D. at Bonn in 1845. On his return from Europe he was appointed professor of Greek language and literature at Brown University, and this connection remained unbroken until his death. Prof. Harkness was a founder of the American Philological Association, one of the organizers of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and a member of the Archæological Institute of America. He was the author of a large number of text-books which are extensively used. His first work —a new arrangement of "Arnold's First Latin Book"—was published in 1851, and since that time he had been constantly interested in the preparation of Latin texts and in studies referring to Latin grammar and composition.

A dispatch from Vienna announces the death of Dr. Emil Steinbach, first president of the Austrian Supreme Court and a member of the Upper House of the Reichsrath. He wrote on legal questions, and among his writings may be mentioned the following: "A Study of the Austrian Law," with special reference to sales, contracts, and the confirmation of criminal charges, 1877; "Rechtskentnisse des Publikums," 1878; "Grundsätze des heutigen Rechtes," 1888; "Der Staat und die moderne Privatmonopole," 1903.

MOLMENTI'S VENICE.

Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic. By Pompeo Molmenti; translated by Horatio F. Brown. Part I., The Middle Ages. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $5 net.

Signor Molmenti's history of Venice, as interpreted by the private life of the Venetians, appeared more than twenty-five years ago, was awarded a special prize by the Venetian Academy, took its place as an authority, and passed current in Europe in a French translation. It is remarkable, and hardly creditable, that so excellent a work should have waited so long for an English version; and yet the delay has brought its compensations, for during all this time Signor Molmenti has been adding to his knowledge of his subject, and to his book, which he has at last issued enriched in every way and trebled in bulk. Since 1880 much has been done in ransacking the details of Venetian history, so that Signor Molmenti is able to present the latest, and in many cases the definitive, statement. Moreover, the invention and perfecting of process engraving have made it possible for the publishers of this work to illustrate it profusely, at a cost which would not have been dreamed of earlier. And, though last, not least, Horatio Brown, himself *facile princeps* among living British knowers, lovers, and historians of Venice, has been secured to put Signor Molmenti's exuberant Italian into sound English prose.

There has been a marked increase in the attention paid of late to Venetian history, as is shown by the publication in recent years of several books on the subject. First came Horatio Brown's larger work in 1893. It is an excellent specimen of historical articulation: Mr. Brown takes every event and fits it into those which precede and follow, as the skilled anatomist sets up a skeleton, knuckle to knuckle, bone to bone. You feel, perhaps, that there is too much rigidity, and sometimes you would prefer fewer facts and more ideas, but, on the whole, you recognize Mr. Brown's trustworthiness and comprehensiveness. The little summary which he brought out a few years ago in the series of Temple Primers is a model of condensation, and, in spite of its brevity, it glows more than his larger history. Next came William C. Hazlitt's two massive volumes, which contain a vast amount of information—they constitute, indeed, a sort of encyclopædia of things Venetian—but are rather too ponderous in style, especially in the narrative portion. "The Oligarchy of Venice," which George B. McClellan, now mayor of New York, produced three years ago, would make a creditable college thesis, but it hardly has enduring value. Mr. McClellan seems to have chosen his subject in order to preach a sermon applicable to contemporary American politics, and he has no difficulty in finding that Venice offers an object lesson against Imperialism and that her oligarchy and the American political ring are at least first cousins. William R. Thayer, in his "Short History of Venice," emphasizes the wisdom of the oligarchy, the unrivalled political, social, and commercial adjustment of the Republic to its unique conditions, and he shows its relation from century to century to the great currents of Christian and Oriental development. Marion Crawford's "Salve Venetia," on the contrary, has little historic continuity, and less recognition of the interaction between Venice and the East and West, but abounds, as might be expected, in romantic material, in legends, picturesque historic episodes, and descriptions of manners and customs, written in Mr. Crawford's facile and popular manner. T. S. Okey's volume in the Mediæval Towns series hardly deserves serious consideration on the historic side, it being too evidently the product of a hasty compiler, who has in mind the needs of the hurried tourist. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice" ought also to be included in this list, but this book belongs, like Mr. Crawford's work, to romance rather than to history, and perpetuates so many false views and half-truths that one hesitates to recommend the volume to any reader who is not already well-grounded in the subject.

Signor Molmenti's "Venice," which is to be complete in six volumes, differs in purpose from all of these: for it treats the narration of events as of secondary importance, and magnifies the civilization. The very titles of the chapters indicate the general plan: "The Aspect and Form of the City," "The Constitution," "The Laws," "Commerce and Navigation," "Finance," "The Nobles and the Citizens"; these prepare one for a topical treatment, from which the historic sequence may, or may not, be inferred. Since Signor Molmenti deals with each topic so as to show its evolution, he leaves on one the impression of a serious historian, well trained in the scientific method. But he has what many who attempt works of this kind lack—charm, the gift of presenting a great body of material so that it not only conveys information, but gives pleasure. Take up any of his chapters, and you will read it through, notes and all, as you read the best of Horatio Brown's own essays in "Life on the Lagoons."

Of Signor Molmenti's conclusions on the disputed points in Venetian history we may take occasion to speak when we notice the succeeding volumes; for the present it must suffice us to say that his attitude is almost uniformly safe. A Venetian to the core, he does not imitate earlier native historians in claiming too much, especially during the formative centuries. Nor is he too positive in matters where there is very scanty evidence—a fault which we have observed in callow students of the subject. He has amassed in this first section the elements of Venetian civilization from the fifth century to the thirteenth, much as Burckhardt has done for the Italian Renaissance. Few concrete details have escaped him, but we note the absence of *dramatis personæ* in the drama. Probably the succeeding volumes, covering a period when salient personalities were numerous, may supply this lack. For after all, although Venice has been accused of swamping the individual, no one can read her story deeply without perceiving the deter-

mining influence which strong individuals, from Orscolo the Great to Morosini the Peloponnesian, exerted on her development.

More than passing notice should be made of the illustrations of this work. They are chosen wisely to illustrate every part of the text: here are views of buildings, maps, facsimiles of drawings, half-tones of paintings and sculptures, reproductions of illuminations, even pictures of playing cards. Mr. Brown gives a very readable paraphrase—not a literal translation of the Italian—as to which our only suggestion is that he should have translated the Italian and Latin phrases. A selection of original documents adds scholarly ballast, and reveals what sort of stiff material Signor Molmenti burrowed in before he wrote his flowing pages. His work should appeal with equal force to the general reader and to the specialist.

IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

Amerikanische Eindrücke. Von Ludwig Fulda. Pp. 216. New York: G. Stechert & Co.

Two books on America have recently appeared in German: "Americana," by Karl Lamprecht, the distinguished jurist of the University of Leipzig (noticed in the *Nation* for August 2, 1906), and this unpretentious volume by Ludwig Fulda, the poet and novelist. This is an outgrowth of his tour last year while guest of the Germanistischen Gesellschaft von Amerika, when he delivered thirty-four lectures in twenty-four cities. The first bristles with savage thrusts at real or imaginary targets from one who quarrelled with the artistic finish of our coinage while en route to the New World, and who crawled out of bed *verkehrt* in the Western metropolis; the second is the sympathetic review of a witty and equally sharp-eyed critic, upon whom the friendly sun shone on the first day of his arrival in New York, and continued to shine, with rare exceptions, until his reluctant departure for Europe. Fulda came to America with a free and receptive mind, and yielded himself completely to whatever impressions his environment should make. We find him startled at seeing cab, passengers, and supposed ferry-house float off from New Jersey toward Manhattan, electrified when soaring aloft in an express elevator, lost in dreams amid the ribboned femininity of Vassar's lawn, touched to the heart by both American and German hospitality, and, like Dickens, dazed at the unlimited line of cuspidors in the State House of Ohio—"enough for a whole German province." All in all, Fulda condemns and compares little, while praising much; and where he does take issue, his criticism attracts, rather than repels. Without pretending to offer a thorough study of American institutions, or aiding us as Lamprecht did, perhaps, to see ourselves as we really are, Fulda has probably given us the most agreeable book on America written by a German for years.

Fulda finds New York surrounded by the mightiest local commerce of any city in the world, favored by natural beauty by day and *eine Abendschönheit* at night: "the spectacle that the Berliner gazes at with wonder on the Emperor's birthday, the New Yorker enjoys evening after evening." Her architectural attractions are less, and yet in the perspective of the Flatiron and other sky-scrapers, there are pleasing elements. These *Wolkenkratzer* appear in silhouette like blunt molars on the lower jaw of a leviathan, forming "a world by themselves," and "one could believe that giants had built here a city for giants." As to American cities in general, he questions whether it be true, as maintained, that when the traveller has seen one, he has seen all. There are common characteristics—more so than in Europe; but in area alone American cities exceed Old World towns. Business centres may be unattractive, city streets unclean, and park roads muddy; but each man aims to own a house for himself—a movement, Fulda might have added, that is under way in Germany; residence districts grow more and more beautiful, and such abuses as the monopoly of the water front at Chicago by the railways, toward which Lamprecht sent a fiery dart, will not always continue.

The best of American railroad cars are indubitably better than the best German cars; but the average car is not equal to the German second-class coupé, and only superior to the third class because of upholstery; the American sleeping-car, too, divided only by curtains, is inferior to the individual room of the German coach, now being introduced here. With Lamprecht, Fulda praises the magnificence of American hotels, wondering not a little at the telephone on the very dining-table; but he is miserable without his German *Nachttisch*, is perplexed without a bath thermometer, and stumbles about in the dark, reaching for the electric button, ten feet from the bed! Meals are disturbed by restaurant music—a wretched provision imported from Europe—rest and sleep made impossible by the overheating of cars and rooms. There is no rival in the New World to the German *Hausknecht;* hence if one puts one's boots out at night, it is only to offer them to a thief, or to find them the next morning *ungeputzt*. While Lamprecht bewails the lack of a perfunctory *Wirt* to say "Good-bye!" or ask about the weather, Fulda is glad to escape that senseless relic, and with it—in the West, at least—the necessity of giving fees.

That which most exceeds all expectations of the author, however, is the extent of popular education in America, and our systems of public and higher instruction. Every one here is hungry to learn, reading is more general than in any other country, and libraries surpass in number and practical organization, as well as sometimes in magnificent buildings, anything known abroad. "Every American, from millionaire to shoeblack, and from professor to schoolboy, is a fanatical newspaper reader," because of and notwithstanding the "horrible headlines." This fact may account for the importunate artists and women reporters, who more than once insisted on interviewing him at his morning toilet, "in the name of the newspaper, of course"; and for the piracy of foreign literature, calling for revision of the American copyright laws. Fulda observes with natural satisfaction the wide study of German by Americans. He attends classes and chapel, lectures and dines at colleges for women, and is delighted with the opportunity afforded the girls in America for advanced study, regarding their way of living and preparing for the duties of life superior to that of the average young woman in Germany dancing away her existence. He is inclined to believe that Schiller's exhortation, *Ehret die Frauen!* is observed by Germans rather in theory than in practice, more in words than in deeds. He prefers coeducation to the habit abroad of separating the sexes so long, praises the free relations between American professors and their students, and has a good word generally for student life among our young men, with their concerts and student plays. He feels a satisfaction in the absence of scarred and bloated faces, and holds that even the excesses of athletics are better than the duel and the *Mensur*. He finds no genuine American art, notwithstanding a popular artistic feeling, museums, and academies; and he thinks that individual, creative art is wanting because the American, alive to decorate his house, has not yet learned to adorn his life with art. Hard work, elaborate stage settings, and the fairest array of feminine beauty on any stage, characterize the American theatre; and yet the American has not perceived how great a force for good the theatre in right hands may become, and no American philanthropist has endowed the stage. In condemning the oft-repeated performance of the same play, Fulda errs in saying that Jefferson played the one rôle all his life.

Among the most interesting chapters in the volume is that entitled "Das Amerikanische Deutschtum," doubly interesting because Fulda comes to conclusions at direct variance with those of Lamprecht. He is astonished at the size and splendor of German clubhouses in New York, Chicago, and Indianapolis, outrivalling anything of the kind in Berlin or Vienna; he finds his fellow-countrymen patriotic, little desiring to establish a state within a state, and rich and poor alike preferring to stay here, labor and build, though suffering from constant *Heimweh!* Referring to Lamprecht's reproach that the German-Americans had never accomplished anything in public life, he attributes this fact largely to the power of sentiment, which induces the German to hold on to his mother-tongue, with the result that he is unable to master English oratory, demanded on the stump and in public life. Like Lamprecht, Fulda had the good fortune to meet Carl Schurz shortly before the statesman's death, and of him he says that he was the middle-point in a line drawn from Schiller to Bismarck; and that he was the greatest loss to the national stock of virility that followed the upheaval in 1848. Fulda's sense of humor is shown in his observation of the "broken German" of his fellow-countrymen; and his wit is evident in his narrative of visits to the Heine statue on the forlorn wastes of upper New York (to find which he spent a whole morning in an automobile), and to the statue of Frederick the Great, far on the outskirts of Washington, *wo die Füchse sich gute Nacht sagen!* In this isolation of the gift of the German Emperor, Fulda sees the natural disposition of the republican American to sidetrack the memorial of a monarch, no matter how great a man he may have been; but he asks, "Would a statue of Washington or Lincoln, sent to Berlin, fare better in its aspiration for a place in front of the royal palace or in the Siegesallee?"

More than once Fulda presents his conviction that America has still much to learn from Europe, according to the law that the young shall learn from the old; but his judgment is displayed in the single sentence: *Wehe dem Alter, das nicht auch von der Jugend lernen will.*

CURRENT FICTION.

The Veiled Lady and Other Men and Women. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The "staid old painter," as the author delights to call himself, is once more to the fore with a collection of stories whereof each one is the report of something he has either seen or heard. He brings constant assurance that our planet is full of everyday heroisms, that it is a place of kindliness and warmth, as well as of beauty and color. It is not the beautiful Veiled Lady who is his real achievement, but the conglomerate little dragoman who carries in his pocket enough of the small change of heroism to be a stanch friend in need. Courage, resource, and self-sacrifice are as common as humanity, and yet never lose their distinction any more than the least of human souls its individuality. "Captain Joe and the Susie Ann" is a perfect example of Hopkinson Smith's art in this phase of his sympathies. And another is "Against Orders," which contains a dog, and a choke for the reader. But derring-do is by no means the volume's only theme, nor even a deed with a coda of mischief. Sometimes it unfolds a bit of humor, like "The Coat of Red Lead," which is self-evidently an absolute portrait of the tropical revolutionist, his ways and means, and his convenient genius for turning swords into corkscrews. In "Sam Joplin's Epigastric Nerve" there seems to be a rift in the camaraderie we confidently expect, which in "Muggles's Supreme Moment" widens to the point of making the music temporarily mute. But in the whole group there is not one which does not show the wonted quick, even flow, the animation, the holding quality. And as ever, the end of the story comes with a decisive click, like a key in a lock, its note often merry, usually surprising, always musical.

The World's Warrant. By Norah Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Davis merits notice chiefly from her treating the South as a live country, inhabited by contemporary human beings, and not by a set of conventional lay figures left over from the tragedy of a past generation. True, she deals with Alabama and the new commercial South, and not with the retrospective society of Virginia and the Carolinas. A party of capitalists are booming a small Southwestern town. They bring their womenkind and everybody wears best clothes all the time. The negro question is entirely untouched, and the only reference to "Befo' the Wah" is rather satirical than serious. All this is full of promise, but then Miss Davis's first novel, "The Northerners," was also full of promise. She has imagination almost to excess, the kind of imagination which devises alarmingly intricate plots woven of courtship by letter, lost heirs, misleading pseudonyms, "deals," and mistaken identities. In the fine imagination which depends less upon vitality and the shock of event than upon a sense of probability she is entirely lacking. Nevertheless, in a certain swing and movement, a willingness to look out of her own eyes, and not her grandmother's, she continues to give proof of an undeniable talent. The question raised by "The Northerners," however, has not been answered by "The World's Warrant." Has she the self-critical power to prune her exuberance, to eschew florid language, to repent of "gowning" her beautiful young ladies, to live upon a Lenten allowance of adjectives?

The Invaders. By Margaret L. Woods. New York: Harper & Bros.

An extremely ingenious story of a dual personality, Mrs. Woods does not make the blunder of dragging in a scientific justification for her plot; but in the clever management of the hypnotic changes between a dull, conscientious college girl and a brilliant siren of no conscience whatever, there is evidence that the author has studied her Charcot to some purpose. The mechanical adjustment of Milly Flaxman and Mildred, Lady Hamerton, is so smoothly managed as to obliterate all likeness to a fairy tale and leave room for a series of exceedingly curious situations. Also Mrs. Woods thoroughly understands that in modern life, to ring true, any case of dual personality must needs be a serious matter. The Menæchmi may be comic, but many of us felt "The Masqueraders" to be rather distressing, and the case of a normal young Englishman who finds his wife alternately a perfectly uninteresting, worthy soul and an untrustworthy enchantress, is not fundamentally amusing. Mrs. Woods, so far from belittling her theme, pushes it on to a tragic conclusion. The good, affectionate wife awakes one morning to find herself in a strange house with a strange lover. This situation is treated with a dignity and feeling which almost place it in the rank of serious realistic fiction—almost, because the fact of being based upon so unlikely a contingency, necessarily interferes with the illusion. Nevertheless the minor characters are so carefully drawn, the general air of probability so maintained that Mrs. Woods has at least succeeded in writing a sufficiently readable novel.

An American Girl in India. By Shelland Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The American girl seems to be as fixed a type in the British mind as the English lord is in the American; and we suppose the manners and mode of speech attributed by the cousinly delineator are equally accurate on both sides of the dividing flood. The fact that the present narrative is simply a long monologue on the part of the alleged American girl rather forces the quality of her lingo upon the attention. It is sufficiently composite if not representative. She reckons and guesses with equal aplomb, and has certain idioms of her own invention, such as "I don't catch right on to the people straight away," and "Say, though, I'm shying off the main point," not to speak of a touch here and there of untimely cockney. However, when one has mastered the jargon one finds her an amusing person in a mild way. Her vivacity, her pursuit of the joke, her "cheek," her physical charm, belong to a true though probably obsolescent American type. She goes to India chiefly to attend the "Great Durbar" at Delhi, and under the spell of that pageant fairly forgets to speak or think United States. That the Vicereine should be an American, is, to be sure, a rapturous consideration. . . . "That one of us of whom we are most proud, that one from our country in the West who has risen to a position far beyond that of any other of her daughters." Our heroine is herself of a rising disposition, and is not far from being a duchess when she withdraws herself from our view.

Short Cruises. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These cruises, largely by sailors, but of the land, or at the most, of the port, are in the author's familiarly amusing vein. His invention is varied, his humor, on his chosen lines of cartoon and caricature, boundless, and his mastery supreme of what in respectful homage we venture to term slanguage. The practical joke, the admonition by craft, the object lesson through wile have their perfect work in these pages. If the fun possibly makes especial appeal to masculine readers, feminine ones should observe that it is always the woman who gets the best of it.

Ivan Tourguénief: la vie et l'œuvre. By Émile Haumant. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.

The Polish Jew: His Economic and Social Value. By Beatrice C. Baskerville. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The juxtaposition of the two volumes here named is justified by a closer connection than the mere common relationship to the Czar's empire. M. Haumant's main object, without slighting the personal side of his theme, has been to arrive at an understanding of the Russia of Turgenieff, and of the forces that have changed it into the Russia of the present day. Miss Baskerville's book more than suggests what one of these forces has been. The problem is largely psychological. It involves the apparent transformation of national character from a standard condition which the works of the great prose writer have made familiar to the outside world, to an enormously different condition which the works of a revolutionary people are now making violently manifest to the same puzzled outside audience. It is no exaggeration to say that Russian life, as the Western world knows it, or believes it knows it, to-day, is largely what Turgenieff has painted it in those masterly short tales and novels which are so emphatically studies in character and manners and little else.

The old Russia of to-day, in so far as it still exists, and undoubtedly the transformation of the national character is by no means complete as yet, still bears the stamp of inefficiency which marks the hero of Turgenieff as embodied in the Bazaroff of "Fathers and Sons," the Rudin in the novel of that name, and the Nezhdanoff of "Virgin Soil." Inefficient it is more correct to call them than failures, because, after all, a personality that lives out its time in accordance with the laws of its

own nature can scarcely be called a failure; and certainly Turgenieff's heroes are true to themselves and their own weakness. As Turgenieff saw them, his countrymen, for the most part, fell into two classes, the Hamlets and the Don Quixotes: either they had no power of seizing on a definite aim and fighting their way to it successfully, or else they rushed with unwise abandon towards the single attainment of an object that was, from the practical point of view, not at all worth while. The strong man is made so by a certain narrowness of intellect or an intensity of passion that compels the acceptance of all means necessary for the attainment of a determined end. But in Turgenieff's novels the men are too broad of intellect not to be aware of other possible objects of ambition, and too little passionate to obey unscrupulously the behests of desire.

So insistently weak are the Turgenievian heroes, that suspicion of their fidelity to truth has not failed to arise. Some would have it that the author himself created the type of the weakling which he gave to Europe as the embodiment of his country. Others assert that he merely exaggerated. The former charge is scarcely tenable in that his favorite type of masculine character meets us everywhere in modern Russian literature, and is, in fact, designated by the name of a personage—Oblomoff—in the work of another writer. That Turgenieff exaggerated may be more easily maintained. The fact that his men and women are drawn from a comparatively narrow *milieu* tended to overemphasize their vices as well as their virtues. They are for the most part of noble though possibly obscure birth, of easy means, possessed of a more or less thorough acquaintance with the civilization of Europe, and, in the case of the men, of a university training. The men, in fact, are largely Turgenieff himself; at heart a pessimist, a poet, kindly, with no overplus of physical courage, with measured passions, a cleanly healthy nature that revolted at the insalubrious cynicisms of his friends among the French co-littérateurs, and that thorough indecision of character which, in spite of long years of chafing against exile and longing for home, left him to die in exile and away from home. And so, possibly because he looked too much within himself when he wrote, his heroes have a sameness which is creative of wrong values for Russia taken at large. There must have been strong men in Russia in Turgenieff's time, but they were not to be found in the class of occidentalized gentry, whom he preferred to deal with. Their emergence in our own time is just the great cause that has modified the average tone of the Russian character. Turgenieff foresaw them in his "Fathers and Sons" and "Virgin Soil," but these new men were not as close to his heart as the Hamlets and Quixotes of an earlier day.

If so many of the novelist's heroes are women in their volatile emotionalism, in their fear of hostile contact, and even in an exaggerated voluhility, which leaves them no energy for action, his women, like the best-known type of Russian women of the present day, are men in their simplicity of speech and restraint of hearing, in their clear-eyed superiority to convention, in their efficiency, to sum up, by which is meant the power of decision to select a goal and the power of persistency in striving towards it. Why the novelist's women should have been so definitely superior in courage and strength to their brothers and husbands, is one the mysteries of race which, as Turgenieff declared, can never be fathomed. Possibly the position of the average woman of noble family as the mistress and director of numerous domestic servants and serfs, and at the same time as the subject of patriarchal power vested in the head of the household, may have combined to develop in her capacity for actiou with the power of restraint. Possibly by mere contrast with his invertebrate men, the author's women gain in firmness of character. Possihly it was because they were not overeducated in the philosophy of the West.

These were Turgenieff's men and women, and, hy inference, this was the Russia of his day. How now has it come about that in revolutionary Russia of the present day, we find a decisiveness, almost a ruthlessness of action. a power of initiative, in other words, an efficiency, which thirty years ago would have seemed incomprehensihle to a reader of Turgenieff? Have the men whom he knew changed, or have new men come to take their place? Both things have happened, though the former to a minor degree. The Russian intellectual has learned to wear his Western knowledge more easily. A university career no longer brings in its wake the old internal chaos. But more important has heen the appearance of types that we do not often meet in Turgenieff. The novelist not only dealt by preference with the Russian gentry, but he dealt almost exclusively with the Great Russian nohleman. The other nationalities within the empire are, on the whole, represented in no favorable light, Now it is precisely these nationalities that are giving the tone to the Russia of the present time. It is the Great Russian, the *mujik* of the centre of the empire, that as yet needs to be awakened. The other peoples, Jews, Letts, Poles, and Caucasians, are the chief bearers of the present revolution.

It is well, theu, to go to Turgenieff for a basic knowledge of Russian character; but it should he recognized how profoundly non-Russian traits have come to affect the manifestations of that character. Miss Baskerville's hook brings out with exceptional force the rôle played by the Jews; and this may be said in spite of the writer's apparent bias against the race with which she deals, revealing itself frequently in actual violence of statement. The substantial truth is there, hut it is truth without sympathy, and with much distortion. By itself the volume would be open to severe censure on the point; but as a study of the restless Hehrew energy that is so active in stirring Slav indifference and hesitation towards fruitful action, it serves its purpose.

The Appeal to Arms and *Outcome of the Civil War*. By James K. Hosmer. [The American Nation, vols. xx. and xxi.] New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net each.

Mr. Hosmer's volumes have substantial merits. For one thing, they are eminently readable, and any one who begins them will feel disposed to finish them. Thanks in part, no doubt, to the distinctive character of the period, there is little overlapping of previous volumes, though the ground covered by Admiral Chadwick in his "Causes of the Civil War" is necessarilly a little trespassed upon. Maps are more numerous than in preceding volumes of this series, though battlefield plans are rare; while the bibliographical chapters form an elaborate exhibit of the literature, both documentary and narrative.

Military history, save for the initiated, is proverbially hard to write, the narrative, as a rule, being either unconsciously crowded with details whose significance only military experts can appreciate, or else so shorn of incident as to touch only upon the most important campaigns or the careers of the most noted leaders. Mr. Hosmer, himself a participant in the war, deserves praise for the success with which he has avoided both of these rocks of offence. His accounts of military operations are easy to follow, while the interspersion of hrief, graphic characterizations of leading actors, Union or Confederate, at their first appearance is an effective device. In other words, the volumes are a history of the war, not of typical episodes in the war. It cannot be denied that the narrative often seems hurried, and that critical moments, such as those presented at Gettysburg or just before the surrender of Lee, are lightly touched; but the plan is at least consistent with itself.

Original discussions of disputed points are hardly to he looked for in condensed works of this character. Mr Hosmer confines himself, for the most part, to a careful and moderate statement of the case, or a cautious indication of the trend of expert opinion. As to the numhers in the opposing armies, he follows Levermore's figures; as to the treatment of prisoners, his agreement is frankly with Mr. Rhodes. He does not hesitate to condemn the inaction of McClellan or the pompous declarations of Pope on the one hand, or to defend the course of Halleck on the other. At other times he seems to stay his hand: one feels, for instance, that he would like to criticise Lincoln's efforts at military direction rather more strongly than he does, and that he admires Grant more for his dogged persistency and ultimate success than for the inherent merit of his military operations save at Vicksburg. On the vexed question of morals presented by such episodes as Sheridan's devastation of the Shenandoah valley and Sherman's march to the sea, his attitude is that of unapproving resignation: these were indefensible acts, but they were not typical; their justification is in the inherently brutal nature of war; and the Confederates, so far as they had opportunity, were as bad as the Federals.

Of civil happenings during the war, Mr. Hosmer gives, as in the case of military operations, compact and rapid surveys, adequate so far as the general plan of his volumes is concerned, but hardly more than elementary sketches from any other point of view. Doubtless, the economic history of the United States during the Civil War is yet to be written, but we must again express regret that the writers of this admirable series should throughout have dealt so slightly with economic topics. The

important and extremely interesting work of the "war governors." also, recently examined by William B. Weeden in his "War Government," is here little more than alluded to; and the same thing must be said of the internal history of the Confederacy. Outside of military affairs, in short, Mr. Hosmer's narrative is, as a whole, conventional. Nevertheless, these volumes well sustain the general level of the series to which they belong, and undoubtedly constitute the best short history of the Civil War that has yet appeared.

The Hammermen of Edinburgh and their Altar in St. Giles Church. Being Extracts from the Records of the Incorporation of Hammermen of Edinburgh. With Introductory Notes by John Smith. Edinburgh: William J. Hay.

A picturesque title always counts for something, and Mr. Smith's book, "The Hammermen of Edinburgh," is sure to catch the eye, whether in the catalogue or on the counter. The hammermen in question were neither political nor ecclesiastical zealots, but simply craftsmen who at the close of the Middle Ages secured incorporation and were during the next century or so a factor in the artistic life of Scotland. Altogether there were eight branches of this association, inasmuch as the metal workers of Edinburgh comprised blacksmiths, goldsmiths, pewterers, lorimers, saddlers, cutlers, hucklemakers, and armorers. The charter granted to these artisans in 1483 was called the *Seill of Cause,* and like other mediæval charters it claimed an almost idolatrous reverence from those who shared in its privileges.

It may seem that 1483 is a very late date for the establishment of such a society, but Scotland, in economic as well as in intellectual development, lagged far behind the rest of Latin Christendom. It was in the middle of the fifteenth century that the first great stimulus was given to both education and manufactures. The founding of the University of Glasgow by Pope Nicholas V. in 1447 was followed two years later by the rise of an industrial movement. We allude here to the results which attended the marriage of James II. to Mary, daughter of Arnold, Duke of Gueldres. In the train of the bride there came to Edinburgh first new articles and then new craftsmen. Competition between the alien and the native led to an unprecedented activity among the Scottish artisans, together with fresh signs of willingness to seek strength through union. During the two generations which lie between 1456 and 1523 seventeen trades applied to the Town Council of Edinburgh for incorporation, the motive in each case clearly being a desire to secure increased protection.

Having their birth at this period, the hammermen of Edinburgh displayed great vitality throughout the age which just precedes John Knox. Mr. Smith shows himself extremely sympathetic toward that branch of the Christian body which the average Scot has long associated with the Scarlet Woman.

> Whatever [he says] may now be the opinion held regarding the Roman Catholic Church, the fact that in Scotland art, literature, culture, aye, even the trade and commerce of the land, were fostered and nourished by her remains; and it is clear that the trend of her efforts was linked with the welfare of the people. She encouraged everything that made her churches and services beautiful, and drew around her at all times men and women who nobly devoted their labor and substance for those ends. To-day, alas! all over Scotland the testimony of that devotion and trust lies buried in the ruins of fair cathedrals and abbeys.

Whether this passage represents theological or archæological enthusiasm, we need not stop to enquire. The main thing is that Mr. Smith finds his largest subject in the contribution made by the hammermen to St. Giles's Church. Any one who has looked into Chaucer or into Maitland's "Dark Ages"—leave alone the *Acta Sanctorum*—is very familiar with St. Eligius, who becomes the St. Eloi of the Prioress's oath in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales." The story of Eligius at the court of Dagobert is one of the best anecdotes that have come down to us from the dark ages, and it is not strange that this saint, who was first of all a goldsmith, should have become the patron of metal workers for five hundred years. According to Mr. Smith's contention Sir Daniel Wilson is responsible for a rather glaring mistake in the popular mind regarding the site of "St. Eloi's chapel" in St. Giles's. Without entering upon his special discussion of this point, we may observe that the *chef d'œuvre* of the Edinburgh hammermen was their altar to the patron of their craft as erected during the half-century which followed 1500.

The present volume consists of two parts, the first embracing a series of short essays on matters connected with the Guild of Hammermen, and the second containing extracts from the guild's records between 1494 and 1558. As can be seen from the entries in the ledger of these craftsmen, their devotion to St. Eloi was very great, and upon the embellishment of his shrine they lavished their substance with all the usual generosity of the Scotch. The documents published by Mr. Smith should prove interesting to students of Scottish family history and social life, no less than to those for whom the book is chiefly a contribution to our knowledge of Scottish industry and art. Altogether the volume is an excellent example of antiquarian research pursued with thoroughness and well set forth.

The Reform Movement in Judaism. By David Philipson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

The movement in Judaism towards emancipation from within, which began side by side with emancipation from without, is elaborately treated by Dr. Philipson, so that his work is practically the first of its kind in English to give an extended history of Jewish reform, as it is called, for the past century. The story, however, is so recent that it is difficult to write *sine ira* of an agitation which was inevitable as Ghetto legislation passed away and the Jew, gradually admitted in most lands to civil and religious liberty, entered upon an era of slow readjustment. It must be clearly understood that the new movement, which in reality is no new movement at all, does not touch so much the foundation of Jewish belief, as the question of traditional usages in synagogue and home. Hence it can hardly be termed a Reformation in the Protestant sense of the word.

The author, who is clear and fairly objective throughout, does not attempt a history of rationalism in Judaism—in many respects a more vital and fundamental topic—but gives an account of the nineteenth century reform movement. He deals chiefly with Germany, which has so markedly influenced, in recent decades, American Israel, although England, where reform has been arrested, as well as Hungary and France, receives some attention. Of the men who were leaders, Holdheim and Geiger are the most prominent. The rabbinical conferences of 1844-6 are discussed at length, as also the Leipzig and Augsburg Synods, which were hardly as far-reaching as historic synods in general. The spirited opposition that followed the movement against traditional interpretation of Judaism, in which Z. Frankel and S. R. Hirsch were among the more representative champions, is told with considerable fulness. The movement was inevitable with changed conditions and conceptions of modern life, and, as Dr. Philipson says, its purpose has been to institute "the universal and spiritual teachings that accentuate Judaism's message of ethical monotheism" for the "nationalistic, legalistic, and ceremonial form." Such an emphasis was doubtless necessary, but it remains to be seen if Judaism can yet survive, without its traditional and universal form, as a wholly spiritual and ethical institution. The author is to be commended for his careful and scholarly work, and his book is eminently readable.

Julie de Lespinasse. By the Marquis de Ségur; translated from the French by P. H. Lee Warner. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

M. de Ségur's volume, though ample and interesting, contributes but little of real weight to a familiar story. His principal initial point consists in disposing of Bachaumont's offhand assertion that Cardinal de Tencin was Julie's father, and substituting a conjecture which, while complicating her situation, explains quite naturally the immediate interest taken in her by Mme. du Deffand. From private archives, such as the records of the noble families of Vichy, Villa Hermosa, etc., not accessible to other biographers, detailed information has likewise been drawn for the portraits of the Marquis de Mora and the Comte de Guibert, the two men who divided the passionate interest of Mlle. de Lespinasse's life. The nature of her feeling, at least in regard to the latter, is here in nowise obscured; without rehearsing M. de Ségur's carefully verified narrative, we merely quote in corroboration from the seventy-second letter to De Guibert: "Si un jour vous deveniez parfait . . . comme le froid Grandisson, mon ami, je vous admirerois; mais je serois radicalement guérie."

Easy-going tolerance of equivocal situations was the order of the day in eighteenth-century Paris; what gave, and still preserves, to this *liaison* its unusual character was the long heart-tragedy which resulted from the intrusion of elementary human passion, no doubt widely suspected at the time, though not fully revealed till the first publication of the letters in 1809. The present biography succeeds in giving

a lively impression of the group that gravitated around this hidden drama, from D'Alembert, whose last years were darkened by its discovery, to "l'endiablé Galiani qui soufflait des horreurs au perroquet." But beyond this, we learn little more than was already contained in the studies of Sainte-Beuve and Charles Henry, or in the excellent introduction to the letters by Eugène Asse, in 1876.

The absence of an index is unaccounted for. In the translation not many errors of detail call for correction, but we may ask the authority for "notorious honesty" as describing a woman's virtue (p. 236); and where did Horace Walpole say that Madame de Boufflers "is eternally posing before a biograph" (p. 176)? Walpole feebly anticipated Goldsmith's "The Citizen of the World" and Macaulay's New Zealander. Did his prophetic soul foresee the penny-in-the-slot?

Science.

The Reptile Book. By Raymond Lee Ditmars. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co. $4 net.

This volume is the thirteenth in the Nature Library of this publishing house, and it bears comparison with the best in the series. The title is rather misleading, as the scope of the work is limited to the reptiles of North America; although even in this restricted field, the author finds abundant material to his hand. In his position as curator of reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Park, Mr. Ditmars has taken advantage of the unequalled opportunities afforded by the park collection and has brought together a host of interesting facts and a great number of photographs from life. Eight of these are in color, and although they will appeal to the average reader, yet so difficult is it even to approximate the colors of nature, that one would wish them all in black and white. Most of the illustrations are perfect as to detail and admirable as to background. It is safe to say that as a whole the photographs form a graphic representation of our reptilian fauna which is unsurpassed. Of especial interest are photographs of young reptiles, and of the eggs of many species of turtles and serpents. The frequent introduction of inch rulers, to show the comparative sizes is an important feature. The general reader will also be grateful for the lettered plates, identifying the elements of the cephalic scalation, which are so important in the classification of lizards and serpents; and for the methods of taking measurements (plates 31 and 32), although these, for more ready reference, should have been inserted in the front of the work.

The text is a notable addition to popular herpetological literature, but we cannot agree with the author that this field is a gap which "has steadily remained unchanged." Such an assertion is unfair to the contributions of Dr. Hermon C. Bumpus to volume iii., of the "Riverside Natural History," and of Prof. Hans Gadow to the Cambridge series.

For the sake of popularization, references to anatomy, embryology, and general evolution have been omitted, perhaps wisely, as these phases of the subject are well treated in Gadow's work. A key to each group is followed by the specific descriptions, dimensions, distribution, and habits. In the simplicity of identification tables and especally in the large number of facts as to the habits of reptiles in captivity, this volume is unexcelled. The data concerning the diet and care of reptiles will be of material help to future students and investigators, and this feature of the treatise is the most valuable, as it is certainly the most novel. The illustrations and text relating to the turtles and tortoises are unusually welcome, owing to our scanty knowledge of these creatures. Also of great interest is the account of the ejection of 103 drops of blood from the eyelids of the so-called horned toad, apparently a defensive adaptation which has been recorded and refuted many times. The introduction of the term horned *lizard* in place of the usual but incorrect name, is worthy of imitation by some of our mammalogists and ornithologists, who humbly bow to public opinion and perpetuate such atrocities as prairie *dog* and wood *ibis*. In the final chapter, the rattlesnakes are thoroughly discussed, including the history of the development of the rattle.

It is to be hoped that this work, in its explosion of many popular superstitions and fears based on ignorance, will decrease the unreasonable dislike which the "great majority" bear toward all reptiles. Indeed, with this volume at hand, there remains little excuse for the indiscriminate killing of snakes, or for instilling into children the unreasoning dread of all reptiles —a dread which is never congenital, but which when once implanted, is so difficult to overcome.

"Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual" for 1907 (D. Van Nostrand Co.) is a handy volume for the laboratory, containing 400 pages of tables. The properties and numerical constants of a large number of organic and inorganic compounds are given, as well as logarithmic tables for the calculation of analyses. The classified bibliography of the most important articles and books published since January 1, 1905, will save the chemist much time and trouble. Hitherto the American chemist has been dependent on British and German annuals, but this new publication is in some respects better adapted to his needs. The work is edited by John C. Olsen, professor of analytical chemistry, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, with the coöperation of eminent chemists.

In *La Nature* (No. 1765) an account is given of the experimental determinations of longitude between Potsdam and the Brocken, by Prof. Albrecht, by means of wireless telegraphy. The results are excellent.

Drama.

Sappho and Phaon. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Mackaye's work is the most notable addition that has been made for many years to American dramatic literature. It is a true poetic tragedy, classic in form and spirit, not always glowing with the fire of genius, but nevertheless charged with happy inspiration; dignified, eloquent, passionate, imaginative, and thoroughly human in its emotions. It is a great advance in almost every respect upon his "Jeanne d'Arc," and, whether considered in the light of literature or drama, need not fear comparison with anything that has been written by Stephen Phillips or John Davidson.

The author has availed himself boldly of the license afforded by the vagueness of our knowledge of the Lesbian poetess. The surviving fragments of her verse, which he has plainly studied, reveal more of her intellect and philosophy than conflicting legends do of her life and character. In his conception she is a superb pagan with modern aspirations, the virgin paragon of her band of maiden disciples, warding off the importunities of many suitors with intellectual fence, while awaiting the advent of the predestined and ideal lover. When Pittacus, the tyrant of Mitylene, lays his crown at her feet, she answers him parabolically, asserting her female prerogative to choose her own mate and raise him to her own level. She has been smitten with a sudden passion for Phaon, a magnificent fisherman slave. Trembling at her own impulses, she at first meditates casting herself into the sea beneath her—the whole action passes in the open space before a temple of Neptune on an Ægean promontory—but soon rallies her energies in a soliloquy of which the greater part deserves quotation:

The teeming, terrible, maternal sea
That spawned us all. She calls me back to her,
But I will not go. Her womb has brought me forth
A child defiant. I will be free of her!
Her ways are birth, fecundity, and death,
But mine are beauty and immortal love.
Therefore will I be tyrant of myself—
Mine own law will I be! And I will make
Creatures of mind and melody, whose forms
Are wrought of loveliness without decay,
And wild desire without satiety,
And joy and aspiration without death;
And on the wings of those shall I, I, Sappho!
Still soar and sing above these cliffs of Lesbos,
Even when ten thousand blooms of men and maids
Are fallen and withered.

Soon she encounters Phaon, who has brought his slave mate, Thalassa, to offer a dove to Neptune as a sacrifice for their sick babe. Sappho, who reminds him of a vison of Venus vouchsafed him in his early youth, exercises a powerful fascination upon Phaon, but is unable to overcome his loyalty to the mother of his children. She induces them, however, to sell her the dove, intended for Neptune, which she immediately sets free in honor of Venus, with a triumphant rhapsody:

O darling bird, which art my beating soul,
That Phaon captured on these wild sea cliffs,
Mount up, mount up! and nestle with thy wings
Against the burning chlamys of heaven's queen
There where her breast heaves highest.—Say to her;
"Lady of love, almighty! This is Sappho—
Her spirit—whom thou madest of that fire
Which sleeps in Phaon's eyes. Lo, I am his,
And I will make him mine!"

The wrath of the offended Neptune hastens the impending tragedy. Sappho awakens the slumbering soul of Phaon by conferring upon him his freedom—which she has won from Pittacus—and stirs the hero in him by giving him her spear, effecting in him a transformation which is finely

imagined and most dramatically set forth. Henceforth he will be master:

Nevermore
Shall you be sovereign of your maiden will
Or single in your fate. Not here with priest
And song, but with a spear, you have betrothed me.
O thou my spear, that singest in my hand,
Thou art my power and manhood. Face to face
Thou pittest me in combat with the gods
And raising thee, my mind is raised up
Confronting heaven, till from those clouds of fire
This slavish world grows dim, . . .

But in the very moment of exaltation he is obliged to flee, for Pittacus has given him again into slavery to Alcæus, his bitterest foe, who is approaching with an armed band to seize him. In a passionate scene Sappho volunteers to descend the face of the cliff with him, and so the lovers escape to Phaon's boat. But the sea is deep in impenetrable fog, and Phaon, recognizing the angry intervention of Neptune, insists upon returning, to pacify him with a living sacrifice, in spite of Sappho's protest.

Stoop not to this
Our wills are their own Providence, and shape
The mandates of the immortals to their ends.

Already the heroic ecstasy of Phaon, born of Sappho's magnetism, is perishing in the fog of slavish superstition. Bent on the living sacrifice, his only hope, he advances toward the temple pillar behind which he believes his enemy Alcæus to be concealed, and striking blindly in the darkness kills his own eldest boy, who was seeking him. It could be wished that Mr. Mackaye had invented some less theatrical expedient for the consummation of his tragedy, but the ensuing scene, in which the remorseful father turns again to his slave-mate, the bereaved mother, Thalassa—a name of dread significance to Sappho—is masterfully written, with deep pathos and unmistakable poetic power. Sappho, perceiving that her dominion over Phaon is lost, and that he now regards her only as an avenging deity, hurls herself from the cliff top. Her last words, however, are a song of triumph:

Nor thou, Poseidon, shalt extinguish me.
My spirit is thy changeling, and returns
To her who glows beyond the stars of birth—
To her, who is herself time's passion star.
Beautiful Sister, goddess of desire,
Come to me! Clasp me in your wings of sunrise
Burning, for see! I go forth to you burning
Still.—Aphrodite!

The present limits of space permit only an allusion to subsidiary personages and incidents which are conceived with lively fancy and a keen sense of dramatic effect. The classic tone is preserved without pedantry or affectation. Sappho in herself is a notable creation, both in respect of her artificial endowments and her natural instincts. Phaon, too, is a fine study, in his original torpidity, in his momentary awakening, and his pathetic relapse. Of the ingenious prologue, induction, prelude, and epilogue by which the author links the dead past with the ever-dying present, this mention must suffice. The whole piece is full of an eloquent symbolism for those who choose to look for it.

A new play by Victor Hugo has been unearthed and performed in Italy. It is called "The Marchioness Zabeth," and was written in his early youth. The plot, according to a correspondent, tells of Lisette, a little orphan peasant. She is engaged to be married to a young man of her own station. But she is full of romance, dreams of palaces and golden coaches, and joyfully expects to see Prince Charming one day. He comes in the person of the Duke of Galius, blasé and a skeptic. He immediately desires to win Lisette, and takes her away in his golden coach. In the second act she is in the palace of the Duke, surrounded by the libertines of the town. She sees herself despised, and longs to return to the pure and simple life of former days. At last she dies—dies, she says, because she is not loved. At this the duke protests that he loves her passionately, but has kept the knowledge of this from her, as he wished to try her. It is said that Hugo never intended that the piece should be played.

Mr. Tree has arranged with Stephen Phillips to join with J. Comyns Carr in the preparation of the new version of "Faust," which is to be produced at His Majesty's.

Lewis Waller has a new play by William S. Maugham called "The Explorer," which is founded in part upon the history of Cecil Rhodes. But the chief dependence of the piece is upon the love interest.

Music.

SHOULD MUSICIANS PLAY WITHOUT NOTES?

One of the many new things introduced by Liszt in the concert halls was the custom of playing whole programmes by heart. Of the eighty pieces presented at his twenty-one Berlin concerts in 1842, he played fifty without notes, to the dismay of the professionals. To be in the fashion, they soon found it necessary to follow his example, and the time came when no one was considered ripe for the concert hall unless he could play a score or two of pieces without the aid of the printed music. Some of the feats accomplished in this direction border on the marvellous. A trustworthy Viennese critic, writing from personal observation, has asserted that if half a dozen bars of any one of Chopin's pieces are shown to Moritz Rosenthal, the rest of the page being carefully covered, that pianist will promptly name the piece and play it by heart.

Once in a while a voice is raised against the tyranny of the fashion of memorizing all the music performed in public. Ten years ago Dr. Karl Schmidt wrote an article in the *Centralblatt für Instrumentalmusik*, in which he maintained that the art of rendering by heart a long composition, especially with orchestral accompaniment, is a needless accomplishment; that it is not expected of singers or of conductors (although some conductors do practise it); that it involves a loss of time; and that if it were discarded we should hear a greater variety of works at our concerts.

Without having cognizance of this article, Prof. Wilhelm Altmann contributed one of similar tenor to the first March number of *Die Musik*, in which he dwelt with particular emphasis on the fact that the habit of playing none but memorized pieces is largely responsible for the tiresome monotony of piano-recital programmes. He is undoubtedly right, and as that same monotony is really the cardinal defect of such recitals, and one which does much to diminish their popularity, it is at least an open question whether, all things considered, anything is gained by keeping up the present custom. Undoubtedly the pianist who plays without notes has the same advantage which an orator has over one who merely reads aloud. Many eloquent orators, however, have their manuscript, or a sketch of their speech, before them, to be momentarily referred to in an emergency; and this suggests that pianists also might with advantage have the printed music before them, and some one to turn the leaves. In all probability it would never be looked at; but the mere fact of its presence would cure the nervous dread which often prevents players from doing their best. No less a man than Rubinstein confessed in the last years of his career that he often suffered agonies at the thought of his memory suddenly failing him. The procedure just suggested would have prevented this. It is practised by Pugno, and no one can say that there is less of the impromptu, unrestrained character in his playing than in that of his rivals who rely altogether on their memory.

In the first May number of *Die Musik*, Marie von Bülow, widow and literary executrix of the great pianist, contributes a few pages on this topic. She refers to the fact that Hans von Bülow habitually memorized his part even in chamber music, a practice which seemed almost "uncanny" to his fellow players. In New York, on May 10, 1890, he and D'Albert played without notes Bach's double concerto, and in Berlin, subsequently, the Haydn variations by Brahms for two pianos. Bülow could read over a difficult new piece a few times in a railway car, memorizing it with his eyes, and then, without looking at it again, sit at the piano and play it—which also seems uncanny; for in this case he did not have the aid of what may be called finger memory, independent of volition. His pupil, Vianna da Motta, relates that once, when a student made a number of mistakes, Bülow exclaimed: "There, you see! that comes of the accursed outward memorizing and playing of what has not yet been learned inwardly. Never mind playing without notes: I would rather have you play with them. By playing by heart you want to impose on us; but we are beyond that, aren't we? I don't want any feats here." This does not prove that Bülow would have counselled his pupils to use their notes in the concert hall also. A pianist who could, as Vianna da Motta relates, sit down at a second piano, and without having looked at the music, correct any errors made by the pupil, could hardly be expected to sympathize with mortals less well endowed as to memory.

There has been no lack of dictionaries of musical terms, but most of them appeared before the day of the cheap miniature scores which have made it possible for all to study the great orchestral works in their entirety instead of in mere arrangements for pianoforte. For this reason it occurred to Tom S. Wotton that there was room for another dictionary in which more attention would be given than in the others to the terms and directions given in full scores. The result is "A Dictionary of Foreign Musical Terms and Handbook of Orchestral Instruments"

(Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel). The title is somewhat misleading if it suggests that foreign words only are explained, for the principal English terms are not omitted; but the foreign terms are the main feature of this volume, and they are presented more fully than elsewhere. The definitions are usually clear; a felicitous example is Saxophone: "an instrument with a body of metal (but not on that account classed amongst the brass), and played with a single reed like a clarinet."

Next season's programme of the People's Symphony Concerts in this city, under Mr. Franz Arens, will embrace the same number of concerts as were given during the past successful season: Four symphony concerts and six chamber concerts at the Cooper Union large hall, and four symphony concerts at Carnegie Hall. No tickets will be sold at the music stores, as has been the custom during former seasons. They can be purchased only at the office of the society, No. 32 Union Square East, and at the institutions that coöperate with it.

Art.

A Theory of Pure Design. By Denman W. Ross. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.

Professor Ross has been engaged for many years in the study and teaching of pure design—design, that is, altogether dissociated from representation, and consisting of the arrangement of entirely meaningless shapes, measures, and tones. His problem is to produce something from which all suggestion of, or association with, anything outside itself shall be banished, something which shall be absolute design, like absolute music; to discover the laws of design by eliminating everything which can interest or please for any other reason than its subjection to these laws. He has at length, "with great reluctance" given to the public the results at which he has arrived, and is modest enough to consider these results "inadequate and unsatisfactory." His book, he says, "will hardly be published before I shall discover in it errors both of omission and commission. . . . It is inconceivable that this, my first published statement, should be either consistent or complete . . . It is simply the best statement that I can make at this time." And he specifically invites coöperation, suggestion, and criticism from other students of the subject.

His book is "a contribution to science rather than to art," and it is written in a strictly scientific style, with numbered paragrapbs, definitions, diagrams and tables. It is not to be read but to be studied, and one should judge it finally only after making for one's self the experiments it recommends, not after a mere perusal of its highly abstract statements. For such studies a reviewer cannot take the time—his review might be ready three or four years from now—and the actual practice of design does not necessarily constitute the practitioner such a "student" of its principles as is invited to criticise. One must apologize, therefore, for such hasty and impressionistic criticism of his treatise as is here offered, based though it is on the occupation of a lifetime with the matter treated.

The impression given by a reading of Professor Ross's volume is a singular one. Each definition seems precise, each paragraph logical, and the sequence of ideas seems clear, the argument convincing; yet one goes on to the end with an increasing dissatisfaction, a growing sense that something is wrong, that there has been somewhere a vital omission. It is not that the author's illustrations of his principles do not strike one as beautiful—he has discounted that in advance—but the principles themselves, singly or all together, will not account, satisfactorily to one's mind, for those things which are beautiful. Indeed it may be said that they do not pretend to do so. Professor Ross begins by disclaiming any knowledge of what beauty is; but he says:

> While I am quite unable to give any definition or explanation of Beauty, I know where to look for it, where I am sure to find it. The Beautiful is revealed, always, so far as I know, in the forms of Order.

He admits that a thing may possess order without being beautiful, but believes that it cannot be beautiful without order and that beauty is to be found in "supreme instances of Order." "In the practice of Pure Design we aim at Order and hope for Beauty." We must consciously strive for order and for nothing else, trusting that by a kind of felicity we may achieve such a supreme instance of it as to reveal beauty. The difficulty is that the nearer we get to supreme instances of order, according to his definitions of the modes of order, the farther we get from what we know as beautiful.

The modes of order which he recognizes as principal ones in design, are harmony, balance, and rhythm. It will be noted that he does not include proportion, believing that ratios are not "visually appreciated," and ignoring the fact that they may possibly be felt. The ratios of length in sound waves are probably not appreciated by the ear, in any strict sense, but do they not produce a result of harmony which is appreciated? In this we think he is wrong, but it is a detail. Let us take his definition of the modes of order he does recognize and see whither they lead us and him. It is unfair to him to condense what is already condensed, but we shall try to leave out nothing essential.

> Whenever two or more impressions or ideas have something in common that is appreciable, they are in harmony in the measure of what they have in common. The harmony increases as the common element increases. . . . It diminishes in the measure of every difference or contrast. By the Order of Harmony I mean some recurrence or repetition, some correspondence or likeness.
>
> By the Order of Balance I mean equal opposition and consequent equilibrium, as it occurs at some moment of Time or at some point of Space.
>
> By the Order of Rhythm I mean changes of sensation . . . which induce the feeling or idea of movement, either in the duration of Time or in the extension of Space; provided that the changes take place at regular and marked intervals of Time or in regular and marked measures of Space. By regular intervals and measures I mean equal or lawfully varying intervals and measures.

Now if the first definition be true, it is evident that two impressions increase in harmony as they approach identity; the highest harmony of pitch would be reached when two notes are sounded in perfect unison, the highest harmony of color when two spaces of color are of exactly the same color. The supreme instance of harmony would be like what Professor Ross says of harmony of positions: "Positions in Harmony are identical positions." Yet he recognizes that this is not harmony at all, and that "there is no such thing as a Harmony of Positions." Likewise the supreme instance of balance would consist of two, or preferably four, exactly similar forces or exactly similar weights at exactly equal distances. In either case beauty would become synonymous with monotony, and much the same thing would hold good of rhythm, the supreme instances of which would be those of the utmost regularity. The most beautiful verse would be that with the most marked and regular rhythm, and all variation in time or accent would be a blemish.

Professor Ross feels the danger of this exaltation of monotony, at least as regards the harmony of colors, for he says:

> There is another consideration which ought to keep us from any morbid interest in harmonious monotonies. . . . Harmony is only one principle of composition in Design. . . . The principles of Balance and Rhythm are consistent with the greatest possible contrasts of Tone.

They are; but as such contrasts are not necessary to the exemplification of these principles, and as they are, under his definition, destructive to harmony, why should they be introduced? He gives no reason. Indeed, his theory brings him, at the end, pretty near the position that, in design, the less one does the better. Why risk destroying the perfect orderliness of a blank space by putting anything into it?

> When only an outline is given and we can put into it . . . tones, measures, and shapes *ad libitum*, we must be sure that in the addition and multiplication of features we do not get less Order than we had in the simple outline with which we started. . . . It may be harder to achieve Order with a greater number and variety of terms. We may deserve credit for overcoming this difficulty, but it is a difficulty which confronts us only when the terms are given. . . . When no terms are given, only a perfectly orderly outline, we should hesitate before we put anything into it. . . .
>
> I object to the word "decoration," as commonly used by designers, because it implies that additions are likely to be improvements, that to multiply features, to enrich surfaces, is worth while or desirable. The fact is that additions are as a rule to be avoided. . . . We ought to make them only when in so doing we are able to increase the order of the whole. We make additions, indeed, to achieve the greater simplicity of Order, and for no other reason. Our object in all cases is to achieve Order, if possible a supreme instance of Order which will be beautiful. We aim at Order and hope for Beauty.

This is the last paragraph in the book, the final word. Enrichment of surfaces is not desirable, additions are not worth while. If you have a wall to decorate, paint it one flat color and you are sure of harmony. Two flat disks, equidistant from the centre, will give you balance, perhaps without over disturbing the harmony, or you might make them squares to harmonize with the boundaries of the wall space. A Greek wave border, or, to avoid curves, a simple fret, will give you rhythm. Perhaps you have, so far, added

more to the perfect orderliness of the empty space than you have taken away, but beware of going any further. And make as little contrast between the tones as possible, for "harmony diminishes in the measure of every contrast." The size of your squares and the width of your border, in view of the fact that proportions are not visually appreciated, must be left to chance.

Such an arrangement might conceivably be sufficient. Without the squares, introduced to give balance, it represents a common enough condition which has a certain dignity and "simplicity of order," but few people will believe that it is the highest form of design or that it achieves any great degree of beauty. Rightly or wrongly, designers have always felt that the enrichment of surfaces is worth while, that multiplicity and intricacy have a delightfulness of their own, that contrast is as precious and necessary as harmony. There has been very little "pure design" produced in the world—very little design that has not some suggestion of representation. The best examples of it are, perhaps, in Celtic work and in the geometrical designs of the Moors. Of both these styles of design, intricacy and multiplicity of parts are the most striking features; in both, the enrichment of surfaces is the most obvious motive. Both indulge, also, in the sharpest of contrasts, the contrast of light and dark, of curvature and angularity. The contrast of black and white has ever been a favorite one, and few designers have been able to get on without the contrast of straight lines and curved ones. In the higher forms of design another element is introduced, that of variety. The great designers have always felt that a rhythm becomes more delightful if it is slightly irregular, that a repetition is enhanced by a certain unlikeness in the units, that balance is more pleasantly achieved when the things balanced are unequal. In the very highest form of design, that of the great painters and sculptors, these elements of contrast, variety, and multiplicity become apparently dominant, and the underlying and really dominant harmony, balance, and rhythm are felt rather than seen.

Here, we think, is the radical defect of Professor Ross's system. He is perfectly right as to the importance, as forms of order, of harmony, balance, and rhythm, to which we should add proportion if only as a mode of harmony. He is wrong in not seeing that the antithesis of each of these qualities is necessary to its greatest effect. It is harmony dominating contrast, balance achieved in inequality, rhythm controlling irregularity, that give us the most acute and pleasurable sensations of harmony, balance, and rhythm. The "supreme instances of order" which produce beauty are instances of order subjecting wilfulness, reconciling variety, overcoming opposition. The highest types of beauty, in nature as in design, are types of the reconciliation of law and liberty, of fate and free will. It is not merely harder, and therefore more creditable, "to achieve order with a greater number and variety of terms"; the order, if achieved, is finer in proportion to the number and variety of the terms it controls, more pleasurable as the terms seem constantly about to escape from it without ever doing so.

The degree to which the conflicting elements of order and freedom shall be admitted in design, is really a question of position and function. In order without freedom we have the lower forms of design, suited to subordinate functions. In freedom without order, or license, we have no design at all. But from the most formal design, in which, however, there is almost always some element of opposition, to the freest and richest in which the dominance of order may still be felt, we have a regular gradation. A design which is admirably suited to one position or function may be unfit for another, and the freer design, out of place, may be the poorer; but, other things being equal, the design of the masters of painting is finer, as pure design and without regard to its representative elements, than that of the mere ornamentalist, because it is composed of many more elements; is richer, fuller, more intricate, and more subtle; and because the power of law is made more manifest by the variety of the elements it controls and more pleasurable by the occult nature of the control it exercises.

These remarks are suggestions only, and we do not pretend to have reduced our ideas to scientific form; but we believe that what we have said contains some glimpses of a truth worthy of attention and study by Professor Ross, and as such we commend them to him.

The following officers and academicians were elected at the recent annual meeting of the National Academy of Design: Officers elected—President, Frederick Dielman; vice-president, Herbert Adams; corresponding secretary, Harvey W. Watrous; recording secretary, Kenyon Cox; treasurer, Francis C. Jones. Members of council—Ben Foster, J. C. Nicoll, Will H. Low, William Sergeant Kendall, J. Alden Weir, Henry B. Snell. Academicians—Paul Dougherty, Edward Gay, W. L. Lathrop, Charles F. McKim, Howard Pyle, W. Elmer Schofield, R. W. Van Boskerck, Charles H. Woodbury, William Gedney Bunce, and Charles Melville Dewey.

D. C. French has presented the Metropolitan Museum with his fine bust of Emerson, modelled from life in 1879. It was of this bust Emerson made his famous remark: "That is the face that I shave."

In the May number, the *Rassegna d'Arte* is characteristically strong in illustrations of inedited pictures, several of which are of high interest. From the collection of the Marchese Campori, at Modena, Signor Tencajoli reports an early St. John the Baptist as a Youth, by Correggio; an oil sketch by the same master, for the Cupid with a Stag's Head in the Camera di S. Paolo, Parma; a portrait of a Young Woman, attributed to François Clouet; and half-length portraits on a long canvas of three Pages of the Este Court, ascribed to Van Dyck. Naturally the attributions are *sub judice*. Small doubt will attach, however, to the wholly charming Madonna Leading the Christchild, by Borgognone, at Buligo (Bergamo), which is described by Luigi Angelini, or to the Nativity, by Gerolamo da Cremona, which Guido Cagnola has seen in the hands of a Milanese antiquarian. This carries the list of paintings by that rare Quattrocentist to four. From Gubbio is reported the discovery of an important fresco of the fourteenth century, which is said to represent the translation of the Santa Casa, by angels, under the Virgin's supervision, from Fiume to Loreto. The subject is an unusual one, and obviously affords opportunities for fine decorative effect.

Alexandre Cesarin, a painter, sculptor, writer, and soldier, died on Sunday at his home in New York. Born in Mexico, he was educated in Paris and began the study of art in the studio of Meissonier. When the war of France and Germany began, he was made a colonel of chasseurs and served under Gen. MacMahon. On his return to Paris he became one of a coterie of artists, among them Fortuny, Corot, Diaz, and Millet, and his own paintings were in demand for private galleries, though he was opposed to exhibiting his works. Sculpture interested him, especially after his migration to this country, and he made busts of President McKinley, Senator Depew, and others. He was a friend of John Ruskin, and of Marie Corelli, who made him the hero of her story, "A Romance of Two Worlds."

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Finance.

STOCK MARKET AND RAILWAY BORROWINGS.

An exceedingly violent break in the stock market, at the opening of the present week, brought prices of numerous important railway shares below the level reached in what Wall Street calls the "March panic." On the Stock Exchange there were reported numerous indications of forced liquidation —that is to say, sales of large blocks of speculative holdings which had so shrunk in value that they no longer provided adequate security against the bank loans arranged to finance them. In the case of some active stocks, prices fell this week below the worst figures reached in the "rich men's liquidation" of 1903.

For this sudden and spasmodic decline, there were three obvious causes. One was the beginning of gold exports from New York to Europe—occurring, as was explained in this column a week ago, for the first time since the middle of 1905. On the money market, it was believed that the $800,000 gold engagement for Paris, last Monday, was hastened by the allowance of "interest in transit" by the Bank of France; that institution lending free of interest to gold importing bankers, as Secretary Shaw did with government funds last year, the money which would, so to speak, be "tied up" while the gold was on the ocean. It was inferred that further gold exports were bound to follow. A second cause was the return, at this week's beginning, of unseasonably cold weather in the wheat-belt. But these two influences were undoubtedly superseded by a third—the continued large offerings of new securities by the railways, at a time when the investing public has seemed more indifferent than for many years to such opportunities.

The case of these railway borrowings has become very remarkable. Last November, it will be recalled, James J. Hill made this extraordinary assertion in regard to the needs of our great railways:

> It is estimated that from 115,000 to 120,000 miles of track must be built at once to take care of this immense business. But to build that amount will cost as much as the Civil War cost at least. It will cost from $4,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000. A thousand million dollars a year for five years will scarcely suffice. Why, there is not money enough nor rails enough in the world to do this thing.

When this was said, the market answered that, under present conditions, no such amount of capital could possibly be spared. Even last year, when the New York Stock Exchange "listed" $1,234,000,000 new stocks and bonds, $664,000,000 of that amount was merely put out to replace older securities which the companies were redeeming, and perhaps one-half of the entirely new securities were offered, not by railways, but by industrial companies. For 1907, with its disordered investment markets and scarcity of available capital even that achievement seemed inconceivable. Yet, such has been the urgency of the successive railway bids for new capital, that a table compiled last Saturday showed total offers of new railway securities, since the middle of December, to have reached the enormous sum of $792,000,000—or actually, within five months, four-fifths of the total sum named as the annual requirement by Mr. Hill. Of this large total offer, $326,000,000 was in new railway stocks, $180,000,000 in new bonds, and no less than $285,000,000 in short-term notes, mostly with three-year maturities and with rates of interest averaging nearly 6 per cent. And to these railway applications had to be added offers of $120,000,000 new securities by industrial companies, one-half in bonds and one-third in short-term notes.

The practical question of the markets is, how this huge mass of new securities is to find lodgment with investors. They are offered in various ways; some to existing shareholders, on terms more advantageous than similar securities yet give on the open market; some on an outright sale to banking houses; some through "underwriting" bankers, who receive handsome commissions for guaranteeing a sale and standing ready to take the securities themselves if the public will not buy. It is plain enough that such operations depend for their success largely upon the outside investor's attitude. Bankers who buy or "underwrite" such new securities do not expect to hold them permanently. Like wholesale dry-goods merchants, for example, they expect to clear their shelves in the coming season, through sales of the new securities to customers. A merchant, left at the season's end with his warehouse full of unsold goods, would be in a very uncomfortable situation. The banker has to calculate on a larger possibility that his customers will not buy; hence his reserve of personal capital is greater than the merchant's. That capital is as a rule already for the most part invested in interest-bearing securities; if, then, the banker foresees that he will have to hold the new securities for a longer period than he had expected, he must protect himself by realizing on his reserve of old securities.

But the only way to do this is to sell stocks and bonds in the open market, and retain the proceeds for his new investment. There can be little question that this process is going on to-day, as it was in 1903, and that it largely explains the weakness on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ad-Damîrî's Hayât Al-Hayawân. Translated by A. S. G. Jayakar. Vol. I. London: Luzac & Co.
Aus der Dekabristenzeit. Bearbeitet von Adda Goldschmidt. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.
Ayres, Samuel Gardiner. Jesus Christ Our Lord. A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Barber, Edwin Atlee. Salt Glazed Stoneware. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Beck, Otto Walter. Art Principles in Portrait Photography. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Bigelow, John. Peace Given as the World Giveth. Baker & Taylor Co.
Boardman, Rosina C. Lilies and Orchids. Robert Grier Cooke.
Browning, Oscar. The Fall of Napoleon. John Lane Co. $5 net.
Buchanan, George. A Memorial. Compiled by D. A. Miller. London: David Nutt.
Dening, Walter. Japan in the Days of Yore.—A New Life of Toyotomi Hideyoshi. Tokyo.
Deutsches Bürgertum und deutsche Adel im 16, Jahrhundert. Bearbeitet von Dr. Max Goos. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.
Die Eroberung von Mexiko. Bearbeitet von Dr. Ernst Schulize. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.50.
Die Reisen des Venezianers Marco Polo im 13. Jahrhundert. Berheitet von Dr. Hans Lemke. G. E. Stetchert & Co. $1.25.
Dumas's Le Chevalier de Maison-Rouge. Edited by L. Sauveur and E. S. Jones. American Book Co.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. The Woman. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Gibb, E. J. W., Memorial. Vol. IV. London: Luzac & Co.
Herrick, Rufus Frost. Denatured or Industrial Alcohol. John Wiley & Sons.
Hodges, George. Holderness. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. VII. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Kirkham, Stanton Davis. Where Dwells the Soul Serene.—The Ministry of Beauty. Paul Elder & Co. $1.50 net each.
McArthur, Peter. The Prodigal and other Poems. Mitchell Kennerley.
Macrosty, Henry W. The Trust Movement in British Industry. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Martin, W. A. P. The Awakening of China. Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.
Mathews, Shailer. The Church and the Changing Order. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Maxims of a Queen. Selected and translated by Una Birch. John Lane Co. 50 cents net.
Montgomery, James Alan. The Samaritans. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $2 net.
Navigating the Air. By the Aero Club of America. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.
Peacock, Mabel. Lincolnshire Rhymes and Other Verses. Louth: Goulding & Son.
Sabatier, Paul. Lettre Ouverte à S. E. Le Cardinal Gibbons. Paris: Fischbacher.
St. John, Christopher. Ellen Terry. John Lane Co. $1 net.
Seton, Grace Gallatin. Nimrod's Wife. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.75 net.
Severy, Melvin L. Gillette's Social Redemption. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. $2.50 net.
Sinclair, Upton. The Industrial Republic. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.20 net.
University of Toronto and Its Colleges, 1827-1906. Published by the Librarian.
Watanna, Onoto. The Diary of Delia. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1907.

The Week.

Speaker Cannon is the real St. George of the standpatters. He slew a tremendous dragon two years ago, killing outright a special tariff message which was just blinking in the unaccustomed light, and would have been on the helpless nation in a few days more. He killed another moderate-sized dragon, so his admirers say, in the shape of a tariff paragraph in the last Presidential message. The latest one he has killed was merely an allusion to the tariff in Mr. Roosevelt's Indianapolis speech. It was hardly more than a snap-dragon, but its decapitation gives Mr. Cannon an absolutely clean record in the matter of dragons. Heroes seldom buy new weapons, and in this respect also the standpat champion sustains the best traditions of dragon-killers. He has used the same sword ever since any one can remember. It is a beautiful but terrible weapon, made in Pennsylvania, and on its blade is engraved a sort of runic inscription which produces a magical effect on every Republican against whom its edge is turned. The runes have been interpreted to read: "It would be a mistake to set the country by the ears over the tariff question on the eve of a Presidential campaign, and would have the effect of unsettling business."

The latest view of the Philippine situation, as set forth by Secretary Taft last week at St. Louis, is also the most altruistic. We began by expecting to coin money out of the Philippines, and at the same time make the natives happy. When we came to realize that there were no profits in our Oriental venture, we could at least fasten attention on the beatific condition of our wards. But the blunt ex-Governor-General now admits that there is neither gold nor gratitude for us in this business. We should marvel at our own unselfishness. But the reasons for the ingratitude of the Filipinos are satisfying, if ingenious. Since the way to benefit an alien people is to make them as much like ourselves as climate and temperament will permit, therefore we must have American officials "for guidance." In order to make Americans accept these places, we must pay them more than natives doing the same work. Yet in spite of the higher pay we do not always secure men "who are properly imbued with the spirit of sympathy for the natives that is essential to prevent race friction." Thus, out of patronizing comes discrimination, and out of that possible misrule. The facts are no longer in dispute, and allusions to the Philippines not couched in apologetic language have grown rare even in Republican speeches.

It is a rare quarrel in which the causes of disagreement are thoroughly understood before the fighting is over. The question of the Japanese in San Francisco schools was certainly not such a *casus belli*, for Mr. George Kennan has just set forth in the *Outlook* the fundamental facts which ought seemingly to have been known to every one at the beginning. What sympathy the anti-Japanese agitators had in the country at large was obtained by their skilful use of the argument that grown men of alien moral ideas should not be allowed to associate in the schools with young American boys and girls. Going to the records, Mr. Kennan has found that on December 8, 1906, out of 28,736 children in the San Francisco schools, there were just 93 Japanese, of whom 28 were girls. Of the boys only 31 were over fifteen years old, and two over twenty. The number of Japanese over fifteen studying in the primary grades, "beside children of tender age," was exactly six. Even granting their bad influence, which Mr. Kennan denies vigorously, there was evidently no "problem" in San Francisco which the simple establishment of an age limit would not have remedied without friction. Yet supposedly reputable newspapers circulated such statements as that the establishment of a sixteen-year limit for scholars in the primary grades "would eliminate 95 per cent. of the Japanese."

It is said that the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, which was expelled from Texas, readmitted to Texas by the exertions of Senator Bailey, and has now been fined $1,623,900, owns within the State very little property on which the tremendous fine can be levied, even if the verdict holds. Very few of our Trusts clear sixteen hundred thousand dollars in less than twenty-four hours, and many would have to keep at work as much as a week. This is the period of the cumulative penalty. Law-breaking corporations have committed such a staggering number of separate offences that the skilful prosecutor assembles them by hundreds at a time before he goes to court. It is much better than some of the farcical prosecutions of other days, which ended in penalties about adequate to the offence of Sunday ball-playing. The "farmer jury" which sat at Austin had a rare privilege in adding up the penalties for the 2,521 days on which the Texas statutes were violated. But the jury really to be remembered is the one that will some day send to prison a few of the men behind the lawless corporation.

Many will feel that the reversal of the conviction of George Burnham, jr., the first of the indicted New York insurance officials to be sent to prison, will destroy the exemplary value of his prosecution. But the law is the law, and the unanimous opinion of the Appellate Division is that Burnham was not convicted according to criminal law. And be it noted that the errors which Justice Ingraham points out in the conduct of the trial are not unimportant technicalities, but go very near the heart of the matter. If the evidence he specifies was improperly admitted, there can be little doubt that Burnham's case was illegally prejudiced in the minds of the jury. This is not saying, and the Appellate Division does not say, that he should not have been convicted; only that the legal steps were not properly taken. On the new trial which the court orders, he may again be found guilty. It is incumbent on the District Attorney's office to know the law, and to secure convictions which will stand on appeal. Criminal appeal undoubtedly has its abuses in American practice, but no one denies that it ought to exist. Lack of it in England has worked injustice so often that the House of Commons is just now passing a bill to establish for the first time a court of criminal appeal. This is intended to prevent such miscarriages of justice as that in the recent Edalji case. With us, the greater evils have undoubtedly been in the misuse of criminal appeal; yet the thing to do is not to rail at the whole system, but to correct and strengthen it.

Since the year of McKinley's election, the number of inspectors and special agents employed by the Federal Government in its various departments and bureaus has been increased from 160 to more than 3,000. With these figures for his text, Chairman Tawney, of the House Committee on Appropriations, preached a sermon on bureaucracy recently, at Gettysburg, Pa. "The States to-day," he said, "seem not only inclined to allow, but in many instances are anxious voluntarily to surrender, to the Federal Government, the discharge of duties and the exercise of powers reserved by the Constitution to themselves, especially when the exercise of those powers and privileges involves the expenditure of money." It is an impressive list that he read of policies which illustrate this tendency, from the national quarantine law to the Federal investigation of the business methods of private corporations. Yet we fancy that a respectable

list could be made, by way of rejoinder, of tasks which the States are doing for themselves now, after years of neglecting them. Mr. Tawney himself was accused by the People's Lobby last winter of attempting to weaken the Pure-Food law by an amendment to the Agricultural bill, forbidding the payment of Federal salaries to inspectors already employed by States, counties, or municipalities. It was admitted that the enforcement of the new law would have been almost hopeless, but for the help of State and local machinery already in existence. The enormous increase in Federal activity is quite patent; but more of this is due to work never done at all before than to functions surrendered by the States.

"The Jamestown Exposition ought to be exposed. It is important that the truth in unmeasured terms be told about the monumental failure at Norfolk." Thus writes the *Army and Navy Register* editorially. And it expresses accurately the feeling of both services when it adds: "The army and navy and Marine Corps, including the cadets from Annapolis, are made to do duty as a side-show to an otherwise unattractive, unedifying and uninstructive conglomeration of arrested architecture and placarded vacancy." The *Army and Navy Journal* has also protested, not vigorously enough, however, to please a naval correspondent, who writes to its editor: "Your editorial on the Jamestown fizzle was defective only where you hesitated to tell the whole truth. There never was a more dismal failure than this thing. What angered our officers and made us blush for our country was the manifest intent of using not only our navy, but all visiting ships, as an advertising scheme to exploit a gang of greedy money-makers." But that is all that there has been to the Exposition from the start—this desire to make money out of the American army and navy, and even the President of the United States. From New York to Washington the fields are disfigured by Exposition signs bearing the pictures of a soldier and a sailor—but no reference to anything else.

President Eliot has had the hardihood to point out that Harvard's non-success in athletics has in no wise interfered with her growth, or her high position in the estimation of those parents who choose a university for its educational opportunities. There is Johns Hopkins at Baltimore, one of our most useful institutions. Few know or care whether it has a baseball nine or football eleven. It really has them, and a lacrosse team as well. But no one would think of travelling to Baltimore to see a game between Johns Hopkins and Harvard, if they should chance to meet. Yet the former continues to graduate excellent doctors of medicine and exceptionally well-trained students, whose object is to acquire knowledge while at Baltimore, rather than be amused by intercollegiate games. President Eliot also spoke out sharply against the professional coach. Harvard has yielded to the undergraduate demand for professional coaches in the hope of ending her long series of defeats on the water. She triumphed over Yale last year, but has already been beaten by Columbia and Cornell in this season. Not even professional coaches will, we believe, assure Harvard a full share of victories, so long as studies there are valued more than sports, and the men are not willing to make the sacrifices demanded by athletics.

At the commencement exercises of the Jewish Theological Seminary, Dr. Cyrus Adler proposed last Sunday the establishment of a Hebrew university. This, it was explained, would include all the leading Hebrew institutions of learning, which thus, instead of being rivals, would coöperate for a common end. The plan is to found a university after the German model, with the already existing theological school as one of the faculties. So far as endowment is concerned, the large number of wealthy and intelligent Hebrews who take a deep interest in education would assure the success of the undertaking. As for the teaching staff, the supply of learned Jews resident in America is practically unlimited. To many, however, Christians as well as Israelites, it would be a cause of regret that unnecessary emphasis should be laid upon race differences. The Jews have done a great deal for American education, in scholarship as well as in endowments. To Columbia, for example, they have been most generous. Several Jewish scholars of distinction are on the faculty, and among the graduates are to be numbered some of the most intellectual and progressive rabbis. At several other universities the race is honorably represented; hence the establishment of a distinctively Hebrew university would seem to be unnecessary.

The time having apparently come when neither belief nor authority suffices to keep the denominational sheep within the fold, new expedients are in order. Of all these we have seen none more inviting than the proposals of the Rev. A. V. G. Allen in his recent volume, "Freedom in the Church." His purpose is to show that, the articles of the creed having been adopted at different epochs and variously interpreted by different theologians of equal authority, there need be no uniformity among those who subscribe to it. He even waxes scornful at the "man in the street" who presumes to have an opinion on matters theological, or to criticise clergymen. So, too, Dr. Allen is indignant at the idea that when a church calls a minister it has a right to hold him accountable for the creed which he professes. "Honesty in the recitation of the creed is by no means the only question. Deeper motives lie beneath the present disturbance than can be measured by the uncritical observer." Dr. Allen writes his treatise with such skill that it is difficult to see how any churchman cannot find in it precedents for believing anything he chooses. Nevertheless, as if he feared that he had left some loophole by which somebody might indulge in the mild exhilaration of heresy, he says, at the end: "There is a rubric of the English book before all the creeds—Apostles', Nicene, or Athanasian—that they may be 'sung or said.' . . . If they are sung, they pass into the rank of the great hymns, the Te Deum and the Gloria in Excelsis, where misunderstandings disappear." Here, at last, is the heresy-ridder and doubt-dispeller for which troubled theologians have long been praying! Dr. Holmes commended silence as a poultice to heal the blows of sound: Dr. Allen's specific is a song to heal the discords of speech. If your Unitarian has trouble in accepting the Trinity, politely request him to sing those clauses of the creed, and you will make a Trinitarian of him at once. Agnostics, Turks, and other infidels can be brought in this way to a rapid and painless conversion.

In the cruel war that has been raging among nature-lovers we suggest that the animal psychologists would do well to enlist the services of their natural allies, the child psychologists—especially such as are capable of producing stories like "The Apple of Discord," in the May *Century*. It is about a small boy, who, having seen his father appropriate and devour an apple at the grocery, proceeds himself to steal a box of candy. Result: Mother, heart-broken; father, horrified; small boy, much depressed; perplexed as to what it is all about; also, noncommittal. The stern father decides to dress the boy up as a little girl, in order properly to humiliate him, take him to the grocery, and make him beg the forgiveness of the proprietor. This the boy, now also heart-broken, but still both puzzled and dumb, does; and incidentally whispers in the grocer's ear a tearful plea that his father shall not be put in jail because he stole the apple. *Dénouement:* Father gets down on his knees to small boy, calls him his "little man-child," and otherwise wallows naked in gush. There is a clear similarity between this kind of child psychology and the animal psychology which gets its portrayers elected to the Ananias Club. For example, Mr. Roberts has a story ("The Decoy") about a

wild goose, which a hunter had crippled by breaking its wing, and then tethered in a pond as a stool for other geese. The innocent decoy played his part perfectly until he discovered what it really was, and then struck, righteously refusing to perpetrate the base and murderous deception upon his fellow-geese. So far as we are aware, the boy has not been identified; but Mr. Roberts declares that the goose story is true, and intimates that he knew this particular goose personally. At any rate, we maintain that the respective biographers of the boy and the goose could fight with good heart, and, if need be, die, under the same banner.

That the English Government would drop incontinently the Irish Council bill, after the Irish themselves had spurned it, was foregone. The Prime Minister's announcement to that effect in the Commons Monday, simply shows that the Irish, who went in for a policy of all or nothing, will get nothing. Even the Irish university scheme will be abandoned for the present. This is really a severe blow to Irish hopes. Mr. Balfour has long favored the creation of a great Irish university, to respond to national aspirations; Mr. Bryce, while Chief Secretary, warmly espoused the plan; and it looked as if the large work might be undertaken in a conciliatory spirit. But the impatient Irish have now upset the apple-cart, and spilled out the university along with the Irish Council. Of course, the result is disheartening to Liberals, who have troubles enough of their own. In Campbell-Bannerman's statement Monday there was little that is either aggressive or hopeful. This year, there is to be no autumn session; the party has no stomach for a long fight of that kind. Consequently, a whole series of bills must be jettisoned. The Premier declared that he would bring in, before the month ends, a "resolution" on the subject of the House of Lords; but unless the Liberals manage to get a taking issue against the upper chamber, they may "resoloot till the cows come home" without producing any result except laughter in the Lords and cynical outbursts from Balfour. All told, the Liberal prospect is clouded. A sweeping measure of land reform may improve the outlook; but the chances seem good for slow disintegration of the Liberal majority, with steady loss of prestige.

Shortly before its adjournment, the Reichstag received from the Chancellor a full statement of all the cases of official misconduct in the German colonies, or at least all of those which have attracted public attention. All told, there are twenty-seven cases recorded for the last seventeen years. In that period, more than 2,000 military and other officers have been on duty in the colonies. In these twenty-seven cases there were only five which resulted in criminal court proceedings, and in four of them there was a conviction. In all the other instances, except nine, disciplinary measures were taken by the Government or courts-martial, and in one of these nine death saved the offender. On its face, in view of climatic conditions and the well-known demoralizing effect of life in the tropics, the Government feels that this record is very creditable. And so it would be if one could be sure that it really included all the wrong-doers. How many such escaped publicity or resigned in time, no one can estimate. Moreover, the name of a single offender may mean hundreds, if not thousands, of petty wrongs and tyrannies. There was the case of Prince Arenberg, for instance; he committed several murders and was guilty of a number of frightful cruelties. He was tried, but was acquitted on the ground of insanity, and is now spending his time in a luxurious insane asylum. The public expects at any date to hear of his discharge as "cured." On the whole, there is no special reason for satisfaction in this roll-call of the guilty or the accused.

Kaiser Wilhelm adds to his many other accomplishments skill as an artist and art critic. In a book just published in Berlin, Professor Seidel, curator of art in the royal palaces, praises the sovereign's activity in "church architecture, forestry, landscape gardening, genre painting, stage decoration, and the applied arts." If he indeed is proficient in all those branches, it can readily be understood that he has no time, even if he had the inclination, to disturb the peace of Europe. As a critic, his taste is catholic, although at times he is severe in his judgments. While he has no prejudice against impressionists, he "hates still life and uninteresting subjects which lack movement." His opinions are given at random, sometimes in the form of marginal notes. When some South German amateurs undertook to decide what kind of monument should be erected for Wagner in Berlin, the Kaiser signified his displeasure by writing "nonsense" at the end of one of the articles. Not even a Winckelmann could have expressed an æsthetic opinion more concisely and forcibly. But, if the royal connoisseur wishes to cure any German artists of the still-life painting habit, he might send them over to Washington for a brief visit.

A Lisbon dispatch last week spoke of the introduction of an absolutist régime in Portugal following upon the dissolution of the Cortes without any date set for new elections. A royal decree has been issued "granting subsidies and increasing the salaries of civil servants," and King Carlos is said "to visit the military barracks daily." All this evidently scents the fear of revolution. In fact, the republican propaganda in the kingdom has been for some time active enough to give justification for the gravest fears. We had brief notice some time ago of an unsuccessful revolt among the officers of the fleet, having for its object the overthrow of the monarchy. The present crisis began with disorders at the university of Coimbra, culminating in the wholesale secession of the student body to Lisbon, where their arrival supplied an impetus to the republican agitation. The question was brought up in the Cortes, and the Liberal-Conservative Government found itself blocked by the obstructionist tactics of the Progressist minority. Thereupon the Chambers were dissolved, and the University of Coimbra, the Technical College, and other higher institutions of learning, were closed. Inasmuch as the Chambers were dissolved before the budget for the year 1906-07 had been approved, the Government is now acting in direct contravention of the Constitution, which forbids the maintenance of more than one provisional budget. To win the support of the masses from the republican movement, the Government announced a series of concessions—an increase of salary for State employees, tariff reduction, a law upon viticulture, and an old-age pension law—of which the grants mentioned in this recent dispatch are evidently the first to be put in force.

"The sea-serpent of diplomatic reports" is the name that has been given to the project of building a railway from Constantinople to Bagdad. But the plans are now perfected, and, it is confidently predicted, will be carried out. The Germans obtained from the Sultan in 1902 a grant of the proposed line for ninety-nine years. When completed, the road will put Constantinople into communication with the Indian Ocean, by a route far shorter than any other, and which may rival the Suez Canal as a way to certain parts of the Orient. The engineering difficulties are great, but the new railway will accomplish the military unity of the Ottoman Empire, and will develop a country rich in agriculture as well as in coal and petroleum. M. Dubief, writing in the *Revue Bleue*, attributes the success of Germany in this enterprise to the popularity of the Emperor at Constantinople. When all other European Powers were exacting in their demands upon the Porte, the Emperor stood aloof. M. Dubief, while admitting that France is disappointed, thinks there will necessarily be great publicity in an undertaking so important to European interests.

THE PRESIDENT'S "PRACTICAL" SPEECH.

It has been said of the Bible: "This is the book where each his doctrine seeks, and this the book where each his doctrine finds." In this respect, however, the Bible must yield the palm to President Roosevelt's speeches. They are probably the finest examples of the wedding of opposites, and the vehement assertion of contradictories, ever penned by man. The result is that each reader finds in them what he desires to find. Another result is that they are subject to the most conflicting interpretation. Thus, the views taken by the leading newspapers of his Indianapolis speech, last Thursday, differ radically. In one we discover that the President is "aggressive"; in another that he is "reassuring." Here we learn that he is planning new and terrible attacks upon the railways; there we discover that he has taken fright at the consequences of his policy, and has abandoned it. These diverse and even irreconcilable impressions, made by a single speech, may show that Mr. Roosevelt is myriad-minded, or that he is unstable-minded; but they illustrate his method. There was never his equal for ability, in one and the same address, to dispute on either side, confute, change hands, and still confute.

Still, in our judgment, there is no mistaking the President's main drift. On his course, he tacks with bewildering frequency, and appears to be going in all directions; but, on the whole, it is clear that he is trimming his sails to the prevailing wind, and does not mean to battle with the strong tide now running. In a word, as one who classed himself with Harriman as a "practical" man, as a confessed political opportunist, Mr. Roosevelt has found that the times call for caution and moderation, and accordingly he is trying to appear cautious and moderate. He perceives that there is widespread financial uneasiness, and he endeavors to apply palliatives. With a threatened crop-shortage, he feels that the public is in no mood for rash experiment, and so he suddenly blossoms out as a conservative. In what he says about the crying need of railway enlargement, with its demand for private capital; and in pointing out that this private capital cannot be had without the prospect of a reasonable return and protection from Socialistic legislation, he makes himself almost a verbal echo of Hill, Harriman, and other railway presidents. He no longer finds, as he did in his annual message last December, that the predictions of trouble in railway financing are "amusing." They are now a sobering reality, and the President shows that he has been made anxious by it.

The net effect of the President's speech is that the times have changed, and that Theodore Roosevelt has changed with them. Of course, he is valiant in affirming that his purpose is "unalterable"; and asserts that he says now only what he has "always" said. But always is as dangerous a word for a politician as never. What are the facts? The President now declares that there has been "much wild talk" about the over-capitalization of American railways. In his opinion, there is practically no over-capitalization, since the "real value" of the railway properties is, he thinks, greater than the "face value" of their securities. But in his message last year, he spoke of "the evils of excessive over-capitalization," as if they were admitted by all; while in 1905 he mentioned over-capitalization as "perhaps the chief" of all the "abuses" which he aimed to correct. A man may change his mind when he finds that he did not know what the facts were; but it is not even a skilful manœuvre to cover a retreat, when the command for about-face is given, with the words: "All this is what I have said over and over again."

In some quarters there appears to be much excitement over an *obiter* in the President's speech. In a casual way, he said:

> In so far as the common carriers also transport the mails, it is in my opinion probable that whether their business is or is not interstate, it is to the same extent subject to Federal control, under that clause of the Constitution granting to the national Government power to establish post roads, and therefore, by necessary implication, power to take all action necessary in order to keep them at the highest point of efficiency.

This is held up as a new scheme of Mr. Roosevelt's to break down the power of the States, and to put the Federal Government in direct charge of every street-car carrying mails. It is pictured as an alarming hint of the kind of seizure of power "by construction," to the possibility of which Secretary Root referred in his much-discussed speech, some months ago. But we do not think anything of the kind will be really attempted. We have no idea that, if it were, it could be done. The disquieting thing about the President's lugging in of such extraneous matter is that it indicates a certain flightiness. A well-balanced statesman would not venture to throw out so dubious a suggestion in a public speech. He would weigh the thing carefully; take advice; consult lawyers and judges; and even then would not be so cocksure. But what Mr. Roosevelt thinks about he talks about; his half-formed ideas he blurts out, feeling that because they interest him, they must other people. This "thinking out loud," as Mr. Root called it, is an old habit of the President's; but it surely was never displayed to so little advantage as in this jaunty and wholly unnecessary offering of a judicial opinion in favor of a very strained interpretation of the Constitution.

In the main, however, it is clear that the President intended to allay the apprehensions which he has excited. The many appeals to him to say something to soothe the feelings of capitalists have their answer in this speech. It amounts to saying: "If you thought I wanted financial trouble during my Administration, or that I did not know how disastrous would be its political effects; if you thought I was fanatically convinced, like Bryan, instead of being merely bent on the advantage of the hour, you now see how greatly you were mistaken."

THE NATIONAL GUARD INQUIRY.

The investigating committee appointed by the New York Legislature to study conditions in the National Guard has practically unlimited powers. If our understanding is correct, it can inquire whether Private John Smith has been doing his duty, or whether the humblest employee in a Buffalo armory is being overpaid. So broad is the scope of its investigation that it is highly important that its members should fully realize the extent of their opportunity. Of their peculiar fitness for the task in hand we have full assurance; it is hard to see how the personnel could have been bettered. But they understand, we hope, that they would fall far short of public expectation if they should confine their investigation to the question of armory graft, or to the relations between the Adjutant-General and Major-General Commanding. Theirs is the chance to do a solid piece of constructive work—to lay, perhaps, the foundation for reorganization, and to influence Federal and State legislation for years to come. For whatever is done by them is certain to be imitated in many other places.

A perception of the unusual character of the inquiry was shown by a member of the Commission, who remarked that there was actually no precedent in this country for its proceedings, and that it could only be likened to Lord Usher's recent committee on the British auxiliary forces. The truth is that our National Guard system has developed in a purely haphazard way; its very name is a misnomer, and the functions and duties of the State troops in war time have long engaged the attention of our greatest Constitutional authorities. For about a hundred years Congress paid practically no attention to the militia; after the war with Spain it passed the Dick law, the object of which was to bring the State troops into close relations with the War Department, and make them of immediate avail in time of war with a foreign enemy. During the long period between the civil and Spanish wars, the National Guard improved steadily, if slowly, always fol-

lowing in the footsteps of the regular army to the extent, at least, of imitating its numerous uniform changes. The number of troops was cut down; paper regiments were done away with, the encampment periods lengthened, and practical field exercises introduced. In short, the fuss and feathers of the old militia training days have gradually disappeared, particularly in this State.

On account of the changed attitude of the Federal Government towards the State troops, the Sanger Commission, as we presume it will be called after its able chairman, will find, if it goes deep enough, two prevailing schools of thought. One, backed by all the influence of the Federal Government, is for making the National Guard merely a reserve for the regular army; the other remembers that these are State troops, primarily maintained for the purpose of preserving law and order within our State boundaries, or at most performing similar duty elsewhere at the call of the President, as did the Seventh Regiment in Washington in 1861. The present commander of the State troops, Gen. Roe, represents, it seems to us, the State idea. He is much less interested in making a poor reserve than in creating a body of civilian soldiery peculiarly efficient in such duties as they were called upon to perform at Buffalo, in Brooklyn, and at Croton, when summoned for strike duty. He cares nothing for brigade exercises or division manœuvres; he does lay great stress upon the efficiency of each unit, and he desires more cavalry and less artillery, for the former is of the greatest value in riots, and the latter of very little save in great emergencies.

Whether the Sanger Commission can reconcile these two theories remains to be seen. For ourselves, we sincerely hope that the State idea will remain uppermost, if for no other reason because we believe that an effective reserve to the regular army can be built up only on totally different lines. Recruiting the militia is difficult enough; there are very few attractions for the ordinary enlisted man. If the Federal idea is to prevail, and the physical standards of the regular army, recruiting will be difficult indeed, and the State will lose the services of some of its ablest young citizens for minor physical defects of no importance in National Guard service. Already there is grave anxiety as to the effects of the Dick law, which finally comes into force on January first next, and which insists, for instance, that each company must have only eighty-four men, though many of our companies have a hundred. Failure to comply with the law is punished by the withdrawal of Federal financial support. How troops in North Carolina and South Dakota are going to comply with the law—to say nothing of New York—remains to be seen.

So far as local military problems are concerned, there are plenty of them for the Sanger commission to consider. It ought to recommend the ending of the election of company officers by their men, and of field officers by their subordinates—a practice excusable, perhaps, in 1807, but, in 1907, at the bottom of endless regimental quarrels and dissensions, and responsible for much laxity of discipline. It might well decide that the offices of adjutant-general and major-general commanding should be consolidated, or that we should make experiment of a chief of staff and an adjutant-general. The Commission must not overlook the fact that the cities build the armories and the State controls them; the Legislature often making laws about them at the behest of politicians, in flagrant disregard of the wishes of the military authorities. It will find that there is no systematic instruction of officers, and that the proportion of infantry to cavalry and artillery is in need of adjustment. Finally, if it is candid, it will report that the attempt to make valuable coast artillery out of militia troops is hopeless.

KARL BLIND AND HIS TIME.

The death in London of Karl Blind at the advanced age of eighty-one removes the last of the notable figures of the German revolution of 1848-49. Kinkel, Hecker, Hartmann, Schurz, Mieroslawski, Bamberger, Freiligrath, Willich, Karl Marx Sigel, Blenker, Kapp—a whole host of others of greater or smaller fame, have passed away, enthusiastic believers in liberty and democratic institutions to the end. Here and there still survive men who as mere boys took part in what was as pure and idealistic an uprising as any country ever witnessed. But of the leaders that have now gone, none held out against the Prussian monarchy and the Imperial government more obstinately than Karl Blind. He never returned to Germany; but political events there he watched with as keen an eye at eighty as at twenty, and his comments on them in the English magazines were invariably illuminating.

Reviewed now, Blind's career reads more like a romance than an historical record. Educated at the Universities of Heidelberg and Bonn, he was five times imprisoned, because of his political views, between his nineteenth and twenty-first birthdays. Captured at the battle of Staufen, he was court-martialed and saved from death only by a flaw in a proclamation of the Grand Duke of Baden. Eight months' solitary confinement, at first in chains, followed; then another uprising of the people freed him in time to become a member of the revolutionary government; and later its minister to France. There he was again arrested, in violation of the law of nations, but after two months in jail was merely banished. By that time most of the South German exiles had found a refuge in London or in Switzerland, and from the home Blind established in the British capital he coöperated with Mazzini, Garibaldi, Ledru-Rollin, Louis Blanc, and other European leaders; for the revolutionary movement of that day knew no national boundaries among its advocates. The Schleswig-Holstein movement he naturally aided, likewise the Polish uprising of 1863-64 against Russia. The American civil war left him not a moment in doubt; his sympathies went out at once to Schurz, Sigel, Hecker, Blenker, and Willich, who were so quick to don the Federal uniform in behalf of the enslaved African. In short, wherever men thought or battled for freedom and against despotism, Karl Blind worked for them and cheered them on.

In Carl Schurz's recently published reminiscences, in *McClure's Magazine*, the spirit which actuated the "48-ers," as they are still known throughout Germany, has been well described. The names of Franklin and Washington were lode-stars by which they sought to steer their course. At the great *Demokratenfest* in Mayence, on February 24, 1849—a bold celebration of democratic beliefs and an avowal of faith in republics and their underlying theories—the world-wide character of the revolution was clearly recognized. Fröbel himself toasted "the revolution, which includes all European peoples, which brings nourishment to the starving Irish in the West, and loosens the chains of the serfs in the Ural, which makes in the south citizens of the *lazzaroni*, and brings the conception of liberty to the North." Yet an easy victory was nowhere expected. Ludwig Bamberger on this same occasion said boldly: "We cannot triumph now. An ocean of tears of blood still lies between us and the new land of freedom." When the ill-armed forces of the people were scattered like chaff by the Prussian troops, it was but natural that the majority of the leaders who survived should have sought freedom on this side of the Atlantic, little dreaming that within twelve years they should again be taking up arms for their belief that all men are free and equal.

History has not yet fully set forth the value of the services rendered by these men to the Union. It is not merely that every German regiment that went to the front had one or more of them among its officers; that Hecker, the most prominent of all the revolutionary leaders of 1848-49, commanded the Eighty-second Illinois and Willich the Thirty-second Indiana, and that Schurz, Sigel, Blenker, Steinwehr, and others were general officers. More weighty than this was the worth of their example, the lofty patriotism they displayed, their devo-

tion to the republic and all it stood for, their readiness to pay their debt of gratitude with their lives after only ten or eleven years of residence. They were not soldiers of fortune, but men of conscience, and as such their prompt response to the call for aid was of immense moral value to the Washington Government. In this day and generation, when the tendency is to restrict more and more the immigration of foreigners, this debt of the United States to some of its immigrants cannot be recalled too often.

What the loss of such men as Blind and Schurz meant to Germany, even Bismarck was able to see, and he expressed his regret at it more than once. Bamberger remained in Germany, and as a Liberal member of the Reichstag rendered services of great value, fighting always for the doctrines of his youth. Had there been more like him, it is at least questionable whether the democratic movement would have been so completely pushed aside by the Socialistic as is the case in Germany to-day. Somehow or other, if there is to be real progress there and elsewhere in Europe, there must be a revival of the moral enthusiasm and the idealism of Karl Blind's time. In their recurrence, we believe, his faith no more faltered than did that of Schurz. He who drinks as a young man such draughts from the cup of liberty as did they, never wholly loses the effect of the stimulant. And Blind lived long enough to see the first trial of popular suffrage in Austria, to witness the people of Russia stirring mightily, quickening to the old-fashioned doctrines of a popular parliament, and no taxation without representation. This surely must have revived his faith, had it failed him in view of the absence of any Republican movement in Germany, as it must hearten every true believer in democracy the world over.

WHEN HOMER NODS.

An English newspaper, in commenting on Mr. Bryce's recent speech at Jamestown, called attention to an erroneous statement therein which it thought might be due to a blunder in telegraphic transmission, but in any case curious enough to be made a text for commenting on mistakes made by men who know much better. Mr. Bryce was reported as saying that in 1607 "Sir Walter Raleigh was a man of fifty-five; Sir Philip Sidney was a man of forty-nine; Pym a youth of seventeen; Hampden a boy of seven; Cromwell a boy of eight." Whereupon the English journal remarks that "it is scarcely conceivable that any one could forget the circumstances of Sidney's heroic death at Zutphen more than twenty years earlier, or could include him among the eminent figures of the court of James I." But there are excellent precedents for the blunder, if it actually was made. One explanation lies in the existence of what has been called an "idiotic area" in the brain corresponding to the "blind spot" in the eye, which renders one strangely insensible not only to slips of the tongue, but to glaring errors in manuscript and proof.

Guy de Maupassant, in his introduction to the works of Gustave Flaubert, quotes extensively from a huge scrapbook of bulls, errors, sillinesses, and crudities which the latter had passed many years in compiling from the writings and speeches of the great men of all times. It was not mere pastime for Flaubert, but a serious documentation for the study of irony. Having shown the illusory nature of passion in "Madame Bovary," of political power in "Salâmmbo," of faith in "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," of civic peace in "Bouvard et Pécuchet," and of civic training in "L'Education sentimentale," he took delight in heaping up a monument of testimony to the weakness and treachery of the human intellect itself. Flaubert pursued the scholastic method of quotation and comment; of the scores of examples that his pupil quotes we may take one as typical. A distinguished writer of the classicist school had been elected to the Academy, and in his inaugural address argued for the thesis that literature should not concern itself with the sensational event of the moment. Flaubert quotes his words: "Did Molière, did Corneille, find it necessary to put on the stage the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes?" and comments, "Molière died 1673; Corneille died 1684; Edict of Nantes revoked 1685."

"It is scarcely conceivable that any one could forget the circumstances of Sidney's heroic death at Zutphen." That is just the point. The youngest of us knew very well the story of Sidney, wounded to death, removing the bottle of water from his parched lips to hand it to a dying soldier. Not only that, but Mr. Bryce probably knew just how much credence should be lent to Fulke Greville's account of the incident, and could point out passages in the "Arcadia" laudatory of just such acts of chivalry. But is there anything novel about the investigator of the theory of pure number who cannot subtract with acceptable accuracy, or the Shakespearean scholar who cannot remember the name of Hamlet's uncle, or the writer on rhetoric who trips up on the spelling of "queue"? Authors can never be depended upon to read their proofs well, for the reason that in the parts they are fond of, emotion, plus vivid memory, makes them blind; while in the parts they are deadly tired of, indifference makes them equally blind.

Psychologists have studied and tabulated the whimsicalities of the "idiotic area" which makes us not only blind, but deaf and halt. The specialist in palæography, proceeding on recognized principles, can thus confidently go on correcting the mistakes of some scribe of a thousand years ago who wrote *nobis* when he should have written *vobis*, because *nobis* came on the preceding line, or put "Aetius" for "Stilicho" for the same reason. There are errors of transcription which occur with regularity and have been classified under such formidable heads as haplography, dittography, etc. Poe heard the whispered word Lenore because he was quite ready to hear it, just as children and visitors at spiritualist *séances* see ghosts, and German metaphysicians, in moments of intense abstraction, drink vinegar for water and find it good.

All writers who create large galleries of portraits occasionally mix them up; or if they write long novels, forget towards the end what came at the beginning. Balzac, if we are not mistaken, is guilty of writing Rastignac when he meant De Marsay, and Thackeray was continually confounding his Philips, Pendennises, and Warringtons. Sir Walter Scott had it called to his attention by his printer that it was wrong to say "the cutler replied," because he had made that person go downstairs some time before; and corrected his proofs to read, "the cutler, who had in the meanwhile reëntered the room, replied." It was Mark Twain's bitter complaint against James Fenimore Cooper that he permitted a ninety-foot houseboat descending the Susquehanna River to take curves fifty feet in length.

THE SKIRTS OF FAME.

If we may judge of the bulk of Mark Twain's half-million-word autobiography from the parts that are appearing in the *North American Review*, the name of Susan Clemens is destined to some share of the immortality that awaits Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. The extracts from "Susy's Biography of Me" are quite as gripping and illuminative as anything in the great philosopher's ripe recollections of himself. Unless, indeed, the paternal hand has added its own touch to the material, Susan had her full portion of the hereditary humor and power of insight, and her contributions to the autobiography are sufficient to give her complete title to the rank of collaborator. On the other hand, Mark Twain's fourteen-year-old daughter, on whose memory he continually dwells with such poignant regret, could have found no more acceptable editor and publisher than her father, who has opened his pages to her as freely as the pages of the world's books and magazines are open to him.

Very few of us are in the happy position of being able to raise a monument more lasting than brass to the memory of some unknown dead, or to bring fame

to the deserving and living obscure; and those who are in the position to confer fame, by virtue of a safe and commanding place in the world of letters or art, carefully abstain from doing so. The literary professional is so much of a parasite on other people's thoughts and phrases that he dare not name his victims under penalty of dimming his own reputation. The historian's fair name does not suffer because in his footnotes he assigns credit where it is due. But how many essayists would be courageous enough to state in parentheses, "This brilliant observation was made one day by Mr. Jones, a very dear friend, who has given me permission to make whatever use of it I choose," or, "This point was suggested at dinner one evening by Mr. Smith, whose engagements in Wall Street do not allow him sufficient leisure for personally developing his very incisive views on the Spanish drama." What novelist would venture to confess at the end of a chapter that "the dramatic situation on pages 44-48 is largely the work of a kindly critic and companion, Miss Robinson, who, on seeing the original manuscript, suggested that, instead of making Venango kill Gaspard, I should have Gaspard kill Venango." Now and then a particularly conscientious author will write, "Some one has cleverly said," or, "I have read in a book that I have since forgotten——" Forgotten; some one! There is the rankest denial of justice to one whose claims to a share of the author's reputation any court would allow.

It is not so much the man or woman who occasionally utters something worthy to be perpetuated that has reason to complain. There are undoubtedly thousands of potential authors in this country at the present who are silent because of some form of literary agraphia—laziness, lack of the power of concentration, or horror of the pen. People who will talk brilliantly at dinner or discourse on deep themes during a walk in the country, fall into a cold sweat when you ask them why they do not occasionally write down the things they "get off" with such apparent ease. And their horror of the pen proceeds from a superstitious reverence which is ridiculously widespread. What! Actually see one's self in print? At the very idea of giving written form to their daily thought, that thought grows palsied with mistaken humility, with actual cowardice. "You take it and write it up"—"you" being a professional literary chap—pleads the victim; and the literary carpenter makes no bones about accepting the offer and posing as a source of inspiration and germinating bed of ideas, whereas he is only a clearing-house. Our mute, inglorious Miltons are not silent because they cannot spell correctly, but partly because they would rather play golf, and partly because they don't understand that the making of much of literature is like the making of chairs—dictated by the necessity of earning a living.

And yet, if the professional writer would but get to see it, the adoption of some such system of giving a due meed of fame to those who cannot conquer it for themselves, would immeasurably enhance the author's position. The man whose book commands attention would be welcome in every house, not as a mere celebrity to flaunt in the eyes of our neighbors, but as one in whose power it is to raise whom he will, by a kindly allusion, a sympathetic foot-note, or well-turned dedication, from the level of the street to Olympus. If Homer, in exchange for a flagon of wine and a side of roast sheep, endowed his host with immortality by placing his ancestors among the heroes who came to Troy; if Dante did not think it beneath him to insert the name of his benefactor, Can Grande, into the text of his immortal poem, it surely would be no disgrace for one of our moderns to go a step farther, and, after mentioning his friends' or his patrons' palaces, yachts, stocks and bonds, automobiles, and ancestors, perpetuate even a remark or two made by his host or hostess at a moment of inspiration.

The world at large would surely profit by having such minor accretions of merit embedded and preserved in the larger fame of those whose business it is to write. It raises the general estimation of human progress to think that for every book we have in print, ten authors thought and felt and aspired. How many charming people have we not come to know, because they wrote letters to Robert Louis Stevenson or Balzac? How many an old historian would have been lost to us, as a man, if Cyprian or Jerome, in quoting his fragments, had referred to him as "some lost Pagan"? What would lovers of all subsequent ages have done if Longinus had spoken of "a certain lady writer from the island of Lesbos," instead of Sappho?

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON DEFOE.—I.

I desire in these notes to analyze, in the light of some recent investigations, the more or less standard list of Defoe's writings prefixed to the first volume of William Lee's well-known work, and also, despite the fact that Defoe is already enrolled among the most voluminous and versatile of all British writers, to point out a rather large number of items, chiefly pamphlets, which in my judgment should be definitely ascribed to him. I wish furthermore to enlist the interest of bibliographers and collectors and students of the period in order that I may profit from their corrections and suggestions before I publish in approximately final form the bibliography I am preparing; and to secure, if possible, through their assistance access to a number of rare items, that have thus far eluded me.

Before entering definitely upon my task, I may say that, as often happens, I began only with the intention of dipping into the subject, soon found myself getting deeper and deeper in, and at last was completely over my head. If there now seems to be some chance of my emerging, this is due to the fact that I have been able to use freely many of the largest libraries in this country—particularly that of Yale University—as well as the Bodleian and the British Museum, and that I have received invaluable aid from scholars and collectors—especially from George A. Aitken, Thomas J. Wise, and Prof. H. S. Foxwell, who generously lent me manuscript lists of ascriptions and gave me access to many rare tracts. Numerous memoranda made by the late James Crossley were put at my disposal by Mr. Aitken, and fully half of the additions I shall propose are due to suggestions found in these papers. The remainder of my proposed additions fall chiefly under three heads: (a) pamphlets read without previous suspicion of Defoe's authorship, and found through stylistic analysis and the following out of a variety of clues and tests to be indisputably or most probably his; (b) tracts ascribed to Defoe in the catalogues of libraries, yet either overlooked or discarded by Lee; (c) pamphlets laid at Defoe's door by contemporaries such as Boyer and Toland, but rejected by Defoe's biographers on the score of his own disclaimers or of lack of consistency with his acknowledged or well ascertained writings.

In the case of the last-named group my acceptance of items usually discarded has been due to the fact that I have been forced against my will to come to the conclusion that Defoe stuck at nothing when he wished to evade a charge of authorship, and that he was quite capable, as his enemies asserted, of writing on both sides of any question. For about two years I preserved some of my faith in the Defoe of the biographers—the veracious and consistent and high-minded writer on public affairs, and I could have preserved a modicum of confidence to the end had it been only a question of resisting the evidence of his duplicity afforded by a few pamphlets not absolutely proved to be his. But when the application of numerous and very minute tests—which cannot be described here—invariably brought me over to the side of the contemporaries who attributed the tracts in question to Defoe—to the number, let us say, of fifteen or twenty—and when, without expecting it at all, I was led by these same tests to attribute to him new tracts plainly written to uphold causes and men he had shortly before denounced, my belief in his integrity was shattered, and I regretfully yielded to the conviction that his journalistic rivals knew his character and his ways far better than any of his biographers. I came to the conclusion also that the tradition that he had been known on occasions to write two rather long pamphlets in one day, was not a gross exaggeration. This tradition and the fact that most of the items I wish to add are tracts, few of them of any considerable length, should be borne in mind by persons disposed to doubt whether it is possible to supplement so extensively at this late day the bibliography of a writer so important and so much studied as Defoe.

It is scarcely necessary to add that I take no stock whatsoever in the notion that Defoe had a "double," who wrote in a style practically indistinguishable from his. To champion the existence of such a "double" is to set up an hypothesis no more explicable and certainly less credible than the phenomenal creative activity which has been a stumbling-block to comparatively sterile mortals.

But it is time to turn to Lee's "Chronological Catalogue," given in his "Daniel Defoe: His Life and Recently Discovered Writings" (1869). This "Catalogue" has been made the basis of practically all subsequent work upon Defoe—for example, of Minto's short biography in the "English Men of Letters," of Leslie Stephen's article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and of the critical portions and the bibliography of Thomas Wright's "Life of Daniel Defoe" (1894). It contained 254 items, and included not only the separate volumes of the *Review*, but also all the other journals with which Defoe could be shown to have been connected, as well as the works to which he made contributions. The first item, "A Letter containing some Reflections, etc." (1687), was later admitted by Lee to be Bishop Burnet's. The gap is filled, however, by Lee's accidental omission of "Due Preparations for the Plague" (1722), and the list is extended by the fact that Lee concurred with Crossley and others in attributing to Defoe the tract entitled "A brief historical Account of the Lives of the six notorious Street Robbers, etc." (1726), which is included in the sixteenth volume of George A. Aitken's edition of Defoe's "Romances and Narratives" (1895). Another item would have been added by Lee had he lived until 1895, when Dr. Bülbring published the tract "Of Royall Education," which he had separated from "The Compleat English Gentleman," edited by him in 1890. We may therefore regard the standard list of Defoe's writings, exclusive of his letters (many of which were published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission in 1897 and 1899), and of such papers as the interesting document given in *The English Historical Review* for January, 1907, as consisting of 256 items. From these, for my present purposes, I subtract twenty-three items, covering all those that do not refer to books or pamphlets,* which leaves 233 books and pamphlets for consideration here. Of these, I have read in one form or another, all except three items, which, fortunately, are not supported by Lee's attribution alone. They are:

No. 47. "The Liberty of Episcopal Dissenters in Scotland truly Stated. By a Gentleman." 4to, 1703.

No. 53. "The Layman's Sermon upon the late Storm, etc." 4to, 1704; and

No. 234. "Mere Nature Delineated; or a Body without a Soul, etc." 8vo, 1726.

These all appear in Walter Wilson's list (though he had not seen the first), and the first and last were accepted by Hazlitt. I am quite certain that the last is by Defoe, for reasons that need not be given; but I should be made much more comfortable with respect to them all if I could get access to copies.

With reward to the 230 items remaining, I shall here deal only with those that are clearly erroneous or else apparently open to reasonable suspicion. The first class is very small; indeed, in view of Defoe's protean character, I am not sure that I should be willing practically to swear that Lee erred in ascribing any tract save No. 94, "A Letter to a Friend, giving an Account how the Treaty of Union has been received here," Edinburgh, 1706. This, as Mr. Aitken has already noted, belongs to Sir John Clerk of Penicuik (cf. his "Memoirs," 1892, p. 244). But I have strong reasons to believe that No. 61, "A True State of the Difference Between Sir George Rooke, Kt., and William Colepeper, Esq." (1704), was written by Colepeper, possibly with Defoe's assistance; that No. 55, "Legion's Humble Address to the Lords" (1704), for which a certain Pierce went into hiding, was wrongly fathered upon Defoe; that No. 109, "A Reproof to Mr. Clark, and a Brief Vindication of Mr. DeFoe" (1709), was actually, as it purports to be, the work of a third party, Lee not having seen another manifesto on the squabble issued by Defoe; that No. 180, "A Short Narrative of the Life and Death of John Rhinholdt, Count Patkul" (1717), was really, as the "Somers' Tracts" stated long ago, written by Lord Molesworth—a catalogue of the errors that have accumulated around this pamphlet and the German account on which it was based, would fill a page or two; that No. 214, "The Life and Actions of Lewis Dominique Cartouche" (1722), was not only the translation from the French it purported to be, but, as Mr. Aitken has pointed out, was not clearly enough in Defoe's style to warrant an ascription; and that finally, again as Mr. Aitken has noted and as Sir Walter Scott may be held to have believed, No. 217, "The Highland Rogue, or the Memorable Actions of the Celebrated Robert Macgregor; commonly called Rob Roy" (1723), has very little claim to be regarded as a work of Defoe's. Seven errors, or eight, if we count "A Remarkable Passage," etc.; of which two are declared to be such mainly upon considerations of style, is surely a small list for so tangled a bibliography.

The list of suspected items with regard to which I do not find myself on Lee's side, is even smaller. The devoted biographer went too far when he wrote in his Introduction:

> Two things, however, I desire to affirm—modestly, but with a strong assurance: That Daniel Defoe was the author of all the works I have ascribed to him; and that he was not the author of any of the works heretofore attributed to him, but which I have omitted.

Yet, although Lee erred both in his assertions and in his denials, and although the list of omissions is probably far greater than he had any idea would be the case, it remains true that his fifteen or twenty years' devotion to his favorite author yielded results which, to say the least, make the exclusion of his own name from the "Dictionary of National Biography" a matter for surprise.

The first of the suspicious items is No. 3, "The Englishman's Choice and True Interest, etc." (1694), which is possibly Defoe's, but is by no means sufficiently in his manner to warrant positive ascription. So with No. 31, the poem "Good Advice to the Ladies" (1702), which Wilson omitted on the score of an ostensible but not clear denial of its authorship made by Defoe in the *Little Review*. Personally I am inclined to agree with Lee in believing it to be Defoe's, chiefly because an apparently reputable publisher's name appeared on the second edition, but it is very rash to be positive about the ascription of a bad poem, published in the interregnum between Dryden and Pope. There are half-a-dozen or more other worthless performances that were hawked about as productions of the "Author of the True-born Englishman," concerning the authorship of which no one can afford to be positive. Defoe was capable of execrable doggerel; the pirates of the day were capable of any sort of breach of honesty. These facts render the ascription of Nos. 69, 70, 71 of Lee's list very doubtful. They are excerpts from No. 68, "The Consolidator," and were rejected by Wilson and Hazlitt as mere piracies, but accepted by Lee because they contained a little matter not to be found in the book from which they were taken or purloined. I have seen only No. 69, "A Journey to the World in the Moon" (1705), which undoubtedly has a little new matter, but nothing that a pirate could not have added. Defoe may have been responsible for the trifles, or some of his contemporary denunciations of the pirates may have had reference to these very pieces. It is a matter difficult to decide, and certainly of slight consequence.

No. 103, "The Union Proverb" (1708), is mentioned here, not because I greatly doubt Defoe's authorship, but because no one has yet, to my knowledge, explained how the trifle got a place in the second edition of Oswald Dykes's "English Proverbs" (1709). Dykes was a real person, and the tract ascribed to Defoe appears in the book without an intimation that it was not the work of the ostensible author of the volume. In style and substance it seems to be Defoe's, if we suppose that he consciously imitated the form of proverb adopted by Dykes in the first edition of his book; but it is conceivable that Dykes might consciously or unconsciously have written in the style of Defoe. It would seem that more light is needed on the matter.

The next item, No. 120, "Atalantis Major," etc. (Edinburgh, 1711), is the first tract that brings before us here the question of Defoe's integrity. It was first assigned to Defoe by Lee, apparently with Crossley's approval, upon strong internal evidence. I have my doubts whether the evidence would have seemed so strong to them if they had known that on December 26, 1710, Defoe wrote to Harley from Edinburgh, that he had got hold of a manuscript libel entitled "Atalantis Major," which he hoped to be able to suppress. He suspected a certain Englishman of being the author, but he dared not be positive. We may be positive that the tract published was the tract he saw, and that, if he really was the author, truth not only was not in him, but for some time at least had not even been near him. If we continue to assign "Atalantis Major" to him, we must be

* In these twenty-three I include "A Remarkable Passage of an Apparition" found in the compilation, "Mr. Campbell's Pacquet," etc. (No. 203). From the communications of Alfred F. Robbins to *Notes and Queries* (8th ser. viii, 221, 349) it would seem that Dr. Ruddle rather than Defoe wrote "A Remarkable Passage"; and certainly all stylistic tests point away from Defoe.

prepared to believe that he was capable of deceiving the man to whom he had vowed eternal gratitude, and for whom he had deliberately changed the tone of his acknowledged political writings. As I propose to attribute to him several tracts which show him up in an even worse light in his relations with Harley, the ascription of this pamphlet does not specially embarrass me; but I think that in the light of Defoe's correspondence their attribution would have worried the older bibliographers. I have carefully studied the style of the performance and have nothing to say but "Aut Danielus, aut Diabolus, aut ambo."

No. 127, "Armageddon," etc. (1711), is a tract which has involved me in much perplexity. On the score of the nature of the arguments it uses with regard to the carrying on of the war then in progress, a fair case might be made out against Defoe's authorship, and I have seen a copy in the British Museum endorsed in an old hand—"supposed to be writ by Mr. Asgill." The stylistic evidence, however, is so strong for Defoe that I cannot but conclude that he wrote the pamphlet. It is worth noting that "Armageddon" and "The Balance of Europe" (No. 128 of Lee) can scarcely be given to Defoe if we accept literally the statements made by him in the introduction to his acknowledged "Essay at a Plain Exposition of that Difficult Phrase a Good Peace" (No. 129 of Lee's list). I am not in the habit of accepting such statements; Lee and Crossley appear to have accepted them when they specially wanted to take sides against Defoe's contemporaries, like Boyer and Toland. Wilson seems to have been more consistent in rejecting both "Armageddon" and "The Balance of Europe," though I feel sure from both external and internal evidence that he was wrong in both cases.

No. 152, "The Scots Nation and Union Vindicated, etc." (1714), has also been attributed to Gorge Ridpath (cf. Halkett and Laing); but Mr. Aitken does not mention it in his article on Ridpath in the "Dictionary of National Biography," and there is no lack of grounds on which Lee's ascription to Defoe may be defended. It would be a pity were he deprived of the tract, for it affords evidence that its author had in his possession a list of Scotch officers who served under Gustavus Adolphus, and this fact has its bearings on a point I shall not discuss in these notes, Defoe's claim to that famous book, the "Memoirs of a Cavalier." I may add that I have as little intention of discussing the story that Harley wrote "Robinson Crusoe," or of endeavoring to clear up a slight doubt that hangs over the authorship of "The History of the Life and Adventures of Mr. Duncan Campbell."

Nos. 160, 161, and 162, to wit, the three parts of the notorious "Secret History of the White Staff," must next occupy us a moment, for there really seems to be no ground for ascribing No. 159, "A Secret History of One Year," to Sir Robert Walpole. The "White Staff" pamphlets have been attributed to Defoe ever since they appeared (1714-15), and even Lee is compelled by the evidence afforded by their style and substance to wriggle out of the plainly intended, though not frankly and clearly expressed, disclaimer of Defoe ("Appeal to Honour and Justice"), and to assign them to his hero with a tribute to his "courage and faithfulness" that under the circumstances is truly pathetic. Adequately to discuss this vexed question of authorship is impossible here, but I may say that some points which I have gleaned from Defoe's correspondence with Harley and a specially important stylistic clue, together with some charges made against Defoe in a contemporary pamphlet which has not to my knowledge been utilized by previous students, have removed every lingering doubt from my mind and have furthermore made me confident that, piqued by Harley's rejection of books designed to aid him, Defoe, as the contemporary pamphlet just mentioned charges, added what are practically a fourth and a fifth part of the "White Staff" series—to wit, "Memoirs of the Conduct of Her Late Majesty and Her Last Ministry, etc." (1715), and "The Secret History of the Secret History of the White Staff, Purse and Mitre" (1715). The former of these was attributed to Defoe by Crossley, apparently without a knowledge of the pamphlet which led me to it independently, and a copy in the Yale Library is endorsed in a recent hand "plainly by Defoe." The latter of the two pamphlets was read by Lee and utilized in his book, but obviously without exciting in him the suspicion that he was reading an attempt made by Defoe himself to treat as mere unreliable hack-work pamphlets by booksellers' tools what he had undoubtedly at first put forth as more or less authorized pleas in Harley's behalf. The stylistic evidence in favor of these two tracts is almost if not wholly as strong as that which made Lee accept the three parts of the "White Staff" series, and, after all, the substance of the additions to the series is not of a nature to make even a stanch admirer of Defoe refuse to accept them.

No. 169, a long "History of the Wars of his present Majesty Charles XII., King of Sweden," which appeared in 1715, and was augmented in 1720, did not pass unchallenged when Lee issued his catalogue, but Crossley, the greatest authority on Defoe's bibliography, supported Lee heartily. A positive verdict in the matter should hardly be reached, I think, until a careful study is made of the materials at that time available for a biograpber of Charles XII., and much the same thing may be said with regard to No. 216, "An Impartial History of the Life and Actions of Peter Alexowitz, the present Czar of Moscovy, etc." (1723). My own study of the books themselves and of Defoe's frequent references in other places to the two monarchs leads me to incline strongly to support Lee and Crossley in their attributions.

Nos. 175 and 176, "Some Considerations on a Law for Triennial Parliaments" and "The Alteration in the Triennial Act Considered" (1716), lure us into one of the worst quagmires to be found in Defoe's bibliography. In *Notes and Queries*, 1st ser., v., pp. 577-9, Crossley called attention to the fact that in *Mercurius Politicus* for July, 1716, a letter from Defoe was reprinted in which he denied writing a tract against the proposed abrogation of triennial parliaments, entitled "The Triennial Act Impartially Stated," which Boyer had laid at his door in the *Political State* a year before; and in which on the other hand Defoe claimed as his a tract on the opposite side of the controversy, entitled "Arguments About the Alteration of Triennial Elections of Parliaments," which Boyer had fathered on Addison. Crossley accepted Defoe's disclaimer of the former tract, but could not admit his claim to the authorship of the latter. His chief reasons for this position were that the "Arguments" was not in Defoe's style, and that it denounced the Bill of Commerce with France which Defoe had warmly supported in undoubtedly genuine articles and pamphlets. He admitted that if Defoe were indeed the author of the "Arguments," the charges made by contemporaries that he was willing to write on both sides of a question would be substantiated. But, believing firmly in Defoe's political integrity, Crossley was driven to frame some hypothesis that would explain the former's letter in *Mercurius Politicus* (which by the way had *named* neither tract under discussion); and this he found in the assumption that, a year having elapsed between Boyer's charge and Defoe's reply, the latter's memory had failed him and he had confounded the pamphlet praised by Boyer, to wit, the "Arguments," with one only mentioned by Boyer, to wit, that which Lee makes No. 175 of his list. No. 176 of Lee's list, which was also enumerated by Boyer and with regard to which Defoe was equally silent in his letter, is not mentioned in Crossley's discussion, but he seems to have acquiesced in Lee's ascription of it to Defoe.

For my own part I have considerable respect for Defoe's power to remember details, but, as I have already said, very little for his willingness to tell the truth about his own writings, or for his consistency in political matters. I have found in the past few months fully half a dozen tracts that oppose Defoe's official attitude toward Harley and his measures, yet are as clearly products of the great pamphleteer's pen as most of those that are assigned to him by Lee and Crossley. Besides, a careful scrutiny of other tracts assigned by Crossley to Defoe does not reassure us as to the latter's consistency, and it is always possible to argue that in tracts like the "Arguments" written in the form of a letter to a representative of a group of voters, Defoe took a point of view acceptable to the class for whom he was writing, rather than one consistent with his utterances as a paid writer in the service of Harley. As a matter of fact, I have been reluctantly forced to conclude that Defoe defended the policy of Harley and the Tories while his heart was really with his old employer Godolphin and the Whigs; and that on the accession of George I., he gave himself the pleasure of denouncing, under various disguises, the policies and the politicians he had been bribed or persuaded to support.

Be this as it may, I have no doubt whatsoever that he did write, "Some Considerations" (No. 175); I think it very likely that he wrote the "Arguments" as he says he did, for the style of that seems to me to be much more in Defoe's vein than Crossley anxious to defend his hero's consistency, was willing to admit; and—"alas! for the rarity of Christian charity"—I am equally disposed to hold that he also wrote the tract in opposition to these two,

"The Triennial Act Impartially Stated." which, in the chastened language of Boyer, "was judged, from its loose style and way of arguing, to be written by that prostituted tool of the last ministry, D—D—F." In other words, I agree with Crossley in assigning one tract, with Defoe in assigning another, with Boyer in assigning a third to the will o' the wisp whose devious courses I am trying to follow. I have formed my opinions upon internal evidence only, for I place practically no reliance on Defoe's own statement, since he hated Boyer so intensely, that he would, I think, have been quite capable of claiming the pamphlet Boyer praised and disclaiming the one Boyer denounced, merely to have the laugh on his adversary. It should be remembered, too, in this connection that the letter in which Defoe deals with these pamphlets was not written primarily about them, but was designed to repel another charge Boyer had brought, viz., that Defoe had made up out of whole cloth the recently published "Minutes of the Negotiations of Mons. Mesnager," which purported to be a translation from the French. We shall see in a moment that there is scarcely a doubt but that Defoe was impudently false in his denial of this main charge of Boyer's, and I believe that, having decided to brazen the matter out, he concluded that he might as well hark back a year and deny Boyer's former charge, on the principle that one may gain credence in proportion to the magnitude of one's effrontery.

As for No. 176, "The Alteration in the Triennial Act Considered," and for two other pamphlets in favor of longer parliaments, to wit, "A Letter to a Friend in Suffolk Occasioned by a Report of Repealing the Triennial Act" and a "Second Letter" to the same friend, both of which were attributed to Defoe by the late Col. Grant, I find myself in doubt whether the internal evidence is strong enough to warrant a positive ascription. Certainly Crossley and Lee could not consistently have accepted the two letters, for the writer of them denounced Harley and his ministry; but the style of all three pamphlets leads one strongly to suspect Defoe's authorship. Six pamphlets on one subject within a few days—and may he not also have written "The Innkeepers Opinion of the Triennial Act"?—seem too many to saddle even on Defoe; but we must remember that they were well distributed among rival publishers and that the subject was one upon which Defoe's new political employers would have been glad to have his assistance. The arguments employed do not vary greatly in any of the tracts I have read on the subject, and at Defoe's rate of composition he could have written the whole batch in four or five days. But perhaps it is a good plan "to split even"; to assign him three pamphlets very positively, and three provisionally.

No. 181 is the already mentioned "Minutes of the Negotiations of Mons. Mesnager, at the Court of England, Towards the Close of the last Reign," the authorship of which Defoe vigorously denied. I can add little to Lee's exhaustive discussion of the questions involved (cf. his letters in *Notes and Queries*, 4th ser., v., 177, 202), save to say that internal evidence makes it certain that the author of the "Minutes" was an Englishman and most probably Defoe, and that modern students of the diplomacy of the period (cf. A. Legrelle's "La Diplomatie française et la succession d'Espagne") make no use of the book. Defoe's references to it in his "Memoirs . . . of the Duke of Shrewsbury" (Lee's list, No. 185) render me still more confident that he was responsible for the fabrication.

These are all the items in Lee's list that seem to me to lie open to any suspicion worth recording here, except one of the picaresque tracts, No. 248, "Street Robberies considered" (1728), which in the opinion of Dr. Frank W. Chandler, our chief authority on this class of writings, "unlike Defoe's authentic picaresque work, is marked by ironical humor in the right Spanish vein," and No. 252, the prose pages prefixed to Robert Dodsley's poem "Servitude" (1729). With regard to the former of these I am inclined to think that, on the whole, the style and certain features the tract has in common with other contemporary tracts certainly by Defoe warrant us in continuing to ascribe it to him, at least for the present. As for the latter I confess I am not convinced that Lee did not give a free rein to his imagination when he described how the old and ill Defoe wrote several pages satirizing one of his own tracts in order to fill out and help to sell a book by a struggling young author. The arguments Lee gives in support of his ascription appear to me not very sound, and the question seems mainly to turn on the correct dating of an undated edition of the tract. If Hazlitt and the British Museum authorities are correct in their surmise "circa 1725," Lee, who is followed in the article on Dodsley in the "Dictionary of National Biography," is probably wrong in his ascription; but I am not yet in a position to clear the matter up. It is time, however, to pass from Lee's possible errors of commission to what seem to be his errors of omission, which shall form the subject of my next communication.

W. P. Trent.

Correspondence.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of Professor Harrington on the University of Maine contained so many specious pleas that I ask leave to challenge and answer some of them. When he says that the dangers to small colleges in private hands from State institutions giving free instruction, have proved imaginary, he is wide of the mark. This socialism in education has injured greatly the small colleges both in Maine and other States, while it has done, and is doing, great injustice to the wage-earning classes everywhere. Their children in almost all instances have to go to work when they are seventeen, but the beneficiaries of the State University are a small portion of the children of the middle class of citizens, whose income per year is between $1,200 and $3,000. That is, Peter is robbed to pay Paul. President Hyde and his associates did just what was right, not only for their own institutions, but for the working men of Maine, when they opposed the large appropriation for an institution, which gets most of its money out of the public treasury. Maine is comparatively a poor State. Its industries are lumbering, farming, ice gathering, textile manufacturing in the west, fisheries, and commerce. The population of its largest city is only 50,000, while the whole State population numbers 700,000. According to the statistics of 1903-1904, there were in the university altogether 415, distributed thus among the following courses: 109 electrical engineering, 135 civil engineering, fifty-one mechanical engineering, ten agriculture, fifty-one general science, thirty-five non-classical course, twenty-four classical course. Fifteen were studying Latin and eight Greek. The institution in any one year benefits one-fifteenth of one per cent. of the population. The college part of the institution barely numbers one hundred. Yet it asked this year for $150,000 a year from the public treasury, and finally got $65,000 for two years and $90,000 for buildings.

Professor Harrington affects to deride this argument by showing that if the amount spent on the classical department were appropriated to the teachers of Maine it would not buy them each a new hat. He does not deny the principle, but by taking a very small portion of the appropriation figures out a small quotient. Let us try a fairer method. New York has just spent $5,000,000 on the new buildings of the City College, taken from the taxpayers, and thus increased the cost of education per capita through that institution 50 to 75 per cent., because of interest on investment and increase in the annual budget. Only the wisdom of the late Gov. Higgins prevented the repetition of this unjust form of taxation in Brooklyn. Now, suppose the authorities had said: "This use of so much money on the favored few, who should get their college education by paying for it out of their own pockets, is an outrage on the working classes, for whom our educational system is primarily intended. We will spend this enormous sum entirely on the grammar schools, building new buildings that are so much needed, increasing the number of teachers to pupils, and paying more attention to backward pupils."

Mr. Harrington's argument about the benefit to Maine taxpayers of money brought in by Massachusetts students reminds me of some argumeuts I have heard about the beneficent effects of a high protective tariff. He seems to think that money paid out circulates through all pockets, like blood through the human body. He says "half of the $20,000 brought by Massachusetts students goes to the university and half to the taxpayers." That may go to the taxpayers of Orono, who do not support the university, but are largely supported by it. But very little of it goes to the taxpayers of the State.

It not only involves injustice to Maine, but has set a demoralizing example to other New England States. An organization called the New England Education League apparently is trying to promote this form of Socialism in Massachusetts, and in Connecticut there are indications of a similar movement in a small way in connection with the Storrs Agricultural School. The University of Michigan alone deserves among Western institutions the approval of those who believe in justice to the working classes. It has always set its

face like a flint against free tuition, and, though one of the largest, takes less than a half million, this year, from the State Treasury. Compare that amount with Minnesota, asking for an aggregate appropriation of $1,500,000, Wisconsin $1,200,000, and Illinois $5,300,000, with a desire to establish a graduate department, a most costly and extravagant function, in rivalry with the University of Chicago.

GEORGE L. FOX.

New Haven, May 31.

COLONIAL FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read in the *Nation* of May 9 that Indo-China "represents, as yet, the only instance of appreciable success in colonial administration that France can show," and that "its loss would undoubtedly mean the end of the republic as a colonial, and, possibly, as a world-power." Will you allow a Frenchman to protest against such misleading statements? Indo-China is at present the richest colony that France has, but great foreign experts, such as Sir Harry Johnston, had already paid a high tribute to the success of French rule in Tunis when Indo-China was still struggling and unpopular. Our largest colony, the West African Federation, under Gov. Roume, has shown the most wonderful vitality. The loss of Indo-China would not mean the end of the republic as a colonial power. Indeed, ardent colonialists, like the well-known geographer, Onésime Reclus, advocate our giving up of Indo-China altogether, the future of France as a colonial power being in Africa. Without Indo-China, France would still be by far the second largest colonial power in the world, with an empire as large as the whole of the United States and possessions. The magnitude of that empire, and its commercial importance—for its total trade at present is about $200,000,000—is a fact that the French themselves have only recently realized. The English taught us that we had large, prosperous, well-governed colonies. The Germans knew it before we did. And the Americans will certainly learn it in their turn.

ALBERT L. GUÉRARD.

Williamstown, May 16.

THE EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to an article in the *Nation* of May 30, on the "Exchange of Professors," in which only one of the statements about Professor Richards is correct. He *is* "one of our ablest chemists," but he did not learn "nearly all that he knows from Germany." On the contrary, his training was entirely American in the determination of atomic weights—the work on which his reputation principally rests, and the subject of his lectures in Berlin.

He is lecturing in German; and, even if he were not, his lectures could not degenerate into "a pastime for some members of the American or British colony," as they can be understood only by advanced students in chemistry.

Moreover, strangely enough, Germany has never taken the highest rank in the determination of atomic weights, although pre-eminent in all other branches of chemistry. The great masters in this work have been furnished by Sweden, France, Belgium, and now at last by the United States, so that Professor Richards is giving instruction in Berlin which could not be given so well by any native professor.

In addition to his lectures, he has eight doctors of philosophy studying research with him in the laboratory, thus training them in the most accurate and delicate work which has yet been done in chemistry. This alone more than justifies his visit to Berlin.

CHARLES LORING JACKSON.

Chemical Laboratory of Harvard College, June 1.

MR. TABB'S "QUIPS AND QUIDDITS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Of "Quips and Quiddits," my forthcoming book from Small, Maynard & Co., I should like to say publicly that the whole responsibility—for preface, selections, illustrations, and proofs—rests with the publishers. JOHN B. TABB.

Ellicott City, Md., May 29.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are preparing the "Ponkapog" edition of Aldrich's Complete Works, in nine volumes, in the same style and size as the "Riverby" Burroughs and "Walden" Thoreau.

Longmans, Green & Co. will soon publish an illustrated edition of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius." They have also about ready the seventh volume of "The Political History of England—From the Accession of James I. to the Restoration," by Prof. F. C. Montague.

The Cambridge University Press (Putnams) has about ready the second volume of A. R. Waller's edition of Matthew Prior. In this volume are printed for the first time Prior's "Dialogues of the Dead," and numerous unpublished verses.

Elizabeth Luther Cary has prepared for Putnams a volume on Daumier the caricaturist.

We learn from the Macmillan Co., the American publishers of the series, that the twentieth, and concluding, volume of "Purchas His Pilgrimes," was printed, and in the binder's hands, before the death of Robert MacLehose.

The "Essays, Literary and Historical," of John Fiske have been reissued by Macmillans in a single volume. The same house has also issued in a single volume Mrs. J. R. Green's "Town Life in the Fifteenth Century." Neither of these works needs any recommendation to-day.

John Lane Company has brought out a new edition of H. T. Wharton's "Sappho," with illustrations in photogravure. Besides Mr. Wharton's memoir of the poetess and his literal translations of her verse, the book gives a number of metrical translations from various writers.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have about ready a new "Life of Captain James Cook," by Arthur Kitson. It is said that the earlier lives—by Kippis, Hawkesworth, and Douglas—are erroneous, and have taken unpardonable liberties with Cook's own manuscripts. Will this bring a revival of interest in Capt. Cook, who was for so long the traveller, *par excellence*?

Mrs. A. L. Wister has placed in the hands of the J. B. Lippincott Company what will probably be her last work of translation. It is from her favorite author, Adolph Streckfuss, and is called "The Lonely House." She has not done any work of the kind for about fifteen years.

There are to be six new volumes in D. C. Heath & Co.'s Belles-Lettres Series, viz.: "The Fair Penitent and Jane Shore," edited by Prof. Sophie Chantal Hart; Chapman's "All Fools and the Gentleman Usher," by Prof. T. M. Parrott; "The Spanish Gypsy and All's Lost by Lust," by Prof. E. P. Morris; "Exodus and Daniel in West Saxon," by Prof. F. A. Blackburn; "The Owl and the Nightingale," by Prof. J. E. Wells, and "Select Poems of Alfred Tennyson," by Prof. Archibald MacMechan.

Henry Holt & Co. announce a fourth edition of Owen Seaman's burlesque "Borrowed Plumes." Mr. Seaman is the editor of *Punch*.

The publication of Paget Toynbee's work on Dante's influence in English literature has been delayed by the discovery of a mass of new material.

Biblical students will be interested in the announcement that the Pope has issued a decree entrusting the revision of the Vulgate to the monks of the Benedictine order. This is the most important result as yet of the Biblical Commission which was appointed towards the end of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. Since the Clementine edition of 1592 there has been no official revision of the text, which as a matter of fact has never been scientifically ascertained. No pains or time will be spared to restore the exact text of St. Jerome.

We are soon to have a hitherto unknown work by Verlaine, entitled "Le Voyage en France par un Français." It is a voyage in the sense of literary and political criticism, and dates from 1880, when Verlaine was an ardent convert to religion. Another French book about to appear is "Avant Machiavel," the first part of "Le Machiavélisme," by Charles Benoist.

Oscar Wegelin is preparing a second series of "Early American Poetry," being titles of books and pamphlets written by authors born or residing in the United States and Canada, and printed between 1800 and 1820. It will be published in the fall in an edition of one hundred and fifty copies.

The first number of the quarterly *Bulletin of the Bibliographical Society of America* has just appeared. Bibliographical periodicals in America have been generally short-lived. This *Bulletin* has a modest beginning, the first number containing fourteen pages only of reading matter. The president of the society, W. C. Lane, librarian of Harvard University, warns the members that the success of the quarterly will depend upon their coöperation. The purpose is to make it a record of current bibliographical work in America. The greater part of the titles recorded in the *Bulletin* will be of special bibliographies of various kinds, but works on the science

and art of bibliography, works on manuscripts and public archives, accounts of libraries and collections, both public and private, library catalogues and contributions to the history of printing and bookselling, will find a place. The commercial side of printing and bookselling as well as library administration will be excluded. The editors are W. Dawson Johnston, T. Franklin Currier, and Victor H. Paltsits.

The American Type Founders Company, which is a consolidation of all but one of the letter-founders established in America prior to 1869, is bringing together at their central establishment in Jersey City a library and museum relating to letter founding and printing in general in America. The idea was first suggested by Henry L. Bullen in an article "Discursions of a Retired Printer," published in the *Inland Printer* in July, 1906. He there called attention to the desirability of bringing together in one place a library of books on printing and typefounding, and the actual matrices, types, and printing apparatus used by American printers, corresponding to some extent to the Plantin Museum at Antwerp and that of Euschede & Sons at Haarlem. The suggestion interested the officers of the company, and money was appropriated for the acquisition of such material under the direction of Mr. Bullen. As the result of only about six months' effort, the collection is already important, including among the rest a very nearly complete series of American type-specimen books. The first New York type-founder, Adam Gerard Mappa, who came here in 1791, used a type specimen book printed at Delft, Holland, in 1787. The only copy known is in this collection. Christopher Saur established the first type-foundry in America at Germantown in 1772. Jacob Bay, 1774, and John Baine, 1778, followed at Philadelphia. These three, with Mappa's establishment at New York, were merged into one by Binney & Ronaldson in 1796; it has ever since been in operation at Philadelphia.

A new section of the Oxford English Dictionary carries the slow alphabetic procession from Piper to Polygenistic, edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. As in all the sections the great distinguishing feature here is the number of illustrative quotations, showing the historical changes in the meaning of a word; which is the one supreme function of a dictionary. The number of such quotations in the present section is 20,848, against 2,207 in the corresponding section of the Century, and 438 in the Standard.

We have newly received the spring number of the *Revue internationale des études basques*, which appeared for the first time last January under the editorship of Don Julio de Urquijo. Of its contents written partly in French, partly in Spanish, partly in Basque, a large proportion relate to things philological. Of this nature are F. Baraibhar's article on the Alavesan words not figuring in the Dictionary of the Real Academia; De Charencey's "Etymologie Basque," H. Schuchardt's explanation of the forms "Dautza" and "dauntza," and the notes by Luis de Eleizalde on Vinson's "Études Basques," and the "Otoitz Gayak" of P. Mendiburu. History and biography are represented by G. Lacombe's monograph on Prince Lucien Bonaparte, by V. Dubarat's article on the "Assézat" and the "Chéverry at Toulouse," and De Vaurgain's account of the friend of Henry of Navarre, Corisande d'Andoins, Dame de Gramont. Among others items the forthcoming numbers will include a translation into French of H. Schuchardt's paper, entitled "Baskisch und Romanisch," articles on old Basque names, and the Iberian tongue, or tongues, by D. Arturo Campion and Julien Vinson, a biographical study of Yuan de Iciar Vizcaíno, and reproductions in photogravure of an old Biscayan catechism and of the "Borracho Burlado," a comic opera in Basque and Castilian by a noble of Guipuzcoa.

The last volume of the Proceedings of the Scottish Antiquaries (Edinburgh, Neil & Co.) contains twenty-four papers in all. As usual they fall under two heads: eighteen relate to finds, excavations, buildings, etc., mainly of the pre-historic and pre-mediæval periods; six to literary, historical, and similar subjects. Of the former class of contributions the most elaborate is the account of the Roman Forts on Bar Hill (Dumbartonshire), amounting to over a hundred pages, by George Macdonald and Alexander Park, and the report on the stone circles of Banffshire, by Fred R. Coles. Important, too, are Lieut.-Col. McHardy's "Vitrified Forts," John M. Loney's notice of the Long Graves, near the source of the North Esk; R. Munro's notes on a find of stone knives, presented by the Right Hon. R. C. Haldane, and the account of the cemetery of Nunraw, by the Hon. Y. Abercromby, and A. Mactier Pirrie. The less ancient remains date for the most part from Post-Reformation tomes; such are the monuments in the churchyards of Currie, Kirknewton, and the Calders, described by Alan Reid, and the Castle on the Isle of Loch Dochart, Perthshire, described by Mrs. Place. Of the second class of papers the most interesting are Alexander O. Curles's "Inventories of the House of Rossie, Montrose" (from 1693-1740), and Caird Inglis's account of John Paul Jones.

Industrial education in Austria is the subject of a suggestive report to the Department of Commerce by Special Agent A. B. Butman. The present method has been developed within the last ten years, its main underlying purpose being the endeavor to form a close connection and interdependence between school and practice. The best results are said to have been attained by those schools requiring as one of the terms of admission some years' previous practice in workshops, such pupils forming the most promising material and proving the more eager students. A typical institution is the Technological Trade Museum of Vienna, in which at a very small fee instruction is given in the chemical and metal trades together with a general education, *i.e.*, in language, mathematics, physics, etc. Absolutely free tuition, however, is given in woodworking, plumbing, carpentering and joining, shoemaking, dressmaking, and tailoring, etc., small model shops, with their attendant foremen and managers, being provided for practical instruction. The shoemaker's course may be completed in six weeks, and includes anatomy of the feet, measure taking, cutting, computing, etc. The joiner's course occupies eight weeks, during which time a knowledge of the scientific treatment of woods is taught. Legal instruction pertaining to the respective courses is given in every case. To aid needy students the Government provides stipends and scholarships. Since the opening of this institution, 3,026 artisans have received instruction in their trades. The Government also maintains teachers who travel regularly in the provinces, giving similar instruction to natives in remote country towns.

"Church Philanthropy in New York" is the title of a valuable book of facts concerning the large and varied social effort of the Episcopal Church in this city (Thomas Whitaker). The author, the Rev. Floyd Appleton, Ph.D., has sketched briefly the history of the many Episcopal philanthropic institutions, and on the basis of extensive compilation of statistics he offers suggestions as to promising lines of future activity. The pamphlet is a convenient manual of information concerning a large class of remedial institutions, which have been supported with self-sacrifice and administered with efficiency.

The "Fünfjahr-Katalog," issued every half-decade by the house of Hinrichs in Leipzig, contains in the issue covering the period of 1901 to 1905, on 2,371 pages, a complete list of the books, journals, pamphlets, maps, etc., which have been issued by the German book publishers during this period. In addition to the usual exhaustive index of subjects and authors, the present issue contains a number of new features, such as bibliographical notices, changes in the titles of periodicals, and the like. This collective catalogue is a standard work for bibliophiles and indispensable for libraries.

The oldest son and heir of Lord Rothschild, Walter Rothschild, has prepared a work on the different kinds of birds which have become extinct during the past seven hundred years. The book is to be published in the near future in an absolutely permanent shape. It is printed on a kind of paper which years of experiments have proved to be indestructible, a quality which the author insisted upon because the work is to remain a lasting record of these extinct birds. The cost of publication is computed at about one hundred thousand dollars, and only three hundred copies will be issued, selling at $125 each.

The second volume of David Jayne Hill's "History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe" (Longmans, Green & Co.) betrays no marked departure from his method in the first. As we said of that, so must we say of this, that he seems to have sought an excuse for re-writing history. It recalls the old Darwin story about giving a tired boy a cane astride of which to gallop home refreshed. If you are weary of dull annals, says Mr. Hill, let us call them "diplomacy," and then see how enlivening they at once become. He appears to be innocently aware of his logical difficulty. "Definitions," he writes, in his preface, "have their proper place at the end, rather than at the beginning of historical studies. If we define diplomacy as it now exists, we shall, of course, *fail to find it in the earlier periods.*" Hence the plan of calling every-

thing diplomacy that comes to the net. The present volume traces "The Establishment of Territorial Sovereignty" from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. The author has shown great industry in going to the sources; hut his skeletonized account of so large and long a movement is necessarily dry reading. By any other name than diplomacy, it would have smelled as much of the lamp.

S. G. Tallentyre's "Friends of Voltaire" (Putnams) consists of a disconnected series of sketches, not hound together even hy any consistent plan of reference to Voltaire. They are ecstatic expositions of some supposedly eminent trait in each case, rather than true hiographies. The suhjects are D'Alemhert thè Thinker, Diderot the Talker, Vauvenargues the Aphorist, Helvetius the Contradiction, Turgot the Statesman, Condorcet the Aristocrat, etc. By this method the modesty of nature is violated and nothing is left except high lights. We have such edifying results, for example, as this: "The eighteenth century, even if it saw any difference between vice and virtue, which is douhtful . . . "; and this "To her [Mlle. de Lespinasse], as to a sister of consolation, came Condorcet, marquis, mathematician, philosopher." In the effort to he vivid the author hecomes vapid. For some reason not readily discernihle, he likes to turn his sentences hind end foremost, in what is known as the inverted order. He uses all the little tricks hy which "popular" hooks of this kind are made. In less than three pages Voltaire is patted on the hack as "brother Voltaire," "old Voltaire," "friend Voltaire." Apart from these petty viees and the eonstant effort to awaken the momentary interest of uninformed readers, the hook has a certain journalistic merit. It ean be read rapidly, and many of its judgments strike one as sound, while still more of them are no douht sincere.

In Dr. Gaston Bodart's "Mllitär-historisches Kriegs-Lexikon" (Wien and Leipzig: C. W. Stern), we have really a novelty, whether from a military or an historical point of view. The time of the hook is 1618-1905, and we have before us the first of the six parts (1618-1702). The arrangement is purely chronological, each hattle, land or sea, siege, engagement, affair, heing presented, where possible, under the form of a commercial account as it were. Place, date, commanding generals, numbers and kinds of troops engaged, losses, and trophies, all these are clearly set forth by a judicious seleetion of type and spacing. Were this all, the hook would still command attention as a work of refercnce, hut the author has greatly increased its value hy adding tahles and excursus growing out of the suhject; for example, to mention only two, tables of losses by fire, estimation of the relative shares of European states in single wars. An alphabetical index is to close the work, the indication of sources and authorities heing reserved for the last numher, though serially it is a part of the first.

After a painful illness of several years, Ludwig Trauhe, professor at the University of Munich, died on May 19, at the age of forty-six. Already one of the foremost authorities on mediæval Latin literature and palæography, he had only begun to realize far-reaching plans in both these domains. His largest work was the edition of Vol. III. of the Carolingian poets in the Monumenta Germaniæ Historica. He wrote also numerous articles and monographs, each original if not epoch-making in character. His last undertaking was the publication of a new series—Quellen und Untersuchungen zur lateinischen Philologie des Mittelalters—which was to embody in studies hy himself, his friends, and his pupils, principles and methods that he had made all his own. Vol. I. had appeared, and he was at work on an important article for the second volume at the time of his death. Of an infallihle memory and amazing powers of acquisition, Trauhe united with these traits of the encyclopædist the delicacy and penetration of a literary critie. His lectures, while teeming with well-ordered information, avoided professorial system, and were delivered with eloquence. Not a few among the younger American scholars can hear witness also to his generous hospitality, his ready sympathy, and kindly help.

Judge William Kneeland Townsend of the Second District, United States Circuit Court, died in New Haven on Saturday morning. He was born in New Haven in 1849, and graduated at Yale in 1871, receiving the degree of LL.B. in 1874, and that of D.C.L. in 1880. His legal career was begun in New Haven, where he became corporation eounsel for the city. In 1892 he was appointed judge of the United States District Court for the District of Connecticut, and in 1902 he was promoted to be judge of the United States Circuit Court of the Second Circuit. In addition to his active serviee on the bench, which he did not relinquish, in spite of ill-health, Judge Townsend was professor of the law of contracts at Yale University, and was regarded as one of Yale's most brilliant sons. He was a contributor to the magazines, and the author of several legal works, among them, "New Connectieut Civil Offieers," "History of the American Law of Patents," and "Trademarks, Copyrights, and Admiralty."

WOMEN OF ANTIQUITY.

Woman: Her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and Among the Early Christians. By James Donaldson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.60 net.

The story of the evolution of woman in civilized society is so thickly set with contradictions and inconsistencies that a writer who is determined to tell it without partiality is practically cut off from the luxury of generalizations. There are few so determined as that, especially where impartiality is so likely to make dull reading. Accordingly, in almost every volume whose title begins with the word "Woman," we must reekon with a *parti pris*. One writer proceeds to prove from the pages of history that only under absolute monarchies have women enjoyed or can expect to enjoy even a semblanee of their rights, so that "Down with democracy" should he the war-ery of American suffragists. Another demonstrates from the same evidence that socialism alone can free women from slavery. Benecke easily explains away every passage in Greek literature that conflicts with his thesis that romantic love was unknown to literature until a poet whose works have perished, an older contemporary of Plato, Antimachus of Colophon, sat down to write an elegy in honor of his dead wife. If Benecke he right, many a page of excellent sentiment has been wasted on the parting of Hector and Andromache, and the relations of Odysseus and Penelope. Even a scholar who has no particular thesis to support—Tucker in his recently puhlished "Life in Ancient Athens"—falls into generalizations rather than leave the question open. "To an Athenian," he says, "marriage was apt to he irksome," and he offers as proof the joke in Antiphanes: "What! Is he actually married? Why I left him alive and taking exercise." This is a jest out of which the humor will never die, and for that reason it tells us nothing about the wives of the fourth century B. C. The vicissitudes of women in Greece and Rome must be gathered from the writings of men, from Homer down, and, when stated in general terms, should always he accompanied by a list of exceptions to illustrate the variety of human character and the difficulty of measuring the influence of women hy a recital of their legal rights or disqualifications. Of such evidence Dr. Donaldson is none too lavish.

Every one will assent to his account of the Homeric woman of rank and of the honors and dignities which she shared with her hushand, as she still shares them in aristocratie societies to-day. When he fell, his lot was death, and hers slavery; the etiquette that made her follow her conqueror must have been due to her own preference for survival at any cost, and we need not shed more tears for Andromache than for Hector. So much for the woman of rank as we see her on the surface, that is, as men envisaged her when they gave us the charming picture of Nausicaa's domestie tastes, and ignored any posihle justification for Clytemnestra's vengeance on the cruel and unfaithful Agamemnon. Dr. Donaldson, like so many others, omits all that one may read hetween the lines: the humiliation of women of rank hy the ever-present and always more beautiful eoncuhine, and all the other drawhacks to home life that may he assumed in that half-civilized military society. What was the treatment of women of the lower class we ean only eonjecture.

Under the Athenian repuhlic any free male citizen was more important than any woman. Dr. Donaldson's explanation is that the men of Ionian descent who made Athens the glory that was Greece, kept up their race traditions and regarded their wives with an almost Oriental eye, whereas the Lesbians and Dorians allowed them far greater freedom. An Athenian woman must not be seen or heard except at religious festivals, of which frequent opportunities they ohviously made good use. Nevertheless, the wife's dowry stayed with her, even when she was repudiated hy her hushand; and we may say in passing that the relation of a woman to her dowry throws only a misguiding light on her social position and influence in Greece and Rome. Considered strictly according to her legal status, the married woman at Athens was a being

so incapable that, should she give her husband a piece of advice, and should he take it, his action on it was set aside by the law. Her husband could repudiate a woman if she drank a single glass of wine. Are we therefore to generalize about the temperance and humility of the average Athenian wife? We might as well suppose that the picture in Xenophon of the young wife who, "once tamed," was devoted to her duties, is a realistic portrait. Against it we may set the only Athenian wife of classical times of whom we know anything definite, Xanthippe, the scold, or the matrons of the "Ecclesiazousæ" of Aristophanes, who storm the Assembly like modern suffragists only with a good deal more strategy and success. Never can you measure the actual influence of woman by her legal status. Let us hope that the historian two thousand years hence will be judicious enough to prefer the evidence of contemporary fiction, and to apply to this age Dr. Johnson's saying that nature has given so much power to woman that the law cannot afford to give her more. It is unfortunate that we know so little about the woman's rights movement in fifth and fourth century Athens, and can only see its reflection in two scurrilous comedies of Aristophanes, in the "Republic" of Plato, and in the tradition that Aspasia tried to rouse Athenian wives to a sense of their oppressed condition. Aspasia, like Xanthippe, always serves to round a period. She belonged to a class that enjoyed peculiar consideration. For one Athenian wife—and she, like Xerxes, owes her vogue partly to the fact that her name begins with X and was almost indispensable to educational alphabets—we know the names and histories of half a dozen charming and witty courtesans. They at any rate were educated to discuss literature and politics with men, and so saved Athens from the reproach of those moderns for whom the salon represents the fine flower of human intercourse. Still, we need a good deal of explanation and reassurance by Platonists when we find Socrates advising one of these ladies how best to succeed in her profession.

The Greeks who settled in Egypt after the death of Alexander found there an aristocratic society in which women enjoyed a scandalous freedom, making contracts in their own names, owning property, and allowed equal legal status with their husbands. The country of the Cleopatras was, not, indeed, likely to impose restrictions on women. In Rome we find the same story. Women had less acknowleged freedom under the Republic, more under the Empire. For five hundred years after the founding of Rome there was no case of divorce. But the example of Cato, that model of austere morals, who divorced his wife that she might marry a friend, and remarried her when she was enriched by the friend's death, or of Cicero, who put away his wife because he wanted a new dowry, shows that if we want to illustrate the amazing ease and frequency of Roman divorce we need not wait for the Empire. Divorce implied no disgrace, and it would be hard to parallel in America the case of the Roman matron who found herself the twenty-first wife of her twenty-third husband.

The influence of the Christian Church did more than any legal code has ever achieved to deprive women of property and liberty. It was reserved for a bishop in the sixth Christian century to decide that woman has no soul, and is therefore not a human being. It is unnecessary to dwell on the influence of St. Paul in planning the rôle of the Early Christian woman. Her part was to be the chief cause of sin, and to avoid and humiliate her was the sure mark of the saint.

The Principal of St. Andrews wrote these essays for the *Contemporary Review* many years ago, but his statements were based on sound scholarship, and were made with unusual caution, so that he could publish them in book form with the addition here and there of footnotes embodying certain modern discussions. Besides this he has added some sixty pages of loose notes on the debates that still rage about the persons of Sappho and Aspasia or the precise relation of the "Ecclesiazousæ" of Aristophanes to the "Republic" of Plato. He has not attempted to make an organic whole of the work, but it contains material that will be useful to the writer who may some day give us what so far does not exist in English—a detailed history of woman down to the sixth century A. D. Dr. Donaldson's bibliography is fairly complete, and the book has a good index.

CURRENT FICTION.

Alice-For-Short. By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The reviewer, who, some six months ago, was expressing his delight in "Joseph Vance," had not the courage to predict that it would give equal delight to a large number of people. He hugged to his bosom, perhaps, a sense of special privilege, and listened with surprise to the general chorus of lay praises, which was shortly to be heard, and which continued to be swelled by voices from the most improbable quarters. It was evidently foolish of him to imagine himself alone in the revolt against the modern mode of fiction, marked by a hard polish, a studied impersonality, a brilliant inconclusiveness. "Joseph Vance," with its full-blooded people, its unabashed sentiment, its life-like inconsecutiveness, its endless delightful talky-talky, won back for us fathers and grandfathers of to-day the dear atmosphere of that world of fiction in which we were reared, and which seemed almost to have become a dead and cold world. If one were to trace the origins of Mr. De Morgan's method in an ungenerous spirit, it might be made to appear a small thing. This is Dickens, that is Thackeray, yonder is a hint of the Du Maurier stepping-stone. Very well: there is no manner of doubt as to the school to which this new-old craftsman belongs; the important fact is that he belongs to it, and does not merely hang upon its heels. Of "Alice-for-short" it may be said, at least, that it is sure to retain for its author the friends which "Joseph Vance" made for him. It is not so good as its predecessor; along the same vein though it be, its ore is of inferior grade. There is no denying that Mr. De Morgan's humor now and then degenerates into mere facetiousness, or that his familiar prolixity becomes at times pure garrulousness. More than one expectant reader, to our knowledge, was rebuffed by the Dickensish extravagance of the opening chapters of "Joseph Vance"; in "Alice-for-short" the test of endurance is greatly extended. Yet one cannot help liking M. De Morgan, even when he is most trying.

The plot of this second book is much more elaborate than that of the first; opinions will probably differ as to whether or not it is a little in the way. Involving, as it does, the lapse of something like a century and a half, and devolving with the utmost imaginable leisureliness, it may well be a discommodity to the restive reader. Spooks are involved in its unravelling, hidden treasures, a jug, a ring, a manuscript—several manuscripts—and an old lady resuscitated in the nick of time after fifty years of inanition. Nothing, of course, is told straightforwardly; and when the promising moment arrives for this or that culminating scene, it is dismissed with a negligent word or two. Very likely fifty pages follow which do not advance the story by an inch; it is all very irritating and pleasant. The writer has, we should say, a sensitive conscience in the matter of plot—a desire to give the reader his money's worth of that staple—but an instinctive contempt for it for its own sake. What really interests him is his persons, and his talk about them. The setting of the story and the general situation are much like that of its forerunner—one is tempted to say progenitor. Little Alicia Kavanagh, Alice-for-short, is a sort of feminine Joseph Vance; a forlorn waif, adopted into a wealthy middle-class family, after the malodorous death of her dingy and drink-sodden parents. Her initial rescuer is a son of said family, a spectacled pseudo-artist and Bohemian, whose studio chances to be in the house supposed to be cared for by the malodorous and fated pair. Of course he marries Alice in the end; that can be foreseen from the outset by any one with half an eye; but the game is to put off that happy and obvious consummation till further notice; to strew obstacles, real or imaginary, in the path of true love, and to keep us amused in the meantime with excursions into the past and alarms in the present.

It is largely for the sake of this (eventually) happy pair that we sit so contentedly through the somewhat long performance. The other Dramatis Personæ are, with three or four exceptions, hardly more than supernumeraries, comic or other. Above all, one misses the sturdy ballast of such a figure as that of Christopher Vance. With our elaborate plot, if the leading lady and gentleman are not sufficient for us, we must content ourselves. And this plot, when one has with some pains made it out from the long series of casual conversations which are Mr. De Morgan's substitute for narrative, one may fairly keep to himself. Enough for any true Briton or cousin of Britons that it satisfactorily proves the gentle birth of Alice, the drunken tailor's daughter.

Of the story teller in the happiest aspect of his exuberant mood we cannot resist giving a single exhibit, in the form of a description of a century-old mezzotint:

It was a lady—such a lady!—As far as her head and arms went, she was inoffensive, if elegant, and seemed more than contented with herself. But when she got to her waist, which she did very quick, as it was tucked under her chin, she began to boom, and only subsided during her stock-

ings. However, elegance resumed its sway at her feet; although they would certainly have been larger had we been consulted.

The Pickwick Ladle and Other Collectors' Stories. By Winfield Scott Moody. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Moody's little sketches of two hardened bric-à-brac hunters are entirely readable and pleasant, not only for collectors, but for unenlightened persons to whom all hall-marks look much alike, and who view *orange-peel* surface, *famille rose, famille verte,* and *Sung* cloisonné as so many cryptic and meaningless terms. Each story breathes an agreeable leisure, and the thread of the Wyckoffs' adventures among the antique dealers is enriched by a shrewd characterization of the dealers themselves, from Dirck Amstell, the honest Dutchman, to a proud representative of Du Val upon Fifth Avenue. In one of the best of the stories there is a three-sided match of wit engaged in by a dealer, a newspaper man, and a railway magnate; and there can be no better example of Mr. Moody's idealism than the fact that his dealer does not come off winner. The pleasant surprise of the stories as a whole is that, treating of the infinitely small, they constantly broaden into a larger perspective. The history of a *famille rose* platter gains distinct interest when it touches upon the Peace of Portsmouth and the Chinese in New York. And, although the basis of the volume is bric-à-brac, neither old china nor old silver is for a moment allowed to obscure the picture of two ardent monomaniacs happily ravaging their New York for hidden treasure.

Prophet's Landing. By Edwin Asa Dix. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An ingenuous rural tale, with a moral. The landing is a little village on a New England river, which has derived its name from a line of resident hereditary seers, who have for generations found honor in their own country. Whenever any crisis of the first moment has come to the nation or the community, one of them has been inspired to lift his voice for the right. The crisis in this instance is the dominance of unprincipled commercialism. The protagonist is the keeper of a village store. His father, a conscientious and amiable man, has been content with a limited field and a moderate profit, and while he lives the son, presently a partner, seems also content. After his death, however, the son is gradually moved to expand the business, at first by legitimate means and without injuring others. Eventually, as he finds himself succeeding, he becomes less scrupulous and more grasping, till by ruthless underselling, and the acquisition of special railroad privileges, he develops a department store which closes all the other shops in the village. He founds a larger establishment in a larger town, still prospers, and in time gets himself nominated for governor. Meanwhile, as one of the managers of a new local railroad, he has so manipulated the stocks as to ruin half the country-side. After his nomination the prophet calls the people together, and denounces the shopkeeper not only as an individual, but as representative of the greatest danger which the country now has to face. The culprit, who is present, acknowledges his fault, gives up his pursuit of the governorship, and determines to make restitution, as far as may be possible, for all his acts of double-dealing and oppression. A good, obvious tract, which might be more serviceable than literature of a higher order, if it could conceivably be held before the eyes of the wicked shopkeeper and the wickeder railroad man.

The Spider, and Other Tales. By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Third in a series of translations from Carl Ewald put forth by Scribners, this little book of fables deserves to be added to the permanent library of childhood. Fables they are, though in the form of studies of animal life; but they are not, like the present American type of "nature"-story, concerned with human beings masquerading as animals. Ewald's creatures are not even individualized to the point of the "Ugly Duckling." Yet though the common experience of the given type is his theme, his way of recording that experience is in one respect like Andersen's. We are all mortal, he seems to say, and there is meaning for us humans in these simple annals of spider, bee, and dragon-fly.

"Hurrah," cry the ichneumons, as they come into the world. "Now it's only a question of finding a caterpillar for our young. Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost: such is nature's law. We are nature's police: we see to it that things keep their balance. It would be a hideous world, indeed, if it were full of caterpillars." . . . "Or of ichneumon-flies," piped the swallow, and gulped down a mouthful of them as he spoke.

Most of the lessons, if we are to take them as lessons, are stern ones; but there is no trace in the volume of the brooding melancholy which renders Andersen a not altogether desirable companion for a sensitive child.

Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1770-1772, and 1766-1769. Edited by John Pendleton Kennedy. 2 vols., Richmond.

The State Library Board of Virgina has undertaken a valuable work in the republication of the Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia from 1776 back to the first House of Burgesses of 1619, the first legislative Assembly that ever met on this continent. The first volume, containing the records from 1773 to 1776, was issued in 1905, and has already been noticed in the *Nation* of August 17, 1905. In 1906 two volumes were issued, containing the records from 1770 to 1772, and from 1766 to 1769, the latter of which has just reached the subscribers.

Each volume is furnished with a suitable Introduction by the State librarian, John P. Kennedy. That prefixed to the volume 1770-1772 notices the treaties made with the Indians for the settlement of boundary lines, and the objections made by the military men, especially by Col. George Washington, to the grant of 1,350,000 acres to the Ohio Company in the section recently ceded by the Indians to Virginia. One reason for the objection was that many grants of land to soldiers for services in the Indian wars had been made in that section. This matter was settled, however, by the Ohio Company, for "George Mercer, the agent for this company in London, writing to Washington, December 18, 1770, advised him that the 200,000 acres claimed by officers of the Virginia troops had been accepted by the company as valid, and that their rights should be respected." A matter of more general interest noticed in the Introduction is the association entered into on June 22, 1770, "by the Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, and the Body of Merchants assembled in this City," *i. e.*, Williamsburg, forbidding the importation of many specified articles "until the act of Parliament which imposes a duty on tea, paper, glass, and painters' colours, be totally repealed, etc." The document is given in full, with the names of 164 signers; but the agreement "was not as effective as desired," as may be seen from the letter of Gov. Nelson to Lord Hillsborough of December 19, 1770.

The Introduction to each volume begins with a brief bibliography stating where original printed copies of the Journals may be found. In the bibliography of the volume just published, 1766-1769, it is stated that the Journal for 1766 was in the British Record Office; those for 1767 and 1768 were among the Board of Trade Papers of North Carolina, the former having "apparently escaped the attention of all bibliographers to date"; the only printed copy of the Journal for 1769, first session, has turned up in the Library of Congress; and for the second session of 1769 copies of the Journal exist in the Library of Congress, the Philadelphia Library Company, and the Virginia State Library. It is still true that we often search far for what lies near at hand. The Library of the Maryland Historical Society contains in one volume, printed in colonial type and bound in ancient style, Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia for 1763, May 19 to 31 (pp. 1 to 31); for 1764, October 30 to December 21 (pp. 3 to 98); for 1765, May 1 to June 1 (99 to 154); for 1766, November 6 to December 16 (3 to 77); and for 1767, March 12 to April 11 (78 to 136)—five complete sessions in all. The last two sessions of this volume correspond to the first two sessions of the volume of Journals just issued by the Virginia State Library Board. The Maryland Historical Society may, therefore, contribute something to the bibliography appearing in these volumes. The Society acquired this volume by purchase on August 7, 1880, but its previous history is unknown to the reviewer.

The year 1766 was marked by the death on May 11 of John Robinson, Speaker of the Burgesses and Treasurer of the Colony, and by the subsequent discovery of a discrepancy in his accounts amounting to over £100,000. This matter is treated at length in the Introduction, and it greatly affected the Colony. The committee appointed to examine into the state of the public treasury presented a report on April 9, 1767. The Assembly directed that the treasurer's estate be sold to meet the indebtedness. His action was regarded as a breach of trust, "but many condoned the offence upon the ground that the colony was on the verge of financial ruin."

Further treaties with the Indians in respect to lands and boundaries are no-

ticed at length in this Introduction, such as those signed at Hard Labour on October 17, 1768, and at Fort Stanwix November 5, 1768.

The first session of 1769, beginning May 8, was distinguished by the passage of the noted resolutions of May 16, which caused its dissolution on the following day by Gov. Botetourt (miswritten Fauquier in the Introduction). The tenor of these four resolutions may be seen from the first one, which was as follows:

Resolved, Nemine Contradicente. That the sole right of imposing taxes on the inhabitants of his Majesty's Colony and Dominion of Virginia, is now, and ever hath been, legally and constitutionally vested in the House of Burgesses, lawfully convened according to the antient and established Practice, with the Consent of the Council, and of his Majesty, the King of Great Britain, or his Governor for the time being."

The Assembly was dissolved on May 17 in the usual curt form:

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, I have heard of your Resolves, and augur ill of their Effect. You have made it my duty to dissolve you; and you are dissolved accordingly.

This action of the Governor did not, however, prevent the Assembly from immediately meeting under the presidency of the late Speaker as Moderator and appointing a committee to draw up regulations for the formation of a non-importation association. The full report of the committee, signed by eighty-nine of "the principal Gentlemen of the Colony then present," is given in the Introduction. After the business in hand was finished, with due courtesy toasts were drunk to the King, the Queen, and Royal Family, Lord Botetourt, a speedy and lasting union between Great Britain and her colonies, the constitutional British Liberty in America, and all true Patriots, the Supporters thereof, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Shelburne, and Col. Barré—all being friends of America—the late Speaker, the Treasurer of the Colony, and the *Farmer and Monitor*—thus evincing the true spirit of the colony.

The editor remarks in the concluding paragraphs of his Introduction that "the strenuous life of the Assembly from the repeal of the Stamp Act to 1770 was not without its ill effects upon the Colony," and he states that "the personnel of the Burgesses remained practically the same during that period, except in the ranks of those who opposed the Stamp Act resolutions." This volume is printed in the same handsome style as the preceding, but it needs more careful proof-reading.

Sixty-five Years in the Life of a Teacher, 1841-1906. By Edward Hicks Magill, ex-President of Swarthmore College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

Whittier, in 1873, wrote to a friend in Philadelphia: "Does thee know, I think the old Quaker settlements of Chester, Bucks, Delaware, and Lancaster Counties forty years ago were nearer the perfection of human society than anything I have since seen? . . . It is greater than St. Paul's Roman citizenship to have been born in such a community." It was from such a community that ex-President Magill came. He was born in Bucks County, in the fertile Delaware valley, in a typical Quaker family; a household sober, steadfast, and demure. His parents held the Quaker rule, and stood firmly for anti-slavery and like reforms; they were among the earlier advocates of temperance, excluding even cider from the table. The boy was taught at first in the home, then passed on to the district school, and to the ancient Friends' boarding-school at Westtown, in Chester County. His portrayal of the happy, almost arcadian, life at this renowned old academy is all too brief.

First experience in what was to be his profession came to the author at the age of sixteen, when he found himself in charge of a class in the loft of his father's wagon-house, instructing boys and girls, at three cents per day each, in the old-time studies of the period. Here amid the rustling of quill pens, and "ciphering" on slates, and other primitive activities, the young teacher laid the foundations of those methods whereby he has helped to revolutionize the art of teaching. He decided that the way to a boy's heart is not through the application of the birch or the ferrule; the generations of students of Swarthmore who have known Dr. Magill's ever-kindly governance will here recognize the man's characteristic quality. Nor does his friendly and older-brotherly manner find surer witness than in his statement, that "from the opening of the school I engaged with my pupils in games of ball, snowballing, etc., during the recess, just as one of them, but was careful to put on the serious and resolute schoolmaster's face when I rang the bell for them to reassemble." It all recalls Whittier's vivid picture of the well-loved country teacher in "Snow-Bound."

Returning to his studies after various difficulties in his earlier teaching, Dr. Magill matriculated at Yale, but in a year passed on to Brown University, his progressive spirit attracted by President Wayland's "new college system." He received his degree at Brown in 1852, and for seven happy years was principal of the Providence Classical High School. Then for eight years he served as sub-master in the Boston Latin School. The chapter on this last-named position is one of the liveliest in the book; Dr. Gardner, the able principal, was of the old-fashioned tribe of learned but lashing masters, whose methods our kindly Quaker felt not wholly disposed to follow. But from Dr. Gardner was adopted the formula of those three requisites of a good teacher which as president of Swarthmore we have often heard Dr. Magill urge upon us—first, integrity; secondly, power of control; and thirdly, knowledge of the subject to be taught.

Swarthmoreans will read with keenest interest the latter half of the volume, wherein is seen the upbuilding of the Friends' co-educational college as described by the man who more than any other has brought Swarthmore to its present condition. Very characteristic are his word portraits of his colleagues of the faculty, and his generous pictures alike of his supporters and critics on the board of managers. The modesty of the narrative, its blended humor and gravity, are characteristic of the venerable teacher who at eighty-two still possesses much of the buoyancy and sunshine that carried him through the trials incident to the presidency of a struggling young college. In 1890 he retired from his leadership, taking with him the gratitude of all Swarthmoreans, as expressed in a resolution of the board of managers, for "the ability, the diligence, the devoted enthusiasm to the college service, the faithful and zealous conduct of affairs, which for eighteen years have marked [his] administration."

Taken as a human document, this autobiography has something of the charm and flavor of the old-time Quaker journals, their unconscious wholesomeness and delightful naïveté. It is the portrait of the finer type of Quaker character still happily existent among us. The teacher who carried to his early work the precepts of a wise mother, as told in his opening pages, cultivated through life a blended spirituality and daily practical ability, which made of him, as was said of Sir Henry Wotton, "one who, living in the world, and a master of its ways and courtesies, was yet never of it."

Nelson's Encyclopædia. Edited by Frank Moore Colby and George Sandeman. Vols. XI. and XII. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

This Encyclopædia is now complete, and it is possible fairly to estimate its value as a work of reference. It may be said at the outset that the promise held out in the earlier volumes has been more than fulfilled. The later volumes are freer of errors, and in every way more carefully done than the earlier ones. This, to be sure, can be said as truly of almost every encyclopædia, and its effectiveness as a criticism naturally depends largely on the quality of the first volumes published. Specifically in regard to "Nelson's" the Americanization of the original English text on which the work is based appears to have been done with much more thoroughness and discrimination as the work progressed. And from any point of view the original English work was a good foundation to build on.

There is no question but that this Encyclopædia will take high rank as a reference work, not only because of its conciseness, and the unusual scope and number of the topics treated, but because of the really excellent quality of a large proportion of its articles. To be sure, in many instances the extreme brevity of treatment is disappointing, and even annoying, but the important omissions are few, and no work that we have seen, pretending to cover the same field, with the same limitations of space, has quite achieved its standard of accuracy and usefulness. Almost without exception, works of a similar degree of compression and comprehensiveness have entirely lacked originality; have been indeed merely boiled-down outlines of larger works, the output of a number of fluent hack writers, without any special knowledge of the subjects they are set to work upon. It is a simple matter to test and trace work of this sort by reference to older encyclopædias. An examination of "Nelson's" text shows that it largely escapes this fault, and bears every mark of originality and individuality. Without any great pretension to literary quality, there are, nevertheless, included many articles of scholarly and literary merit. There is nothing to tell who

wrote each article, but the editors have provided a separate list of contributors, from which it appears that the longer articles are largely the work of specialists, or recognized authorities in their respective fields.

Specific errors have been pointed out in previous notices of the work. In general, the most obvious faults appear to be (1) too great a condensation resulting sometimes in vagueness, but oftener in a failure to bring out properly the comparative importance or real significance of facts and events, (2) a lack of proportion from which no encyclopædia is ever free, but which is here possibly more marked as a result of its bi-national origin, and (3) too great emphasis on matters of current or contemporary interest, both as to text and illustration. It should, however, be noted that this latter fact is responsible for one characteristic that in some respects adds to rather than detracts from its value; this is the unusually full treatment of topics of a popular scientific character, which will probably appeal to a majority of those who will make use of the work. The inclusion of many articles and biographies of another sort, some of which have been referred to in previous notices, cannot be so well defended. It remains to be said that the inclusion of this mass of contemporary material has apparently been accomplished without any very great sacrifice of classical, literary, or philosophical articles, although the editors expressly announce that such have been intentionally subordinated to subjects of current interest.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this subordination more strikingly shown than in the matter of illustrations. These, as we have before remarked, leaving out all questions of the appropriateness of many of them in a work of this sort, are, as a whole, poor, and the method of printing them with the text on the back—an obvious space-saving device—makes them appear even worse than they are. The maps, too, are ridiculously inaccurate, an examination showing numerous errors of location and distances, with rivers and lakes misplaced and towns and cities miles from where they ought to be. No great reliance should therefore be placed on the atlas features of the work.

The Epistle of St. Jude and the Second Epistle of St. Peter. By J. B. Mayor. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

The apparent purpose of the Cambridge scholars Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort to comment on the entire New Testament was unfortunately not realized. Even with the supplementary notes, posthumously published, of Lightfoot on the Pauline Epistles, Hort on First Peter I., 1-II., 17, and Westcott on Ephesians, great tracts remained untouched—the Synoptic Gospels, Acts, Pastoral Epistles, James, Second Peter, Jude, and Revelation. Dr. Swete, however, in his commentaries on Mark (1898), and Revelation (1906), and Dr. Mayor, in his commentary on James (1897), and in the present volume on Jude and Second Peter are ably filling up in part what is lacking in the achievement of the Cambridge school. It is characteristic of this school that questions of literary criticism are secondary to philological and textual considerations. As Dr. Swete in his commentary on the Apocalypse of John tends to minimize the profitableness of the search after literary sources, so Dr. Mayor, while conceding that Second Peter drew from Jude, thinks that it is "superfluous to consider theories which suppose Second Peter to be made up of two independent epistles." The position taken in this volume is confessedly about the same as that of Dr. Chase in his articles on Peter and Jude in Hastings's "Bible Dictionary." The position to which Dr. Mayor has come is this: Jude is prior to Second Peter, was written nearer 80 than 70 A. D., and is the work of Jude, the brother of the Lord. This theory, it may be said in passing, was regarded even by Von Soden, in 1893, as not impossible, and may be called the generally accepted conservative view. Second Peter, on the contrary, though a unity in itself, is dependent on Jude. It is not by the Apostle Peter, and the earliest possible date is 125 A. D. In the light of what has been said on the other side by Spitta, Zahn, Bigg, and Warfield (the discussion of the last-named scholar is apparently unknown to Dr. Mayor), this view, though probably correct and certainly cautious as to the date, cannot be called conservative.

The line of treatment designated in his commentary on James is followed also here. Two hundred pages of introduction and two hundred more of notes, paraphrase, and comments, preceded by the Greek text of Jude and Second Peter (founded mainly on that of Westcott and Hort) conveniently printed in parallel pages, and finally a valuable index of Greek words covering twenty-two pages, indicate the scope of the book. Like all the other works of the veteran classical philologist, his notes here are marked by sound learning and accurate scholarship.

The Persistent Problems of Philosophy. By Mary Whiton Calkins. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

A number of books have been written on the "Problems of Philosophy"; and the title seems in some cases to have been chosen because it does not commit the author to any solution. But Professor Calkins has very definite ideas as to how problems of philosophy are to be solved. This, as the sub-title indicates, is "An Introduction to Metaphysics." It differs, however, from most introductions of the kind in that it is historical, and from most histories of philosophy in that it is critical. There are some obvious advantages in approaching the subject on its historical side. Substance is thus given to the shadow of doctrines by associating them with persons, by showing that the ideas set forth have been really entertained, and by fixing their place in the development of thought. Professor Calkins devotes nine out of her eleven chapters to the exposition and criticism of European metaphysics from Descartes to Hegel. The "conclusion" treats of contemporary philosophy, and presents the author's own doctrine. It contains also biographical sketches of the chief modern philosophers, and an excellent bibliography. In the classification of systems the author proceeds upon a metaphysical principle—the idea of substance. Systems of metaphysics are distinguished accordingly as monistic and pluralistic—that is, those in which substance is regarded as one, and those in which it is regarded as more than one. Each of these classes is subdivided. The monist may hold that substance is numerically one yet qualitatively more than one, as for example Spinoza, who conceived God to be the only substance, and yet recognized in him a qualitative plurality, an infinite number of attributes. These subdivisions are subdivided still further. It is enough here to remark that setting out with such a principle of division, the author does not find it sufficiently elastic. For while the philosophers of continental Europe, from Descartes to Wolff, made the idea of substance the starting point, those of Great Britain during the same period began with a theory of knowledge. In her scheme of classification, Professor Calkins finds it difficult to place Kant, Fichte, and Schelling; but the two last-named philosophers should undoubtedly be put with Schopenhauer and Hegel among the "numerical" monists. It is hard to make a division sufficiently comprehensive to include every kind of metaphysical theory, and yet sufficiently definite to be of value. Had the author classified the successive systems as stages in a development rather than as stationary units, she might have escaped the irregularities and inconsistencies which mar the symmetry of her work.

To expound the metaphysics of modern Eurepe is no light task, but Professor Calkins has accomplished it for the most part in a clear and scholarly manner. Beginners may read her "Introduction" with understanding; and even those who are weary with the confusion of metaphysical tongues will be interested in the freshness of her comment and criticism. The chapters on Descartes and Leibnitz are good examples of the way in which the history of philosophy should be written and the criticism of philosophy performed. The account given of Spinoza is faithful to the text of his writings, but shows neglect of the Jewish sources of his doctrine. The exposition of Fichte is undertaken in such sympathy with that philosopher, that it is almost dramatic. No author writing in English has surpassed Professor Calkins in giving a clear and simple interpretation of Hegel, free from the uncouth language which disfigures most Hegelian commentaries. The least satisfactory chapter is that which treats of Kant. Like many Hegelians, Professor Calkins, we think, underestimates the importance and value of the first Critique, and of the revolution effected by it. Too much emphasis is laid upon Kant's relation to Leibnitz and Wolff, and not enough emphasis upon the crisis in European philosophy that his philosophy was designed to meet. The section entitled "Criticism of Kant's Doctrine of the Necessity of the Categories" shows a strange confusion in the author's mind of universality with necessity; yet she attributes such a confusion to Kant himself. This is not the place to consider the validity of Hegel's metaphysical principles, but the author seems rather blind to their defects, considering her keen eye for flaws in the systems of Hegel's predecessors.

Professor Calkins not only criticises, but constructs, and sets forth her own doctrine with such ability that she should have a distinguished place among contemporary Hegelians. Yet while her additions to Hegel's Logic are no doubt improvements, they

are hardly sufficient to win adherents to the school from among those who will not follow the original teaching of the master. She calls her theory "Personal Idealism," and, as she frankly admits, she owes a considerable debt to Professor Royce. We cannot help thinking, however, that this speculative philosophy built upon Hegelian principles is not much better than the dogmatism of the period before Kant, from which it differs essentially only in its pronounced idealism.

The Life and Letters of Charles Russell Lowell. By Edward W. Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.

Of the young men whom Massachusetts sent from the flower of her citizens to defend the integrity of the Union and the principles of the North, many came back to enjoy what they had helped to win, and by their distinctions in peace almost cast into the shade their exploits in the field. Others, who won "the great prize of death in battle," are enshrined with "ever-youthful brows" in the memories of their fellow-citizens and the monuments of Boston. The type of these, for Boston, will always be the heroic figure of Robert Shaw. But those to whom Shaw's memory is sacred must bracket with him another of the happy warriors of Boston, a man cast in the same mould, Charles Russell Lowell, the nephew of the poet-critic.

Lowell's life has already been told by the late Professor Peirce in the "Harvard Memorial Biographies." It was the wish of Mrs. Lowell, who died lately, that the editor of this volume should supplement earlier records by his sketch of Lowell's career, and with her permission his private letters are here collected. These were written first from Europe, where Lowell spent two years after leaving Harvard, in the attempt, which proved successful, to cure a weakness of the lungs. Then follow those written in the two years before the war when he was settling down to the trade of ironmaster.

The letters written from recruiting stations and from the field in Virginia, are naturally the most interesting. Lowell was a born cavalry commander, and in three years rose from the rank of captain to that of brigadier-general. He was mortally wounded, after a display of great gallantry, in the battle of Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864. Less than a year before that he had married Josephine Shaw, and his wife was able to spend some months of their brief married life with him at his headquarters not far from Washington. The most intimate of the letters are addressed to his wife and to his life-long friends, H. L. Higginson and John Murray Forbes of Boston. They are the letters of a man of action, whose mind is set on his individual task whatever it may be, and they reveal a character of great sweetness and courage. The charm of his personality, partly due to unusual good looks, is shown to the reader by some excellent illustrations from photographs. In battle Lowell flung himself into all the risks, and the list in the letters of horses shot under him justified his men in believing that he bore a charmed life. Had he survived the victory of Cedar Creek, Sheridan had intended to make him his Chief of Cavalry, a position in which he would have been much less exposed. Lowell might then have lost the peculiar aureole that clings to the young soldier who does not come back from the war, and these letters would never have been published. As it is they are a touching prelude to the tragedy of early death. They bring home to us the situation, at once so glorious and so cruel, of those who have given their best to their country and receive in return the right to count a hero among their dead. They leave in the reader's mind a sting like that left by Pericles when he said in his Funeral Speech for those who had fallen in the first year of the war with Sparta: "The city has lost its youth; the year has lost its spring."

Science.

Makers of Modern Medicine. By James J. Walsh New York: Fordham University Press. $1.

Books in English on the history of medicine are not as yet so numerous that this one, by a professor of the Fordham University Medical School, may not find a welcome. Much of the matter has already been used in articles contributed to magazines which circulate in rather special circles. Dr. Walsh has drawn from many sources, not always judiciously (certainly not judicially). These sources are often so insufficiently indicated that it is not easy to verify the statements that flow freely from his facile, sometimes almost too facile, pen. The list of "makers" will hardly satisfy all readers, to many of whom Bichat, for example, will seem too great an intellectual force to be neglected, but the sketches of the chosen ones are smooth and pleasant reading, barring a too insistent assertion that they are mostly the product of the direct influence of the Catholic Church. The effort to show that they were "all deeply religious men," in the sense that the author seems to use the phrase, is at best rather labored.

Dates are a necessary and often tiresome evil in biography, but this book would be much improved if they were a little more numerous. In about half the sketches it is difficult to place many important events in the lives or even to tell the death year of the subject. A careful comparison of dates would refute the dictum of the author that practically every great discovery in medicine has been made by men under thirty-five and show that here as elsewhere the tree of knowledge bears many fruits, some of which ripen slowly. A little attention to chronology would also have prevented the confusing statement (p. 123) concerning Galvani, that "in his observations on the effects of lightning he was forestalling Franklin's work to some extent." If this refers to the kite and related experiments, it may be said that Franklin's kite flew at least twenty-eight, possibly nearer thirty-eight, years before the frogs of Galvani twitched, and also at a time when Galvani was not quite fifteen years old! It may further be noted that Richmann was killed by lightning *not* "not long after this time [of Galvani's experiment, 1780-90 (?)]," but many years earlier, to wit, in 1753.

The author also promises a volume dealing with the medical men of earlier centuries, back to the fifteenth. It will be interesting to see how he treats them; there were giants in those days.

George Massee, whose interesting treatise on fungi was noticed in the *Nation* of December 20, 1906, has published a very practical handbook upon a restricted portion of the larger field, namely, the fungal vegetable parasites. This "Text-book of Plant Diseases" (The Macmillan Co.) considers only those maladies of plants which are caused by cryptogamic parasites, leaving untouched the great group of diseases due to defects of nutrition and the like. Mr Massee gives clear directions for combating some of these maladies, so that his work must be of use to intelligent cultivators who wish to keep abreast of the times. The greater part of the subject-matter of his treatise is presented likewise in a practical form by our progressive and untiring Department of Agriculture in its Bulletins. The Department of Agriculture and the different experiment stations in our country are leaving no part of this subject untouched. But it is well for all cultivators to have a synoptic handbook like Mr. Massee's within reach. For Americans it is well to note that a few changes in terminology are necessary, for instance, our word kerosene must be substituted for paraffin (p. 40).

Prof. D. G. Elliot has prepared a "Catalogue of the Collection of Mammals in the Field Columbian Museum" of Chicago, giving under each species the scientific name with synonyms and the common name; also under each specimen the age, sex, locality, and collector. The number of mammals in the collection has increased from a few mounted specimens when Professor Elliot took charge, to 15,000 at the present day. A new species of bat is described, and ninety drawings illustrate some of the lesser known mammalian forms. (Published by the Museum.)

The Société d'Astronomie d'Anvers has just issued its second annual report. Chiefly founded for the purpose of popularizing the study of Astronomy among the inhabitants of the town, the society would appear to be fulfilling its purpose remarkably well. An observatory has been opened, and is used regularly by the members; and, assisted by the city authorities, a course of free lectures is maintained.

F. R. L. Wilson and G. R. Hedley's laboratory manual, "Elementary Chemistry" (Henry Frowde), does not differ in any essential respect from a hundred others. In choosing a laboratory guide the instructor will be influenced chiefly by its adaptation to his text-book, his laboratory facilities, and his allotment of time; therefore, he will be apt to find some American manual which will fit him better than this English one.

Drama.

CLYDE FITCH AS A DRAMATIST.

William Archer, one of the most observant and generally judicious of English theatrical critics, recently pointed to Clyde Fitch as the most striking example of the

advance made by American dramatists. He would have been more accurate if he had described him as the most successful and conspicuous of American playwrights. Mr. Fitch's claim to that title will scarcely be disputed. Since 1891 he has produced more than thirty plays, of which at least two-thirds are supposed to have been highly remunerative, but box-office prosperity, it is needless to say, is no infallible proof of artistic merit. Nevertheless, it does afford presumptive evidence of some uncommon ability on the part of the author in the adaptation of means to ends, and now that negotiations are reported to be in progress for the performance of one of Mr. Fitch's latest comedies in France, Germany, and Italy, it may be interesting to make a swift review of his product in order to get some idea of its actual dramatic value.

This, in comparison with the great bulk of his writings, will be found to be almost inconsiderable. It is only by virtue of two or three pieces, to be specified presently, and a few isolated scenes, that he can be considered—in the proper sense of that much abused word—a dramatist at all. Drama implies purpose, design, the study of human nature, the conflict of antagonistic characters, the logical development of effects from causes, the illustration of eternal principles, the embodiment of truth in action. It concerns itself more in the invisible forces that dominate events than with the events themselves. Mr. Fitch's plays, with very few exceptions, are mere arrangements, more or less dexterous, of incidents designed to amuse or startle, without reference to character, motive, truth, or moral. In external detail they are often veracious, after the manner of a photographic snapshot, being indeed mimetic rather than inventive, but their composition as a rule, is arbitrary, extravagant, illogical, and insignificant.

Some of his earlier plays, such as "The Masked Ball," "An American Duchess," "Gossip," and "Bohemia," adaptations or collaborations, need not be taken into consideration. The extent of his responsibility for them is uncertain. Nor is it necessary to the present object to discuss such ephemeral affairs as "Mistress Betty" (1895)—a grotesque extravagance dignified by the genius of Modjeska—"The Moth and the Flame" (1898)—social functions, interspersed with lurid melodrama—"The Head of the Family" (1898), "The Cowboy and the Lady" (1899), "Lovers' Lane" (1901), "The Way of the World" (1901)—a silly social shocker—"The Girl and the Judge" (1901)—clever, amusing, but tricky, irrational, and shallow—"The Stubbornness of Geraldine" (1902), "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson" (1903), "Her Own Way" (1903), "The Coronet of the Duchess" (1904), "Cousin Billy" (1905), or half-a-dozen others of even less consequence. They were not all devoid of merit by any means. Most of them were theatrically effective; showed a sharp sense of situation, and a capacity for glib, flashy, witty, or satirical dialogue; furnished excellent copies of familiar types, and provided fairly good and varied entertainment but all were marred by extravagance, sensationalism, flippancy, obvious absurdity, or utter triviality. Not one had any dramatic weight or substance. This last remark applies with special force to three adaptations, "Sapho" (1900), a gross vulgarization of Daudet's tale; "The Marriage Game" (1901), a crude version of "Le Mariage d'Olympe," and "The Bird in the Cage" (1903), which were as maladroit in execution as they were abominable in tone.

Of his modern social plays several are entitled to more respectful consideration. In "The Climbers" (1901), with all its excess of melodramatic device—the funeral scene, the confession in the dark, etc.—there was a foundation of truth and purpose, with some effective satire, honest emotion, and realistic sketches of character. But the dramatic value of it was destroyed by the conventionality of a happy ending secured by a suicide. "The Girl with Green Eyes" (1902), originating in a useful dramatic idea, is brightly written, neatly constructed, and contains several striking theatrical situations, but these are obtained only by the sacrifice of almost every probability. Here again the solution of a moral dilemma is evaded by the tamest convention. "The Woman in the Case" (1905), an effort in "realistic" melodrama, is superior to other pieces of its class only in the mechanical cleverness exhibited in its construction. It illustrates the waste of trained skill upon worthless material. "The Straight Road" (1907) belongs to the same category, but is not so well made, though more honest in treatment. "The Truth" (1907) is a mixture of light comedy and sentimental drama, in which a promising character study, developed in spots with much cleverness, is reduced to the verge of absurdity by the author's chronic lack of artistic moderation.

It is only in his remotely historical plays that Mr. Fitch exhibits some of the design and purpose of the genuine dramatist. In his "Beau Brummel" (1890), juvenile and faulty as it is in many respects, the attempt to reproduce the manners and personages of a bygone era is creditable and not altogether unsuccessful. The dying scene is a bit of apt and pathetic fancy. His "Nathan Hale" (1899), rather feeble in design and overladen with trivial matter, is redeemed by a simple and dignified closing scene. "Barbara Frietchie" (1899) shows fertility in the invention of incident, and is, on the whole, an excellent specimen of stage fiction, in general harmony with the assigned period. Many of the incidents, especially the most emotional, are flagrantly theatrical, but the play is meritorious in intent, if not in execution. "Major André" (1903) in general design and sustained quality is, perhaps, the best of Mr. Fitch's achievements up to date. It plays havoc with actual history, and occasionally sacrifices common sense to theatrical trickery, but in the main it is ingenious, sympathetic, atmospherically veracious, and capable. The closing scene is tender, dignified, and poetically imaginative.

This record does not offer much encouraging evidence of development, except in the matter of technical skill. In the invention and presentation of theatrical incident, comic or melodramatic, Mr. Fitch has always been proficient, and practice has made him more skilful in this respect, but, except in the rarest instances, his personages have been mere puppets, made to fit the desired situation. He is an expert in converting current gossip into living pictures. He can copy an individual, but cannot create a type. Circumstance is always his god in the machine. The influence of character upon the order of events rarely enters into his calculations. In all his plays it would be difficult to find one man or woman of moral or intellectual distinction. He alternates between frivol and sensation. He is one of the most adroit of our entertainers, but he can scarcely be called our representative dramatist, while Bronson Howard, author of "Aristocracy" and "The Banker's Daughter," Vaughan Moody, Charles Klein, and Percy Mackaye remain in the field.

Music.

The copyright for Great Britain and the British colonies of a large number of MacDowell's compositions was acquired some time ago by Elkin & Co. of London, who report a steadily increasing sale of these works. In one respect London is even ahead of New York, for at a recent concert George F. Boyd played the Keltic sonata, which has not been done publicly in this city. At the same concert, the *Standard* says, Miss Grainger-Kerr sang "some charming examples of the lyric art of the American composer, MacDowell, which she interpreted most artistically."

The late Charles James Oldham of London was a well-known collector of violins. He owned, among other instruments, four excellent ones by Stradivarius, undoubtedly genuine. In his will he left one of these to the state, unless a purchaser can be found willing to pay $15,000 for it. The date of this instrument is 1690, and it was sold in 1888 for $5,000. Another of the Oldham violins, valued at $5,000, he bequeathed to the British Museum. Not a few foreign journals have taken this occasion to inveigh once more against the "stupid egotism" and "criminal mania" of rich violin collectors, who prevent the musical public from enjoying the finest instruments in existence.

While in Paris recently to conduct his 'Salome," Richard Strauss gave to a journalist a brief sketch of his career and a confession of faith. He began to compose when he was only ten years old. Five years later his first symphony was performed in Munich, under Levy. Six years after that, Hans von Bülow put him at the head of an orchestra. Among the composers who first influenced him were Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert; but above all, Mozart. He was eighteen when he first felt the spell of the music of Wagner and Liszt, as well as Berlioz, and these three men became thenceforth his models. He said, in speaking of Berlioz:

> In the main, I endeavored to derive from French music those things which are most wanting in the German, certain airy, graceful, charming *finesses*, as exemplified particularly in the score of "Carmen," which presents such a strong contrast to the serious heavy style from which the German composers find it so difficult to get away.

Strauss did not seem to realize that no German composer is quite as many miles away from the "airy, graceful, charming *finesses*" of "Carmen" as he himself. Regarding his new opera, "Electra," he said that two acts are already completed.

There was a time when the guitar was the most popular of parlor instruments, especially for accompanying songs. Most of Weber's Lieder were written with guitar accompaniment. Of late there has been a decided reaction in its favor in Germany. It started with the concerts of the Swede, Sven Scholander, who used a lute which really was a kind of guitar, with hollowed back. To-day there is quite a demand for guitars and guitar music. No doubt the revival of interest in folk-song has something to do with this; for folk-songs sound better with guitar than with piano accompaniment.

The latest history of music in German is by F. Spiro. It is thoroughly unconventional. He calls Clara Schumann "a piano gosling," and says that Brahms is "the typical representative of the industrious German middle class."

All records have been beaten in Vienna by the operetta "Die Lustige Witwe" (the Merry Widow), which has been sung there consecutively more than 400 times. The four-hundredth performance was the occasion for a great ovation to the composer, Herr Lehar, and all the singers.

Art.

Antonio Pollaiuolo. By Maud Crutwell. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2 net.

In a brief prefatory note Miss Crutwell states that "this is the first book devoted to Antonio Pollaiuolo that has been published in any language," and acknowledges her indebtedness to Bernhard Berenson's study of the Pollaiuoli, in his "Florentine Drawings of the Renaissance," as to the chief, and almost the only, writing of importance on the subject. Ever since Vasari made certain demonstrable blunders in his account of the brothers, the works of Antonio have been so confused with those of Piero, and both with the works of others, that it was apparently reserved for Mr. Berenson to make a beginning in disentangling the two individualities, and in demonstrating that Antonio was a great artist and his younger brother little more than a not very competent assistant. This task Miss Crutwell has now taken up and carried into greater detail, differing with Mr. Berenson now and then on this or that minor matter, as was to be expected, but carrying out her work on the large lines laid down by him. Her study is careful, intelligent, for the most part excellent. Its faults arise from a too great admiration for her hero, which leads her into frequent exaggeration of praise and, finally, into what we are inclined to regard as a grave error.

However careless or untrustworthy as to matters of fact Vasari may have been, he was an excellent critic, and his praise is usually both intelligent and just. His estimate of Antonio is nearly perfect:

> He understood the nude in a more modern way than any of the masters before him. . . . He was the first to study the play of the muscles and their form and order in the body.

That is a very precise definition of the quality of the master. He was a man of scientific and realistic temper, little concerned with beauty or sentiment, interested in mastering the human figure and in expressing its substance and its movement, the pathfinder for the glorious masters who came after him. But Miss Crutwell is not content with rating him as one who "understood the nude in a more modern way than any before him"; she will have it that he understood it better than any one before or since. "Not even Signorelli nor Michelangelo have equalled him," she says; certain works she calls "worthy of the sculptor of the Parthenon reliefs"; and of the reliefs on the tomb of Sixtus IV. she remarks: "Never has the female nude been at once so exquisitely and so scientifically modelled," and "certainly no other sculptor has combined so exquisitely its possibilities of grace and strength." Her text is full of allusions to his "faultless drawing," his "faultless anatomy," his "perfect proportions." Now all this is, asking pardon for the rudeness of the phrase, arrant nonsense. Antonio Pollaiuolo never did a faultless figure in his life, nor anything like one. In drawing, engraving, painting, sculpture, he produced many figures. Energetic they are, vital, full of force and movement and life, but faultless is what they are not. They are rather ungainly, ill proportioned, ugly. Now and then they approach beauty, but now and then only, and perfection they never touch.

Such excess of enthusiasm is, however, not unknown in other monographs, and in itself is harmless enough. Most readers will be able to supply the necessary grain of salt. But this ill-regulated admiration has led Miss Crutwell to a conception of the relations between the two brothers, and of their respective share in the work undertaken jointly by them, which we find quite incredible. Ardently admiring Antonio, and having little but contempt for Piero, she must needs give to the elder everything of good in their joint works, and to the younger everything faulty. So, when she finds the mirror and serpent in the hands of the Prudence of the Mercantanza better executed than the figure, instead of reasoning, as Berenson does of the background of the Annunciation, that this is just the kind of thing an inferior man could execute well, she concludes that Antonio painted these details himself. She likes the landscape backgrounds, with the Arno winding through its valley and under the walls of Florence, which occur in many of the pictures of the Pollaiuoli, and concludes that Antonio painted these, even when they are incidental glimpses through a window in the background of a composition showing, otherwise, no touch of his hand. She has reduced all this to a theory and propounds it categorically. "He seems in all their joint work to have reserved to himself only such parts as interested him," and that he was specially interested in landscape "is proved by the fact that, while leaving to Piero the principal figures in his pictures, he himself painted with the care of a miniaturist the background scenery." We are asked, in a word, to believe that the greatest figure draughtsman of his age (or, as we are told, of any age), a man of fiery energy, a student of anatomy, who dissected many cadavers and who valued subjects only as they afforded opportunity for displaying the nude in violent action, a goldsmith by training, a sculptor by preference, amused himself by painting "with the care of a miniaturist" bits of landscape between the legs of figures drawn by an incompetent younger brother! One can as easily imagine Michelangelo doing the same thing.

Surely, a more rational theory of the collaboration of the two Pollaiuoli than this must be attainable. Without pretending to the perilous honors of modern connoisseurship, with no facilities for the proper study of the works involved, relying only upon the data afforded by Miss Crutwell herself and by Mr. Berenson, and the reproductions published by them, we are tempted to suggest an alternative hypothesis which may be worthy of investigation by some one competent for the task. That hypothesis is, in brief, that Piero was the landscape painter of the family, that the characteristic view of the Val d'Arno appears only in works in which he had a share, and that it is uniformly executed by him.

There is certainly no inherent improbability in the notion that the inferior figure-painter should be the superior in landscape, and there is nothing in what we know of the character of the two brothers to negative the supposition that the placid distances, which contrast so strongly with the savage energy of the figures in front of them, were the work of the weaker and milder man. Miss Crutwell dwells upon the striking difference in type of the portraits upon their tomb in San Pietro in Vincoli, comparing Antonio's head to those of Mantegna and Signorelli. It reminds us of that of Ingres also, with its great nose, its high cheek bones, its forcefulness, and its austerity; and it reminds us, more than all, as Mantegna and Ingres often do, of some aged Indian chief. But for the broken nose and the beard, which disguise the resemblance, Michelangelo had a head of the same family—the typical head of the severe masters of form. Piero's is as different as possible—"timid and fretful," Miss Crutwell calls it, "with its weak mouth and vacillating expression"; mild, certainly, and somewhat sentimental, gentle, and with a vague, brooding look about the eyes, gazing off into the distance with a dreamy look altogether in contrast with Antonio's concentrated glance. It might well be the head of some modern lover of nature in her sweeter moods; it could never be the head of a great draughtsman.

All this may be purely fanciful, however, and proves nothing. Let us consider some concrete facts. And first, note the almost entire absence of distance, or even of what may be called a background, in the works that are accepted as entirely by Antonio's own hand and as most characteristic of his genius. The frescoes of the Villa della Gallina, in the grounds of the Torre del Gallo, Arcetri, near Florence, are much dilapidated and repainted, but they seem never to have had anything but a flat tone behind the figures, which detach themselves against it in a pattern of nude forms much as an antique sculptor would have designed a frieze. Such is the treatment, also, of the drawing in the British Museum of a Prisoner Brought before a Judge, the figures in almost pure outline, relieved against a flat wash which represents nothing—the plane surface of the sculptor in relief. In the Battle of Ten Nudes we see

the goldsmith, the ornamentalist, the worker in niello, rather than the sculptor. The background is a closely interwoven thicket of trees and vines treated in a wholly conventional manner, a piece of intricate decoration rather than a representation of nature; and the whole plate is, with evident intention, kept entirely flat and without suggestion of distance. This is Antonio's method when he is entirely free to do as he chooses—to leave the background out entirely or to make of it a mere pattern. When he has to tell a story he must give it a setting, and his designs for embroidery, where Piero probably assisted him, have glimpses of landscape, rigidly subordinated, however, to the figures. Whenever it is at all possible, he substitutes architecture for landscape, and treats it in a very formal way. So, in the relief for the silver altar, there is the necessary architectural setting in the tradition of Ghiberti, though he seems never to have attempted landscape in bronze as Ghiberti did; but in his most mature and most magnificent work, the tombs of Sixtus IV. and Innocent VIII., he returns to the purely sculpturesque tradition, and his reliefs have no perspective and no distance. Only something rudely symbolical of rocks suggests that some of the figures are supposed to be out of doors.

Of the paintings attributed to Antonio alone, two are supposed by Miss Crutwell to be so early as to exclude Piero's collaboration, the David of the Berlin Museum and the Apollo and Daphne of the National Gallery. If the latter is really as early as she thinks it, our suggestion is disproved. But the David, striding over the head of Goliath, is painted "against a slate-gray wall." The earliest picture in which she recognizes, as does every one, the hand of Piero, is the SS. James, Vincent, and Eustace, painted in 1466, when he was about twenty-three years old. Two of the figures certainly, all of them possibly, are partly or entirely by Piero. Between them are narrow strips of landscape, a few inches wide, the characteristic Pollaiuolo landscape with its winding stream. We meet it constantly after this, nowhere more characterized than in the glimpse of distance seen through the window behind the Annunciation, a picture in which not even Miss Crutwell finds any other trace of Antonio's hand. The S. Mary of Egypt, however, at Staggio, which she believes to be entirely by Antonio, has a different style—a rocky cave as purely symbolical and antinatural as a background of Giotto's. It is true that there seems to be a bit of distance, in the left hand lower corner, which resembles the Val-d'Arno landscape we are familiar with, but less well done than usual—if Antonio was indeed dispensing with his brother's assistance on this occasion, he may have done it carelessly himself.

But the crux of the argument is to be found in the two little pictures of Hercules and the Hydra and Hercules and Antæus, now in the Uffizi, and their relation to the large pictures of the same subjects known to have been painted for Lorenzo di Medici in 1460 by Antonio, with the assistance of Piero, then a youth of seventeen. The small panels are considered by Berenson to be preliminary studies for the large pictures, but Miss Crutwell argues, very successfully, that they are independent versions, thinking it likely, however, that they were painted "about the same time"; and she goes on: "They belonged to the Medici collection, probably to Lorenzo himself, and it may be that he valued them so highly as to order them to be copied on a larger scale." In either view the little panels would be earlier than the lost pictures with which they are connected. Why should they not be later, free replicas made for some other member of the Medici family from the large canvas belonging to Lorenzo? Miss Crutwell's arguments for the independent nature of the smaller pictures seem to us to point to this conclusion, although she does not draw it. Her reasons are these:

Among the engravings of Robetta are two, of the Labors of Hercules, which have been generally accepted as copies of the small panels, but which differ from them in many points, and which seem likely to be copies of the lost pictures, as Robetta would be unlikely to make such grave changes himself, or variations so much in the manner of Antonio's own work. In the Antæus there is a strange figure of a child which has no apparent reason for being there, and which we can hardly conceive of as added by a copyist. The figure of Antæus himself is awkwardly arranged, without any foreshortening of the limbs, and is altogether more primitive in manner than in the little panel. In the Combat with the Hydra there are also several variations, notably in the pose of Hercules's left hand (which does not grasp the Hydra's neck, but is only stretched out toward it), in the less happy composition of the lion-skin, and in the drawing of the Hydra itself, and most of these differences are supported by an old drawing in the Louvre and by Antonio's own sketch in the British Museum. What Miss Crutwell does not note is that the pose of the left hand in the engraving, bent back upon the wrist in a peculiar manner, is strikingly characteristic of Antonio, occurring in his drawing of Adam in the Uffizi, in two of the figures in the Prisoner brought before a Judge, and in the Torre del Greco frescoes. But all these differences are slight compared to those in the backgrounds. In the little pictures the figures are posed, in the characteristic Pollaiuolesque way, upon a foreground eminence, with no middle distance, and loom large against a distant landscape with a winding stream, upon which we look down as from a height. In the engravings everything is different—there is nothing but shapeless dumpling-like masses of rock, piled so high, in the Combat with the Hydra, as utterly to dwarf the figure, and pierced with a cave somewhat resembling that of S. Mary of Egypt.

All of these differences are in favor of the smaller pictures as the more mature and well-considered works, but this is especially true of the difference of background. It is inconceivable that the painter who had once made his figures tower against the distance as these do should afterward substitute the clumsy lumpiness which stands for the earth in the engravings. In our view, then, the small panels were painted some few years after the large pictures, and the figures were revised and improved by Antonio himself. In the backgrounds he let Piero, who had already, as we know, some slight share in the larger works, try his hand, and, being pleased with the result, called him in thereafter when landscape was to be treated, though he did without landscape when he could. The background of the Hercules and Antæus would thus be probably the earliest of Piero's attempts at the painting of distant landscape, that of the Hercules and the Hydra being already somewhat more mature, though neither of them is equal to what he afterwards did in pictures otherwise very inferior.

One difference between the two versions of the latter subject we have failed to note. In the engraving, as in Antonio's sketch, the club of Hercules "breaks out in flame," as Miss Crutwell, following Mr. Berenson, expresses it—in other words, he wields the burning brand with which, if we remember aright, he seared the Hydra's necks to prevent the heads from growing out again. Was it from negligence, or as a concession to the common notion of Hercules, that, in the smaller version, this detail was omitted and a plain club substituted for the flaming one?

In "Stories of the Italian Artists" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) E. L. Seely pretends to give no more than a translation of the best narrative parts of Vasari without notes or corrections of that writer's misstatements. As such, its utility to-day may be doubted, but it may, of course, afford innocent amusement. The book is handsomely printed, and the illustrations, including eight in colors, are well executed. In the more primitive work, especially, the addition of color is a real help to understanding; in the more advanced work the gain is doubtful, the coloring of advanced painters not being at all imitable by the processes used. The text is "wholly revised from a previous publication."

The death of Prof. Carlo Ferrario, at the age of seventy-three, is announced from Milan. Professor Ferrario had for many years been teacher of perspective at the Brera Academy. He was himself a distinguished painter.

Finance.

"SHORT CROPS" AND PROSPERITY.

Attention has already been called, in this column, to the jeopardy in which the season's abnormal weather has placed the grain crops, not only of this country, but of the entire world. The controversy as to probable results is not yet over, and probably will not be over until the late wheat crop of the Northwest has passed through the trial of the autumn frosts. Meantime, "private estimates" have been given out by experts attached to speculative grain houses; one of such estimates, not very long since, declared that the winter-sown wheat crop of the Southwest and Middle States could not yield more than 325,000,000 bushels. This would compare with 405,000,000 bushels deduced from the Government's "condition estimate" of May 10, and with 492,000,000 actually harvested last year.

That private estimate came on a market where speculation for the rise had been overdone, and it found few believers. Generally, it was felt in the trade that,

although the crop weather since May 10 has by no means been of the best, still it has improved on that of the preceding month; indeed, since the estimate in question was published, the price of wheat for July delivery has declined 6 cents per bushel. On Tuesday of this week, the Ohio State Agricultural Department, which at the opening of May gave out a winter wheat condition estimate of 74, marked up the figure to 77.

Next Monday, the national Department of Agriculture will submit its June report on the country's winter-wheat crop as a whole, and this will in some respects be the last word on the actual present situation. If the estimate is raised from the 82.9 per cent. to which it was reduced from the 89.9 of April, apprehensions will be definitely relieved. Of still greater importance will be the Department's estimate of the same date on the "spring wheat crop" of the northerly Middle States and the farther Northwest. The difficulty of planting grain in the cold and stormy weather of May—during which month all the later wheat ought to be placed underground—has led to apprehensions of an acreage much reduced from last year's 17,354,000 acres spring wheat area, of a "condition" far below the excellent showing of 93.4 in June, 1906, and consequently of a crop promise 100,000,000 bushels or more below the 242,700,000 harvested in those States last year.

The verdict on these two crops we shall know four days from now; meanwhile, the extraordinary weather has had its influence in other directions. The cold storms happened to come at the very hour when the cotton crop of the Southern States was planting. From Texas to North Carolina, the fortnight between May 1 and May 15 usually sees the completion of planting; this year, no such dates could be observed. Southern correspondents of an important cotton organ have declared this to be the most "backward" of cotton seasons since 1855.

From a price of not quite 12 cents a pound, on May 14, cotton advanced at New York, by the 31st, to 12⅞—a higher price than any reached since the famous "Sully corner" of January, 1904. Alarming estimates of probable shortage in the crop—put out, as usual, in the interest of speculative houses—at once became current. The Government's first "cotton condition estimate" of the season was to appear last Tuesday, June 4; three or four days earlier, the "private experts" of the Cotton Exchange pressed matters to a climax by publishing a condition percentage estimate of 63.4. What such a condition would mean may be judged by comparison with the June estimates of previous years. The lowest figure named by the Government this month, in a quarter of a century, was more than 10 per cent. above it. The Cotton Exchange, taking its cue from this absurd guess of an irresponsible calculator, framed expectations of its own ranging from 60 per cent. to 68. The Government's Tuesday estimate named 70½ per cent., and down came the inflated price of cotton.

But 70½ is still a very low June indication, precisely as was the 82.9 for winter wheat. No June estimate in twenty-five years has been so unfavorable; it is 14 per cent. below last June's. The acreage is unchanged, according to the Government, and less than 5 per cent. larger according to the most trustworthy trade publication; therefore, if the June promise were to hold good, a crop one-half to three-quarters of a million bales below last year's might be expected, and this would probably fall short of the cotton manufacturing world's normal requirements. It is, however, entirely too early to make such a prediction, since the very fact that cotton was hardly planted, at the time of the Government estimate, means that the Department of Agriculture's figures were imperfect. With good growing weather from now forward, the plant which was not above ground at last month's close ought to be in better condition than the plant which was. Still, the fact must be recognized that with cotton, as with wheat, existing circumstances are not favorable. Exactly what, then, would a general shortage of our grain and cotton crops mean to the American situation?

Next to the probably lessened purchasing power of the people, the most immediate effect would be on the country's export trade. In 1906, when all the crops were large, we exported $107,000,000 worth of wheat and flour, and no less than $412,600,000 worth of cotton. Our total merchandise exports of that year were $1,798,000,000; so that these two great staples made up very nearly one-third of the entire outward trade. Now it does not necessarily follow that a diminished crop would reduce this showing disastrously. In the case of cotton, for instance, the crop of 1903 was wholly inadequate for the needs of the world's manufacturers; yet Europe, whose own supply was very low, and which had to have the cotton, paid such prices for it that, although our exports from the crop were 657,000 bales below those from the crop of 1902, the value of the exports was actually $66,000,000 larger. But this was exceptional. The wheat shortage of 1904 had a very different outcome; it cut that year's breadstuffs exports down no less than $100,000,000. In the case of cotton in 1903, the crop, though deficient for the full needs of the world, gave enough to spare a larger number of bales for export than in any year prior to 1898. In the wheat market of 1904, we had so little left over, after providing for the needs of American consumers, that the number of bushels exported was much the smallest since 1869.

When one asks, how such influences would operate, in case of a serious crop shortage this year, the answer is not at all easy. Europe's requirements, from our short cotton crop of 1903, were unusually urgent—a series of more or less deficient harvests had depleted the stock in every manufacturer's hands. The present situation is not quite analogous. Since 1903, the world has raised two cotton crops of unparalleled magnitude; last week, the world's "visible supply" was a million and a half bales greater than at this time four years ago. With wheat, on the other hand, the case of 1904 was that Russia increased its own crop almost exactly in proportion to our shortage, so that the world's needs were provided for, notwithstanding the American deficiency. When Chicago raised the price of American wheat, Europe simply ceased bidding. But, so far as appearances indicate to-day, Europe's own wheat crop of 1907 is likely to be quite as deficient as our own, and may possibly turn out much more so. In other words, foreign needs for our cotton are likely this year to be much smaller than in 1903, and foreign needs for our wheat much larger than in 1904.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Benson, Edward White. God's Board. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Bishop, Emily M. Seventy Years Young. B. W. Huebsch. $1.20 net.
Breare, W. H. Vocal Faults and their Remedies. Putnams.
Butler, Nicholas Murray. True and False Democracy. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. X. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Campbell, Wilfred. Canada. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Cruthwell, Maud. A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Ditchfield, P. H. The Parish Clerk. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Dunraven, Earl of. The Outlook in Ireland. Dutton. $3 net.
Düring, Stella M. Disinherited. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Fiske, John. Essays, Historical and Literary. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Forel, August. Hygiene of Nerves and Mind in Health and Disease. Translated by Herbert A. Aikins. Putnams.
Fraser, John Foster. Red Russia. John Lane Co. $1.75 net.
Gordon, E. O. Saint George. Imported by Dutton. $5 net.
Green, Mrs. J. R. Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Hampson, W. Paradoxes of Nature and Science. Dutton. $1.50.
Hill, Headon. The Avengers. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Jeremias, Alfred. Die Panbabylonisten der Alte Orient und die Aegyptische Religion. Leipzig.
Jordan, David Starr. The Philosophy of Hope. Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.
Langfield, Millard. Introduction to Infectious and Parasitic Diseases. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1.25 net.
Lees, Dorothy Neville. Scenes and Shrines in Tuscany. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Luce, Robert. Writing for the Press. Boston: Clipping Bureau Press.
Macklin, Herbert W. The Brasses of England. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Miles, George Henry. Said the Rose and other Lyrics. Longmans. $1 net.
Montesquieu's Lettres Persanes. Preface by É. Faguet. Putnams.
Morgan, Wm. De. Alice-for-short. Henry Holt & Co.
Murray, A. M. Imperial Outposts. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Phyfe, William Henry P. Napoleon. Putnams.
Pierson, Clara Dillingham. The Millers at Pencroft. Dutton. $1.
Plummer, Mary Wright. Roy and Ray in Mexico. Henry Holt & Co.
Price, George B. Gaining Health in the West. B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.
Richardson, Frank. 2835 Mayfair. London: T. Werner Laurie.
Scott, Robert Forsyth. St. John's College, Cambridge. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Sheppard, Alfred Tresidder. Running Horse Inn. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Thomas, Paul. Le Droit de Propriété des Laïques sur les Églises et Le Patronage Laïque au Moyen Age. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Toutain, J. Les Cultes Païens dans l'Empire Romain. Tome I. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Tuker, M. A. R. Cambridge. Macmillan Co.
Wallace, Helen. The Sons of the Seigneur. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Warren, T. Herbert. Magdalen College, Oxford. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Whipple, Leander Edmund. Practical Health. Metaphysical Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Willcocks, M. P. The Wingless Victory. John Lane Co. $1.50.
Young, Janet. Psychological Year Book. Paul Elder & Co. 50 cents net.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1907.

The Week.

Senator Knox is a solemn as well as an able man, and he naturally takes his endorsement for the Presidency by the Pennsylvania Convention with great seriousness. Any candidate having a comfortable nucleus of sixty-eight delegates to start with, might be excused for thinking that he had begun well. But there is no sign that people the country over regard this Pennsylvania manœuvre as anything but a little diversion, or else a scheme for tying up the delegates from that State in a way to make them highly useful for trading purposes in the National Convention. This was long the fashion under the Cameron dynasty, as later under Quay; and the Penrose machine is a good imitator. Tradition and precedent are of great power in politics, and two obstacles of that sort confront Mr. Knox's ambition. First, there is the rule, now amounting almost to a superstition, that no man can hope to go from the Senate to the White House. Garfield was elected President after he had been chosen Senator from Ohio, but he had never sat in the Senate. Is Knox to succeed where Clay and Webster and Blaine and Sherman failed? Still more formidable is the difficulty of a purely modern sort. Senator Knox has had a long career as a corporation lawyer; and his candidacy would be exposed to the troublesome question which President Roosevelt put in the case of Mr. Root. It was, in effect: "I think most highly of his abilities, and feel that he is admirably fitted to be President; but do you really think a corporation lawyer could be elected?"

It appears that Secretary Root is to extend to French chambers of commerce, in addition to German, the right to have their certification of the value of exports to this country accepted, *prima facie*, by our appraisers. This is coolly announced, as if it were not a betrayal of one of the very citadels of protection. The Department of State talks lightly about the "antiquated methods" of our customs officials in taking for granted that every importer is a perjurer; but if a system is to be given up simply because it is obsolete or barbarous, what safety would there be for our most venerable protective practices? The idea of taking a foreigner's word on any subject is repellent to every patriotic American mind, but to believe him when he swears to the cost of the goods which he wants to sell us, and which we want to buy, is enough to bring Dingley from his grave, and cause the Protective Tariff League to tear out its hair by handfuls. It is heartlessly stated, in Secretary Root's behalf, that any manufacturers in this country who question the validity of his order making it easier to import honestly, may take the matter into the courts. Any such legal recourse, it is added, "will occasion no annoyance to the Administration." A Republican Administration not annoyed by a suit showing that it had been faithless to protection! *Wanken auch die Berge?*

The proposed absorption of the Boston and Maine Railroad into the New York, New Haven and Hartford system, as set forth by President Mellen in his letter to Gov. Guild of Massachusetts, is interesting for several reasons. For one thing, the scrupulously careful explanation of the plan by the New Haven's president, his repudiation of any purpose of stock inflation, and his pledge of better service by the line to be acquired, contrast very favorably with the course pursued in other and recent railway "deals." No less admirable, as a model for public bodies to follow in their dealing with such matters, is the course which the Governor advises the Massachusetts Legislature to pursue—to see that Mr. Mellen's offers are "crystallized into law" before the merger is authorized, because "this promise is contingent on the life and health of a single man, or at best of an existing board of directors." If the Legislature is to give its assent, the advantage of such a policy, in comparison with the unfortunately far more familiar legislative policy of "letting a deal go through" unrestrained, and then attacking the financial arrangements when they have already passed into fact, ought to be manifest. From the point of view of traffic facilities, little question is likely to arise as to the advantage of the proposed combination. The Boston and Maine has never attained the standing of an up-to-date railway; its stations, equipment, and train service are of a sort which belongs to a past generation. It is also rather conspicuously true that the two railways are, from their geographical situation, connecting, and not competing systems. The one serves the district north of Boston, as the other serves the district south of it. That the financial aspects of Mr. Mellen's plan should be considerated with jealous scrutiny is, however, natural and proper. The memory of the spectacular and ill-fated "absorption" of Boston and Maine and intermediate lines by the Philadelphia and Reading in 1892, has not yet entirely faded away; the example set by certain railway mergers outside of New England is even more fresh in the public mind, and the existing situation in the money markets is not such as to command approval of a policy involving wholesale outpour of new securities. All this explains why Mr. Mellen so carefully sets forth that no "stock-watering" is involved, and that the plan proposed involves merely exchange of new stock of the New Haven, share for share, for such old Boston and Maine stock as is to be acquired.

Last week the Bureau of Agriculture gave out its estimate of the cotton crop; Monday of this week it gave out its monthly estimate on grain. The cotton estimate of 70½ was more favorable than that of private experts, but was, nevertheless, the lowest June forecast in a generation. It attracted less serious attention, however, because, with the season late and cotton hardly planted, no accurate "condition" estimate was possible by any one. With wheat, the case was different. The April estimate of 89.9 per cent. on the winter-sown crop was not unfavorable; in May, however, it was cut down to 82.9, and an unusually large acreage was shown to have been abandoned. The report of Monday allotted this same crop a condition of 77.4. Spring-sown wheat, for which the Government made its first estimate on Monday, showed up better in one respect and worse in another. The condition was 88¾; but the acreage planted to spring wheat, like that of winter wheat, had decreased on account of the bad weather something like a million and a half acres. The probable total wheat harvest, on the basis of these June returns, is 100,000,000 bushels below the great harvest of last year, and considerably less, with two exceptions, than in any year since the "agricultural boom" began in 1898. Those exceptions, 1900 and 1904, are known as "short-crop years"; the troubles of the grain fields excited much financial uneasiness at the time. Yet it is rather an interesting fact that each of those two shortages was followed by a prosperous year in trade. This event, of course, occurred in spite of the crop results, and not because of them. But the fact that thus far in the season the outlook is for no greater damage to the crops than occurred in the years in question ought to allay uneasiness. Meantime, very much depends on the weather between now and harvest.

It is evidently the purpose of the defence in the Haywood trial to weaken the force of Harry Orchard's amazing confession implicating the defendant by showing the man to be capable of any infamy. Its logic is that a man who confesses to murder, arson, theft, bigamy,

treachery to his associates, and other crimes besides, would not stick at perjury if by means of it he could drag down with him others against whom he might bear a grudge. Whether Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were implicated in the Steunenberg murder is the very question which this trial is being held to answer. The tactics used by Richardson and Darrow to discredit the witness may be wise from the standpoint of the criminal lawyer. But the revelations of Orchard's incredible baseness are made side by side with disclosures regarding his close relations to the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners. Unionists generally have insisted on treating the defendants in these Idaho prosecutions as martyrs for the cause of Labor. What their organization represented and countenanced is of wider real importance than the verdict upon a single murder. The sympathy which Sherman Bell's acts and speeches won for the miners' side in 1904 has been quickly offset by the testimony at Boisé, even if it accomplishes nothing more.

"Individualism," says M. Paul Gaultier in the *Revue Bleue*, "is passing *un mauvais quart d'heure*." The anti-individualistic theories have been reinforced by the biologist. The Darwinian theory, to be sure, with its ideas of the struggle for life and survival of the fittest, implies the paramount importance of the individual. Yet contemporary evolutionists are exalting "the group" at the expense of its members. But this theory is vigorously attacked by M. Gaultier. He denies that there is an analogy between societies and living organisms. Society is not like a plant or an animal, with distinct and centrally directed functions. A cell cannot pass from one organism to another, nor belong to a plurality of organisms. Yet members of one social group can be transferred freely to another. Churches, civil societies or families, can lose some of their members; and the latter, while ceasing to be members, may still survive. Such freedom and independence are foreign to physiological conceptions. And, in general, the theory is prejudicial to liberty. In the church, it breeds intolerance and suppresses free inquiry and independent thought. In the state, it neglects the interests of the individual and subjects him to civil and party tyranny. Indeed, the motive which leads men to become Socialists defeats the end which they have in view. Men do not become Socialists primarily—in spite of what they may say—for altruistic, but for egoistic reasons. Like Nietzsche, that individualist *par excellence*, the Socialist has in view the unfolding and assertion of self. In the words of M. Palante: "The root of Socialism is individualism, the protest of the individual against existing economic tyrannies, the desire to give freer course to the economic egoism of each man." But with its anti-individualistic conception of society, Socialism ends by destroying the liberty which it set out to achieve.

Madame Nordica's proposal to found an American Bayreuth on the Hudson gives evidence of this country's extraordinary musical development. Such a project could not have been considered even ten years ago; but now that New York seems willing to support two grand opera companies, Madame Nordica's ambitious plan may be feasible, particularly if it is combined with a great music school, as is suggested. It is questionable, however, whether New York has not already music schools enough; if this part of the plan has really been decided on, it ought to be at least asked whether there could not be coöperation with one of the existing institutions. Such a musical Walhalla as Madame Nordica proposes would, of course, have to depend upon tourist travel from all parts of the country, but as New York is becoming more and more of a summer resort, this would be but another attraction, and might give a good many people from North, East, West, and South the opportunity to hear opera, which they now lack by reason of their inability to reach the city during the winter months. Munich has found its summer music festivals of great value to the city financially and artistically, while in no wise injuring Bayreuth; and this city might have a similar experience.

Before the Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell, President Eliot discussed the difficult subject of "Academic Freedom." He himself has always been president in fact as well as in name; but he defends vigorously the rights of the college teacher against intrusions on the part of those in higher authority. Of special interest are his remarks on the interference by "barbarous boards" of trustees, who "exercise an arbitrary power of dismissal." He thinks that instructors should hold office without express limitation of time, and should be removed only for incompetence or misconduct. At certain universities the authority of the president over the professors has been enlarged, and in at least one institution he has the power of removal. President Eliot thinks that this control should never be exercised; and in this opinion all college teachers will concur. It is, of course, highly important that there should be no dead wood in a college faculty; and, theoretically, the president as an impartial judge might be held responsible for the efficiency of the teaching staff. But experience has proved that personal feelings may impair the president's judgment; while defects of temper and manner may lead an otherwise excellent professor to incur the enmity of his chief. The capital of a scientific man is, in part, his academic reputation, and it should be guarded and not left to the precarious judgment of one man.

The Hartford *Courant*, though controlled by a member of one of the Yale societies, has ventured to raise its voice against the sacred institution known at New Haven as "tap day." Formerly, the students elected to senior societies were informed privately; but now the custom of "tapping" the successful young men in public is said by the *Courant* to be a "cruel and spectacular sport." Even in so democratic a university as Yale, distinctions created by the existence of fraternities are inevitable. If a student's election to any one of the senior societies depended on his scholarship, athletic prowess, or both, there could be no trouble or envy. When, however, membership is merely a social distinction, to make "tapping" a public ceremony is invidious. The wonder is that there should always be so large an attendance of undergraduates to witness the triumph of the few and the discomfiture of the many.

From a responsible source we have a list of subjects actually assigned to school children of this city, between twelve and fourteen years, upon which they are to write "essays" or get up "debates." Among them are the following: "The Influence of the United States Upon the World's Diplomacy," "Daniel Webster's Speeches," "The Constitution of the United States," "Resolved, That any infringement upon the dual interpretation of the Constitution of the United States should be regarded as a menace to the stability of democratic institutions," "State Rights," "Something against National and State Sovereignty," "American Coinage," "Trade in the East during the Fifteenth Century," "Liquid Air," "Educational progress in the United States from the Civil War up to the present time," "Economic development of the United States from the Civil War up to the present time," "Early Roman Law," and "Was Brutus justified in killing Cæsar?" It is difficult to believe that mere stupidity accounts for "educational" practices of this kind. Nor is it easy to accept the defence of certain teachers that they know the topics are beyond the grasp of their pupils, but that the children are morally, and to some extent intellectually, benefited by the effort to get from books some knowledge about them. The child who is conscientious enough to go to a library and try to puzzle out these subjects will come presently to hate the sight of all books. Moreover, the only way in which chil-

dren are able to use books in "preparing" for debates or essays upon such themes is likely to lead to demoralizing habits. To force a child to make such use of books is too apt to result in shameless and habitual plagiarizing.

A sign of the scientific awakening at the English universities is the recent establishment at Cambridge of a diploma in anthropology. This is offered to advanced students who have been under the Board of Anthropological Studies and have presented a thesis. Considering the extent of the British Empire, the home universities, with the exception of the University of London, have been singularly inactive in this department of scientific research. The leading English anthropologists, Darwin, Huxley, and Tylor, did their work without encouragement from Oxford and Cambridge. Ethnic psychology, to which Germany since the time of Kant has made so many important contributions, is neglected in England, unless one may regard as scientific contributions the reports brought back by travellers and hunters. And yet a very useful source of knowledge concerning the race in the past is to be found in the study of inferior types in the present.

It is plain from Campbell-Bannerman's recent speech that the Liberal Government means business in trying to reform the House of Lords. The Premier will make a statement on the subject in the Commons next week, or the week after. Sir Henry spoke with much feeling of the way in which the Ministry's programme, especially in educational matters, had been broken down by the Lords, and truly said that it was in their power, under present conditions, to make of any Liberal Government merely a shadow. Referring to the frustrated hopes of his party, the Prime Minister said: "We over-estimated our powers." Whether they are not doing it now is the unpleasant question which suggests itself. If the Lords can throw out any bill, except one carrying money, they certainly can throw out any bill to end their right to throw out bills. So it looks very much as if the Liberals would go up against a stone wall. Still, as many Conservatives, even among the peers, are in favor of reconstituting the upper chamber, it is possible that a moderate measure of reform will be at least discussed on its merits.

The recent mutiny of the fourth squadron of the Russian Hussars of the Guard at Tsarskoe Selo may, as alleged, be due solely to too strict discipline—but it may very well be due to other causes. The Russian troops were not in the habit of rising against their officers prior to the war with Japan, but were accustomed to endure hardships and ill-treatment without grumbling. That the revolutionary propagandists are making headway in the army cannot be doubted. Recently the Government has had some success in arresting a few comparatively unimportant agents of the society which is devoting itself to proselyting in the army, but if the latest advices received by the Berlin press are correct, the real leaders are still at liberty, and the full extent of these activities has not been as yet revealed. The society dates back to 1905. After the armed revolt in Moscow, the labor party's leaders determined to win over the troops, if this were in any way possible, and they quickly brought about risings in the Moscow garrison. The revolts in Sevastopol, Sveaborg, and Cronstadt are all attributed to the same source. After their failure, the society went about its task even more systematically. Besides publishing documents and pamphlets without end, it maintained three newspapers, the *Soldier*, the *Soldier's Messenger*, and *The Barracks*. So extensive was the circulation of these journals that the police were finally stung into action, and succeeded in discovering in St. Petersburg and elsewhere a number of secret printing shops in which the papers were prepared. Some of these have been raided; but the chief workers invariably escaped.

The Russian Government is making strenuous efforts to turn the tide of emigration away from America to Eastern Siberia, particularly the Amur region. A German journalist who recently came west by the Siberian railway noticed every day from three to five emigrant trains making their way east, each train consisting of twenty cars—mere cattle-cars, the passengers being obliged to sit on their own bundles. The Government gives them passage for one-fourth of the price of a third-class ticket. Moreover, each family receives a present of 50 rubles, and the loan of 200 rubles more, to be repaid within ten years, while land for the colonists is free. It is usually chosen in places where agriculture can be supplemented by fishing. This is obviously meant to make head against the Japanese, who were accorded certain fishing rights by the treaty of Portsmouth, not only along the Siberian coast, but on the Amur and other rivers. At present the number of Japanese is not large, either in the country or in Vladivostok. That city, however, is overrun with Koreans and Chincse.

It is a trifle startling to read that France has tendered her good offices to help the United States and Japan in composing their differences. It seems, however, that the offer relates chiefly to an understanding with Japan about affairs in the Far East. This would make it a natural step consequent upon the recent agreement, on that subject, reached by France and Japan. Its terms have not yet been published, but the semi-official explanations have made it evident that the aim is for the two Powers to exchange satisfactory guarantees respecting their interests in the Orient. There would be involved, undoubtedly, the preservation of the existing *status*, and probably the maintenance of the open door in China. A similar agreement with Russia is also being striven for by the industrious Japanese diplomats. With its attainment, following the understanding with France and the treaty with England, the outlook for permanent peace in the East would be very good. Germany might not come into the group of agreeing Powers, but she surely would have no desire or motive to antagonize them. As for the United States, we cannot see that anything further could be expected from us. Alliances this country does not make, nor even a written *entente* with any one nation; and our policy in the Orient, as defined by Secretary Hay and maintained by Mr. Root, is wholly in favor of peaceful development. We want not a foot of Eastern territory; indeed, *sub rosa*, we should be mightily pleased to get rid of what we have. A fair field and no favors in trade is our principle abroad, whatever it may be at home.

A letter from Daniel Crosby Greene to the *North China Herald* gives details concerning education at the Japanese schools and universities. The liberality of the Japanese universities is shown at Tokio, where a course of lectures arranged by a Buddhist is given by a Roman Catholic, on the history of Christian doctrine. The spread of information among the humbler classes is very remarkable. Mr. Greene says: "While travelling in the mountains near Kioto, during Mr. Bryan's first candidature for the Presidency of the United States, I overheard my kago bearer talking about the probable effect upon Japan's finances if McKinley should succeed in defeating Bryan." Indeed, a career in diplomacy, the army, and in the learned world is open even to the common people of Japan. "In the nine years ending with 1904, out of fifty-three who successfully passed the examination for entrance to the diplomatic corps of Japan, three were nobles, nineteen were Samurai, and thirty-one were *heimin*" (common people). Fully one-half of the army officers are of the latter class; and out of twelve students who took their degrees at the Imperial University *summa cum laude*, three years ago, seven were *heimin*. Nor is the higher education of women neglected in Japan. She boasts of a "Women's University" with more than a thousand students.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRAMME.

Monday being one of Mr. Roosevelt's days of relaxation, with the lassitude of the summer vacation already upon him, he made only two long speeches and held but one naval review. We can imagine him saying, with Hotspur, "Fie upon this quiet life." Yet his countrymen cannot be quiet, or idle, if they are to gird up their loins for all the tasks he bids them rise and undertake. These latest addresses of the President's deepen the sense of wonder at the intricate and extended programme which he is laying out for himself. Ordinary statesmen are content to gain a painful inch at a time, but Mr. Roosevelt outlines legislation which would convulse the country and occupy Congress for years, yet does it with the easy confidence of a man who has only to speak and the thing is done. This whole attitude of his fairly challenges discussion of what his plans and hopes really are.

It is evident, to start with, that even he, in his most sanguine moments, cannot expect that any large part of his vast schemes will be carried out during his present term of office. Congress does not meet till December. Its "long session" will be almost certainly paralyzed by the timidity about radical legislation which prevails on the eve of a Presidential election. There will remain, for legislative purposes, only the crowded months of the short session, December, 1908—March, 1909. In the latter month, Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office, and what reasonable prospect is there that a tithe of the laws he wants passed will have been so much as debated by Congress? The answer is, none whatever; and nobody knows this better than President Roosevelt himself. All these projects of his are not for to-day, or to-morrow, but for the distant future. This stands out on the surface, and it is also what those deep in the President's confidence will tell you. He keeps on talking of sweeping changes in the laws, not as of work which he has any hope of accomplishing during his year and nine months in the White House, but as matter for *longs espoirs* of the future.

Does he, then, emit these views in the character of a prospective "sage"—a sort of farewell address to the American people? Hardly. We cannot conceive of Mr. Roosevelt meekly submitting to the reproach that there has been glorious fighting, and he was not in it. It is a distant programme he outlines, but it is unquestionably one which he expects to have a hand in shaping. His tone is not that of a man about to retire from the combat; or, if he retires temporarily, it will be only because he means to come back with renewed vigor. Thus his reiteration of ambitious plans for future legislation has a direct bearing on the plans which he entertains for himself. It may imply, as many think, that he intends to block out such arduous labors that the country will despair of getting any other man even to tackle them, and will insist upon his accepting a third term. Or it may indicate a shrewder and more far-sighted ambition. The President may have reflected deeply on the doctrine of chances and of "cycles"; may have convinced himself that a financial setback is certain to come next year, or the year after, and that he would be better off out of the Presidency than in. Then people would say: "The times were always good when Roosevelt was President, and there is nothing for it but to put him in the White House for eight years more."

Which destiny the President may have determined for himself and for the country, we do not profess to know. His friends declare that he is not so stupid as to prefer four years more of dubious success now, to eight years of assured power after 1912. In any event, it is to future contests that Mr. Roosevelt is plainly looking forward. For them he delivers the speeches which have no relation to present-day law-making. Believing that radical doctrines will grow in favor, he is content to startle his conservative party to-day, provided that the voters will be of his way of thinking a few years hence.

Mr. Bryan humorously protested the other day at Albany that he could advance no innovating views without having President Roosevelt presently utter the same opinion, with greater force and eloquence. He will feel like renewing his plaint when he reads the President's Monday speeches. Mr. Roosevelt quietly proposes to abolish the law of contributory negligence, in the case of accidents to workingmen. If Mr. Bryan had urged this—say, in 1896—it would have been called a shameless bid for the labor vote. But, coming from a Republican President, it is, of course, conservative, wise, and economically and legally sound.

These new proposals of the President, not being meant for immediate consumption, scarcely call for discussion now, in all their political and social bearings. Their interest by themselves is not so great as their interest for revealing the working of Mr. Roosevelt's mind and the trend of his ambition.

THE THIN-SKINNED CORPORATION.

"Cartoons and lampoons" are named among the weapons which commuters on the Reading Railroad used in their successful fight for the restoration of the old passenger rates which the company had raised in retaliation for two-cent fare legislation in Pennsylvania. If the embattled suburbanites had prevailed by means of threats that they would use the trolleys, or go and live on the lines of other roads, it would have been intelligible enough. The corporation might have figured out its probable immediate loss through a boycott, and its larger future loss, and then reversed its policy. We can understand how an artificial person could be reached through the pocketbook. But the cartoon is aimed specifically at the vanities and self-satisfactions of persons with feelings to be hurt and toes to be trodden on. The Reading Railroad is not supposed to have feelings or toes. How could satire or ridicule make any impression on it?

Theoretically, a cartoon of a corporation should have just about as much influence on its policies as a caricature of the moon would have on the tides. Like the virulent cartoons on the weather which have been turned out in such numbers lately, it should be regarded as a method of working off superfluous indignation rather than a contribution to any practical end. Yet the part which cartoons played in the agitation against one railroad's commutation rates is acknowledged. We have no doubt the same methods will now be applied to the Pennsylvania, which has announced a similar policy. The Reading is not the only road to feel the sting of the cartoon. Officials of one railway have confessed that nothing hurt them so much as certain parodies on the exploits of an immaculate young woman passenger, used in the advertising of a rival company and twisted into "roasts" on their own line.

The soullessness of the corporation has been axiomatic for generations, yet to-day it is remarkably sensitive. It may have no more moral responsibility or chance of going to heaven than a dog, yet it likes just as the dog does to be patted on the head, and shrinks from the harsh word. In practice, the entirely soulless corporation is "as mythological an entity"—to borrow a phrase from Professor James—as the "economic man" actuated only by enlightened self-interest. The accepted hynothesis has required every one who came in contact with corporations to make violent distinctions between them and their officials and employees. The Western anti-Trust agitator, for instance, had to admit that the Standard Oil was represented in the town by one of his most esteemed neighbors, while some of the best men he knew sold policies of Eastern insurance companies, whose very names would rouse him to fury.

How the human factor enters into the great as well as the petty affairs of the corporation is harder to realize. In an article in the current *Atlantic*, Mr. Hayes Robbins assembles some most interesting facts about "The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem." He dwells on the frequency with which devastating strikes have been averted by personal conference between the represen-

tatives of employers and employees, and points out how the point of contact between labor and capital has not been eliminated, but merely shifted, the immediate superior, foreman, superintendent, or gang boss representing to the subordinate much that the employer himself did in the days of the small business. One corporation shop may differ from another in atmosphere and methods just as much as one individual's shop did from another a generation ago. Nor is this the only notable example of the personal factor. Regulative commissions of railways or corporations, instead of finding that they have to deal with machines which only force can deflect from their chosen courses, record every year hundreds of instances of the sweet reasonableness which the industrial giants will exhibit when they are approached in the right way.

Souls or no souls, corporations do exhibit the qualities of plain human beings. Some are broad-minded, some pig-headed; some peppery, some complaisant; some hated, some relatively popular. Opper's beaming and rotund "Trusts" are as correct delineations as Davenport's microcephalic monsters with the same label. What Mr. Robbins says of the industrial corporation is not open to denial: "Its policies are made and carried out by *men*, and a man cannot divest himself of himself. If he tries to become an economic abstraction, he succeeds in becoming another and usually much poorer type of man, but still a man for a' that."

THE NEW ENGLISH LAND BILL.

In introducing the other day the Government bill to provide for small holdings of land, Lewis Harcourt made an allusion to that radical land-law reformer, Jesse Collings, now a Tory in good and regular standing. It was he who for years made the hustings echo with his cry: "Three acres and a cow!" Mr. Harcourt described himself as a humble pupil of Mr. Collings, dating back to the early days of the agitation for breaking up unimproved land into allotments—the days when, as the speaker wittily remarked, Mr. Collings "had the honor to be the bogey of the party bench which he now adorns."

Such jesting allusions to the way in which times change, and men and parties with them, do not, however, obscure the capital importance, both social and political, of the measure now before the Commons. Upon it the Ministry have staked their fortunes. It is the one outstanding law which they have marked for passage at this session of Parliament. It will undoubtedly pass the Commons, yet, as the Premier said the other day about the bills which he hoped to enact, "When I say 'pass,' I mean pass this House, for what will happen in the Lords, I am not able to predict." Yet if the bill should be thrown out by the House of Lords, that body would more than ever fall under the opprobrium of deserving to be known as the House of Landlords, and the party advantage of the Liberals would be almost as great as if the bill had been accepted by the upper chamber. So far, the Conservatives are standing about this land measure very much as, in Dr. Holmes's phrase, a set of pointer dogs would stand about a turtle. They do not know what to make of it, or what to do with it. They say that they agree with the principle of the bill, but are horrified by its details. This is probably the preliminary to a grudging acceptance of it, though Mr. Balfour has, as yet, given no sign. He and Lord Lansdowne have quite openly said that the Lords must not enter into a collision with the Commons except on "grounds favorable to themselves." For that reason they did not reject, though they roundly condemned, the bill to relieve labor unions from legal responsibility. It was a popular measure, and so they did not dare kill it. If the land bill proves as popular as it now promises to be, Balfour will give orders to his obedient peers not to kill that either.

Much of the credit for the initiative in this legislation is due to that active and rising politician, Winston Churchill. He first took up the issue with alert perception of its political significance, and has pressed it with energy and resource. In speeches at Manchester and elsewhere, as by letters and articles, he has shown himself his father's son in striking out for social reform and in assuming the leadership of a forward movement. From Churchill, the impetus passed to the Prime Minister, who also quickly saw the opportunity for recovering party prestige; so that now the bill is backed by the whole power of the Government, and bids fair to be the battle-horse of the remainder of the session of Parliament.

What are the conditions which call for remedial legislation, and what is proposed by the land bill? The grievance is manifold. There is, first, the steady depopulation of some parts of rural England. The land under cultivation is declining in area. Only one-third of the agricultural land in England is devoted to field-crops. In Denmark, the proportion is nearly two-thirds, and the difference may be ascribed, in part at least, to the small holdings of the Danes. Furthermore, the small farmer in England is at a disadvantage in point of fixity of tenure. There is also complaint of bad housing and unfair taxation. Land held simply to gratify the sporting tastes of its owner is assessed but a few shillings the acre, while farm lands, directly adjoining, pay six or eight times as much in taxes. Such an anomaly lends point to the contention that land should be valued, for assessment purposes, apart from the buildings or other improvements upon it. To this principle, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has given his assent.

The bill itself makes but a modest beginning. It provides a way in which the local authorities and county councils may acquire, by either amicable purchase or expropriation, land suitable for small holdings. There are also to be two new Commissioners of Agriculture who, if the local authorities do not act, will have power to proceed in any county in England or Wales to take over land, at an agreed price or under compulsion, and to charge the price to the county councils. Property may also be leased, for small allotments, for a period of not less than fourteen years, with a privilege of renewal. Lands acquired in either way are to be let out in parcels of from five to fifty acres, not exceeding a rental value of $250 a year; and the rent charge is to be so fixed as to pay off the whole of the interest and sinking fund of the moneys expended in purchase or lease of land by the county councils. For the first year, the Treasury is to give the Board of Agriculture a credit of $500,000 for buying lands to be broken up into small holdings.

Whether any large practical results may be expected from this initial measure of land-law reform, opinions violently differ. Jesse Collings declared that the bill did not go nearly far enough, though his Tory colleague, Mr. Long, asserted that it went entirely too far. H. Rider Haggard, better known in another way, has made a minute study of the land question in England, and he stoutly denies that there is any such "land hunger" as Winston Churchill talks about. He, therefore, does not expect the drift to the cities to be checked by a provision for small holdings in the country. But the experiment is bound to be made; and its working out will be followed with deep interest by all students of the intricate social and political questions involved.

JAPANESE JINGOES—AND OTHERS.

"There is yellow journalism in Japan as well as in America." Such was the remark of a member of the Japanese Embassy at Washington, the other day. He might have added that Japan also knows what it is to have Jingoes. Many Americans express surprise at the Tokio dispatches reporting anti-American agitation, with appeals to the Government to uphold the national dignity, and so on: but all this ought to excite no special wonder among us. We are, or ought to be, perfectly familiar with the phenomenon. In all countries, in fact, which have government by party, the thing is well known. The party out of power is forever in tears and rage over the pusillanimity of the party in office,

when it comes to dealing firmly with foreign nations. If *we* were in charge of the government, no such patriotic humiliation would be undergone. This is an old story. It has been heard in the politics of England and the United States for a hundred years. Its appearance in Japan may thus be taken as a sign of her rapid political development. She is but adding a sensational press and frothing Jingoes to the equipment necessary for one of the progressive nations of the world.

The Progressives in Japan are merely doing what the Republicans in the United States were attempting in the years 1893 to 1896—that is, recklessly attacking the Government for its conduct of foreign affairs, in the hope of discrediting it and working their way into office. Who does not remember the lamentable groans over President Cleveland's course towards Hawaii? Suffering Republicans could not conceal their pain. It was so great that it could be assuaged by nothing but a prospect of officeholding. As this remained, like the prospect of Eton, rather distant, new fury had to be artificially excited over Venezuela and over Spain and Cuba. The heavens were rent by Republican cries about the contemptible weakness of the Cleveland Administration in "fronting" Great Britain. As for the disgrace of our attitude towards Spain, the feelings of our leading Republican statesmen almost choked their utterance—not quite, for they went about articulating brokenly: "Oh, the shame of it! Oh, for one hour of a Republican President, with all the rest of us drawing good salaries!" These noble tactics are being reproduced to the life by Count Okuma and his followers in the Progressive party and the sensational press of Japan.

This is not saying that there is no real friction between Japan and the United States, nor that the situation may not become serious. International clamors artfully and selfishly raised sometimes have evil consequences. They are certain to do so, if persisted in. An example is the present state of the relations of Germany and England. Such an amount of suspicion and inflammatory insinuation has found a place in the press of either country that the efforts made by public men and professors and the better class of journalists have succeeded in allaying only a part of the ill feeling. Our difficulty with Japan is somewhat similar. It is artificially created, but it may become real. Prejudice and partisan motives have been at work on both sides, hampering the efforts of responsible statesmen. The Japanese Ministry must be influenced by the outcry against them; nor does it lie in the mouth of the Administration at Washington to rebuke them for turning tail in the face of popular clamor.

Indeed, President Roosevelt's words about the Japanese question in his annual message, with his subsequent swallowing of them whole, have a good deal to do with the present troubles. This is semi-officially admitted in Washington, though in a perverse sense. We have just learned that the President's "official associates and closest friends" acknowledge that his handling of the Japanese matter last December was ill-judged; but this, because his language about Japan was "too fulsome," and created in that country the mistaken impression that our Government was "timid," and that Japan had only to assume a threatening attitude to force anything out of us she wanted. The facts, however, compel a different interpretation. What the President held out was a promise of generous and just dealing, which has not been fulfilled. This is precisely what the Jingo press of Japan is pointing out, and using with so much craft. It declares that President Roosevelt pledged himself to fair and honorable treatment of the Japanese in this country, even urging their admission to citizenship, but that since then nothing has been done except to demand absolute exclusion of Japanese laborers. Consequently, the Japanese "outs" are asking what sort of Government they have, if it is so weak as not to hold the ruler of the United States to his word. The Japanese may be able to answer the question, but it certainly has its awkwardness for Americans.

We do not regard the tension with Japan as alarming, but it surely should be sobering. We see our own methods turned against us. As the philosophic Mr. Dooley pointed out last Sunday, we have immemorially gone on the assumption that the foreigner existed only to be ridiculed and insulted by us. "That's what they were f'r." But now we have found out, to our disgust, that they have as much sensitiveness and pride as we have, and that they resent our brutality. "Why, be hivens, it won't be long till we'll have to be threatin' th' Chinese dacint!" The prospect is enough to make Mr. Dooley sigh for the good old days "befure we become a wurruld power."

FRENCH VIEWS OF RELIGION.

The secularizing movement in France has been accompanied, rather strangely, by a revival of interest in the philosophy of religion. Its beginnings are marked, approximately, by the publication of Guyau's "Irréligion de l'Avenir"; its latest development is a series of essays by Prof. Marcel Hébert, entitled "Le Divin." The anti-clerical party may not be anti-religious, but it cannot be denied that anti-clericalism derives its impetus and effectiveness from an anti-religious undercurrent. As usually happens when the ties are relaxed which have bound men to the church and the historic faith, there has arisen a spirit of free inquiry. In England, when faith in religion is weakened, interest in moral theory is deepened; and the same is true of Germany. But in Catholic nations like France, ethics and some form of religion are held to be inseparable; and negation, as well as reliance on ecclesiastical authority, is apt to give way to a religious philosophy which may be loosely defined as mysticism.

Earlier periods of thought furnish parallels to what may now be witnessed in France. When the Greek schools were disintegrating, and polytheism was disappearing, Neo-Platonic mysticism arose. Mystical philosophy, both within and without the church, succeeded the formal philosophy of the later schoolmen. Agnosticism in England, and rationalism in Germany, produced new activity in ethical theory and ethical culture. And the long array of recent publications in France proves the truth of M. Pillon's saying that, in that country, "Mysticism is *à la mode*."

M. Hébert's book abandons the old method in religious philosophy. Its starting point is a psychological fact, not a metaphysical theory. The natural theologian used to demonstrate, to his own satisfaction at any rate, the being of God and the immortality of the soul; and it was supposed that the religious feeling was provoked by the knowledge of religious truth. But in the religious philosophy of the hour, the psychological question is paramount —What is the religious feeling? With M. Hébert, as with Professor James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," this feeling has its roots in the subconscious region. When its comes up into consciousness, it is like a vine which attaches itself to proximate objects. On the lowest level, it is concerned with the totem or fetich; on a higher scale it rises to an ethnic deity, or a Creator, personal and omnipotent, or conceives of Nature as the sum total of all existence. But the modern mystic, perplexed by the insoluble problems concerning the divine goodness and finite evil, the divine power and human liberty, rests in the contemplation of infinity, goodness, love, considered as abstractions. Perfection becomes the object of the mystic's contemplation. "It is not," says M. Hébert, "the simple sentiment of the perfect" which is characteristic of the mystic's consciousness; "It is the *obsession* of the perfect; but the obsession bears witness to the existence of the sentiment."

To reduce such a doctrine to a scientific formula is impossible. In proportion as science advances, mysticism recedes, but it has always the unknown, the indefinitely perfect, as the object of contemplation and the source of inspiration. It is easy to see how readily

such a view of the religious consciousness may accompany a belief in the doctrine of Comte or of Herbert Spencer. Comte, in spite of his Positivism, was really a mystic. Humanity was his name for the perfect abstraction. Advancing science can never detract from the Unknowable, which is the agnostic's deity. If it be asked how this religious feeling is manifested in experience, M. Hébert seeks to show that the contemplation of abstract perfection is not inconsistent with the pursuit of what approaches perfection in the concrete. A relation can be established between the ideally best and that which is best in our experience. The idea of the perfect takes hold upon the real, adapts itself to it, penetrates it. Thus the life of the mystic is active as well as contemplative.

This view of religion, as M. Hébert admits, lies beyond the region of demonstration. It is justified, however, he thinks, by its intrinsic excellence and by its effect on human action. Thus the mystic view of the world becomes one with the "pragmatic." If it be accepted, there can be no religious sects united by a common creed or set of dogmas. There may be a variety of free religious associations, but in them theory will be nothing, practice everything, and the goal of all will be the same. The forms of religion will be as various as the forms of art; for men's ideas of perfection will differ just as will their ideas of beauty, according to time, place, and education. For the last two decades, mysticism of this general description has been set forth with various modifications by more than a score of the most fluent philosophical writers in France and Belgium. In no other countries has the tendency been so prevalent. Its attitude toward the church has usually been irenical and tolerant. But while it may attract a certain thoughtful and sentimental élite, it is not likely, in this rough world, to be potent as an agency for moral reformation.

RECENT NOVELS BY GERMAN WOMEN

There has been a great change in the fiction written by German women. In the period when the gilt-edged album for younger or older daughters flourished on the holiday market, the pages of the magazines were flooded with mildly innocuous stories of anæmic heroines, who fainted in proof of their womanliness, drifted into consumption when their heart was broken by unrequited love, or found him who, in the words of the song by Schumann, was "der Herrlichste von Allen," and lived happily ever after. But no sooner had the Scandinavian wizard given German women a glimpse of his "Doll's House," than the progeny of unfortunate little Nora appeared in German fiction, and, reinforced by the *Tendenz* of "The Heavenly Twins" and "Discords" and "Keynotes," produced a variety of complicated characters entangled in difficult situations.

The disposition of the fiction produced by German women to-day is as widely different from the stories which even twenty-five years ago delighted the *Lesekränzchen* throughout the empire and drifted to America through Mrs. Wister's translations, as from the books which were thrown upon the market by the publishers of an advanced woman's magazine a few years ago and stirred up heated controversy in the German press. There is nothing narrowly bourgeois about it, as Gertrude Atherton uses that word, nor is it burdened with a revolutionary message. It may touch upon problems of modern life or throw the light of modern reading of life upon past periods of history, but it is primarily conceived with an artistic, not an ethical, purpose.

Ricarda Huch, who, by her critical study of German romanticism, her lyrics, and her novels, has been unanimously accorded a place among the best contemporaneous writers of Germany, regardless of sex, stands aloof from the *Tendenzliteratur* of the time with aristocratic reserve. Her stories have always dealt with people whose inheritance has bound them to the traditions and conventions of the past, and even when her scions of old patrician families trespassed against the code of conduct laid down by their fathers' fathers, there was nothing in her treatment of the resulting conflict to indicate a critical attitude toward society. This objective view entirely dominates her latest work, the first of a trilogy of novels of the era of Garibaldi. While in her former books the warm and animated style established a certain intimacy between author and reader, there is no such personal appeal in "Die Verteidigung Roms" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart). The style is dry and cold, and suggests a purely historical record, rather than a sympathetic and artistic reconstruction of a page of history.

Those critics notwithstanding, who would limit her power to one class of stories, and the scene thereof to one little spot on German soil, the work of Clara Viebig is remarkable for a uniform excellence which commands respect. Whether she describes village life in the Eifel range or the Rhenish gayety of Old Düsseldorf; the sordid, common-place tragedy of a servant girl in Berlin, or the vicissitudes of the German *Gutsbesitzer* in the province of Posen, where the atmosphere is charged with racial and religious antagonisms, Frau Viebig always tells her story directly and and effectively, her construction is admirable, and her characters are almost without exception alive. Even when she treats unpleasant problems, she does not lose her hold on the sympathy of her readers, because her vision is normal and her tone wholesome. One of her recent novels, "Einer Mutter Sohn," tells the story of a childless woman adopting and transplanting into her refined Berlin home the baby boy of poor peasants. There are three powerful dramatic moments in this book: the first is the parting of the mother from her child, when, after having received the sum for which she relinquished all her parental claims, the maternal instinct wells up in a wave of savage passion and culminates in an act of violence. The second is the scene when the boy, whose racial instinct resents the careful home-breeding and school training which are to prepare him for cultured society, learns his descent and confronts his foster-parents with the brusque question: "Where is my mother?" Then there is that final chapter, when the youth, whose peasant vitality, instead of finding a natural outlet in a life in the open, has been exhausted in the pursuit of metropolitan pleasures, forces upon the woman who has given him the unspent maternal affection of a whole life, the painful knowledge that she has made an irreparable mistake. From the psychological standpoint, this book is Frau Viebig's greatest achievement.

Although widely different in theme, her latest novel, "Absolvo Te" (like all her works published by Egon Fleischel & Co. of Berlin), also bears upon the question of unwarrantable interference. The handsome and refined daughter of a schoolmaster, who from cultured Germany has drifted into a rural community in Posen, is, when a mere child, forced by her widowed mother into marrying a wealthy old farmer. In her adolescence she had dreamed of a celestial bridegroom, and she never forgives her mother for brutally arousing her from that dream to a repulsive reality. The mother dies after a brief enjoyment of their material prosperity, but the daughter cannot overcome her disgust of the husband forced upon her. Even the little girl to whom she gives birth does not soften her heart. The attentions bestowed upon her by the masculine population of the small community turn her head. While in her daughter the semi-religious idiosyncrasies of her own youth reappear and develop into hysteria, the mother eventually becomes the prey of a criminal desire to precipitate the old man's death. The sordid story is only occasionally relieved by touches of grim humor.

It seems a pity that Frieda von Bülow, who, some years ago, started the colonial fiction of Germany, should have abandoned a field in which she had no competitors. "Tropenkoller," the title of her first book, was a word coined by her for the change wrought in men, who, from a spirit of adventure or business enterprise, had migrated to Africa, and had developed an unscrupulous, brutal bravado, which, in that climate, seems to take hold of the cool-headed North-Germans with the power of a madness. The story started the ball rolling, but none of her successors presented the problems of German colonial life in the tropics with the same vitality. Orla Holm's "Pionere" (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin) is but a faint attempt in the same direction. The book makes little call upon the imagination. It reads like an unpretentious translation of a page from real life, the sole charm whereof is its simple pathos. Since Gustav Frensseu has picked up the thread which Frieda von Bülow dropped, and in "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest" has told the story of German colonial Africa from the standpoint of the soldier, it will be difficult for any new author to treat that subject.

A writer of distinct individuality is Frau Helene Pollidahl, who, under the pseudonym of Hermann Dahl, is producing intensely interesting studies of temperament. In her first book, "Der Göttliche," she limned the

religious type; in her last, "Harald Atterdal," the artistic. The scene of both is Scandinavia, the atmosphere of which seems to lend itself to the high emotional pitch maintained throughout this account of her hero's relations with women. The character of Harald is an unflattered portrayal of a type of decadent peculiar to our time. The author herself indulges too much in that very analysis of the feelings which proves destructive to genuine sentiment. The women, especially, seem unreal in the complexity of their emotions, and only the mother of the hero stands forth as a living type of simple devotion and loving faith. The story is written in the nervous style which has grown to be the regular vehicle for the psychological problem novel of the modern Germans.

A life of humble toil and hopeless poverty is pictured in the book of a powerful new writer, Charlotte Knöckel. The scene of her "Kinder der Gasse" (S. Fischer, Berlin) is a manufacturing town, and the plot deals with the sordid features of tenement and factory life in their bearing upon the development of children. The progress which German fiction has made within the last ten years is best seen in a comparison of this book with the slum stories of the nineties. The author is more concerned with the inner life of her people than with their struggle for bare existence, and presents her ease in a simple, direct, and forceful style, as remote from maudlin melodrama as from partisan proselytism.

Countess Uxkull is one of the writers who have outgrown the period when they used the novel as vehicle for ideas on social reforms. She has left the world of to-day with all its vital questions for a world of her own poetical creation. Her volume of short stories, "Ins Leben zurück" (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin), is full of mature philosophy, and has the perspective of the true artist. In "Euphorion" she presents the old struggle between the Hellenic and the Christian ideal of life in a tale of almost classical beauty. In "Jenseits der Mauern" she treats the problem of self-conquest in a picturesque Renaissance setting. There is a strong dramatic element in the three stories which are told in language of rare beauty and finish.

Lulu von Strauss-Torney has gone back to the past in her two latest books, the short stories "Der Hof am Brink" and "Das Meerminnecke," and her novel, "Lucifer" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). A German village in the Thirty Years' War is the scene of the first story; German peasants and Swedish soldiers are the actors. "Das Meerminnecke" is laid in a town of Holland during the first tumultuous struggles between the old and the new faith. Pale-faeed, black-eyed, and red-haired—a combination of colors which is in itself an offence against the proprieties of a mediæval village—the pitiable survivor of a Spanish wreck makes her entrance in a hamper carried by two stout fishmongers. She has barely escaped the persecution of her race at home to be hounded by the superstition of a Dutch mob. Yet the pathos of this story is not unrelieved by humor, and some of the scenes are delightful, especially those in the convent whither the chaplain has hurried the unfortunate stranger. "Lucifer" is a more ambitious attempt at historieal fiction, and deals also with religious struggles, the hero having been forced by his mother to take holy orders and even during his novitiate trespassing against his vows and harassing the pious fathers by his doubts. The consistency with which the author evolves this character is admirable.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Anderson Auction Company has sales five days next week. That of June 17 and 18 includes Lieut. James Moody's "Narrative of his Exertions and Sufferings in the Cause of Government since the year 1776," 1783, a very scarce book by a New Jersey Tory; various first editions of Thackeray, Thoreau, Tennyson, and others; Dinsmoor's "Incidental Poems," 1828, in the origiual boards, uncut, and having laid in an unpublished manuscript poem; Tyler's "Contrast," 1790, having the frontispiece by Maverick, but lacking one leaf at the end: several of Valentine's Manuals; some good autographs, including a three-page A. L. S. from Gladstone, in which he says: "My favorite axe is an American, with an American handle, split half-way down and secured by being tightly bound with wax string. This singular condition gives it a remarkable elasticity, but if the string were removed the handle would go to splinters at the first stroke."

Part seven of the Kopetschney collection will be sold June 19 and 20 by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company. Works on Art, Bibliography, Biography, History, Dramatic Literature, Natural History, etc., together with numerous French, Italian, and German books, make up this portion.

On July 1, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell the small but very choice collection of Stuart M. Samuel, M. P. There are 199 lots only in the catalogue, but among them are some choice "association" items. Mr. Samuel has, perhaps, been best known as the owner of the Crampon copy of Browning's "Pauline," which has an interesting inscription on the fly-leaf, and which sold for £145 in the Crampon sale in June, 1896. A set of "Bells and Pomegranates," eight parts, presentation copies to W. J. Fox, one of Browning's earliest friends to recognize his genius, as well as proof-sheets of several numbers of the same, are equally interesting. There are presentation copies of first editions of Browning's books, including "Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Night Cap Country," "The Inn Album," and others. The Byron items are few, but important. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" has a portion of the original manuscript inserted. "Manfred" was Byron's own copy, with an unpublished soliloquy, three pages, in the author's autograph. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is the genuine first edition, dated 1865 (the second edition, 1866, is usually described as the first), and has five of the original drawings by John Tenniel, and several proofs of the engravings inserted. "Through the Looking-Glass" also contains five of Tenniel's original drawings. The series of presentation copies of Dickens is the most remarkable offered since the Wright sale in 1899, in fact, some of these were Wright's copies. There are several of Coleridge's books, with manuscript additions and alterations; also presentation copies of "Remorse" and "Aids to Reflection." There are presentation copies of Gibbon's "Roman Empire," first editions, 1776-88; Longfellow's "Evangeline," 1845; Richardson's "Clarissa," 1748; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," 1864, and "The Window," 1867, and Thackeray's "Virginians," 1858. The last-named, given to Peter Rackham, contains this inscription in Thackeray's autograph.

In the U. States and in the Queens dominions
All people have a right to their opinions
And many don't much relish The Virginians.
Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it
A little to your taste I hope you'll bind it.

Rackham, however, seems not to have found it to his taste, as it is still in the original cloth.

The death, on May 16, of Edward Grose Hodge, for many years the head of the great English book-auction house, has been noted in the English papers. He was in his eighty-second year, and the active management of the business had been for some years in the hands of his son, Thomas Hodge. There has been, we believe, no Sotheby or Wilkinson in the firm for many years.

Correspondence.

REJECTION OF THE IRISH BILL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Letters from Irish and English members of Parliament, and from several acute observers in Dublin, added to my own experiences of many years, have placed me in possession of a complete narrative of the reasons and manœuvres resulting in that summary rejection of the Administration Reform bill for Ireland, which has astonished people unacquainted with the dishonesty of Irish parliamentarian life under present conditions.

There are two fundamental facts of the Irish situation. These are the clerical monopoly in general and the parliamentarian monopoly of political representation. By the former I mean the privileged position which the Church owes to its century-old arrangement with the British Government, and which assures it, in return for political and police services, its situation of exceptional ease and emolument under the British power. By the second is to be understood the absolute and jealous domination of the parliamentarian machine, which is also a clerical machine, in everything relating to election and representation among the present population of Ireland. From the first nomination of candidates in the local sacristies to the publication of their parliamentary eloquence in the *Freeman's Journal*, there is no stage in the selection or action of an Irish member of Parliament which is not jealously supervised with a view to rendering impossible the growth of any opposition to the parliamentary monopoly.

With these preliminary explanations, let us come at once to Sir Antony MacDonnell, the *fons et origo mali*, the Anglo-Indian under-secretary of pronounced Nationalist convictions, who won especial reputation as a great administrator in India, and

who, hearing the persistent abuse of "Nominee Castle Boards" from all classes of "Patriots," appears to have believed that Mr. Redmond and the bishops would really like to see a system of representative laymen in place of the wire-pulled institutions in evidence. Instead of a bishop tripping deftly up the Castle backstair to recommend his favorite to the vice-regal government, he should have to address his requests to a popularly elected Council of Irishmen; and, as I have said, the confinding Sir Antony may have imagined that the bishop would like the change. He now knows better.

The beginning of the story opens, accordingly, with Sir Antony MacDonnell's careful preparation of a bill which, while leaving absolutely unchanged the existing powers of the viceroy and the parliamentary party, substituted for the Castle nominees on the eight principal boards of Irish administration, a single council of popular representatives, who, with all the powers of the existing boards, should control the administration of some twenty-five million dollars annually of Irish expenditure. Any misuse of the Government power of supervision could always be met by the undiminished influence of the Irish party in Parliament, exactly as in the past. But the party, far from desiring to protect a rival "talking shop," preferred to destroy it from the first. Thenceforth, the stages of the affair were the following:

(1.) The parliamentarian leaders were vastly embarrassed at the friendly "consultations" with which Sir Antony MacDonnell and Mr. Birrell overwhelmed them, being afraid both to say how much they disliked any increase of popular representation in Ireland, and how much their own existence was bound up with the maintenance of the existing monopoly.

(2.) The bishops and priests, in open panic at the threatened intrusion of lay inspection into their educational and other preserves, resolved at all costs to break the bill, and pretended to suspect that the parliamentarians were willing accomplices in a black work of anti-clericalism.

(3.) Both bishops and parliamentarians instinctively recognized that it would be highly unsafe to avow that popular representative administration was the bugbear; and, "patriotic indignation at bill not being home rule," was officially declared to be the policy of the alarmed confederates.

(4.) These clerico-parliamentary manœuvres were immensely aided by the Healy-O'Brien vendetta against Messrs. Redmond and Dillon, and by the ultra-patriotic hostility to all parliamentarianism whatever. Both these elements combined to denounce the bill as "not home rule," which of course, it never pretended to be, and to denounce the parliamentary party as "vile traitors for promoting it," which, of course, they never had done.

(5.) The ground being thus smoothed by all the outside parties uniting to denounce the "anti-home rule insult to Ireland," etc., the game of the parliamentarians became beautifully easy. Adroitly slipping into the skin of the most ultra-patriots of all, the convention flung out the bill without discussion—which might have been inconvenient—and thereby rescued the parliamentary monopoly of representation and the clerical monopoly of education from the dangerous reform amid the most exhilarating shouts of "God bless Ireland, our patriotic members, and our noble clergy!"

(6.) As only the advanced Liberals, influenced by Sir Antony MacDonnell and Mr. Birrell, ever cared to understand that the clerico-parliamentary Trust was directly at stake, Mr. Redmond had no difficulty in convincing the Liberal Cabinet that unrepresentative Castle boards are very much better as they stand, and that the parliamentary party fully deserves the continued confidence of his Majesty's Government. To show this confidence, and to bind more closely the Irish farmers to the parliamentary party, the Government has just promised Mr. Redmond a bill for the compulsory restoration of evicted tenants.

Undoubtedly, the note of gayety in this drama of tragi-comic politics is given by the ultra-patriots, who rushed with levelled horns, and bellowing furiously, against the bill in the fond belief that they were opposing the parliamentarians! Home rule is now indefinitely side-tracked, to the boundless joy of the Trust, and the parliamentarian party will proceed to hunt the House of Lords, or any other irrelevant quarry indicated to them by their Liberal leaders. So much for the farce at Westminster. In Ireland, the Trust will also reap the reward of its dexterity in suppressing popular representation, and the unhappy land will continue to be the premier country of clerical graft under the century-old concordat between London and the Vatican.

F. Hugh O'Donnell.

New York, June 6.

MASOLINO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If Philip J. Gentner's theory of the chronology of Masolino, published in the *Nation* of May 2, be correct, it will help to clear up a very difficult and obscure problem. For on the accepted chronology it was too easy to argue that Masaccio must have participated largely in the frescoes in S. Clemente at Rome. They could not be entirely by Masolino, as Richter and Berenson (not to mention any earlier authorities) assert, because Masolino could not have so retrogressed from their standard of art. But a master may rise to a level from which a subsequent decline of the same degree is, to quote Mr. Gentner, "impossible." The argument, therefore, for the appearance of Masaccio in work adjudged by experts of unquestioned authority to Masolino—for Cavalcaselle's general position on the question of the relationship of the two artists as against Richter and Berenson—can no longer rest upon a negative plea, upon a reduction to stylistic absurdity, it must adduce positive evidence.

Leaving aside the traditional view, which might throw the *onus probandi* on the other side in this case, whereas in the case of the works in the Carmine at Florence tradition points the other way, we now have the advantage, as I consider it, of discussing the question upon its merits; we are confronted with a problem which depends for its solution upon sheer criticism.

If we admit Masolino at all as working in the S. Clemente series I think that Mr. Gentner's theory is possible. That we must admit this, *pace* Cavalcaselle, seems to me to follow from the general impress of Masolino's style which Masaccio, were he working alone, would hardly continue without greater modification than is exhibited in some of the pictures—in which the modification is present to me, but is manifest in the working out rather than in the compositional scheme. In other words, the customary practice of admitting to the execution of a large design the gifted scholar seems to explain the stylistic characters best. In the Annunciation, for instance, there may be little or nothing of Masaccio. Towards the end of the series, however, as in the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, or the scene where the saint is disputing with the Heathen Doctors, I see the unmistakable power of a bolder, keener draughtsman, inspired by classical art to interpret in the heads a typical dignity and a severe character alien to Masolino, and approaching Arnolfo. Masolino imports from Rome to North Italy (on the accepted chronology) accessory and decorative motives. Masaccio goes straight to the heart of his figurative models and limns their inner being as sheerly as a Hogarth or a Daumier.

A comparison between the Martyrdom and the Herodias scenes at Castiglione d'Olona exhibits an obvious external relationship in the general compositional types between the two artists, but in the special point of landscape we may note that the foreground of the Martyrdom, in its scientific observation might be by Bonnat, in its broad sweep and ideal arrangement might be by Harpignies. No Italian artist, except Masaccio, paints landscape in this fashion. Masolino does not, although he approaches Masaccio. That he could match Masaccio in this respect is possible, but it is very unlikely. We conclude, therefore, considering, of course, other stylistic evidence which is of the same sort, but which I have not space here to develop, that within a Masolino series of compositions a still subordinate yet characteristic phase of Masaccio's art is discernible. This is not to say that it is the earliest phase of the younger and greater master, or that Cavalcaselle and tradition may not be right in giving the whole series to him. It is quite possible that among the panel pictures, some of Masaccio's still earlier art may be found—or that the two artists may be together involved. To me the Madonna in the lap of St. Anne, in the Academy at Florence, is rather a Massacio than a Masolino.

When it comes to the Carmine at Florence, where the genius of the younger master is mature and emphatic, I must be content to register the mere personal opinion that Cavalcaselle is nearer the truth than Richter and Berenson—that, for instance, between such a masterpiece as the Healing of Tabitha and anything conceivably Masolino's yawns the gulf which divides a compelling art from the merely winning. And I cannot *see* any stylistic difference between the Adam and Eve and the Expulsion. The only material evidence must be technical; and no exhaustive treatment of the problem from the technical point of view is yet available.

I may say also that in these problems the adumbration of the school is often elucl-

datory of essential differences in the masters. One observes in Masolino certain exoticisms—like those of Giovanni da Milano in the tre-cento—which I think are reflected in some types of the industrial painting of the succeeding generation. This may perhaps be seen in the Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, at New Haven. One may distinguish in these exuberant and descriptive panels at times on the one hand the restraining influence of Masaccio, and on the other hand a more eclectic and romantic class of decorative pictures which may well have one source of inspiration in Masolino. Mr. Gentner has promised us to investigate Masolino's extra-Florentine features. It will be a welcome contribution to the study of this all-important period of art. WILLIAM RANKIN.

Richmond, Mass., June 7.

COLLEGE TYRANNY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Professor Dodd in No. 2182 of the *Nation* leads me to speak of another phase of our higher education that is quite as detrimental to the freedom of teaching and even to liberty of action on the part of college faculties as any to which he calls attention. I refer to the tyranny of presidents. I have reason to believe that the heads of quite too many institutions not only determine its general policy, but also interfere in the work of the departments. If a member of the faculty has the courage to protest against such an unwise and unwarranted assumption of power, woe be to him! Under such a régime it is not worth while to discuss in faculty meeting any measure in which the president is interested; it is merely necessary to get his opinion or to ascertain his wishes, and the matter is settled. It seems to be the case generally that a member of the faculty or even the faculty as a whole has no access to the board of trustees except through the president. He will naturally see to it that they find out only such facts as he does not deem prejudicial to his personal interests. At best, the governing body is likely to hear only the president's interpretation of any communications that may come to them directly or indirectly.

It is reasonable to assume that a body of instructors, let us not say of forty or fifty, but of ten or twelve persons, is in most cases more competent to decide questions of educational policy than the man selected as the head often is. If faculties had a larger voice in choosing who should rule over them, the lot would not so often fall upon the bramble. An instance recently came under my observation where several members of a college faculty were summarily discharged by the president without a reason given or without an opportunity of saying a word in their own behalf. If the testimony of their students is of any value, most of these men were not incompetent—a condition of things the president must have known or could easily have ascertained if he cared to take the trouble. Their crime seems to have been that they were not "loyal." The professor in a denominational institution who attacks the fundamental principles on which it is founded and for the maintenance of which it receives support, should not complain if he is dismissed; but dismissal is usually for quite other reasons. A gentleman was recently in my office who, in the course of our conversation, mentioned an instance where the president of a college not only discharged a member of his faculty without warning, but had rubbed salt into the wound by telling him, the victim, that if he applied for another place he would himself see that he did not get it.

It is altogether probable that the low estate to which honorary degrees have fallen in this country is due to the heads of institutions that have authority to confer them. Notwithstanding the fact that a man whose influence can be got with an honorary degree is not worth considering, the miserable business goes on apace. I venture the assertion that if college faculties had a free and fair vote on the matter, the number would be diminished by two-thirds. As neither the recipient of such a degree nor the giver is benefited, since the whole business has come to be regarded as a farce, it is a wonder, as it is certainly a pity, that these performances do not come to an end. The cause of higher education is belittled, if not besmirched. It is, too, a serious misfortune that our educational standard is too often made by numbers rather than quality. Dr. Arnold's preference of fifty choice young men to six times this number made up of the go-as-you-please class finds little favor in most places. If, then, by hook or crook a president succeeds in getting together a large number of students at the institution over which he presides, he is hailed by his friends as a "decided success," as a "great educator," and so forth. Often the truth is that this very fact indicates a decline rather than a growth. Even the number of graduates sent forth by an institution is not a criterion of its value as an educational force. Those who have sufficient discernment to detect the true condition of affairs and the courage to reveal it are cried down as "kickers" and "croakers," for is not an abundance of tangible evidence at hand to condemn them? It is a curious anomaly that while the tendency of the times is in the direction of a broader democracy, it has not made itself felt to any appreciable extent in our higher education. CHAS. W. SUPER.

Athens, O., June 7.

Notes.

Arthur W. à Beckett, who has been master of the revels of Gray's Inn since 1887, is preparing a work on the duties of that office which goes back to Plantagenet times.

The Library of Congress issues three useful Select Lists of Books at the price of ten cents each: "On Reciprocity with Canada," "Relating to Iron and Steel in Commerce," and "Relating to the French Alliance in the American Revolution."

The second volume of "Henslow's Diary," edited by W. W. Greg, is now in the press. But before its appearance Mr. Bullen will publish for the same editor the "Henslow Papers," containing reprints of documents, chiefly preserved at Dulwich, which form a valuable supplement to the "Diary," and add considerably to our knowledge of the Elizabethan stage.

Six new volumes of the World's Classics, published by Henry Frowde, contain "The Works of Burke" (vol. iv.), "Palgrave's Golden Treasury, with Additional Poems," "Carlyle's French Revolution" (2 vols.), "Hazlitt's English Comic Writers," and "The Poetical Works of Goldsmith." A good deal might be said of the Introductions and Notes to some of these volumes. Thus the Goldsmith, edited by Austin Dobson, is a reprint of the Clarendon Press edition of 1887, but extended so as to include the whole of Goldsmith's poetry, and revised so as to bring into the annotations the latest information about the poet.

In a fifth volume, Prof. John Burnet completes his edition of Plato's Works in the Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis—a notable undertaking. The "Spuria" are added at the end of this volume, although it was the editor's original intention to print them separately in a sixth volume. We cannot here criticise the constitution of the text, but we may take the occasion once more to commend the beautiful typography of these convenient books.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have postponed the publication of the following books until autumn: "The Literature of Roguery," by Prof. F. W. Chandler; "The Life and Times of Stephen Higginson," by T. W. Higginson; "The Art of Landscape Gardening," by Humphry Repton; "A Theory of Motives, Ideals, and Values in Education," by William E. Chancellor; "What Method of Education Is Best Suited for Men Entering Upon Trade and Commerce?" by H. S. Person; "Federal Regulation of Railway Rates," by A. N. Merritt; and "Should Ship Subsidies Be Offered by the Government of the United States?" by W. T. Dunmore.

"Il Sacro Romano Impero," a translation of Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," by Ugo Balzani, comes to us in a second revised edition from the house of Ulrico Hoepli of Milan.

Among the French books just published, or soon to be published, are the following: "Venise au XVIIIe siècle," by Philippe Monnier; "Genséric, la conquête vandale en Afrique et la destruction de l'Empire d'Occident," by F. Martroye, and "L'Allemagne moderne, son évolution," by Professor Lichtenberger of the Sorbonne. A work of great interest is Dr. Paul Triaire's first volume of the "Lettres de Guy Patin, 1630-1672." Dr. Triaire reprints the letters from the MS., correcting many errors and filling out many omissions of the earlier editions. He adds more than 1,600 notes.

The French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres has awarded two prizes of 2,000 and 1,200 francs respectively. The first went to M. Poupardin for a work on "Le Royaume de Bourgogne"; the second was divided, going to Alfred Grenier for "Les Habitations gauloises et villas latines dans le pays des Médiomatrices" and to *La revue du Pays Messin et de la Lorraine.*

At the fifteenth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society, to be held at Newport July 4 and 5, the following papers will be read: Dr. Cyrus Adler, "An Original Unpublished Document relating to Thomas Tremino de Sobremonte (1638),"

and "A Contemporary Memorial relating to Damages to Spanish Interests in America done by Jews of Holland (1634)"; Edmund H. Abrahams, "A Few Facts Relative to the Sheftall Family of Georgia"; J. Cassuto, jr., and Dr. Max Grünwald, "An Unpuhlished Transcript from the Records of the Portuguese Synagogue of Hamhurg regarding a Jewish Colony at Serepique (Sergipe, Brazil?) (1658)"; Hon. N. Darnell Davis and J. Graham Cruickshank, "Notes on Early Jews in the West Indies, particularly in Barhados"; Alhert M. Friedenherg, "The Influence of the German Revolutionary Movements of 1848-1849 on the Jews of America"; Dr. Herhert Friedenwald, "Sectarianism in the State Constitutions of the United States"; Rev. P. A. Hilfman, "Some Notes on the History of the Jews of Surinam"; Hon. David E. Heineman, "Notes on Early Jewish Wayfarers in the Northwest"; Prof. J. H. Hollander, "A Note on Jewish Influences in Longfellow's Verse"; Leon Hühner, "Some Additional Notes on the History of the Jews of Georgia in Colonial Times," "Aaron Lopez, a Merchant Prince of Colonial Rhode Island," and "Some Jewish Associates of John Brown"; Prof. Joseph Jacobs, "The Mediæval Status of the Jew"; Max J. Kohler, "Notes on the History of the Jews in Jamaica," and "The Proposed Extension of the Scope of the Society to embrace General Jewish History"; Samuel Oppenheim, "The First Settlement of the Jews at Newport"; Rosalie S. Phillips, "A Burial Place for the Jewish Nation Forever"; Rev. B. H. Rosengard, "The Historic Consciousness of our Race."

The following facts are gathered from the annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Lihrary for the year 1906: There was added to the library during the year a total of 77,637 items, including volumes and parts of volumes, making the second largest total in the history of the lihrary. Of these, 53,163 were received under the copyright law, 13,465 hy gift and exchange, and 11,009 hy purchase. From the tahle of purchases, donations, and exchanges arranged hy country, it appears that additions were made as follows: From Germany, 5,948 items; from France, 3,761; from Great Britain, 3,431; from British America, 2,220; from the United States, 1,287; from British Asia, 1,088; from Italy, 1,150. The total income of the library amounted to £9,974. Expenses amounted to £9,291, of which £5,012 was devoted to salaries and wages, £1,980 to purchase of hooks and manuscripts, £804 to hindings, £430 to printing and stationery, and £296 to light, heat, and water.

The first report of the lihrarian of State Institutions of Iowa is a matter of unusual interest, both to lihrarians and to specialists in the work of reform. It covers fourteen institutions, including two penitentiaries, two reformatories, a soldiers' home, an orphans' home, a school for the deaf, a college for the hlind, an institution for feeble-minded children, four hospitals for the insane, and one for inehriates. In general, the librarian reports, there is very little difference hetween the requirements of readers in these institutions and of those of the public lihrary:

> While it may he said that nearly all the inmates are ahnormal to some extent, yet for the purpose of book-selection only the insane may rank thus. . . . It is the Iowa idea that the hook has a function as a remedial agent, to he used with as much precision as any other remedy. . . . Ultimately, it is hoped that headings naming the types of patients with whom certain books may he effective will be incorporated with the book titles. In this way, for example, a doctor in search of a hook to give to a melancholy patient would find under the heading "Melancholia" a number of titles from which he could make a choice.

In a lecture, given at University College, London, last month, Prof. Flinders Petrie gave a report of the excavations of the British School in Egypt and the Egyptian Research Account during 1907. Though there were no epoch-making discoveries to announce, the season has heen fruitful in interesting finds. The first month's work was done at Gizeh. Here ohjects were found of the first, second, and third dynasties, showing that the first occupation of the site goes hack further than the fourth dynasty, to which it had hitherto heen ascribed. At Assiut, the site of the later months' labor, a large cemetery was discovered, with hundreds of tombs from the sixth to the twelfth dynasty. Among the ohjects hrought to light were imitation offerings for the dead (miniature representations of houses with tanks, as well as hoats with masts, oars, and cahins); the head of a fine coffin with gold foil and one shrouded in silver foil; several statuettes of good quality and workmanship (twelfth dynasty). In a later tomh of the nineteenth dynasty was found the first authenticated representation of a camel. Though there is evidence from the earliest times of the existence and use of this animal, no actual example had hitherto been forthcoming.

The French savant, Noël Valois, has discovered in the Imperial lihrary of Vienna a new polemical work dealing with Joan of Arc. It is a short but sharp reply to the work of the famous Paris university Chancellor Gerson, who, after Joan in May, 1429, had liberated Orleans, published a defence of the warlike maiden. This new pamphleteer is evidently a friend of the British side, and sees in Joan only a heretic, and in the devotion paid her only idolatry. The document, however, adds to our knowledge of her extraordinary influence among the people, as with those in authority.

The article of greatest interest to American readers in the *Annales de Géographie* for May is that of Fer. Maurette, on the reports of the Philippine Census. He closes a detailed statement of facts drawn from them by saying that they show what science and civilization demand of us. There should be further researches into the physical geography and geology of the islands, as well as into the hydrography, flora and fauna, which are not yet known scientifically; and the people should he transformed through the development of an active life, which the Spaniards were unable to accomplish. Americans should redeem the promise found "on every page of the census, to make another Japan of this land of the Far East." Prof. A. Demangeon treats of the value of Government documents in the study of certain geographic phenomena. This is suggestively shown hy an examination of the reports of the committees of agriculture and commerce of the National Assemhly, 1789-91, recently puhlished hy the Ministry of Puhlic Instruction. Many interesting facts are given, showing the changes wrought by deforesting, the taking of pastures for cultivation, the improving the means of communication, and the development of manual industries, resulting for a time in the exodus of workmen from the towns into the country. Among the other contents are a review of M. Paul Lemoine's studies in the geology of Madagascar, a topographical and geological account of Haut Poitou, with a map of the eastern part of the province of that name, and some notes upon the relations of the physical conditions of the Barcelonnette valley, in the Maritime Alps, to its inhahitants.

A new edition of Rose's "Life of Napoleon" has just heen issued by the Macmillan Co. The hook's reputation is well estahlished, and need not he insisted on. The present edition is a reprint containing no additional matter, hut the use of a very light paper permits the two volumes to he bound in one.

Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston puhlishes a heautifully engraved sheet containing "The Gettyshurg Address of Ahraham Lincoln." It is well worthy of framing.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer's "Parson's Handhook" of explicit directions as to proper Anglican use in all matters connected with the management of churches and the conduct of services has heen rewritten, considerably enlarged, furnished with several new and interesting illustrations, and issued in a sixth edition (Henry Frowde).

One of the more notable gatherings in Germany of progressive Protestants interested in religious and social movements, is the annual session of the Evangelisch-sozial Kongress. These assemhlies, held each year during the Whitsuntide holidays, attract large numbers from university and religious circles, and the platform of the Kongress has furnished the opportunity for not a few noteworthy utterances. Professor Harnack has been a leader in these meetings, and in a hook entitled "The Social Gospel" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), one may read in English his addresses on "The Evangelical Social Mission in the Light of the History of the Church" and "The Moral and Social Significance of Modern Education." The former may he noted especially as emhodying what is prohahly the attitude of the majority of German Protestants toward Socialism, and containing a clear exposition of the limitations becoming a religious body in reference to social reform. In the same volume may be found a translation of one of the most valuahle of the smaller treatises of the Marburg teacher of doctrinal theology, Wilhelm Herrmann. The paper, which was also a Kongress address, is entitled "The Moral Teachings of Jesus, Their Use and Ahuse." It is one of the clearest and most enlightening presentations of the relation of the ethical precepts of Jesus to the moral questions of to-day that have been made in recent years.

In the text of "Paris" (Painted by Mortimer Menpes. The Macmillan Co.) Miss Menpes takes her readers for a trip on the hoats of the Seine; leads them along the quays heside the river, pointing out the sights to be seen on the banks; climhs with them up the steep streets to the heights of Montmartre, dividing their attention hetween

the churches and the women to be seen by the way; conducts them along the Boulevard, stopping to watch the loitering public and the busy workers in the street, entering the cafés, and dwelling upon the art of dress in which the women excel. The life led in the Latin Quarter, the ambitions and gathering places of the students are sketched by her pen; something is said of the theatres and of excursions outside the city walls. She writes in a somewhat abrupt style; her series of pictures of Paris life have been jotted down in short, terse sentences, which somehow fail to match the grace and humor that float everywhere in the golden, hazy atmosphere of that city. Even the sandwich-man who strikes Miss Menpes as such a melancholy figure, is really a fair representative of gay French philosophy. Whereas in London, the man between the advertising boards drags his weary feet and shows his dreary countenance, trudging silent and stolid along the length of Oxford Street or Picadilly; in Paris, with the stub of a cigarette in his mouth, his restless tongue wagging unceasingly, his eyes rolling gayly, he walks beside his comrade in the narrow thoroughfare, or wanders in Indian file, throwing comments over his shoulders at everything his observant eyes see to amuse him. These things Miss Menpes does not convey. But her book, with its vivid descriptions, is a pleasant contribution. Some slight errors in the French, due probably to a printer's mistake, have crept in. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations in color, by Mr. Menpes, also numerous pen drawings as head-pieces, tail-pieces, etc., through the text.

Ernest Hartley Coleridge has prepared, and Henry Frowde has published, a really beautiful edition of "Christabel" for the Royal Society of Literature. The zest of the book lies in a facsimile reproduction of the manuscript of the poem as copied out by Coleridge for Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sarah Hutchinson, in 1800 or 1801. It is almost as if one had the handwriting of the poet before one's eyes. But the volume contains a good deal of matter besides this. The editor, from his minute and loyal knowledge of the subject, has furnished a long Introduction, giving the full history of the poem and conjectures toward its interpretation. And if when done with these guesses at the source of Coleridge's inspiration and with these guesses at its meaning, it seems that "we have been hunting for the end of a rainbow," the poem is still here, more tangible in a way, because looking as if direct from the poet's hand. The text is also given in ordinary print, with elaborate notes, and altogether the book will be a delight for lovers of Coleridge's shy muse. We cannot refrain from adding a few words from the criticism of the poem, in the *Monthly Review* of January, 1817, as quoted by the present editor; nor, we would add, is the reader to-day any less excusable for failing to see and in a way appreciate the point of view of that unfortunate critic than he would be for missing the rare loveliness of the poem itself. Said the Monthly Reviewer:

> This precious production is not finished! It would be truly astonishing that such rude, unfashioned stuff should be tolerated, and still more that it should be praised by men of genius (witness Lord Byron, and some others), were we not convinced that every principle of correct writing, as far as poetry is concerned, has long been *given up*; and that the observance rather than the breach of such rules is considered as an incontrovertible proof of rank stupidity. It is grand, in a word it is sublime, to be lawless; and whoever writes the wildest nonsense in the quickest and newest manner is the popular poet of the day.

Those who wish to be informed on the controversy between France and the Vatican cannot do better than read Paul Sabatier's "Lettre ouverte à S. E. le Cardinal Gibbons à propos de son manfeste sur la séparation des églises et de l'état en France" (Paris: Librairie Fischbacher). It is a response to Cardinal Gibbons's address of last January, which was widely circulated in Europe. M. Sabatier meets specifically and it seems to us convincingly the charges that the Separation Act was inspired by hatred of religion in general, that it ignored the rights of property and the constitution of the Church, and that its effects would be disastrous to the Church in France. Indeed, it seems clear that the Cardinal Archbishop not only misrepresented unwittingly the terms of the Concordat, but also spoke on partial information concerning the Separation Act itself and the attitude of its advocates, ignoring as well the division of opinion as to conformity between the Pope and the majority of the French Bishops. In fact our attitude has been practically that of such French Catholics as the Marquis de Vogüé, Count Haussonville, and the late Ferdinand Brunetière. For persons who approach the subject impartially his pamphlet will be enlightening. In particular it points out trenchantly the distinction between Catholics as members of a faith and Clericals as members of a sinister political organization seeking the aggrandizement of the hierarchy. This elementary but all important distinction is too often forgotten in America, but it is the Clerical *imperium in imperio* that really makes the trouble. The patriot Gambetta truly saw there the "enemy" of the Republic. M. Sabatier does not deal with the real if formal grievance that the Vatican was not consulted in the manner of the Separation. Treaties are frequently denounced, but it is at least either unusual to take such a course without first sounding the other party or to conclude such a one-sided repeal of a contract by breaking off diplomatic relations. On the other hand, the Vatican has subsequently displayed so complete an incapacity for grasping either the moral or practical aspects of the situation created by the Briand Law, that one may fairly assume that preliminary negotiations, which would have put the French Government in a more correct position, would have been merely nugatory. M. Sabatier's little tract is throughout inspired by a protestant love of the Mother Church and by mistrust of the Curia. He hopes for a reform within the Church, and feels that a profound inner crisis is at hand. The hierarchy is, he finds, "in about the same moral situation as the Synagogue a half-century before Christ. It has its sanhedrin, its scribes, its doctors, and its pharisees—an entire band of officials and dependents — who see only the external structure, who adore the letter, and say to themselves that what has sufficed for so many centuries should suffice still." How the reforming Catholics are to make themselves felt short of secession is a question that M. Sabatier does not raise, and indeed it would be too large a matter for this small but meaty pamphlet.

The death is announced from Egypt of Mary de Morgan, daughter of Prof. Augustus de Morgan, the mathematician, and sister of William de Morgan, the novelist. Her fairy tales, "On a Pincushion," "The Necklace of Princess Florimonde," and "The Windfairies," have given wholesome entertainment to many children.

Miss Julia Magruder died on Sunday at Richmond, Va., after a long illness. She was born in Charlottesville, Va., in 1854. She began to write in her early girlhood; her first published story, which appeared in the *Southern Magazine*, was written when she was eighteen, and her first novel, "Across the Chasm," was published in 1885. This novel—a civil war romance—was issued anonymously, and by its frank comment on the faults of the Northern and Southern characters aroused a good deal of discussion. In 1887 appeared two other novels, "At Anchor," and "A Magnificent Plebeian," but her first real success followed the serial publication in the *Century* of the "Princess Sonia." Her last novel, "The Thousandth Woman," was published in 1905.

GENERAL ALEXANDER'S MEMOIRS.

Military Memoirs of a Confederate, a Critical Narrative. By Edward Porter Alexander, Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army and Chief of Artillery, Longstreet's Corps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Gen. Alexander left West Point in 1857, according to Cullum's Register, third in his class, which rank gave him a place in the engineers, the *corps d'élite*. At the secession of Georgia, his State, he hurried to the front, and did good service at the first opportunity. Having been concerned in the development of the flag-system of signalling, he was assigned to that. At Bull Run, catching from his high station the gleam of arms eight miles away toward Sudley Springs, he notified Beauregard that his left was turned and that McDowell's attack must be prepared for. Thenceforth to the end he was in the thick of the war, usually at the side of Longstreet and close at hand to Lee. April 9, 1865, Grant's cordon being then complete, he formed Longstreet's corps in line of battle, with the design of breaking through, thus directing the last hostile demonstration of the Army of Northern Virginia. Seasoned in such a school, he went home a veteran, though, as a portrait of the time attests, he was in face and figure scarcely beyond youth.

His book, of great interest to the general reader, though intended particularly for military students, details the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia with criticisms of its operations throughout. It takes no note of political or social conditions, and only in the preface touches on the merits of the question in dispute. Here Alexander declares with manly candor that "what we fought for no longer seems so desirable," and that had the South won, "it would now prove only a curse." His recognition of the blessing of the rescued Union

could not be heartier. We find in the book two general defects, a supply of maps quite too scant for following out the narrative, and a lack of references to authorities. The reader often encounters statements new, perhaps antecedently improbable, for which he would like to have chapter and verse, but foot-notes are few and meagre.

In Alexander's criticisms so famous a leader as Joseph E. Johnston fares badly. The battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, was "phenomenally mismanaged," and his disabling on the field was fortunate, since it brought Lee to the front. The Atlanta campaign is out of our writer's scheme, but in his brief allusion to it there is no recognition of merit in Johnston's conduct. This judgment, we think, might be challenged. While the disciple of Lee is full of love for his master, he finds as a critic his opportunity, and is always frank. Lee's first campaign, that of the Seven Days, was marked by errors. Alexander does not go so far as Dick Taylor (in war time it was affectation to say Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor), who in his "Destruction and Reconstruction" calls this campaign "a series of blunders each one huge," but errors are found which must in part be assigned to the commander-in-chief. How could it be otherwise? War is the most difficult of arts; the great general is not born but made; for Lee the Peninsular Campaign was 'prentice work.

The inaction of Stonewall Jackson during the Seven Days, the critic holds to have been gravely culpable. Longstreet and D. H. Hill, in their writings, do not conceal their dissatisfaction at their colleague's conduct, by which they themselves greatly suffered; and Lee, even after the war, according to trustworthy tradition, felt a rankling resentment at the course of his famous lieutenant. But we think no such plain exposition of the derelictions as that of Alexander has heretofore been made. Jackson's troops were observing Sunday or in camp-meeting when there was pressing need for them on the march and in battle. Moreover, exaggerating the work of his own men in the Valley campaign, and depreciating the service of the corps which had fought at Williamsburg and Fair Oaks, and kept McClellan out of Richmond, he deliberately kept his men out of action, leaving the brunt to be taken by other commands. Jackson's conduct as depicted in this book would seem to justify a court-martial. It was a temporary eclipse, thinks the critic, who, like the world in general, believes Jackson's soldiership, both before and after, to have been uniformly almost matchless.

Looking at the matter of grand strategy, Alexander believes that the Confederacy did not utilize as it might have done the advantage of its interior lines. By a transit of a few days armies could be sent from the Atlantic slope aeross the mountains into the Mississippi valley and vice versa, thereby making it possible before a great effort to mass troops heavily in the East or West, as occasion might require. This opportunity was not seized until the Chickamauga campaign, when through the capture and destruction of railroads, the advantage had been in great part lost. A better move for Lee in the fall of 1862 than the one into Maryland, would have been the sudden sending of a powerful reinforcement into Tennessee. At that moment Bragg, having evaded Buell, was marching north into Kentucky, where, joined by Kirby Smith, he presently threatened close at hand both Louisville and Cincinnati, then poorly defended. We incline to think that a few divisions, which Lee, during the panic of the North after the August disasters, could have easily spared, transferred to the Western army, might have made possible an invasion of Ohio that would have carried the Confederates to the Lakes, so splitting the North in two. Alexander holds that this use of interior lines would have been preferable to the attempt in Maryland, which failed of ending in a Federal triumph only because McClellan was inadequate to the situation.

Before Gettysburg, Lee neglected again to profit by his interior lines. In May, 1863, Vicksburg, in danger from Grant, was not beyond rescue. Had the Confederates at Chattanooga been at that time reënforced across the mountains from Virginia, and a strong army under Lee's command advanced rapidly upon Cincinnati, Grant might have been drawn away from the threatened fortress; or, if not that, the undefended line of the Ohio might have been crossed with prospect of a great result. Longstreet, who strongly advised this, was then returning from Suffolk with 13,000 veterans, and in two or three days might have made the transit. Unfortunately for the Confederacy, thinks Alexander, this plan was rejected. The one preferred, initiated by a false move, was soon marked by a second error: Lee ordered, or suffered, Stuart to depart with the cavalry, thus leaving his army without eyes and ears until the afternoon of July 2, with no compensating advantage. Coming to the actual battle, our critic spares neither high nor low. The excellent Federal position, the "fish-hook" curving about the heights, making easy the strengthening of endangered spots by interior roads, rendered necessary for Lee a bad formation. Meade might have been manœuvred out of his position and forced to fight at a disadvantage. Lee chose battle then and there, and judged incorrectly in his assault. "The one weak spot of the enemy's line [a point on Cemetery Hill which might have been enfiladed], and the one advantage possessed by ours, were never apprehended." All the corps commanders came short: "Few fields furnish examples of worse tactics." Meade, meanwhile, ably seconded by Hancock, afforded, especially on the second day, "perhaps the best example which the war produced of active supervision and effective handling of a large force on the defensive." With the third day at Gettysburg, the pages become thrilling. Longstreet, reluctant to throw in at Lee's command his last division, imposed upon his young chief-of-artillery, standing among his smoking guns, the responsibility of deciding as to the opportune moment for Pickett's charge. Now began Alexander's part in the chapter of errors. He was at first appalled, but finding Pickett confident, he was so far reassured that, mistaking a lull in the Federal cannonade for proof that it was silenced, he dared to give the word. In the story of the charge and recoil, the interest of the book culminates. Though Meade had fought a brave and skilful battle, it is here made plain that his error was enormous in refraining from pursuit. As one reads here the details of Lee's retreat, the almost agonized cry of Lincoln comes to mind: "The army held them in the hollow of its hand, and all I could do or say could not make it close."

In the Wilderness our critic believes that the disabling of Lougstreet while executing his movement on Hancock's flank saved Grant from a Chancellorsville, just as two years before the taking-off of A. S. Johnston at Shiloh saved Grant from ruin—both of which judgments, were there time, we might dispute. But as to the conduct in general by Lee of his great campaign of 1864, we admit all that his friends claim: it was a masterpiece of soldiership, the application, intrepid, persistent, unerring, of slender means to the beatiug back of mighty dangers. We believe that Lee grew as a soldier, that he did better in June, 1864, than he had done on the same ground in June, 1862. Longstreet records the opinion that as a defensive leader Lee was without fault; on the offensive he thought him "over-combative." This extreme aggressiveness won for him at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville, but involved him in such catastrophes as Mechanicsville. Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg. In 1864 this excess of fire had become tempered. Each thrust of the ponderous Federal lance met an effective parry, and woe befell his adverversary if by chance an avenue of approach was left open. Since Moltke, writers upon the art of war have insisted upon the necessity of a proper general staff. Like G. F. R. Henderson, probably the most competent foreign critic of our civil war, Alexander, too, attributes such misfortunes as befell the Confederacy in the field largely to poor system and organization, a lack which a suitable general staff might have made good. This view may be accepted, Here probably the Federals were better off, for whom at the start McClellan rendered such a service.

In this book the chiefs of the Army of the Potomac are naturally figures much less distinct than their great adversary, and receive little commendation. McClellan in the field is not praised; whereas Dick Taylor extols highly the change of base to the James, in 1862; and Lee is known to have spoken of him with respect. Meade's good conduct at Gettysburg is, as has been seen, recognized, but also the strange inertia that followed. For Grant words of approval are few and measured. The one operation for which the critic has a hearty utterance is the transference after Cold Harbor of his army to the south side of the James, whereby he gained au excellent point of vantage before Petersburg. Nothing came of it, however, all the opportunities being somehow lost. It is well known, says Alexander, that in those days Grant was "not abstemious." We think a word or two might have well been said about Grant's heavy handicap. A complete stranger in his army, he was embarrassed on every side; he was forced to suffer, for unmilitary reasons, as commanders of his coöperating armies such men as Butler and Sigel; he had always at hand an Administration and Congress whose ardent and patriotic zeal was yet so often sadly without knowledge. This, we think, might have been more fully recognized—and also the iron force of character which through a year of almost unbroken defeat and humiliation wrought out

a great end—no other than the rescue of the Union, which Gen. Alexander, with all other good Americans, has come in these latter days to esteem so precious.

The Army of Northern Virginia fought a good fight, which has not been better set forth than in this book. At the close Gen. Alexander warms into exultation which we can pardon; with which, indeed, we can sympathize, for it is a record of the achievements of good American heads and hearts. No preceding book by a Southern soldier surpasses this in good temper, wise discrimination, and graphic portrayal. Nor is it likely to be paralleled hereafter; for we have witnessed the passing of Arthur; and of the retinue in whose van once flashed Excalibur, it is only here and there that a good knight survives.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mother. By Maxim Gorky. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A general public which connects the name of Gorky with squalid realism and moral laxity should read this moving and human story. Hardly elsewhere has Socialism spoken with a voice at once so deep and so gentle. Fallacy though it be, with its virtual denial of the rights of any other labor than that of the hands, it is not an ignoble fallacy. It is not, at all events, a gospel which mainly tempts the ignoble. Among the large company of Russian Socialists whom Gorky portrays, and many of whom are sharply individualized, there is not one who is not made more human by his creed, and by the disinterested activity to which it leads. Above all, this is true of the central figure, the "Mother" whose spirit, once roused, broods over a whole movement, and who finally gives her life for it, triumphantly.

Her life begins with the death of her husband, a drunken savage whom she has married in blind obedience to the mating instinct. The son who is left to her bids fair at first to become a brute like his father, out of sheer inertia. But there are finer elements in his nature which rebel in time. He begins to question as to the meaning of things, falls in with other inquiring minds, reads much, thinks much, and before long is committed to the socialistic propaganda. When the mother discovers the nature of his studies, she is at first greatly terrified, dimly imagining that her son is giving himself to a new and worse form of wickedness. She meets some of his companions and finds them, to her surprise, simple and lovable people. She hears them talk, and by degrees comes to an apprehension of what they are striving for. They begin to count upon her, first for sympathy, and later for active help. The son is imprisoned, and she becomes bold and adroit in distributing the forbidden literature which it has been his task to distribute. She becomes a power among her people. The maternal instinct is always the mainspring of her action, but her sphere of influence is continually enlarging. The story itself moves slowly, or rather it is a series of leisurely episodes, described in great detail, in the life of a particular band of social revolutionists. There are arrests, escapes, conflicts with the police, and always the harangue. But these people are more interesting than their theories or exploits. Full of Slavic fire and ingenuousness, they move in the pure air of martyrdom; and yet they are human, varied in temperament and point of view. There are two or three humorists among them; and the general disposition, if not the general ability, is to see more than one aspect in the face of things. So each in his several way bears witness to the truth as he sees it, for the good of all, and goes his way. As a group, they embody whatever is good and pure, if not whatever is wise, in the revolutionary theory and practice.

The Price of Silence. By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Is it permissible for the Northern mind to express itself freely, for once, upon this type of Southern story? We confess ourselves thoroughly tired of colonel-worship, and protest against being further called upon to admire the post-bellum fire-eater, with his easy personal morals, and much-flaunted ideals. This is the type which howls loudest about miscegenation, and is largely responsible for the curse of mixed blood which is now upon us.

This is the one American type whose chivalry toward the other sex is most trumpeted, and whose chivalry restricts itself to the members of its own social order. These are the drunkards, gamblers, deadbeats, who, with a few flourishes of external courtesy, a little of the old-school business, are supposed to qualify as heroes of romance. Let us have done with them. The Major Grandchamps of the present tale is not the central figure; but his code, his atmosphere, are the code and atmosphere of the story. It is considered creditable to him that in telling the story of a Northern military outrage, he smashes glasses and spills wine upon the table at a formal dinner, by way of emphasis. His hostess sells her granddaughter to a man whom she knows to be a low rascal. This also is admirable, since it is to save the family "honor." The rascal, being a poor white, the son of a Northern officer, has had no choice but to be a rascal; unfortunately he impresses one as a very rough sketch of a villain. It is hard to preserve respect for the maiden who tolerates him, even for a moment. Of course, he does not actually carry her off; but we should not care much if he did. We suspect that the story is of a sort to be widely read, and to be generally taken, at least in the North, for a true and pleasing picture of Southern types and Southern life. We protest against such acceptance of it, and decline to believe that this colonel-myth is anything but a travesty of the truth.

Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This story is of much the same quality as the same author's recent "Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." It is not at all a modern quality—quite frankly, indeed, a reversion to the broader mid-Victorian vein. Here are no problems, no emancipated women, no tribulations of the artistic temperament, no messages to humanity. Here is, if you will, humanity itself, in one or two of its more ingenuous aspects, at least. The action moves in an emollient air of sentiment upon the ingenuously mercenary sphere of British life with which the very best authors have familiarized the world at large. Matters are comfortably adjusted between the simple heroine and the noble hero by the always pleasant if familiar expedient of making the lady an heiress. Catherine, to be sure, is wed because she ought to have been an heiress, and the baronet in question, who really inherits the money, is disposed to make amends according to his lights. He has further discovered that the girl is in love with him, so that his path of magnanimity is extended. The fact that he is an intolerable prig and bore does not lessen her gratitude or worship. Nor, save for one moment (when he treats her sternly for her pains), does she betray uneasiness that he fails to return her romantic feeling. She is, in fact, a silly and meek and dutiful and loving little creature, one of the Amella Sedleys who do not become extinct in life, whether they are to be found in fiction or not.

The Tree of Heaven. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In these trim, carefully upholstered, and perfectly magazinable tales, Mr. Chambers draws less heavily upon the patience of the unfashionable reader than in most of his recent work. The persons, to be sure, belong to the upper-tendom of Mr. Chambers's fancy, and move in that atmosphere of luxury, of scents and silks, jewels, champagne, valets and motor cars, with which this writer has always been so much impressed. But his substance is not merely another rehearsal of the manœuvres of the stupidly stylish as such. His people cannot endure to be low; but their concern here is with the occult; and the series of fanciful tales which ensue are very good of their extravagant kind.

The Siamese Cat. By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is a book which tempts the reviewer to cast propriety to the winds and call it in cold print a thundering good story. It moves at lightning speed, but its background of Siam, Singapore, and Port Said is such a flashing kaleidoscope that it reduces to ordinary motion the antics of figures projected against it. The story revolves about a cat—a realistically impersonal, inscrutable cat—silver collar, a ruby, and a nice pair of young Americans; with disturbances in the shape of crafty Orientals, pugnacious Occidentals, and international scoundrels. The balance of values between story and setting is kept with an artistic discretion the more to be praised that the Orient offers so strong a temptation to over-production in landscape. Siam, an unexhausted field, must have been a particular snare to the injudicious. Mr. Rideout pictures it in an atmosphere that can be felt, yet the story dashes on unhalting, showing that the author is one of the endowed few who can run and paint at the same time. The excursion to the ruins at Ayuthia carries one into a forgotten past as effectively as if a seal-brown cat were not jumping through the Buddhistic calm. The little romance, too, is agreeably spontaneous. It sits close to the cat and rides skimmingly in perfect companionship.

The book is essentially modern, the law-

ful offspring of the age—a derivation, but no imitation. In a general way it may be labelled "School of Kipling," so far as geography and customs are concerned, while for story and in sub-classification it is related to sundry of our younger authors, who, by the light of the Cubau war, have developed the journalistic telegram into the novel of adventure. It is interesting to wonder what the classic fathers would have thought of the polyglot of such stories; of the strange foreign words that walk all unsponsored among their mates; of the "charpoy" and the "gharri chit" and the "prachadees" and the "Tum Tum Cart with a Waler." The latter-day reader, however, is a seasoned vessel. And as for *molestam senectutem*, even it must be inelastic and hide-bound not to be swept along by the tide of this ingenious story.

The Woman. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by Thorold Dickson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The success of Fogazzaro's recent religious fiction has no doubt been the occasion of this resuscitation of an early romantic novel, "Malombra," which seems to be almost the work of a different man. Here is mystery and witching scenery and everything that entranced lovers of fiction a score of years ago, and have interest for most of us to-day, if we only permit it. The translation is in excellent, idiomatic English, and to one reader at least has brought back happy memories of his first introduction to Italian in this leisurely novel.

The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas. By Edward Westermarck. Vol. I. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

This new volume by Dr. Westermarck, so favorably known through his "History of Human Marriage," published in 1891, is much more than a summary of the labors and opinions of others, since it contains also a good deal of first-hand knowledge obtained by the author during four years spent in Morocco, chiefly among the peasants and mountaineers. The twenty-seven chapters cover a wide range within the field selected for investigation: The origin, nature, and expression of the moral emotions, concepts, ideas, and judgments; influence of external events, motives, the will, intellectual disability; forbearance and carelessness, character and conduct; homicide of all varieties, human sacrifice, blood-revenge and compensation, capital punishment, the duel, bodily injuries; charity and generosity, hospitality; the subjection of children and women, slavery, etc. In this first volume of a work intended to discuss the origin and development of our moral ideas, to classify, and, as far as it is possible so to do, to explain them as "rooted in the emotional side of our nature," but, nevertheless, "in a large measure amenable to reason," Dr. Westermarck adduces evidence from all quarters of the globe. In acquaintance with the literature of the subject, his work stands out in marked contrast with certain Continental European and even English books upon kindred topics, whose neglect of the investigations of American anthropologists is all too glaring. The writings of Dr. Boas, *e. g.*, ought to be utilized by every author who attempts to generalize about the mind of primitive man. The author's general position is indicated in the following passage (p. 9):

> Society is the school in which men learn to distinguish between right and wrong. The headmaster is Custom, and the lessons are the same for all. The first moral judgments were pronounced by public opinion; public indignation and public approval are the prototypes of the moral emotions. As regards questions of morality, there was, in early society, practically no difference of opinion; hence a character of universality, or objectivity, was from the very beginning attached to all moral judgments. And when, with advancing civilization, this unanimity was to some extent disturbed by individuals venturing to dissent from the opinions of the majority, the disagreement was largely due to facts which in no way affected the moral principle, but had reference only to its application.

There being really "no absolute standard in morality," the best position to take up is that of "ethical subjectivism," in assuming which Dr. Westermarck expresses himself optimistically, thus (p. 20):

> Far above the vulgar idea that the right is a settled something to which everybody has to adjust his opinions, rises the conviction that it has its existence in each individual mind, capable of any expansion, proclaiming its own right to exist, if needs be, venturing to make a stand against the whole world. Such a conviction makes for progress.

Moral disapproval is a sub-species of resentment and moral approval a form of "retributive kindly emotion." The self-side of the question is stated thus (p. 107): "In order to be moral emotions, our self-condemnation and self-approval must present the same characteristics as make resentment and retributive kindliness moral emotions when they are felt with reference to the conduct of other people." In the long history of mankind the factors which have stimulated or retarded the development of moral ideas have been numerous and varied. Among them may be mentioned: The publicity of the earliest moral emotions (still powerful in dictating certain forms of punishment in use among civilized nations); the occurrence of a marked "sense of duty" and the like in races counted with the uncivilized (some negro peoples, *e. g.*, are said to have a sense of duty rather superior to that of Europeans); the value of customs (and "bad habits") as representing the moral ideas of peoples; the connection between the punishments prescribed by law and the religious-aristocratic form of government; the attitude of human races and peoples toward intentional and accidental injuries; the recognition of intellectual disability as creating irresponsibility (animals, children, women, idiots, madmen, drunken persons, etc., have all been so considered; but, at the same time, some peoples have visited crimes committed in a state of intoxication with double penalties, while being very indulgent to the act of drunkenness when not accompanied by injurious consequences); the idea of the contagious character of "sin," involving often the innocent as well as the guilty (this idea is often carried to the extreme under the régime of religious dogma); the doctrine of family solidarity, which carries in its train not only common responsibility for crimes, but common enjoyment of merits and virtues as well; the prominence in early moral codes of negative commandments (the differences between the Old and the New Testament morality illustrate this); the strong belief of the popular mind in the law of cause and effect (theories of fate and destiny, etc.).

In his discussion of homicide and human sacrifice, Dr. Westermarck examines much interesting material. He properly remarks (pp. 328-329) that, whereas among uncivilized peoples human life is generally held very cheap, "there are, on the other hand, uncivilized peoples among whom homicide or murder is said to be hardly known." The allusions to the sparing of the lives of captives, the disapproval of homicide in times of peace, etc., might be greatly increased by a comparative study of "fairness" in war and its concomitants. The custom, known to many savage and barbarous peoples, of killing the old and decrepit, and of abandoning or putting out of the way deformed and diseased individuals, recalls the ever-recurring proposals of some physician or advocate of the strenuous life of to-day. Their fellows of another race are to be met with in the Mongolian Hakkas, who "often put their girls to death with a view of inducing thereby the soul to appear next time in the shape of a boy." At page 465 a reference is in order to a recent article by Professor Toy in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" (1905) on "Mexican Human Sacrifice," in which the ambassadorial nature of ceremonial slaughter is dwelt upon. The recent monographs of Dr. K. T. Preuss give some ground for the belief that with certain peoples human sacrifice is a comparatively late cult-phenomenon; the human being in this case is the substitute and not the thing substituted for. The execution of blood-revenge, Dr. Westermarck thinks, "largely falls under the headings of human sacrifice for the dead." The duel is styled (p. 507) "a sanguinary survival of barbarism," but it has often been more sanguinary in civilization. That corporal punishment is the greatest of indignities for adults or for children is believed by not a few savage and barbarous peoples, some of whom see in injury to the body a corresponding injury to the soul. The religious duty of charity, according to the author, "is not merely an outcome of the altruistic sentiment," for, although "the most beautiful of all religious virtues," charity may be "traced back to a magical and ritualistic origin." Hospitality, too, has thrived much from belief in the "magic power" of the stranger and the desire to make sure of his blessings ("entertaining angels unawares" is known all over the globe and in every age).

In the matter of the subjection of children and wives, the treatment accorded the dead has not been without influence on the attitude assumed toward the living, the magnification of ancestors often resulting in the practical exclusion of women and the creation of entirely male genealogies and pantheons. A more complete knowledge of the position of woman among savage and barbarous peoples than is possessed by some recent writers on this subject, enables Dr. Westermarck to question the statement that "a people's civilization may be measured by the position held by the women"—an assertion, "not

supported by facts, at least so far as the earlier stages of culture are concerned."

Dr. Westermarck's book makes good reading for all who are interested in the evolution of human ideas and human institutions, from the tariff to woman suffrage, and from capital punishment to the elective system in colleges and universities. Out of the great array of facts accumulated and discussed stands forth time and again the human compromise between emotional zeal and the cooler thought of reason, which has made possible modern civilization and its continued evolution.

Etudes Critiques sur l'histoire de la Littérature Française. Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Huitième Série. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

A posthumous volume like this of Brunetière's is always likely to attract a rather unusual sort of interest. Final and definitive as it is in the obvious sense, it seems too as though it had settled conclusively the general character of its author's thought. It is difficult to view such a book otherwise than as a "proof," a kind of literary cast of the writer's criticism. There are the familiar ear-marks—the labels and catch-words in quotation, the ostentation of "science," of "evolution" and "psychology," the historical "deductions" and "derivations," the "shop," and what not—set as though in plaster; everywhere the unmistakable impression of a method scholarly, laborious, conscientious, at times ingenious and even profound in its own fashion, but fatally ponderous, constrained, and rigid like the operation of a piece of complicated and inflexible machinery.

Take the essay on the "Maladie du Burlesque," for instance; nothing could be shrewder than its reduction of romanticism to a common category with "preciosity" and burlesque—"the mélange of preciosity and grotesqueness which was romanticism"—and nothing less convincing; unless it is the plea for infallibility in connection with De Maistre's "Du Pape," with its air-tight logic and formal paradox. Infected with a little of the old mediæval leaven, in spite of his detestation of romanticism, Brunetière seems in the end to have forgotten entirely the tacit surrender of absolute truth which underlay the Reformation and which furnishes the foundation of modern tolerance. In particular his recurrent flings at Sainte-Beuve—and he appears to have made one every time he had a chance—are unmistakably significant. "In those justly admired pages in which Sainte-Beuve set himself to characterize Montaigne's style . . . just fancy, if you can, the historian of Port Royal as thinking less of himself than of the author of the 'Essais.'" And then Sainte-Beuve's scholarship! "When a critic has to speak of a writer's development, he ought to make more account of chronology than was the fashion in Sainte-Beuve's day." For this is no mere pedantry. Much less is it petty jealousy or incompatibility of temper in the ordinary sense, which sets him carping at his illustrious predecessor. It is, rather, the hopeless antagonism of two rival philosophies; the one conceiving truth as something Protean, mutable, wayward, tricksy, elusive, not to be coerced—though wheedled, perhaps, with infinite ingenuity, resource, and versatility; the other, on the contrary, believing it stable, rooted, immutable, a thing to be stared at and reasoned with and talked down; the former trusting by ceaseless agility of spirit to surprise occasionally a kind of relative certainty; the latter depending upon its persistence and inflexibility to discover the whole mystery sooner or later.

That Brunetière's natural stiffness of temper was confirmed by his lack of sympathy with his own age, an age of weak and dissolute criticism, is undeniable. On this ground is to be explained his assertive and disputatious tone, as when men are obliged to be always taking their own part. He was in the opposition and the minority. And it speaks wonders for the man's energy that he should have secured so large a share in writing the report of the period, which is usually the work of the majority. For, in spite of certain superficial resemblances, especially in the use of the modern critical machine, Brunetière differed radically from his contemporaries and his immediate predecessors in his innate respect for authority. He recognized early and correctly that the crying need of his time was a just and properly constituted principle of authority. His failure as a critic consists in the fact that he never succeeded in supplying this need. Unfortunately for himself and for us, the authority that he had to offer was thoroughly inadequate. By the circumstances of the case, it was limited too exclusively to tradition, and tradition interpreted and applied in a partial and rather unfortunate manner. Without a regard for tradition there is no sound opinion possible. But at the same time, without a sane body of current opinion, without an elevated contemporary common-sense, tradition itself is but an inelastic and useless criterion of truth. And it was Brunetière's misfortune that no such consensus of public opinion existed in his day with respect to the things of the spirit. What sound opinion he saw about him as representing the best sense of his own day was scientific rather than literary; and it is hardly astonishing that in the absence of any other guide he should have listened to it too confidingly and should have misread by its light the past as well as the present. For the main thing with science, as he saw, is reality, not moral truth, and its instrument is observation, not creative imagination; and it is just this reality, this observation, that he is finally induced to accept as the standard of literature—an error in which he was confirmed, no doubt, by the appearance of a scientific tendency or evolution in the recent history of human thought. "Every work in every language—and I am tempted to say, in every art—will be classic in proportion to the amount of psychological or moral *observation* it contains—and be-like, in virtue of this alone." Hence his excessive admiration for Balzac, whose method of composition he cannot refrain from comparing conjecturally with Molière's. Hence, too, what seems at first sight a curious inconsistency in matters of faith, where science gives him no guidance and he is obliged to turn over the test of truth to the traditional authority—a dualism between reason and dogma, which he seems to think quite in Montaigne's line. But whether he is judging of literature by its "psychological and moral observation" or of doctrine by its agreement with "consecrated dogma," he is always an absolutist, with this one desperate conviction fixed in his mind that, wherever the subject, certainty is somehow or other attainable and capable with pains and patience of being exactly defined and formulate.

The Measure of the Hours. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.

The central interest of this volume is not the brief and fanciful study which gives it its name, a discussion of the qualities and aspects of time, and its appropriate measurement by sundials in summer's divine leisure, hour-glasses that shall muffle in sand the season of grief, and so on. That is Maeterlinck in his lighter vein, and it shows only here and there a touch of the almost tragic seriousness that is the predominant note of his philosophy. The present collection of twelve essays is, like "Le Double Jardin," somewhat heterogeneous, and ranges over questions of morality, social duty, literary appreciation, scenery, and popular science. The longest essay, which in the French original gives its title to the volume, is among the first-fruits of Maeterlinck's studies of plants that seem to show signs of reasoning. In "The Intelligence of the Flowers" is foreshadowed, no doubt, a larger work, the counterpart of "La Vie des abeilles," and we have now in general terms the results of the last four years' work, which this versatile writer has devoted to the hybridisation of sages. Nearly all that he tells us about the wisdom and ingenuity of flowers is, of course, known to botanists. But few botanists write books which appeal to the layman as does Darwin's, "On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids Are Fertilized by Insects," and here we have, with more subtle suggestions and comments than came within Darwin's scope, the story of the soul of the flowers, and their heroic efforts at mechanical invention. Their immediate effort is always to conquer space: hence all the marvels that they have achieved, after experiment, in the line of propulsion, and navigation of the air, "the aerial screw of the maple; the flying-machine of the thistle; the detonating springs of the spurge; the extraordinary squirt of the momordica; the hooks of the eriophilous plants; and a thousand other unexpected and astounding pieces of mechanism." Aristotle, one remembers, allowed to plants only the "nutritive soul"—whatever he may have meant by the phrase. Maeterlinck offers the hypothesis that "there are not more or less intelligent beings, but a scattered general intelligence, a sort of universal fluid," for which man happens to be a better conductor than animals or plants. Any manifestations of this intelligence outside ourselves are precious, since they indicate that man has not taken the wrong road; that "the methods of the human mind are the only possible methods, that man has not erred, that he is neither an exception nor a monster, but the being through whom pass, in whom are most intensely manifested, the great volitions, the great desires, of the universe."

In "Le Double Jardin" Maeterlinck wrote a prose ode to the "half-human" automobile, in which he promoted speed to a place beside or even above the deities space and time. In an essay on the "Psychology of Accident" he now analyzes the workings of the reason and of instinct in an automobile accident, for the automobile, above all other means of violent death, seems designed for those who love the "bright face of danger." The sixth essay, "Rome," appeared in "Le Double Jardin," and is here translated. In "The Praise of the Fist" Maeterlinck betrays a tendency, which, to his admirers, is depressing—a tendency to show off. In "Le Double Jardin" he wrote a piece—it cannot be called an essay—called "Éloge de l'épée." Now we have its counterpart, in which he takes the other side. These panegyrics have too many of the earmarks of those tasteless efforts of rhetorie with which the Græco-Roman sophists used to delight audiences that would have found extension lectures too taxing on the brain. To be all for the sword as against the fist, in an epideictic speech, one day, and to reverse one's position on the morrow, in a speech just as clever, was an exercise that pleased all tastes by its ingenuity, and the theme mattered not at all. Such a *jeu d'esprit* is unworthy of Maeterlinck, and one is even tempted to doubt the sincerity of some of the philosophical essays when one sees him expending the same subtlety, the same suggestive reflections on both sides of an ornamental debate. There is a sophist in every philosopher, but the best of them have curbed the rhetorical talent as inappropriate to the votaries of truth. The main interest, however, of nearly all these essays is essentially that of the earlier volumes; the aim is still to combat insensibility to the possibilities of unguessed mysteries in what lies around us. Maeterlinck would have men live with a lively sense of great plans and purposes, and pursue, as far as the finite mind can, the meaning of nature's "fearful symmetry"—would have us feel that we play a part in a vast drama whose dimensions and *dénouement* we cannot comprehend.

The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop). By Anna M. Stoddart. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This life might have been better in one way, at least, if it had been written by a man. Mrs. Bishop played a man's part, and it would be interesting to know how her performance appeared to the expert. Miss Stoddart is rather too much rapt by mere reverential admiration of the great traveller. That feeling the reader could supply for himself. He wants more explanation. He would like to hear more about the comparative psychology of this strange woman. He wonders how Mrs. Bishop managed to do what she did, and how her feats rank among similar male enterprises. On these points Miss Stoddart is hardly sufficiently informative. She writes as a sentimentalist rather than as a psychologist. The value of her work lies chiefly in the account it gives of the scope and results of Mrs. Bishop's journeys. To many readers, no doubt, it will be interesting enough, for it is written pleasantly..

Mrs. Bishop was an invalid from childhood. She was never other than an invalid while in England. Yet she could accomplish an almost continuous ride of fourteen months, through Tibet, Persia, and Armenia, quite unaccompanied except by native servants; she could explore Manchuria and Korea in the same conditions, to say nothing of several fatiguing tours in civilized parts, such as this country, and the Australian colonies; and wherever she went she could undertake, beside the difficulties of the road, that of writing very full and vivid descriptions of all she saw. In England it wore her out to travel a hundred miles in a first-class railway carriage. One thinks of her lying in a long chair all day, and with difficulty raising a glass of medicine to her lips with a frail hand. But set her down among the Rockies or somewhere "East of Suez," and she became at once a rival of the robustest, most daring men.

Miss Stoddart is sensible of this contradiction, and quotes an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Medical Review* in 1904, after Mrs. Bishop's death, to explain it. The writer there remarks:

> The invalid at home and the Samson abroad do not form a very usual combination, yet in her case these two ran in tandem for many years. Mrs. Bishop was indeed one of those subjects who are dependent to the last degree upon their environment to bring out their possibilities. It is not a question of dual personality; it is the varied response of a single personality under varied conditions. Of course, the response can only be maintained in an active environment when there is a large storehouse of energy behind it; for no woman can travel some 2,400 miles through a wild and untamed country without having a basis of strength of an unusual kind. . . . When she took the stage as pioneer and traveller, she laughed at fatigue, she was indifferent to the terrors of danger, she was careless of what a day might bring forth in the matter of food; but stepping from the boards into the wings of life she immediately became the invalid, the timorous, delicate, gentle-voiced woman that we associate with the Mrs. Bishop of Edinburgh.

This explanation does not go far enough. It tells us that Mrs. Bishop responded variously to various environments, and hints that excitement had a highly tonic effect on her. But the question is how she, with her poor physical endowment, *could* respond as she did to the environment of Tibet, for instance. Here Miss Stoddart adds some useful information:

> There *was* a great reserve of endurance in Mrs. Bishop, and this was due to her splendid digestion. In spite of the serious ailments which exhausted her constitution, her appetite, and her power of assimilating large quantities of food healthily never failed her. Her husband would rally her on this, and once said laughingly to me, "Isabella has the appetite of a tiger and the digestion of an ostrich." . . . Indeed, she called herself "a savage in the matter of food." . . . This healthy appetite must have strengthened her muscular frame, which made up for her feeble spine.

Add to this really abnormal power of digestion, which was particularly stimulated when she was leading an active outdoor life, a high spirit, great self-control in the presence of danger, an extraordinary resourcefulness when occasion called it out, and we get some kind of solution of the problem.

As for the motives which impelled her to all these wanderings, the search for health was the first. She began travelling for that purpose and it seems always to have played a large part in her excursions. Then, of course, she had a restless and curious nature, and she suffered from loneliness. "I am so thankful," she writes to Mr. Murray, her publisher, from Korea, "for my capacity for being interested. What would my lonely life be without it?" She married her doctor when she was middle-aged, but he lived only five years. The great affection of her life was her love for her sister, Henrietta, who died in 1880. After that loss existence became more or less of a blank for the survivor, which she had to fill up as best she could. "I often told her that she was 'my world,'" she writes; "she was so essential in every respect to my happiness, and things without her have lost nearly all their interest. . . . Oh! I do long so for the father's house and the gathered family and freedom from sin and from the constant effort to grasp the unseen." This was twenty-three years before her own death, and all her really remarkable journeys were accomplished in that interval.

Efficient Democracy. By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

That social efficiency, rather than personal goodness, should be regarded as the proper test of the reformer, the politician, and the public servant; and that efficiency depends upon knowledge, which is to be gained only by careful investigation and statistical summaries, is the conclusion reached in advance, and argued and illustrated through the three hundred and forty-six pages of this book. The point of view from which Mr. Allen writes is neither that of the public official nor the general citizen; but rather that of the volunteer social reformer. This is indicated in the focussing of the argument upon the need for a volunteer bureau of municipal statistics, and especially in the indication given (page 264) of the writer's conception of the fundamental problem of democracy:

> Democracy's greatest problem is this, how can we utilize without excessive waste the tremendous potential force of the small percentage who, feeling keenly the injustice, the discrepancies, and inefficiencies of government, are willing to make sacrifices, if thus they can help remove discrepancy, inefficiency, and injustice.

What Mr. Allen says concerning the need for publicity, and for knowledge of the right facts for publication is valid and deserves emphasis. A bureau of municipal statistics, an outline plan for which, together with an argument in its favor, is here given, is certainly a needed agency of civic life. That such a bureau, recently incorporated in this city, may demonstrate all that Mr. Allen claims for it is scarcely to be expected, but that it will render valuable service every citizen may hope. No mere fact-collecting agency can, however, of itself alone accomplish much. There must be social dynamics behind all social machinery. The error into which Mr. Allen falls is that illustrated by every special pleader. He not only puts book-keeping and statistics into the first place as a social remedial; but he leaves no place for other factors. Needful as good business methods are, there must be vital forces at work, or every method will fail. Mr. Allen does not consider the great forces which are needful for healthy social life.

As might be expected of the general agent of the Association for Improving the

Condition of the Poor, and the secretary of the committee on physical welfare of school children (which offices he holds and well fills), Mr. Allen considers executive rather than generative methods and measures, and it is only with these problems that he here deals. If this were not the case the title of the book, true to its contents, would have been differently chosen. How to secure an efficient democracy is the problem of those who are thus executively employed. A greater problem, however, is how to secure democratic efficiency—a very different matter. How to utilize the latent power of the inexpert masses, not only in industry, but still more in government, and good government, is the great problem which is still to be met. "Efficient Democracy" is a catchy phrasing of a tendency which is very strong at present. The expert is in demand in charity, reform, and politics, as well as in business. The inexpert mass is crowded back and out. Even the "efficient" contributor displaces largely the millions whose small contributions are not seriously solicited. Will Mr. Allen, or some one, now undertake to tell us how a democratic efficiency is to be secured?

The most serious defect in Mr. Allen's book is, however, still to be mentioned. This is found in the first chapter, on "The Goodness Fallacy," which, briefly stated, argues that it is a false supposition to think a good man will make a capable officer. A very unworthy meaning of goodness is placed in opposition to a somewhat dangerous conception of efficiency. The good man is viewed as one who is only not bad, who has no personal vices; whereas, the truly good man must be efficient in order to be good. The efficient man may be efficiently either good or bad. Mr. Allen is not one who would glorify an efficient villain, and yet he comes very close to falling into this error in his zeal for efficiency. In his efforts to combat a spurious goodness he fails to demand an efficiency which would assure the ends which he has in view.

All in all, however, the book is highly suggestive. Some parts of it are worthy of reading by every type of thinker and worker; other parts will appeal only to the specialized student of the administrative aspects of reform. Its value would have been enhanced for the general reader if it had been condensed into one-third of the present space. Needless repetitions would thus have been avoided, and matter appealing to the interest of only the highly specialized few would have found better place in a separate publication.

Mediæval London, Vol. II, Ecclesiastical. By Sir Walter Besant. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

This volume is the complement of "Mediæval London, Volume I., Historical and Social," reviewed in our columns in August last year. Such a division of the subject into sections is necessarily arbitrary and not altogether convenient. It has not been rigidly observed, as the first section of the present volume, occupying 120 pages, relates to the secular government of London, and therefore belongs of right to the first volume. Parts II. and III., "Ecclesiastical London," and "Religious Houses," fall quite properly under the sub-title.

Sir Walter Besant was not especially an antiquary, nor would he have been content to deal with his subject merely as an antiquary. As an imaginative writer his aim would be to make the past live again for us, as was done by Charles Reade in his immortal book, "The Cloister and the Hearth," or, to take a closer illustration, as was done by Carlyle in his "Past and Present," which brought home to thousands of readers the human interest of Jocelin's twelfth century narrative. Sir Walter Besant's preparation for the gigantic task of making mediæval London real to us was wide and arduous. If he has not largely gone to manuscript records, which could not fairly be required of him, his references show that he was a diligent reader of numerous printed chronicles. But it is impossible to accept the two volumes on mediæval London as what, had he lived longer, would have been the final outcome of his labors. The chapter entitled "The Religious Life" is the only one in the present volume which may, perhaps, be regarded as a finished study. The rest of the volume has the character of mere preliminary notes. Take, for instance, the story of William Fitz Osborn, or Fitz Osbert, popularly known as "William Longbeard," whose career as unprincipled agitator or devoted champion of the rights of the humbler citizens—he is presented in both characters—came to a violent and shameful end on the gallows in 1196. The story is told from one or other point of view by many of the old chroniclers living at or near the time, the longest account being that given by William of Newburgh, who is supposed to have died in 1198. Sir Walter Besant knew the value of contemporary evidence, and is shown by his references to have been well acquainted with these old chronicles. But, while we find here only a few lines about "Longbeard," quoted from Roger of Hovenden, there is a quotation, extending over more than a full page, from Fabyan, who wrote 300 years later.

Nor have Sir Walter Besant's notes been always brought into agreement with one another. On page 214 we are told that "The service [of the Church] was in Latin, a language not comprehended any longer even in Italy; nobody could read; there were no books for them if they could." But later (pages 228 to 230) we find, in a long extract from Tanner's "Notitia Monastica," that young women were taught to read English, and sometimes Latin also; Sir Walter Besant himself tells (page 232) how "the monks set up reading-boxes in their cloisters for those who wished to read."

Again, the most natural explanation of the origin of guilds is that they began as fraternities, analogous to our modern benefit societies, but covering somewhat wider ground. Those of our readers who may chance to have been in Seville during Holy Week, and have seen there the gorgeous processions of the fraternities, can form some idea of the large part played by these institutions in the social life of the middle ages. Trades have a natural tendency to settle, each in a certain zone of a city; this is to some extent found even in the overgrown cities of to-day; much more was it the case in the smaller cities of the past. The centre of the fraternity being the parish church and the parishioners largely of one trade, the extension of the objects of the fraternity to the regulation of trades was a natural transition. This is the view expressed on page 382, but it is not in agreement with passages found elsewhere.

The subject of the book is so wide that it would not have been possible to deal at all adequately with it in a single volume. But one cannot acquiesce in the dismissal of the hospitals of London in two pages, containing no reference to the circumstances under which so many of them were suppressed. And there are many omissions not to be excused on the ground of restricted space. Thus, what is now the Dutch Church was formerly a church of the Austin Friars. At the Reformation it became an important centre of the new teaching by "Zwinglian Gospellers" under John a Lasco, "who," says Heylin, "bringing with him a mixed multitude of Poles and Germans, obtained the privilege of a church for himself and his, distinct in government and forms of worship from the Church of England." This exceptional and very remarkable privilege should surely have been mentioned in any account, however brief, of the church.

It is not an agreeable task to have to criticise so severely a work bearing a name deservedly honored in literature. But, we repeat, it is impossible to regard this volume as a work which Sir Walter Besant would have presented to the public in anything like its present form. It is, however, issued as his work, and this without any reservation. There is no preface explaining the conditions in which the publication takes place. No editor's name is given, and only, we think, in a single footnote is it revealed that the work has had the supervision of an editor.

The book is copiously illustrated, and the illustrations are for the most part good; one, especially, the plan of the Priory of the Holy Trinity and the Church of St. Katherine Cree, is of great value. Some of the others have no obvious relation to the surrounding text.

The Life of Charles A. Dana. By James Harrison Wilson, late Major-General, U. S. V. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 net.

Gen. Wilson became a warm friend of Mr. Dana's during the latter's civilian service in the civil war, and this biography is naturally uncritical. The author had but little unpublished material at his disposal, and of even his published material he has to confess himself not always sure. Thus to many of the extracts made from the *Tribune* during the time when Dana was its managing editor, the statement has to be prefaced: "If Dana did not write this, he must at least have approved of it." This is rather groping work, as is also sometimes the use of matter quoted from the *Sun*. For the rest, Gen. Wilson has loyally paid a debt of friendship, and, leaving his readers to make their own abatements of eulogy and corrections of judgment, has given them the full outlines of a life which was remarkable in more senses than one.

The earlier chapters we think the most interesting. They let us into the shaping of the man. The story of young Dana's struggle for an education, with the unusual attainments which he early reached and added to throughout a long life, is what we like to think typically American. A

haphazard existence for many years, with frequent changes of schools and teachers, yielded experience and discipline to Dana, while they did not slacken his pursuit of knowledge. Slow in finding his work, he was all the while fitting himself for it. His Brook Farm episode is rationally accounted for in Gen. Wilson's pages. Dana had pretty successfully emerged from his transcendental period before joining the transcendentalists. With him, it was a business proposition. He had no means, he had no profession, and Dr. Ripley's proposal that he carry his practical talent and his gift for teaching to Brook Farm was accepted very much in the spirit of a man asked to manage a mill or take charge of a school. When Dana was charged in later life with having turned his back on his Brook Farm principles, we can now see how unfounded was the accusation. At the time, he was in Brook Farm, but not of it.

The book is fullest and most authoritative in the chapters covering Dana's work in the war as a kind of glorified confidential reporter with the army for Stanton, and later as Assistant Secretary of War. Gen. Wilson was personally conversant with most of the matters touched upon, and is able to bring many interesting facts out of the archives. This part of Dana's career was highly creditable to him. With great energy and much sagacity and uncommon literary skill, he wrote to the War Department his impressions of the various generals and the large movements that fell under his eye. That these were of considerable military and political value, cannot be doubted; but their influence in developing Dana's own character, and in directing the remainder of his life, is the greater fact for the reader of this biography.

Dana came out of the war with a fondness for exerting political power, and an itch for office himself, which never left him, and which colored all his subsequent work in journalism. His years of training on the *Tribune* had been of the utmost value to him, unequally yoked as he was with Horace Greeley. But though he took with him to the *Sun* the vigorous pen, the pungent phrase, the power of condensation, there was a pained feeling among too many of his friends that he had left a good part of his moral baggage in the *Tribune* office. In these indiscriminate days, it is hard to understand the indignation and sense of betrayal with which Dana's contemporaries regarded his first going over to sensational and personally vindictive journalism. Some of them still report cynical remarks of his, to the effect that he had gone in for unprofitable reform long enough, and had now set out to make money. Surely, that was not the whole of it; but the effect of his methods on American journalism is something which the philosophic historian of our press will one day have to work out, and which, we fear, cannot be called wholly good. While Dana was still alive, Whitelaw Reid published an article holding him directly responsible for the degradation of New York journalism through its baser exponents — though against the rioting silliness of these, no one, of course, protested more strongly than Mr. Dana. Gen. Wilson seems quite unaware of all these questions, and we can but refer to them here. Privately, the picture which the volume gives of Mr. Dana is attractive. He lived the intellectual life, in the main, was fond of friends and family, had iron health, and joyed in his work. In his calling he was able to awaken the unbounded admiration of associates and subordinates. His biographer has felt called upon to reprint that last vaunting and undignified editorial of his in the *Sun*, all too revealing as it unconsciously was in respect to one who professed to be a man of taste, and to live and die as a cool philosopher.

The Religious Value of the Old Testament in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By Ambrose White Vernon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents net.

The starting-point of this fresh, breezy essay is that "the great literary power of the Bible will be lost to us, unless its religious power may somehow be retained." The author has evidently been a close student of recent criticism of the Old Testament literature, but his interest is not in the literature as such, or even in the construction of a more truthful history on the basis of critical determinations, but rather in the present religious use of the remarkable series of documents which we call the Old Testament. He recognizes that the employment of this portion of the Bible in the manner of former times has become impossible; and if there has appeared an exhibition of the weaknesses and defects of the traditional use of the Old Testament which is to the same degree fair and sympathetic, and also mercilessly convincing in condemnation, such an exhibition has not passed within our view. It has been set forth frequently that the Church has lost much in the revolution of attitude toward the Bible, but Professor Vernon has made evident in striking manner what the Church has been continually losing through the *continuance* of the old view, and what she still suffers in so far forth as a more worthy and vital appreciation of the Old Testament has failed to obtain. It is plain that criticism has here an enthusiastic advocate. He is convinced not only that critical judgments are in large measure true, but also that failure to recognize their truth has had dwarfing and deadening effects upon the current apprehension of religious truth. His description of the influence of the idea of infallibility in externalizing religion and in begetting a trivial conception of God is outspoken, but fully justified.

In the more positive part of the essay, in which Professor Vernon seeks to establish grounds for high evaluation of the Old Testament in accordance with modern understanding of it, evidences of sympathetic study and religious insight are not lacking. Naturally, he fixes first upon the characters presented in the history as supplying a chief element of its value. The careers of David and Jeremiah are outlined with enthusiasm, in the endeavor to show that the "transcendent service of the Old Testament, in presenting to us personalities that incite profound reverence, is as enduring as virtue, and is utterly independent of changing scientific and philosophical views." A weightier argument, however, in favor of the permanent worth of the Old Testament is brought forward in the next section, where analysis of the influence of Amos, and also of Hosea, in the development of Hebrew faith is made to show how the Old Testament "records the discovery of our fundamental religious truths." The necessity of true appreciation of the writings of Hebrew prophets and psalmists in order to understand the rise of the Christian faith and the career and character of its founder forms the culmination of the author's argument for the permanence and abiding worth of the scriptures of ancient Israel.

Professor Vernon writes with eagerness, with evident sincerity and intensity of conviction, and there is a certain tension and activity in his style, which, while it may not leave his sentences always smooth, keeps one's interest alert. He has gripped the problems of the Old Testament in their broad relations, not as mere literary puzzles and historical perplexities, but as questions quick with interest for the faith of living men. He has shown convincingly the importance of the book for the cultivation of the religious life. Studies of this sort go far to remove from critical research the reproach of dilettanteism, and exhibit the history of religion as an ally of the worthier forces in the spiritual life of to-day.

Science.

Darwinism and the Problems of Life. By Conrad Guenther; translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The treatment of the theory of evolution in this volume is avowedly popular; in fact, no knowledge of science is presupposed in the reader. Whatever the failings of this work, it certainly equals or surpasses in clearness and continuity of interest any similar popular exposition of this great subject which has yet appeared.

Although the author's references are almost wholly to common animals of Germany, yet the text can be applied to conditions in all other temperate countries. The colors, form, and habits of the best-known types of life, from mammals to protozoans, are taken for illustrations of the several phases of the theory of evolution as propounded by Darwin. Following the various phyla, which are considered in separate chapters, comes a discussion of the extensions of evolutionary theories. Germinal selection, orthogenesis, De Vries's mutation theory, and vitalism are expounded in the peculiarly lucid and interesting diction of the author, but all these theories are rejected as unnecessary or false.

It is in thus making a fetich of natural selection, and by its action alone explaining the whole problem of evolution, that the volume falls far short of being a well-balanced thesis. Why the logical reasoning of the organic selection theory is entirely ignored is not clear; especially as an apparent leaning toward orthogenesis on the part of the author would indicate that the omitted theory would perhaps be acceptable to him. Notwithstanding the rejection of all modern extensions of Darwin's views, the

author does not feel himself bound to strict belief in the text of the "Origin of Species," but now and then breaks away radically—a fact to be the more regretted when we remember that the reader, in the person of the unscientific layman, may be led by the excellencies of exposition to a belief in the unquestioned truth of these, at best, tentative subordinate theories. For example, it is far from proved, and is in fact improbable, that the love-dance of the black cock, the strutting of the turkey gobbler and peacock, the song of birds and other "courtship-phenomena," are "connected with the fight of the males, and must be explained as serving to frighten away rivals."

A final chapter entitled "Nature, History, and Ethics" undertakes to put before the reader brief discussions of consciousness, the truth of scientific ideas, the limits of any theory of evolution, and the evolution of the human race. In this latter section we find a severe arraignment of human "inverted selection" as exemplified by war and the transmission of hereditary diseases.

The volume, in short, generally expounds facts and theories of wide acceptance among biologists, and yet never descends to the unfortunate sentimentality which characterizes only too many recent attempts at the popularization of science.

Prof. Angelo Mosso has given his report to the Italian Government on the prehistoric finds he has made in Sicily. His investigations were near Cannatello, not far from Girginti, and here he unearthed neolithic strata at a height hitherto unknown in southern Italy. A complete novelty was a circular, well-paved place, upon which there are five huts, built in part with massive blocks of stone. Equally unprecedented were the neolithic streets, which united the different parts of the locality with this place. The huts are well preserved, and indicate considerable skill on the part of the neolithic builder. The floors show leavings of straw, and remind of similar floors in Troy. The libation tablets here found are similar to those in Crete, and here also a number of votive horns of clay were unearthed. In a tomb in Sant' Angelo Muxaro, Professor Mosso found forty-five well-preserved vases, which evidently belong to the pre-Hellenic period. Of special importance are the Steatite vases, as these prove the intercourse between Crete and Sicily in prehistoric times. All the finds here made are being deposited in the Museum of Palermo.

Professor Heiberg, the Danish philologist, has unearthed a new manuscript of Archimedes at the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople.

The problem of the English sparrow in America is discussed in a résumé of answers to a *questionnaire* sent out by Prof. A. H. Estabrook of Clark University, and published in the *Auk* for April. From this report it appears that the bird exists in vast numbers in all parts of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, except certain parts of Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, and northern Montana, and in Canada north of latitude 50 degrees. The damage done by them is enormous, and scores of reports tell of native birds driven away or killed by these foreigners. In many places a war of extermination is being creditably carried on, but this can be of but little ultimate avail as the vacuum which is thus formed is quickly filled up from the over-stocked surrounding country. In New Zealand a special tax is levied in each county for the purpose of supporting an official whose sole duty is the scientific and thorough killing of young and adult birds, and the destroying of nests and eggs. In Australia the damage done to the crops by this same species of introduced sparrow is now so great that drastic measures are about to be taken. The time will soon come when the increase of noxious insects in our own country, due to the decrease of our most valuable native insectivorous birds, must bring about some concerted action of government and State authority, and then only can we hope for permanent relief. These birds rely for immunity chiefly upon their fearlessness of man, building in cities and towns, and if, by continual and intelligent persecution unhampered by foolish sentimentalism, they can be driven to the woods, it is probable that our native birds of prey—hawks, owls, and shrikes—will easily exterminate them.

Edward John Routh, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., the famous mathematical coach and "senior wrangler maker," has died at his home in Cambridge, England. He was born in Quebec on January 20, 1831, and was the son of Commissary-General Sir Randolph Routh, K.C.B. At the age of eleven he was taken to England, where, at University College School and University College, he gave evidence of remarkable talent for mathematics. He entered Peterhouse College, Cambridge, in 1851, studying under Todhunter and Hopkins, and was senior wrangler and Smith's prize man of his year, 1854. As senior wrangler he was said to rank as high above the second wrangler as the latter ranked above the last man in the tripos. He was for many years a lecturer in his chosen subject at Peterhouse and Pembroke College, and was six times examiner in the mathematical tripos of Cambridge University. He was a fellow of the University of London, a governor of Dulwich College, a member of the council of the Royal Society, the Royal Mathematical Society, a member of the Cambridge and of the Royal Geographical Societies, and a founder of the London Mathematical Society. His greatest success, however, came to him in connection with his private teaching. From 1857 to 1888—covering thirty-one years, in all, of his teaching career—he coached nearly seven hundred young men through the mathematical tripos, and of these more than five hundred took rank as wranglers. In addition to these twenty-seven senior wranglers, more than forty of his pupils were Smith's prize men. He wrote many papers on mathematical topics, and several important books. Among these are treatises on "Rigid Dynamics," "Statics," "Stability of Motion," and "Dynamics of a Particle."

A cable dispatch from London announces the death of Prof. Alfred Newton, M.A., F.R.S. of Cambridge University, who was born of English parents in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1829. He took an active part in all legislation for the protection of birds, and brought the subject for the first time before the British Association in 1868. He was at one time vice-president of the Royal Society and had served the Zoölogical Society many times in the same capacity. He was president of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and the recipient of the gold medal of the Linnæan Society, and of one of the medals of the Royal Society. Among his books may be mentioned "The Zoölogy of Europe" (1862), "The birds of Greenland" (1875), "A Dictionary of Birds" (1893-96), and "Ootheca Wolleyana" (1864-1905).

Drama and Music.

Christopher St. John's "Ellen Terry" is the first of a proposed series on "Stars of the Stage" to be edited by J. T. Grein and published at the Bodley Head. Mr. St. John's essay is pleasantly written and fairly accurate, as far as it goes, but is incomplete as biography, and is too evidently the work of a fervent admirer to have much value as criticism. It is, however, free from the silly rhapsodical gush which is the stock in trade of the ordinary theatrical scribbler. He does no more than justice to Miss Terry's personal charm and exquisite skill in the higher comedy, but greatly overestimates her tragic powers, whose limitations are abrupt and definite. He does not attempt to justify his faith by analysis or description, and apparently lacks the experience which might have afforded him useful standards of comparison. Of his facts, not one is new, while many are absurdly trivial, but the chronological list which he furnishes of Miss Terry's characters will be useful for reference. The most promising of the volumes underlined for speedy production is one by G. K. Chesterton on Bernard Shaw.

It is not often that a theatrical incident of so much public interest as the return to the American stage of Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern happens so late in the season. They began their two weeks' engagement here in the Academy of Music on Monday evening. They deserve well of the community for the creditable manner in which they have been upholding the credit of the American stage in England. The substantiality of their artistic success upon the London stage cannot be altogether obscured even by the indiscretions of a ridiculous press agent. Current reports that their expedition did not result in a great financial triumph are probably founded on fact, but it is certain that their interpretations, with a few exceptions, secured the warm commendation of competent critics. Moreover, it was generally admitted that, in the course of a few weeks they offered a dramatic programme which in respect of variety, range, and general excellence, could not, in these later days, have been excelled in any London theatre. The knowledge of this fact only adds to the regret that so promising an artistic partnership should be dissolved so abruptly.

Word comes from London that the play selected for John Drew next season by Charles Frohman is "My Wife," an Anglicized version of "Josette, Ma Femme," which has had a long run in Paris. The English piece is by Michael Morton, and

has just been produced at the London Haymarket. It consists for the most part of "commonplace, purely external fun—'comic' parents, 'comic' hotel guests, 'comic' supper parties, and other 'comic' causes for yawning."

H. A. Jones's new piece, "The Galilean," which is to be produced in New York, under the author's personal supervision, in the early autumn, although not devoid of comedy, is said to represent the author in his most serious and strenuous mood. It belongs to the same category as "Judah" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence." The hero is a preacher of the primitive Gospel, who, going to the Scriptures for his inspiration, finds himself in conflict with all the creeds.

There seems to be a good deal of truthful satire and of a superior quality of wit in "George Paston's" comedy "Clothes and the Woman," which has just been acted in London by the Pioneers, with Miss Matthison as the heroine. The argument is that men are too apt to judge women by their clothes, instead of by their true selves, and the intrigue revolves upon a misunderstanding of this sort.

George Ade is at work upon a new play for William H. Crane. It will be tried first in Chicago, in October.

Still another Wagner biography is in course of publication. It is by Max Koch, professor of German literature at the University of Breslau. The first volume, recently issued, though a large one, takes the story of Wagner's life only as far as the eve before the first performance of "Rienzi." Two more volumes, at least, will be required to complete the task on this scale. Another recent Wagner book is by Paul Moss, and is entitled "Richard Wagner als Aesthetiker."

The German Emperor is fond of military marches, as played by his bands. Two years ago it occurred to him that it would be well if some of the best of these marches were arranged for the voice, and Ferdinand Hummel was entrusted with the task. Breitkopf & Härtel now issue a collection of eighteen of these marches, in four versions: (1) for soldiers' chorus; (2) for male choral societies; (3) for schools; (4) for pianoforte. Appropriate texts have been added, and the volumes are sold at a low price.

A London critic considers Rosenthal's opinion that Chopin is superior in harmony to Beethoven "very strange"—an amusing instance of the Beetbovenolatry prevalent in the musical world. Beethoven is not superior to all other masters in all things. In harmony he is certainly inferior to a dozen of the masters. Dr. Scbucht, in his admirable little book on Chopin (Leipzig: C. F. Kahnt), says that in the very first of Chopin works, the Rondo in C minor, there is a freedom of modulation seldom found in any of Beethoven's works; and in his later composition Chopin laid the foundation for the chromaticism of the later Wagner. Wagner himself realized that harmony was not one of Beethoven's strong points. "It has been very justly remarked," he wrote, "that Beethoven's innovations belong more in the realm of rhythmic arrangement than in that of harmonic modulation."

Weingartner has been devoting much of bis time in recent years to writing chamber music. His opus 33 is a sextet; his opus 40 a quintet; his opus 42 two sonatas for violin and piano.

Art.

THE SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1907.

"That mediocrity has always dominated the Salon is indisputable; hut that it now prevails more than ever, that it has become absolutely triumphant and overpowering, is as true as it is distressing": so Baudelaire wrote in 1859, though his criticism sounds as if it could come only from the unfortunate critic compelled to make the rounds of this year's two hig exhibitions in the Grand Palais. The fact is that disappointment in the quality of the Salons, considered the most important shows of the year, is hy no means the new thing we arc inclined to think it. Genius has always been rare, mediocrity has always flourished. The only difference is that when Baudelaire wrote there were some young Frenchmen doing good and individual work, though the Salon found next to no place for it, and there was merely one, instead of two, cruelly huge exhibitions. Besides, the distinction with which the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts began its career in 1890 has made disappointment all the keener to-day, when little separates the exhibitions of the old and the new society except the turnstiles between them. An artistic period may never have been, but there is no question that art has seen its barren periods, and few more hopelessly so in France than the present.

However, even in the Salon of 1859, Baudelaire found work by two men to interest bim: Legros, then unknown, and Amand Gautier, now forgotten. So, for me, in this year's Salons, the dulness has been relieved by the work of two distinct groups, less for its actual merit than for the promise given. These two groups are formed mostly of younger men whose names are still to make. The older men, for whom fame or notoriety was long since won, seem so fearful of losing it, that year after year they repeat themselves, reducing to a formula methods that once were fresb and original.

Tbe standard is, of course, higher than in London, tbe accomplishment more complete. French painters and sculptors and engravers are trained to be workmen, to whom mastery of their medium is indispensable before they venture upon flights of imagination or orgies of sentiment. The picture by a British artist which may have struck you as above the average in London, simply disappears in Paris, unable to stand tbe test of comparison. More than this, there are canvases by some of the Frenchmen that reach a higher level tban usual. In the one Salon, you may admire the originality of Simon in his latest portrait group, as in the other you cannot refuse your respect for the seriousness with which Jean Paul Laurens has carried out his latest academic exercise. But even so, taking the exhibitions as a whole, I feel in Paris very much as Kenyon Cox felt in Pittsburgh, the present commonplace or weakness or worse of French work, and this not only in painting, but in sculpture, and more particularly in etching and lithography, in which, only a few years ago, extraordinary and stimulating things were being done, and suggestive experiments made. It is the more depressing because the Moreau-Nélaton collection, now on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, reminds one of the great work French artists were doing, the great promise they were giving, at very much the same time that Baudelaire wrote with such despondence.

But if there exists something like listlessness or anæmia among the French who are so accomplished technically, the artists of two other nationalities show signs of vigor. I had not been long in the old Salon before it occurred to me that whenever a picture attracted my attention, it was sure to be either by a Spaniard or an American, and the further I went, not only in the old but in the new Salon, the more I was confirmed in this impression. The work might sometimes he not very distinguished, it might be coarse, it might be commonplaceness itself in motive. But there was an unmistakable character in it, a personality, if that can be personal which several share. I cannot say that the Spaniards, as a rule, reveal the qualities which are most admirable in an artist. They are all too deeply influenced by Zuloaga—or by his success—and his is not the sanest influence. He is absent (as is also Anglada) this year, but on every side you are confronted by his bull-fighters, his Spanish women in shawl and lace mantilla, his groupings, bis poses, his movement, his manner of placing his figures against a landscape background. It is a trifle tiresome, to be honest, Zuloaga having already done the thing too often. But, certainly, his disciples do it vigorously and with apparent zest—in the case of Vasquez, with a swagger hardly less than his. But if there is small originality in the selection of subject, if there is a tendency to brutality alike in conception and execution, the work is the work of men who are very much alive, and their energy is bracing in the midst of the prevailing indifference and languor. It appeals to you in the sculpture court as in the picture galleries. The one big piece of sculpture in the old Salon that I remember with any vividness is a group of Marcken women by Bilbao-y-Martinez. If much of the Spaniards' energy is misdirected to-day, it has but to be turned into new channels, and Spain might at last produce a school of artists not unworthy of the country of Velasquez.

With the Americans, I think there is a great deal more than energy—qualities without which energy is of little value. It is extraordinary how they are developing a style of their own, very much as America has developed a style of its own. In the streets of London, you recognize an American woman at a glance; on the walls of the Salon, you can seldom mistake the American picture—and I am speaking not of the old exhibitors, long *hors concours*, hut of newcomers, many of whose names I never remember to have heard before. One reason, of course, is that tbe American naturally sees the national type in his model or sitter, just as the Frenchman or Spaniard will. But this is by no means the only reason. Grad-

ually, you begin to note that the American painter is evolving a distinct technique: I hardly know how to describe his painting, unless I say it is "slick," a term artists, anyway, will understand. And, besides this, they have trained their eyes to see beauty in line and harmony in composition—they have, above all, a sense of arrangement. Let me take an example to explain. In the big room of the old Salon there is a very large study of the sand dunes in the Pas de Calais, by Hughes Stanton, an Englishman, and the picture has been bought by the State for the Luxembourg. It is extremely careful, but photographic in its arrangement—or want of arrangement; the painter has apparently camped out conscientiously before his subject, and put down everything just as it is in nature, without any endeavor to select or reject, or to bring lines and masses into a well-balanced design. The result is about as interesting as a photograph. In another room, in an inconspicuous place on the walls, passed over by the authorities who buy for the Luxembourg, is a small picture of a similar subject—Dans les Dunes—by Charles Warren Eaton. It is not a remarkable landscape, but it is the work of an artist, not of a human camera, and is composed with a delicate feeling for line and pattern. There has been rejection of the unessential, selection of the material, with which art should be concerned, and the result is far truer of nature than Mr. Stanton's chaotic record of facts—and has, moreover, genuine pictorial charm. And this pictorial charm, or the deliberate seeking for it, is characteristic of the work of almost all the younger Americans who now exhibit in Paris. At the new Salon, Mr. Sargent does not appear, it is long since Mr. Alexander and Mr. Humphreys-Johnston have contributed. Walter Gay does show—again several delicate and dainty little interiors. But I am now referring, more especially to such work as Myron Barlow's, so simple in its harmony of color, so broad in treatment, so rhythmical in line; and Mr. Frieseke's, with its decorative grace; and I think I might almost include Mr. Morrice, though he is a Canadian, for in his landscapes he is preoccupied with the same problems and qualities. In the old Salon, Richard Miller, Chauncey F. Ryder, McLane Johansen, Miss Martha Baker, Frederick Sutton, all interested me, because, though not equally successful, they all seemed striving after beauty of arrangement and distinction of style. It may be that this growing sense of line and pattern among the Americans comes from the influence of Whistler. There are not so many slavish imitations of him as there have been in previous Salons. It is rather as if Americans were beginning to realize that his was the right attitude towards nature—that the artist's business is to pick and to choose the elements which nature provides with foolish prodigality.

When there are Americans doing fine work and showing intelligent appreciation of the real aims and ends of art, it is, to say the least, disheartening to find Mr. Roosevelt sitting to a painter entirely outside this new movement in the right direction. It is all very well for Queen Alexandra to allow herself to be painted by Madame Cécile de Wentworth; the present royal family of England have always preferred the feeble and the pretty. But we expect other things from the President of the United States. Madame de Wentworth figures as the pupil of Cahanel and Detaille. But there is little evidence of her having studied under any one in her portrait of Mr. Roosevelt—the head without character, the figure without modelling, the background without perspective, the work without the distinction one is now justified in looking for from the American painter.

To judge from the Salons, the immediate future of art rests with the Americans and the Spaniards. But the French, if it is a moment of decadence or indifference with their artists, have not lost that genius for order of which you are conscious in their poplared roads and fields, in the Haussmanized streets of their capital, as in their literature and art. No great pictures may be painted by them just now but, as in the Moreau-Nélaton collection you are reminded of what their artistis were accomplishing not so many years ago, so in the arrangement of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, you gladly admit the perfection with which they can now group and classify, and exhibit the decorative work of different nations and periods. Indeed, the effectiveness in one of the galleries of a great panel by Besnaud, which I thought empty and superficial in the Salon, has made me wonder whether, after all, many works now seeming so dull at the Grand Palais will be transfigured into masterpieces when removed to the places for which they were designed. Certainly, in two or three new rooms opened this year on the lower floor of the old Salon, much may be learned of the gain to paintings by intelligent hanging. These rooms are reserved for half a dozen or so huge panels. Two by Henri Martin—one of a shepherd and sheep on the banks of a stream in the quiet evening light, another of laborers in the fields in brilliant sunshine—depend for their charm not merely upon an appropriate setting; they would be charming anywhere. But the other panels, if hung in the crowded room of big machines upstairs, would be passed without a second glance. And yet, they borrow distinction from their surroundings, and tell on the well-spaced walls of the long cool gallery where the sunlight falls softly through the tall white-curtained windows. One day, it is to be hoped, the hanging committee will carry out as wise an arrangement in all the galleries of paintings. As it is, the pictures in the old Salon are still badly hung, though no pains is spared in displaying the decorative work. There are few large exhibitions, if any, where the trouble would be taken, as it is here, to show stained glass in the one way in which it should be shown, that is, let into a window, with the daylight shining through it.

The care devoted to some things makes the carelessness with which others are exhibited the more irritating. Nothing is more disappointing in the two Salons than the exhibition of Bracquemond's life work in the new Salon—where, as a rule, there is so much less crowding on the walls. But in all that enormous building, only one room could be spared to Bracquemond and his paintings, prints, drawings, plates, are so huddled together, reaching almost to the high ceiling, that you come away with your impression of his accomplishment lessened, asking yourself why he should heretofore have seemed so distinguished a member of one of the most distinguished groups of artists who ever heralded a new movement in France. But it is the arrangement that is to blame, as a pastel here, a series of plates there, that refuse to be overshadowed, will convince you.

N. N.

"The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin," by Frederick Lawton (Scribners), is at once a eulogy, an apology, an interpretation, and a minute biography without being really effective except on the last count. Mr. Lawton has evidently kept his scrapbooks faithfully. Nothing that has befallen or has merely been said about the great sculptor has escaped his vigilance. In particular he has run down many works of Rodin's prentice days which, if of rather slight importance, still deserved recording. The personal record is singularly complete, even to Rodin's admiration for the Javanese dancers, and the daily ineffectual visits of his barber. The Boswellian part of the book suffers like the rest from defects in taste and literary shortcomings, but is decidedly interesting. As an interviewer, Mr. Lawton has not the gifts of his predecessor, Mlle. Cladel, but he has an eye for his hero, and a knack of making him seem very real. Rodin's talk as filtered through his biographer's notebooks brings welcome confirmation of the geometrical, almost academic, principles of composition that underlie the sometimes disquieting naturalism of the conception and modelling. In everything that involves the sculptor's personality, his struggles, the controversies that have so often raged about his work, Mr. Lawton is an excellent if naturally biassed guide. On the critical side the book is weak. We find, for example, no sufficient expression of Rodin's well-known theory of correspondences. Without realizing the sculptor's sense of the continuity of his works with all natural appearances, one cannot understand the strong element of symholism that ennobles his apparent realism. In this regard a few pages of Gustave Geffroy or of Arthur Symons are worth this stout volume. Since Rodin's work is the most characteristic and significant production of our times in any art, this minute and fully illustrated record will retain a certain value despite its heavyhandedness. But to read about a highly subtile art in such English as is here vouchsafed, is like drinking a rare vintage in a blackjack. One cannot fail to get the pucker in such a sentence as the following, on the exhibition of 1900: "The bulk of the subjects were those that mingled the sexes, and in them the gamut of emotion was touched throughout its compass." Constant outcroppings of this stamp give one a complete distrust of Mr. Lawton's appreciations, even where one is thankful for his observations. To the lists should be added the splendid headless bronze from the sketch model for John the Baptist which has been loaned to the Metropolitan Museum by Mrs. Simpson.

The Prix Jean Reynaud at the Académie

des Beaux-Arts has been awarded to the series of *cartons* made by the late M. Toudouze for the Gobelins tapestry designed for the Cour d'Appel at Rennes.

Bernhard Plockhorst, known for his paintings of Bible scenes and his portraits, has died at Berlin in his eighty-third year.

Finance.

FINANCIAL DISTRESS IN PROSPEROUS TIMES.

Probably most people who read, Tuesday morning, the news that the $5,500,000 steel trade house of Milliken Brothers had failed, were at a loss to understand it. Failures in actual panic times, such as 1893, are taken for granted; the cause then is the inability of business men on a company's books to pay their debts, or the suspension of banks where the company keeps its balances. Failures due to speculation or defalcation may happen at any time, and failures may occur, even in prosperous trade conditions, because of a sudden fall in prices for the commodities dealt in by a company, or because of what the markets call "dry rot"—the drifting away of business to competitors. The case in point, however, occurs in a business boom. Nothing in the way of what are called "financial irregularities" is stated as connected with it. Prices of the commodities sold by the company have not declined, and as for "dry rot," the first statement made by the assignee was that contracts and orders on the books of the concern had for volume never been paralleled in its history. On the face of things, these specifications would seem to prove a profitable industry and absolute financial soundness.

Yet the failure in question arose from causes so very much on the surface of things that Wall Street had been talking of them, to the exclusion of almost every other consideration, for six months past. When Secretary Shaw said, last December, that "we who pray should ask God to save us from any increased prosperity—we have all that we can stand," he was not giving utterance to a foolish paradox, but was expressing in homely language a very real dilemma of American industry, to which such men as James J. Hill had already directed serious discussion. The problem was, how to provide the facilities for the enormous and rapid expansion of trade, when the cost of providing them was increasing by leaps and bounds, and when the supply of available capital had a necessary limit. That this has been a vital problem with the railways, their bids for nearly $300,000,000 on short-term notes, in a most disadvantageous money market, are clear enough proof. But manufacturing and contracting companies have been confronted with precisely the same problem as transportation companies. With the firm of Milliken Brothers, pressure of orders led to construction of an extensive new steel-making plant, and of this their assignee remarked:

> The estimates for the completion of this steel plant were as usual exceeded, and in fact, exhausted the working capital. This was in part supplied by the individual resources of its principal stockholders, but still remained inadequate. . . . The assets comprise a plant, which, with the real estate, machinery, and plant, is valued at $7,250,000, and merchandise and supplies on hand of the value of about $750,000 more. About three-quarters of one million is invested in construction under outstanding contracts.

It is necessary only to add that companies and individuals in much stronger position were besieging the banks for accommodation at high rates, and that the requests of the steel manufacturers for the money which they needed could not be provided for. Confession of insolvency then became inevitable.

It will at once occur to mind that a series of similar disasters overtook numerous industrial companies in 1903, and for somewhat similar causes. The Consolidated Lake Superior Company, a steel-making corporation, with a capital stock of $100,000,000, which had paid a 7 per cent. annual dividend on its $35,000,000 preferred shares up to the autumn of 1902, went into bankruptcy the next year through inability to borrow $5,000,000. Other large manufacturing companies, which had been paying handsome dividends, reduced or stopped such payments, and in some cases put a cash assessment on their shareholders, in order to raise working capital. Such companies learned then that it was neither a safe nor an easy way of doing business to trust to banks and the open money market for capital needed to conduct a corporation's trade. Necessarily, this principle applied all the more forcibly when the capital thus used was not, as with the proceeds of a dry goods merchant's discounted notes, "turned over" in a season, but was "tied up" in contracts often extending, like those for the Pennsylvania Railway's New York terminals, over a series of years. The billion-dollar Steel Corporation itself learned a lesson by some bitter experiences in the money market of 1903, and has since then pursued the policy of using the bulk of its huge earnings for improvements, extensions, and new construction, even when such policy necessitated the holding down of dividends, instead of paying them out with the reckless profusion of its earlier history.

It is probable that the hard knocks sustained by the industrial companies in 1903 are the chief reason for their generally much sounder position now. This may in part explain why trade activity and prices of products have not given way in the present tight money market as they did four years ago, and it undoubtedly explains why the Milliken insolvency has not frightened the financial community on the assumption that it points to a condition generally prevalent. Nevertheless, it is open to question whether a slackening in volume of trade, and in many directions a lowering of prices, will not turn out to be the only sure line of safety for industry itself. It is plain enough to the wayfaring man where the consumer suffers, when the prices for rent and household necessaries have gone up faster than his income. It is not always so obvious that the manufacturer may suffer in the same way, when the price of labor, capital, and materials has risen faster than the price of his finished goods.

In "Our New Internationalism" (D. Appleton & Co.) Mr. Harold Bolce makes a plea for commercial reciprocity. He has discovered that modern industry and commerce are tending to become international in scope and organization, and that protective tariffs in almost all civilized countries now obstruct the further growth of economic internationalism. For the political economists who long ago proclaimed this truth to the world he has nothing but the utmost contempt, having preferred to discover the fact for himself; but one need not quarrel with him on this account, since it is enough that he has groped his way, however blindly, into the light. Mr. Bolce has travelled extensively in Europe and other benighted districts of the world, and has made the further discovery that there are civilized people outside of the United States whose trade is worth having and with whom it would be well to enjoy freer commercial intercourse. He explains in simple yet forceful language, which should be intelligible even to the "standpatters," that the Dingley tariff is not "the result of plenary economic inspiration," that our policy of commercial exclusion has injured important American interests, and that it is likely to

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cause further injury unless we hasten to come to an understanding with Germany and other countries that have followed in her steps. He shows that "to stay put, to stand pat, and to stick in the mud, may all be the result of similar inertia"; and that inertia is something in which a commercial nation in the twentieth century cannot safely indulge. We could wish that he had not called his German porter a "packtragger" (p. 111), and wonder where and how he learned that "more than half a billion annually leaves this country for investment by Americans in the stocks and bonds of Europe"; but we are not inclined to be captious about small things. In his campaign against the "standpatter" we cannot do less than bid Mr. Bolce God-speed.

Interest in the subject of life insurance does not seem to be upon the wane if the production of books treating of that subject may be taken as a criterion. T. E. Young's "Insurance: A Practical Exposition for the Student and Business Man" (Isaac Pitman & Sons) deals with the theory of insurance in all its branches, but most of the chapters are concerned particularly with life insurance. Though written primarily for English readers, it has interest for American students of the subject; but it does not pretend to be a book for experts. If it can lay claim to no striking merits, the volume is also free from striking defects.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's El Sombrero de Tres Picos. Edited by Benjamin P. Bourland. Henry Holt & Co.
Angier, Belle Sumner. The Garden Book of California. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Axon, William E. A. Cobden as a Citizen. A. Wessels Co. $6 net.
Balzani, Ugo. Sacro Romano Impero di Giacomo Bryce. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Benham, W. Hamilton. Trade and Trade Centers of History. De Vinne Press.
Chittenden, Russell H. The Nutrition of Man. F. A. Stokes Co.
Craig, W. H. Life of Lord Chesterfield. John Lane Co. $5 net.
Deeping, Warwick. A Woman's War. Harpers. $1.50.
Dictées Françaises. Edited by Mary S. Bruce. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Dunn, Robert. The Shameless Diary of an Explorer. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Fisk, May Isabel. The Talking Woman. Harpers. $1.25.
Fitch, Clyde. The Truth. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Griffith, J. B. Crozer. The Care of the Baby. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.50 net.
Hawkes, Clarence. Tenants of the Trees. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Haynes, Artemas Jean. Social and Religious Ideals. Scribners.
Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by George M. Wrong and H. H. Langton. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Holmes's Poems. Edited by J. H. Castleman. Macmillan Co. 25 cents net.
Howe, Frederic C. The British City. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Imperial Gazetteer of India. 3 vols. Henry Frowde. $2 net each.
Judicial Statistics. England and Wales, 1905. Edited by Sir John Macdonell. London: Wyman & Sons.
Keeler, Charles. Bird Notes Afield. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Kent, Charles Foster. Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents. Scribners. $2.75 net.
Kitson, C. H. The Art of Counterpoint. Henry Frowde. $2.50 net.
Lancaster, Henry Carrington. The French Tragi-Comedy. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Co.
Machen, Arthur. The Hill of Dreams. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.
Manual of Personal Hygiene. Edited by Walter L. Pyle. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.50 net.
Masterman, C. F. G., and others. To Colonize England. A. Wessels Co. $1 net.
Meyer's Der Heiligе. Edited by Carl E. Eggert. Henry Holt & Co. 80 cents.
Miltoun, Francis. The Automobilist Abroad. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Munro, Neil. Bud. Harpers. $1.50.
Petre, F. Loraine. Napoleon's Campaign in Polaud. John Lane Co. $5 net.
Piccinelli, Ferdinando. Come Investire e Amministrare i Miei Capitali. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Pike, Luke Owen. The Public Records and the Coustitution. Henry Frowde.
Platonis Opera. Edited by John Burnet. Vol. V. Henry Frowde.
Rogers, J. D. Australasia. Vol. VI. Henry Frowde.
Salisbury, Rollin D. Physiography. Henry Holt & Co. $3.50.
Scott's Quentin Durward. Edited by P. F. Willert. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Shakespeare's England's Ulysses. Dramatized by Latham Davis. G. E. Stechert & Co.
Stead, William T. Peers or People? A. Wessels Co. $1 net.
Whitty, Edward Michael. St. Stephen's in the Fifties. A. Wessels Co. $3 net.
Whys and Wherefores of the Automobile. Cleveland: Automobile Institute.
Wiley, Harvey W. Foods and their Adulteration. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.
Wilson, J. Cook. David Binning Monro, A Short Memoir. Henry Frowde.
Winterburn, Rosa V., and Edward Hughes. Methods in Teaching. Macmillan Co.
World's Classics: Hazlitt's English Comic Writers. —Carlyle's French Revolution, 2 vols.—Palgrave's Golden Treasury.—Burke's Works, Vol. IV.—Goldsmith's Poetical Works, Henry Frowde

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The Nation.

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The Week.

Gov. Hughes's veto of the two-cent fare bill is a truly remarkable document. Not since Grover Cleveland's time have we had such a brave example of readiness to defy popular clamor as the Governor has given us in his refusal to approve the bill giving equal pay to men and women school teachers in this city, and this two-cent fare measure. In March, 1883, Mr. Cleveland killed the bill reducing the fare on the elevated roads from ten to five cents. Public feeling ran nearly as high against Jay Gould and Cyrus Field at that time as it has of late against the managers of our railroads. The Legislature's action was due, in part, to this public excitement, and was as little the result of a careful investigation of the actual facts in the case as is this Legislature's desire for two-cent fares. It was not thought that Mr. Cleveland would dare to veto the bill, but he braved public disapproval only to find himself a national figure. But not even Mr. Cleveland could give such admirable statements of his reasons as can Mr. Hughes. This last veto, in particular, deserves and will receive a permanent place among the important papers of this State by reason of its lucidity, its convincing arguments, its indisputable proof that the writer possesses not only remarkable reasoning powers, but a complete mastery of his subject. A Governor less strict with himself and more desirous of an easily-secured party advantage would have given us a lengthy discourse on good and bad railroads; might have admitted some resulting hardship for certain corporations; would have referred to the public demand for the strict regulation of delinquent corporations, and then have quietly signed the bill. It is fortunate for the whole country that at this moment of popular misconception as to what constitutes real statesmanship, there is a man at Albany who can show just what high political thinking really is, and can reenforce it with courage and backbone in action.

The experience of Wisconsin confirms in a striking way the points made by Mr. Hughes in his veto message on the Baldwin bill. In each State there was an element which desired to join in the general two-cent fare movement, arbitrarily fixing that mileage rate as about right, without any too careful inquiry as to what a perfectly just charge would be. The Governor of New York insisted that the new Public Utilities Commission, which exists for that very purpose, should investigate the subject and fix whatever rate of passenger fare might be just. In Wisconsin the course of events was reversed. The State Railroad Commission, before the Legislature even met, had investigated the question of passenger fares, had concluded that two cents a mile was an unreasonably low rate, and fixed the maximum for the State at two and one-half cents. In spite of the popularity of the two-cent rate, the State Senate now accepts the decision and abandons the idea of fixing rates by direct action. The result shows that there is no method so effective for quieting violent and unreasonable sentiment against the public service corporations as a demonstration that the constituted authorities are dealing with them and the public in a spirit of fairness and fidelity.

Are we back under a benighted and unpatriotic Democratic Administration, that men who actually enlisted for the civil war are having their applications for pensions rejected merely because they do not deserve them? To be sure, the Pension Bureau attempts some sort of explanation of its reasons for turning away certain veterans. It is fair and right, says the Bureau, in effect, to provide for the old age of the man who enlisted in good faith, but whom circumstances kept from the front. But, it points out, here were men who could have seen fighting, but would not. Some of them enlisted for three months, and, when it was seen that three-months men were of no use, went home on furloughs and refused to reënlist when the need for soldiers was most urgent; some were technically mustered into the service and out again substantially on the same day, and some were Confederate prisoners who enlisted on the condition that they should not be made to fight against their former comrades. This is all very well. It might convince a judge or a plain citizen. But we want to hear from the G. A. R. organs.

Of the new régime of the New York Life Insurance Company, which began on Monday, it is to be said, first, that it undoubtedly represents the wishes of the vast majority of the policyholders. Making every abatement for claims that the men in opposition can reasonably set up, the fact remains that the administration ticket was overwhelmingly endorsed by those who have most at stake in the company. This, it seems to us, entitles the new board of trustees and the new president to the most considerate treatment by the press and the public. It was understood from the first that Mr. Orr took the presidency only as a stop-gap, and until his successor could be chosen by a board elected under the new insurance law. This has now been done; and Darwin Pearl Kingsley, the elected president, announces his programme to be that of cheerful acceptance of the recent statutes governing the business of life insurance, though he rather needlessly remarks that he thinks the limit put upon the amount of insurance that can be written is economically unsound; and promises the most rigid economy and integrity of management. It is only proper that he and his fellow-administrators be now given a fair field to show what they can do. They are perfectly aware of the terrible blow which their institution received in the investigation by the Legislature, and know what must be done to repair the damage and regain public confidence. So long as they devote themselves to that work, they are, in our opinion, deserving of public support.

Plans for beautifying Chicago are well under way. More than $32,000 has been raised by the Commercial Club towards the expenses of Daniel H. Burnham, the architect-in-charge, who has generously given his services since October last. Mr. Burnham hopes to evolve a clearly defined scheme which will "permit unhampered growth within the city proper, and the development of the city beyond," and also result in establishing great circuit boulevards, from which the traffic will be distributed to every section of the city. Meanwhile, three committees of the Commercial Club have been hard at work—a Lake Front Committee, a Railway Terminals Committee, and a North and South Boulevard Connection Committee. The Lake Front Committee speedily discovered that an immense public improvement was possible at a slight cost. The purpose is to build a narrow park strip on the mainland and a broad one out in the lake, leaving an open lagoon between the two, to be diversified with islands, while the shores are to be planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The committee recommended that a law be sought from the Legislature enabling the South Park Board to acquire the riparian rights of shore owners. Such a law was finally passed and signed by the Governor on May 2.

Japanese may well take a certain satisfaction in the conviction of Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco. He was the great champion of the higher races on the Pacific Coast, and the man who bore its demands, as against the Japanese, to

BURLINGAME PUBLIC

President Roosevelt. Now it appears, by legal evidence, what was long known with moral certainty, that this man who was received at the White House as a negotiator in affairs of international moment, was all the while nothing but a vulgar grafter. His anti-Japanese heroics were not even a decent mask for his criminal activities. While shouting about saving San Francisco from immoral foreigners, he was prostituting his office, violating the Penal Code, and pillaging the municipality. Now that he is caught, we can all see that his stealings were as incautious as they were unscrupulous, and that it was the easiest thing in the world for a skilled prosecutor to trap him. His power was built up in about equal proportions on race prejudice, labor-union tyranny and corruption, the greed of corporations, and the supineness of the citizens. He could have been ousted or jailed long ago if San Francisco had really wished to do it. Now that he has been exposed and convicted in court, the city should wake up to the need of having a new deal all round; not simply washing its hands of the shameful Schmitz, but getting rid of his whole crew, and setting up a municipal government fit to cope with the great emergency and to reassure the rest of the country.

It is safe to say that, if the President had had before him last autumn the results of the Senate Committee's investigation of the Brownsville shooting, he would not have taken the hasty action which made that case famous. This is not to imply that he will now change his opinion, or retrace his official course. Consistency is the hobgoblin not only of small minds; it is also of men in great office. The Senate report will not come formally before the War Department and Mr. Roosevelt for some months yet, and, meanwhile, nothing will be done for the summarily discharged troopers. But the inquiry has undoubtedly done much to enlighten and to change public opinion. The colored soldiers have not been proved innocent, but no individual among them has been shown to be guilty. All their white officers now testify that they do not believe the men did the shooting. This is a marked reversal of judgment in some cases, especially that of the commanding officer, Major Penrose. There are, of course, many mysterious things about the Brownsville affray which the conflicting evidence has not settled. Perhaps they never will be all cleared up.

The unwritten law has again been heard from in the South. It has just been laid down in two cases that it applies to women murderers as well as to men, and to negroes as well as to women. Thus a white jury in the Richland, S. C., County Court has freed a negro who killed his wife and a negro with whom she had guilty relations. The murderer admitted the crime. The only defence was the unwritten law. Against this the judge, Charles G. Dantzler by name, nobly threw his whole weight. He formally charged the jury that there was "no law higher than the written law." But the jury was unanimous for acquittal. The South Carolina press has applauded the judge's stand, notably the Columbia *State*, which contrasts his action with that of Judge Harrison in the Strother case, and adds that Judge Dantzler's words "are in complete harmony with the practice of the judges generally in South Carolina," whose "utterances from the bench rarely, if ever, include any let-down in the dignity of the law or compromise the respect in which it should be held by the people." The other case is one in Mississippi, where a woman killed a man who was alleged to have wronged her. Judge and jury both did their duty, and the woman was sentenced to prison. The Supreme Court stood firm. It is the notorious Governor of the State, Vardaman, who is to undo their steadfastness and weaken the force of the written statutes by setting the woman free.

The Chicago *Tribune*, which has long specialized in the collection of crime and casualty statistics, announced this week that in less than six months of the present year the total casualty record of the entire year 1906 had been surpassed. With 273 deaths already and 925 injuries in railway accidents, 902 lives lost in steamship and 355 in mine accidents, 2,240 persons killed by tidal waves, 5,100 by earthquakes, and 530 by hurricanes, "there can be little doubt," the paper says, "that 1907 will be known in history as the year of disaster." This unenviable preëminence would apparently be secure even if the misplaced switch, the misunderstood signal, the careless pilot, the atmospheric vortex, and all their allies should go out of business from now till December 31. But the same authority reports for 1907 a larger total of philanthropic gifts and bequests, with a smaller total of embezzlements and other defalcations, than for any corresponding period in twenty-five years. Thus the apparent visitations of the last year come at a time when the human race has been behaving particularly well in respect to both benevolence and honesty. The facts might puzzle a believer in special providences.

Of our forests might fairly be made the cynical observation often repeated about children—that those who have them know least about bringing them up. The Trans-Mississippi Congress, which meets this week, is viewed by Administration eyes as merely an attempt to put the Government "in a hole" in respect to its forestry policy. Yet the men held responsible for such an attempt are precisely those from forest States. If there is one policy upon which all disinterested authorities are agreed it is that of conservative and restricted use of our remaining timber supply. Yet many men, apparently in the best position for understanding the whole policy, oppose it with all the fervor which they could put into a moral issue, as if the President were ruthlessly staking out some American New Forest for his own private bear-hunts. There is no sign that they are converted; but they certainly have converted no one outside of their own section or their own interests. It is a fact to be faced that the President's forestry and land-law policy must be carried on or extended in the face of opposition from most of the communities directly concerned. That means, among other things, that the Eastern men in Congress and out, representing in this question, as they do, a truly national sentiment, should abandon their attitude of deference to the Westerner's supposedly superior qualifications for dealing with the subject.

In passing a bill to prohibit the disfigurement of natural scenery by glaring advertisements, the House of Commons sets an example which American lawmakers might well imitate. Admirers of the rural landscape are not, as a rule, in search of the best dentifrice, baking powder, malt extract, or hair tonic. Even if they were, the mountain and sylvan regions, where the advertiser's signs often appear, are not places where it is possible to purchase his wares. By the time the traveller has left the place, he has forgotten everything but the outrage of thus spoiling the face of Nature. A foreign visitor to this country remarked the other day that, upon one of his excursions out of town, he had seen nothing but huge advertisements. It is bad enough to make an ugly district still uglier; but to placard the more picturesque spots with obtrusive pictures and announcements is inexcusable. It is encouraging, therefore, to note the growth of the crusade against street signs in this and other cities.

The president of Columbia said recently that a university training is "the surest corrective of the lynching habit"—meaning summary decision and hasty action. This may help explain the prejudice against college-bred men in the world of affairs. The balance of opinion incidental to the scientific temper is thought to make men unduly cautious when promptness is essential. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that aca-

demic training is intended to prepare directly for practical affairs. In most cases it serves rather to offset or correct qualities which a merely active career is apt to exaggerate. The college graduate may be late in "arriving"; but when he does arrive, he has resources which no experience of affairs can supply. Jowett once said: "No man will be a first-rate physician or engineer who is not something more than either, who has not some taste for art, some feeling for literature, or some other interest external to his profession."

Any one who may be appalled at the number of doctors' dissertations now being unloaded at our university commencements can, perhaps, find some consolation in the thought that in Germany conditions are much worse. Columbia has just bestowed the degree of doctor of philosophy upon 41 students; Münster, with 1,256 students, conferred the title of doctor upon 45 graduates in the scholastic year from August, 1904, to August, 1905. Figures for these twelve months have just been published in Germany, and show that, all told, 3,131 doctors of philosophy and law were created by the twenty-one German universities. There were 39,719 matriculated students in these branches of learning in the universities. Of the doctors, 689 were lawyers. Curiously enough, the University of Rostock, with only 102 law students, created 159 doctors of law. One explanation is that this Rostock degree stands higher in the learned world than any other. Hence, students who have studied elsewhere travel to Rostock to take the examinations and carry off the coveted honor, without having been in residence. Leipsic turned out the greatest number of doctors during this period—470. Munich created 282, and Berlin, third on the list, 247. Yet Berlin had 7,774 students in these two branches of learning, as against 3,880 at Leipsic and 4,766 at Munich, from which fact one might draw the conclusion that it is much harder to become a doctor in Berlin than elsewhere. But there are doubtless other reasons which might explain the apparent difference. Fortunately for Germany, the native-born doctors sometimes know their own language, and can express themselves in it. Hence the public escape a good deal of the horrible doctor-English with which Americans are so familiar.

If the "nature fakers" should go into politics, the Democrats could point complacently to the fact that the founder of their party, instead of warring with mere popular authors, came successfully out of at least one scientific controversy with the great Buffon himself. Mr. Jefferson's accounts of species in which he was interested are quite as minute as Mr. Roosevelt's, and the Rev. Mr. Long would undoubtedly find them much less bloodthirsty. The recent sketch of Alexander Wilson, by Dr. J. S. Wilson, contains a letter written in 1805 to the pioneer ornithologist worthy to be bracketed with recent White House magazine articles. Jefferson wrote:

> As you are curious in birds there is one well worthy your attention to be found or rather heard in every part of America & yet scarcely ever to be seen. It is in all the forests from spring to fall, and never but on the tops of the tallest trees from which it perpetually serenades us with some of the sweetest notes, & as clear as those of the nightingale. I have followed it miles without ever but once getting a view of it. It is the size and make of the Mocking bird, lightly thrush colored on the back, & a grayish white on the breast & belly.

The bird found "never but on the tops of the tallest trees" has since been identified with a species of such different habits from those described as to be called the "ground robin," but the error is pardonable. At the same time, the author of the Declaration was not always tolerant of those who differed with him about wild life. His words have again a familiar ring when he says of Daines Barrington, who denied the American origin of the turkey, that "the arguments he produces are such as none but a head, entangled and kinked as his is, would ever have urged."

After the Irish, Nonconformists are now threatening the British Government with vigorous opposition. Although the House of Lords was responsible for the defeat of the Birrell education bill, the measure proposed by his successor, Mr. McKenna, was advanced only languidly in the Commons and finally dropped for the session. As it was, two of its clauses were attacked by all the Nonconformist journals, who remind Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that when Gladstone's Nonconformist supporters failed him, he went out of office. To-day, they mutter ominously about again disrupting the Liberal party. The leading Methodist organ says, for example: "The fact remains that the injustice wrought by the late Government remains entirely unremedied." Baptists and Congregationalists make the threat that if "the Government is not going to do something, they must give way to men who will." The *British Weekly* remarked of the McKenna bill: "Of all solutions conceivable, this is the most detestable." Finally, the *Christian World* says that the Nonconformists "will not put up with" the present policy.

Taxation of the unearned increment being a part of the English Government's announced policy of dealing with the land question, a correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* gives some details about the recent adoption of that method in Germany. Rather curiously, it was first legalized in the German Chinese dependency of Kiao-Chau. This was in 1898. In 1904, it began to be taken up by German cities, Frankfort leading off. Cologne followed, and last March the City Council of Berlin endorsed a proposal to apply the tax without delay. The movement has since rapidly spread. The unearned increment in a piece of property is reckoned as the increase in price, on sale or transfer, over the value at the latest previous sale. Deductions may, of course, be had for all improvements made in the meantime. The rate of taxation is, in Frankfort, 5 per cent., where the increment is from 30 to 35 per cent.; 6, where it is 35 to 40; and so on up to a maximum tax of 25 per cent. The aim of those who advocate the tax is, first, to provide a new source of revenue; second, to prevent wild speculation in land; finally, to improve housing conditions. In an address to the Berlin City Council, the Chief Burgomaster said the tax on unearned increment was "a movement of the times." He added: "The great majority of the representatives of science are also enthusiastically in favor of the tax, and the movement has spread to the widest quarters of society."

Now that the Japanese Home Department has "officially advised" all the Tokio editors to refrain from publishing any matter of an inflammatory nature about the troubles with the United States, one source of anxiety is probably removed. Mr. Root has tried similar tactics here by advising American newspaper men not to publish sensational reports, but he lacks the influence of the Japanese Home Department in such matters. An Administration which has been the greatest source of newspaper sensations for the last three years, and freely uses the press to attain its ends, is hardly in a position to preach soberness and small headlines just at this juncture. Fortunately for all concerned, the general public remains as calm here as in Japan. The London *Times* dispatch, representing the Japanese as being quite unmoved and wholly skeptical about talk of serious trouble, is undoubtedly far nearer the truth than much which has come to us. The educated Japanese feel themselves under a great debt of gratitude to the United States, and hurt and pained as they are by Mr. Roosevelt's change of front since his message of last December, they still do not consider hostilities as in any way possible. But in loss of trade and cordial relations, this country will pay for its ill-treatment of the Japanese.

POLICIES AND SUCCESSORS.

There has been less talk, the past few weeks, about the President's purpose to see to it that his successor shall be a man who will carry out his own policies. This does not necessarily signify, however, that Mr. Roosevelt has relaxed his determination. It is only that the common way of treating the subject has become something of a bore. The propriety of the President's plan has been much discussed; the possibilities of his success canvassed; the probable fall of his choice debated; precedents looked up; politicians sounded. Few, however, have gone behind all this to ask whether it is desirable that any President's policies be "continued," in the sense intended. Still fewer, perhaps, have looked to the deeper political significance of the entire situation.

In it, any detached student of the philosophy of government would be apt to see a tacit confession of weakened faith in democracy. Writers on forms of government, from Aristotle down, have said that monarchies had a great advantage over democracies, because the latter are so fickle. They admit of little fixedness of policy. Plans are as uncertain as rulers. Democracy cannot manage an empire, declares one orator in Thucydides. Another asserts that a democracy is amenable to discipline only while it is frightened. But it is Hobbes who perhaps put the thing most bluntly. "Where the people control," he wrote, "what was concluded yesterday is undone to-day." On the surface, that would appear to be exactly what President Roosevelt dreads. He fears lest the people change their minds; and desires to take a bond of fate that they shall not. But the right swiftly to make a change of policy, as of rulers, is of the essence of the democratic theory.

It is, moreover, a right of which the exercise has often been of the highest value to this country. The policies which were, in appearance, most "settled" have been suddenly upset, and to the general advantage. Suppose Jackson or Pierce or Buchanan had been able to arrange for successors to carry out faithfully their policies, when should we ever have got rid of slavery? The truth is that democracy is a crucible into which all policies have to be thrown. There they are fused in the heat of debate and political passion, and what they will come out, no man can tell. The notion of a continuous policy, born of one President and cherished by his successors, is fantastic. The thing is impossible; if it were possible, it would be hurtful. In 1890, for example, silver purchases and the mad attempt to bolster up bimetallism were the fixed policy of the Republican party. Roosevelt himself was then for it. So late as 1896, he wrote against the folly of the out-and-out gold-standard men. Imagine him President at that juncture, and compassing sea and land to get a successor who would be true to that precious policy of his!

This raises a horrid doubt whether any man could say just what the Roosevelt policies are which must be perpetuated at all hazards. Railway and corporation control, people in general understand them to be; but how can we tell that the President himself will stick to them? He has taken up dozens of other policies, only to drop them. He was in 1902 for tariff revision and a permanent Tariff Commission, but those things are now no better with him than last year's birds' nests. He was hot for Federal control of life insurance, but abandoned it. In all this, he has been a typical Democrat, a splendid opportunist, changing his mind at will. In a certain aspect of his versatile and supple political talent, the words of one of the Olney hymns might be applied to him:

> In evil long I took delight,
> Unawed by shame or fear,
> Till a new object struck my sight
> And stopp'd my wild career.

Yet this most changeable and flexible of democrats, running off after every new object, expects a nation of democrats to take from him a stereotyped policy!

It was the plain-spoken Hobbes, again, who put in his extremely monarchical phrases the loose conceptions which are afloat about the President's intention to secure a successor after his own heart. This is the passage:

> As for the question which may arise sometimes, who it is that the monarch in possession hath designed to the succession and inheritance of his power; it is determined by his express words, . . . or by other tacit signs sufficient. By express words or testament . . . as the first Emperors of Rome declared who should be their heirs.

We have not yet had the "express words," uttered in public, though more than one candidate is intimating that he has been favored with the Rooseveltian "tacit signs sufficient."

The whole idea will really not bear examination. On the practical as well as the theoretical side, it breaks down. We have had many queer things in our political history, but we have never yet had this doctrine of the Presidential dead hand seriously set up.

"EXECUTIVE USURPATION."

In his address at Columbia University Gov. Hughes expressed surprise that he had been accused of "executive usurpation." He described, with perfect truth, his own course as that of a Governor who had endeavored to ascertain what was best for the State, and then had publicly uttered his convictions, inviting and accepting the support of public sentiment. He added that his determination had been to have all these questions of important public policy discussed on their merits, with everything "regarded in the light of reason." By that, he plainly meant that he had not sought to impose his will by the use of patronage, or by entering into political bargains. Granting his clear and open purpose, and looking at the results achieved, it cannot be denied that he makes out a plausible case for his contention that what we have had at Albany this year has been, not "government by executive usurpation," but "government by public opinion after discussion."

Pure theory is, of course, against the Governor. In any strict view of the "division of powers," room cannot be found for such activities as his in directing the course of legislation. No definition of the office of Governor, no written grant of power to the Executive, contemplates a course like that of Gov. Hughes or of President Roosevelt. It may well be doubted, however, if we have ever applied pure theory to the conduct of government in this country. If we had, we should not have been the sons of our sires. It is the merit and even glory of Anglo-Saxon political institutions that they are not neatly logical nor nicely consistent. Bagehot thanked Heaven that Englishmen were not politically lucid, and Americans come in for their share of that ascription of praise. Forcible executives have always made their native vigor felt, despite forms and precedents. Hughes is not so imperious a Governor of New York as was Clinton; nor have the exploits of the Big Stick yet rivalled those of Old Hickory. Emerson pointed out the law of character, going deeper than any rule of politics, that a man of inherent capacity and springing virility can do his work easily even when apparently fettered by the oldest and mouldiest conventions. They give way to his touch of strength.

Many causes seem lately to have been operative in making democracies more tolerant of the exaltation of the executive, or even eagerly welcoming it. Mr. Bryce referred to one of them in his remarks last week at Chicago on democratic tendencies. People are more and more coming to look to leaders. This does not necessarily mean the abdication of individual judgment. Least of all does it signify a hankering for a dictator or despot. Before the elections of 1849 in France, an intelligent Frenchman told Nassau Senior that many farmers and peasants, and especially women, were saying: "We are tired of these Assemblies. *Il nous faut un maître.*" It was a clear sign that Louis Napoleon was coming. But it is in nothing of that spirit of abasement that modern democracies are craving strong leadership. They do not want a master; they are seeking, rather, a powerful servant. What they desire is the

emergence of some man who will both interpret and guide the popular will, and by use of the powers of influential office get that will written into law, or translated into action. It does not matter greatly what the office happens to be called. The desired leader may show himself as Mayor or District Attorney; as Governor or President; less often, as Representative or Senator. The essential thing is that, once the commanding quality is shown, and the great public work set going, the people are certain to rise to the leadership.

There are obvious reasons why these outstanding men should nowadays so frequently be executives. The very mass of men in Legislatures and Congress makes differentiation hard. Only the exceptional members show their heads above their fellows. Constituencies seem more and more inclined to be content with the services of their immediate representatives in the way of "looking after the deestricts," being reasonably honest, and voting as they should on the large questions. But for initiative and large inspiration they are now accustomed to search elsewhere. And one unquestioned function of executives gives them a great opportunity to catch the eye of the public. They have an unchallenged right, as Gov. Hughes said, to "state their convictions," implying the recommendation of laws. Now this privilege, or duty, in the present state of affairs, goes as if made for it with the peculiar enlargement of executive powers which we are seeing in our day. It enables a vigorous and clear-headed Governor, or President, to make himself an advocate with the people, at the same time that he sees to the execution of the laws, and to put himself at the head of movements to secure new laws. In a sense, this is an executive intrusion upon the province of law-makers; but must a citizen be dumb simply because he is Governor? Having been chosen directly by the people to the highest office within their gift, shall he be debarred from saying what he thinks to be for the good of the people? We see how great are the possibilities of that conceded power of the executive to "state his views," and urge them upon Legislature or Congress.

If any man can draw a hard and fast line in these matters of executive usurpation, we should like to meet him. On second thought, we should not like to meet him, for he would certainly be a pedant and a bore. The only really satisfying distinction, for the individual critic, that we ever heard of is that of the old gentleman at Washington who said that he liked to have the President interfere in behalf of what he himself wanted, but was ready to have impeachment proceedings begun when the President took the other side. In our hearts, most of us come pretty near that position. There is, however, one sharp division that can be made. A Governor may impose his will upon the Legislature as Hill did, or Odell did—that is, by appeal to corrupt motives, either personal or political. That sort of usurpation is always to be condemned, not because it is usurpation, but because it is corruption. Between that and the method which Gov. Hughes has followed, there is all the difference of night and day.

THE HAGUE OUTLOOK.

The dispatches from The Hague picture the opening of the Peace Conference as distinctly gloomy. The failure of President Roosevelt to take a strong stand for a discussion of the limitation of armaments, and the troubles in Russia, are but two of the causes that seem to doom the Conference to impotency. But it is far too early to lose courage. Even the limitation of armaments may be reached in a roundabout way, and some definite advances must surely be recorded, if not in the way of preventing war, at least in the methods of conducting it. The delegates cannot fail to realize the immense value to mankind of such a gathering, and they will certainly endeavor to agree on some positive measures, if only for the sake of the prestige of the Conference.

At any rate, there is no reason yet to speak of the Conference as "The Farce at The Hague," as does Frederic Palmer in the current *Collier's*. Writing from the standpoint of a professional war-correspondent, he sneers freely at some of the obvious inconsistencies at the Conference, notably the presence of naval and military delegates; and dwells upon the certainty that no delegate will rise in his seat and say: "Gentlemen, in the event of war, this proposal would be prejudicial to the nation I represent, but, as we come here to sink selfishness, in the name of humanity I will gladly support it." But while no delegates will probably be found to state this openly, it is by no means impossible that some of them will act in accordance with this sentiment. Take the question of the inviolability of private property at sea. England has most to lose by the establishment of this doctrine, and her jingo papers are already protesting against any assent to it. Yet some of her foremost legal lights have favored it, and the well-known pacific character of the present Liberal Government makes it incredible that it would instruct its delegates to hold out against such a proposal. A Ministry which offered to limit its naval increase could be guilty of no such inconsistency.

But there are plenty of other examples of loose and superficial thinking in Mr. Palmer's article, before he reaches a thorough *non sequitur* in declaring that a "strong arm and sweet and reasonable temper form a golden rule for nations as well as men," and that "modern war, so largely waged with the intellect, has inherent humanities far outstripping the Red Cross. It gives strength to those who know how best to use it for the good of the world." Of course, every nation thinks that it alone knows best how to use its power for the good of the world. Again, Mr. Palmer as an argument to belittle the Hague gathering employs statistics to show how the cost of the navies and armies of the world has increased since 1897 in proportion to the growth of commerce and population. Thus the cost of the American army has been enlarged 253 per cent. in the last ten years, and the navy 240 per cent.; the German taxpayers pay 288 per cent. more for their navy and 55 per cent. more for their army; Great Britain's increases are 63 and 59 per cent., and the comparatively impoverished Japanese are now compelled to pay 200 and 309 per cent. more for their armaments than they were ten years ago. But this increase in financial burdens is the very reason why every right-minded man should seek to encourage the Conference, not to gird at it.

Leaving aside all questions of morality and Christianity, the fact is that the European nations are headed straight for bankruptcy; that within a comparatively brief period the growth in the cost of armaments must make them look to The Hague in an entirely different spirit from that which now actuates them. We do not mean to bring up here the old simile of the peasant staggering under the burden of the armed man he carries on his back. It is far more effective to treat of the nations as a whole. Why is the British income tax to-day, four years after the peace treaty in South Africa, higher than at any time since the Napoleonic era, excepting only the period of actual hostilities during the Boer and Crimean wars? It has been admitted openly that this is entirely due to the steadily increasing cost of the navy. As England's population has increased only 8 per cent. since 1897, it is obvious that the added burdens bear more than ever heavily upon the public. On the Continent financiers have long been dwelling with alarm upon the inability to get capital in sufficient quantity to supply the needs of trade and commerce, with the result that there has been for twelve years past a steady decline in the value of the most gilt-edged securities. While there are several reasons for this depreciation, the best foreign economists invariably include among these causes the great expansion of national debts, due to recent wars, and precisely that increase in cost of armaments to which Mr. Palmer refers. He proclaims that killing power means peace; but it als-

means financial shipwreck, if it continues to cost as it does.

Nor does the United States escape. J. J. Hill has recently pointed out that the difficulties of the railways in raising capital in this market, where governments as well as industry are competing with them, threaten "commercial paralysis," which means "slow death." Plainly, on the financial argument alone, the Hague Conference ought to have the strongest possible support. When a spendthrift heads for ruin by striving to outdo others in lavish outlay, his friends get together to lock up either his checkbook or himself. The possession of armaments has become a veritable madness that calls for the doctor—not the old-fashioned bleeder, but the scientific physician of to-day, who seeks the evil, and, having discovered it, treats it sanely.

THE RUSSIAN DISAPPOINTMENT.

The dispatches of last Monday made it clear that the abrupt dissolution of the Duma was the Czar's work. Apparently, he overrode the ablest of his own Ministers, including the Premier. The world had hoped better things of Nicholas, but it forgot how deeply ingrained in him was the absolutist tradition. The idea of any political body limiting his authority, or refusing to bow to his will, is evidently as foreign to his mind as to that of the Sultan of Turkey. The short-lived Turkish Parliament was abolished with as little ceremony, and for about the same reasons, as the Duma. Nicholas cannot, any better than Abdul, bear a brother near the throne—even when that brother is a lawfully chosen representative assembly, whose privileges he had vowed to respect and whose powers to validate.

The Czar's ruthless disregard of his promises to the Russian people, as of the obligations which he assumed in the face of all civilized nations, makes his proposal of a third Duma, to be constituted under a new "electoral law" of his own devising, seem highly farcical. It is plain that what he really wants is, not a true Parliament, but a pliant Council of State. If the new Duma, in case there be one, does not cringe before him, its life will be ended as summarily, and with as little regard for the Czar's pledged word and fundamental guarantees, as has been that of its predecessors. Seemingly, the very conception of constitutional government under a limited monarchy, has no more entered the head of Nicholas II. than it has that of a Moro Datto. There stood his solemn promise, on the convocation of the first Duma, that the electoral law should not be changed without its consent; but such restraints are no more to him than so much pack-thread. Towards his own pledges, and even the fundamental laws, his attitude is very like that of the old Legitimist of France who talked to Niebuhr about the Charte. He said that the king had granted it, but that, of course, nobody expected him to be bound by it.

Say what one will about absolutism being no concern of the Hague delegates, its unpleasant effects cannot fail to disturb them. The thing may come home to them in the most practical way. Suppose that the members of the Duma under the ban seek a refuge at The Hague? It is already reported that they may. Imagine them issuing a manifesto, reciting their grievances and the Czar's faithlessness, under the very shadow of the Peace Conference! When the previous Duma was dissolved, the news came at the time of the sittings of the Interparliamentary Union in London On that occasion the Prime Minister of England boldly raised the cry: "La Duma est morte. Vive la Duma!" Probably no one at the Hague Congress will be guilty of so splendid an indiscretion; but it is certain that the French and English and American delegates will wish that the utterance could be made with propriety.

Outsiders scarcely expected the Russian *coup d'état* to be submitted to so quietly. The prevailing calm, so far, may be variously interpreted. Possibly, it signifies exhaustion, for the time being. The Russian people have been in continuous turmoil for more than a year; and the most fiery enthusiasm cannot flame forever. This would especially be the case when the people saw that the Government had carefully taken its measures, and was in a position to put down any violent resistance. If this be so, it is undoubtedly better that order should "reign at Warsaw," and elsewhere throughout the Empire, in consequence of temporary submission, rather than of a rising and a massacre. But the dispatches are most misleading if they do not indicate a firm purpose on the part of Russian patriots to press forward towards representative institutions. They propose again to measure their strength in elections, even though grossly discriminated against in the franchise and in representation. It would be strange, too, if the Terrorists should not resume their activity. Their dreadful work is given fresh provocation, though not a defence, by the absolute muzzling of the press; for, as Wendell Phillips said in his Phi Beta Kappa oration on Russian Nihilism, where public discussion is not allowed, bombs are certain to be hurled and daggers driven home. And with all its apparent security, the Government cannot be sure of its own weapons of repression. Mutterings of mutiny in the fleet have been heard, and may be in the army also. In any case, the great Russian experiment in liberty cannot end here.

DOMESTIC EXCHANGE OF PROFESSORS.

An editorial note in the June number of the Columbia University *Quarterly* contains a suggestion worthy of serious consideration. It is to the effect that, while the foreign interchange of professors has been encouraged and systematized, a phase of academic coöperation which could be made a most valuable adjunct of instruction in our colleges and universities lies comparatively overlooked and unused. What is meant is a more widely developed domestic interchange between American institutions than has hitherto been attempted, to the end of making it possible, by a temporary loan, to round out the instruction in a given institution. This, in its turn, would be glad to give a *quid pro quo* in another field. The condition is, of course, not altogether a new one, since the non-resident professor who delivers a course of lectures, or even assumes further academic duties for a year or a semester, is well known in this country; but the procedure, at present, is characteristically haphazard.

Even a hasty review of the situation will convince one of its latent possibilities. There is, let us say, but a single great exponent of "pragmatism," who belongs to the philosophical department of a certain university. Its neighbor university, however, though suffering from a pragmatic famine, has a master of protozoölogy, which the first has not been able, for some reason or other, to include among its subjects of instruction. Nothing could be more feasible than for the two institutions to make the required exchange. It could be done, not only without detriment to the interests of either, but to the positive advantage of both. The temporary withdrawal from the corps of instruction of one man would really amount to but little in the department immediately affected, and would be more than offset by the ultimate gain to the professor himself as a teacher, in the revivification that should come to him from contact with new minds and inspiring conditions. Both institutions would gain in prestige by the transaction, because it would publicly appear that each has a distinguished scholar whom it is desirable for the other to borrow. It would be distinctly to the advantage of the student, for it would give him an additional opportunity to supplement his education, and would widen his academic horizon by reminding him that his own college walls are not necessarily the boundaries of human knowledge.

A domestic system of professorial interchange would be especially valuable in the graduate work of the university. In the notable homogeneous organization of graduate instruction that is being evolved in the universities of America, it is plain that not only is parity

of standard necessary, but that mutual coöperation is quite as indispensable. The rivalry that has existed among the colleges, and to a certain extent exists still, is doubtless justified, in a measure, by differences of opportunity in the curriculum, and by a consequent standard of value in the degrees bestowed. These differences, however, in later times are tending to disappear.

In graduate instruction this academic rivalry, from the nature of the case, has scarcely existed. Some institutions have developed the graduate side of their activity rapidly, some slowly, and some not at all; but where it has been done it has taken place along lines singularly homogeneous in point of standard. Not all universities, however, have developed all sides of graduate study harmoniously, nor is it at all necessary that each should cover the entire realm of learning. More could be accomplished by American universities if each made particular effort to exploit exhaustively at least some one phase of knowledge, while conspicuously neglecting none. A wide interchange of professors would greatly facilitate such a process and would benefit largely the whole cause of learning, for it would render possible, to a degree not hitherto attained, a systematic supplementing of the work, with a consequent decrease in the costly duplication of equipment at present involved.

The education, too, of the university, even more than that of the college, is a question of men. It is still a question, primarily, of course, of subject; but in the final development of any subject it is the great individual teacher who leaves the deepest impress upon the student's mind. This condition is met in Germany by the well-recognized system of student migration, which is encouraged by the universities. They demand but a single matriculation at the beginning of the period of university study, and allow freedom of residence for longer or shorter periods in any of the twenty-one universities of the land, with the option of taking the final examination—and the only one—at whatever university may be preferred. It is an established part of such a system that the student shall seek, in his specialty, the instruction of the great men who are expounding it; and it is possible, in this manner, to get all sides of a subject under equally favorable conditions. The migration of graduate students in American universities has become in late years perfectly familiar, although for various reasons it has not yet developed into the system of correlation and coöperation which characterizes it in Germany. All of the greater universities draw a large part of their graduate students from other colleges than their own; and, with the recognition of the need of many colleges and few universities, which is sure to come, this will be more and more the case. The idea, however, is not yet firmly implanted in the American mind, and the advantages of student migration are neither plainly preached nor widely practised. In the meantime, as the *Quarterly* remarks, if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed can go to the mountain; and an active professorial exchange would make up, to some extent at least, for the disabilities of the present uudeveloped system of student interchange, while greatly strengthening the whole system of graduate instruction.

The foreign exchange of professors is a graceful act of international comity, and interesting as an experiment in the history of education. There is far larger promise, however, on the purely academic side, in the domestic exchange that is proposed in the *Quarterly* article. Yet, because of its familiar and nearby character, it has been neglected. Like the young man in Hawthorne's well-known story, our educators have sought round the world for the treasure which lies buried, after all, at their very door.

THE VANISHING MANUSCRIPT.

If the world were to be informed that after a certain date no pictures would be painted, and the "art photographer" would enjoy a legal monopoly of the field, it is safe to say that the galleries would be filled with eager and regretful throngs. Some such wistfulness must be felt by any one who visits a collection of authors' manuscripts. It represents a dying art, almost as truly as a series of illuminated missals. Within a few years, authors' manuscripts, in the strict sense, will virtually have ceased to exist. We mean not only that such calligraphy as one may note in a Petrarch, or, the other day, in a Lafcadio Hearn, will be no more; not merely that such masterful cuts and thrusts of the pen as one sees in the book of Benvenuto Cellini at the Laurentian will no longer be delivered, but that literary manuscripts of the commonest sort will be rare enough to be valued as curiosities.

Literary relics of some sort will, no doubt, persist. One can hardly imagine, however, much sentiment being expended upon the almost universal typewritten copy. Well scored by the pen, it may afford a kind of substitute for the real thing. At any rate, that will be as near an approach to an author's manuscript as our children may fairly hope to collect. Undoubtedly, those who profess the refinements of the pursuit will try to distinguish between a bit of copy that a famous author typed himself; that which was produced by his secretary; and that which was done at random in a public office. Along these lines one may foresee a new and difficult science of bibliography. Writing machines will be put under glass as quill pens and inkpots now are. Scholars will die for it that in a certain year Howells changed a Hammond for a Remington, or vice-versa. Doctoral dissertations will be written to prove just when James set up an amanuensis—a date possibly not without serious bearings on his later manner. What posterity will do in the case of the famous humorist with whom composition has long consisted of daily loquacity before a phonograph, we may only dimly imagine. It is evident that his "cylinders" will deserve to be exhibited as original notes. The comparison of these mechanical records with the final literary product might be a task no less arduous, if possibly less rewarding, than the editing of Pascal from the confused mass of the manuscript "Pensées."

In any case, the disuse of the pen for literary purposes, or at least its restriction to rough notes, seems certain. Publishers' readers already classify writers as those who thriftily do their own typewriting, and those who are prosperous enough to have it done with professional immaculateness. Those who write with the pen represent a mere remnant. It would be interesting to inquire if the few penmen are not also an élite. It is certain that dictation makes for diffuseness. Herbert Spencer, for example, in the preparation of the definitive edition of his works, found that he could regularly cut out a quarter or so from all books composed after the employment of an amanuensis, whereas the earlier volumes were of a texture so close that little condensation was possible. It is premature to assume that the passing of the pen involves a decadence in style, but such a fact as we have cited affords a presumption that an author with whom style is a chief concern should himself manipulate the typewriter or stick to the obsolescent pen.

Commercially, at least, authors' manuscript must become a rare and costly commodity. A literary manuscript fairly written with the pen in the first quarter of the twentieth century, should by the twenty-first hardly yield in rarity to a book printed, say, in the last quarter of the fifteenth. One may imagine the casual scrawls of Mr. Penny-a-liner acquiring as factitious a value as, for instance, the calligraphy of Goethe's washwoman. And here is opened a way by which the farsighted but unsuccessful author may make dignified provision, if not for himself and the hungry mouths about him, at least for his children's children. Whoever will leave in trust for a matter of a hundred years a portly bundle of literary manuscript, good, bad, or indifferent, may count upon a moderate bibliographical notoriety at the end of that period, and may enjoy the more humane satisfaction of knowing that his descendants

will find both comfort and a certain measure of fame.

Such a prospect should go far to console the machineless author when confronted with the cruel notification that only typewritten or clearly legible manuscripts are considered. It should also soften the blow of unconditional rejection to reflect that, to the proverbial blindness of publishers and editors, may now be added their crass inability to realize the potential desirableness of the few real manuscripts that still come under their eyes. If *scriptum est* will in the near future imply a distinction, old-fashioned lovers of the pen may find compensation for the cold welcome and short shrift they too often receive in the present.

THE FRENCH REVIEWS.

PARIS, June 7.

Some late reviews contain important material, which cannot be found elsewhere, on subjects now uppermost.

"Syndicalism" is in France the new, all-absorbing form of Labor's conflict with Capital. Its growth has been so rapid that its gravity is not appreciated abroad. This year, even more than last, the strikes and other "direct action," which it has combined, have upset the industrial life of the country, and forced the attention of Parliament and Government. It is non-political, but Socialist and Radical Socialist political parties are obliged to become its instruments. It refuses such labels as Socialism, Collectivism, Anarchy, Reform, or Revolution; and it ought not to be brushed aside as mere revolutionary Trade-Urionism. It is extra-Parliamentary and extra-judicial, although it tries to keep within the laws; but it is suspected with reason of going in for anti-militarism, and even international anti-patriotism. It might well be the nearest outcome of the Labor movement in all countries.

It has hitherto been difficult to trace the history of this organized agitation, which was fullblown before the world knew of its existence. For the one evil which it recognizes—the dualism of society from the inequality of wage-earners and wage-payers—it proposes one remedy—free and equitable contract, to be obtained by "syndical action." This does not mean by each trade-union separately, but by the federation of all labor unions, which in France now means the "C. G. T."—Confédération Générale du Travail. It fulfils, by its "direct action," Proudhon's "revolution of folded arms"; and Waldeck-Rousseau made it possible by his laws of 1884 and 1901. He said officially at the time: "Government and Parliament have not allowed themselves to be terrified by the hypothetical danger of an anti-social federation of all workers." Those who wish to follow the hypothesis under rapid verification may read a complete and favorable and documentary article on the history and present state of Syndicalism, published by Félicien Challaye in the *Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale* for January and March, 1907. In the two latest numbers of the *Grande Revue* (May 10 and 25), there are short, clear expositions, divergent in tendency, by Paul Robiquet and Ferdinand Buisson; the latter, who has been the philosopher of Radical Socialism from its start, frankly names his article "The Syndicalist Crisis."

Those who wish a clear idea of the Naturalist school of literature, of which Zola was the godfather, will find it succinctly expressed in a pathetic article of one of the first five disciples, Henry Céard, who explains how another of the five—J. K. Huysmans, who has just died—finally broke the narrow bonds of the *roman de mœurs* wherein Zola's characters wrought out their genealogy on impulse and instinct, without soul. Céard corrects slightly the account given by yet another of the five, no less a man than Guy de Maupassant. He adds: "The time is not far when Huysmans will be considered the prophet of the Realism of the future" (*Grande Revue*, May 25).

The thought of a man who views human events from so high a standpoint as did Alexis de Tocqueville does not lose its importance as the world moves on. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* (June 1) gives a first series of extracts from a correspondence with Count Arthur de Gobineau, the French generalizer, whose books are all but unknown in his own country, and all but classic in Germany. The originals are preserved in Strasburg; the curator, L. Schemann, seems to have an entire volume quite unpublished in hand. This first instalment deals with the history of popular morals and the possibility of such morals without religion or tradition. The letters were written with a view to a hitherto unknown work in collaboration; they date from the years when the shortlived Republic of 1848 was sinking in the Second Empire, and present in milder form the pessimism which distinguishes Taine's recently published correspondence.

The *Mercure de France*, which is considered a review of the young, has succeeded in eliciting for its three latest numbers and others to come an expression of views on the religious crisis from dozens of the most varied authorities, French and foreign. There is great and fundamental divergence in the notion itself of religion, from those who hold it a lucid intellectual act to those who set it down as specifically a thrill of the solar plexus. Also some think religion dead finally, while others are equally certain that it is more alive than ever; and yet others, who acknowledge the thing to be undying, would fain change it into something else with the same name. The illustrious signers of the opinions guarantee the good faith of this confusion of minds.

Fifty years having elapsed since Alfred de Musset's death, his works by the French copyright law now fall into the public domain. Musset, whatever critics may say, has a continued popular sale, which Victor Hugo never had. Publishers are taking advantage of this to bring out editions at pleasure, even one "for the family" edited by Émile Faguet. But this also alarms living authors, who fear that their own sales may be injured by cheap editions of the dead man's work. They ask new legislation. Marcel Prévost thinks copyright should last as long as there is a direct representative of the author's family, like all other property. Another asks that the state should levy 10 per cent. on all publishers' receipts from books without copyright! What will happen when Dumas's novels go out of copyright?

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The original Waldseemüller map of 1507, which was found by Professor Fischer in 1901 in a bound volume in the library of Wolfegg Castle, in Germany, is now offered for sale. This, the first engraved map containing the name America, had long been diligently sought for. In the "Cosmographiæ Introductio," the first edition of which was published at St. Dié, in the Vosges Mountains, on the Kalends of May, 1507, it was first suggested that the new land be named America "because Americus discovered it." The book purports to contain the principles of geometry and astronomy as well as an account of the four voyages of Vespucius. The title makes mention of "a representation of universal cosmography both in solido and in plano" on which was inserted "what to Ptolemy was unknown and lately discovered." On the back of a folding diagram in the book is a description of the globe and the map referred to. This was pointed out by Humboldt, and since his day the globe and map have been sought for. The map, it was supposed, was too large for insertion in the volume, but no one expected to find such a cartographical monster as it turned out to be on its discovery. It was printed from wood blocks on twelve sheets, each measuring (on an average) 23½ inches by 17½ inches (exclusive of margins), and the complete map when put together measures about 8 feet long by 4½ feet high. The sheets of the copy preserved at Wolfegg Castle were not joined together, as was intended, but were bound up with other maps in an atlas. This probably accounts for its preservation, the only specimen, apparently, which has survived four hundred years, out of one thousand copies which are known to have been printed. In the same atlas was another map, the "Carta Marina" of 1516, also by Waldseemüller. The existence of this second map was not known before its recent discovery. It is made up of twelve sheets of the same size as the 1507 map. The owner of the atlas, His Highness Prince Waldburg-Wolfegg-Waldsee, offers the volume for $300,000, the London booksellers, Henry Stevens, Sons & Stiles, being his agents. The map is of great interest and value, but the price put upon it is beyond reason.

Major E. S. Turner, who since its organization has been the manager of the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company, has severed his connection with that concern, except as a stockholder, and has acquired a controlling interest in the older house, the Anderson Auction Company. They promise numerous important sales next season. They have a sale Monday afternoon, and sales on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening. There are few notable items in the three catalogues, the most important being a copy of Hawthorne's "Gentle Boy," 1839, in the original paper cover, which will be sold Monday evening. C. F. Libbie & Co. hold their last sale for the season on June 25 and 26. The books offered are very miscellaneous in character, and seem to be the cleaning up of the season's business.

Scott's autograph manuscript of his "History of Scotland," which went for £510 at Sotheby's on May 31, had been twice sold at auction in New York. In the Fredrickson sale, in May, 1897, it brought $245. It was

shortly afterwards acquired by the late Bishop John F. Hurst, and when his library was sold in March, 1905, the manuscript brought $1,600. The following are a few other important records at the same sale at Sotheby's: FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam," 1859, £41; Caxton's "Golden Legend," 1483 (imperfect), £480; Goldsmith's "Haunch of Venison," 1776, uncut, £43; Byrou's "Fugitive Pieces," corrected proofs for the "Hours of Idleness," 1806, £182; Shakespeare, First Folio, 1623, £2,400; Second Folio, 1632, £140; Third Folio, 1663-64, a very fine and desirable copy, £1,550; "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 (only one other copy known), £1,910; "King Richard III.," 1629, £80; "Merchant of Venice," Heyes imprint, 1600, £510; "Merry Wives of Windsor," 1619, £100; "King Lear," the Pide Bull" edition, 1608, £250; "Hamlet," J. Smethwicke, n. d., £180; "Arden of Feversham," 1592, £1,210; "London Prodigal," 1605, £51; Yorkshire Tragedy," 1619, £46.

Correspondence.

COLERIDGE ON THE SPIRIT OF APOSTASY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I had recently an opportunity of examining the copy of the "Select Discourses of John Smith" (1660), with the marginalia of Coleridge. Most of these have been printed, though with some editorial emendations—or variations. Two passages, however, I do not find in either the "Literary Remains" or the "Notes on English Divines." They have some interest as expressing Coleridge's view as to the ethical significance of the Evil Principle whether known as Satan, the Devil, or the Old Dragon.

There is a characteristic passage in Smith (p. 459), where he says: "The Old Dragon mentioned in the Revelation with his tail drew down the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them to the Earth"; ou which Coleridge has the following note:

How much it is to be regretted, that so enlightened and able a divine had not philosophically and scripturally enucleated this so difficult yet import[ant] question respecting the personal existence of the Evil Principle, *i. e.*, whether as το δεῖον of Paganism is ὁ θεος in Christianity, and so the το πονηρὸν is to be ὁ πονηρος? and whether this is an express doctrine of Christ and not merely a Jewish dogma left undisturbed to fade away under the increasing light of the Gospel instead of assuming the former and confirming the position by a verse from a poetic tissue of visual symbols—a verse alien from the subject, and by which the Apocalypt enigmatised the Neronian persecution and the apostasy through fear occasioned by it in a large number of converts! S. T. C.

Further on (p. 463) Smith says: "When we say 'The Devil is continually busy with us' I mean not only some apostate spirit as one particular Being, but that spirit of apostasy which is lodged in all men's natures; and this may seem particularly to be aimed at in this place, if we observe the context: as the Scripture speaks of Christ not only as a particular person, but as a divine principle in holy souls." On which Coleridge observes:

May I not venture to suspect that this was Smith's own belief and judgment! And that his conversion of the *Satan, i. e.*, circuiter or minister of police (which our Sterne calls the Accusing Angel), in the Prologue to Job into the Devil was a mere condescension to the prevailing prejudice? Here, however, he speaks like himself and like a true religious philosopher, who felt that the personality of Evil Spirits is a trifling question, compared with the personëity of the Evil Principle. This is indeed most momentous.

In a note written on the fly-leaf and printed in the "Literary Remains," Coleridge remarks that "an account of the Cambridge Platonists would make a delightful and instructive essay." What a pity that his study in March, 1824, of the sermons of John Smith, a distinguished member of this remarkable group of thinkers, did not lead him to accomplish his project.

William E. A. Axon.

Southport, Eng., June 6.

SCIENCE FOR GENERAL STUDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the various circumstances which our descendants will point to as indicating the thoughtlessness of the present generation, none will be more conclusive than the way that some of our colleges have of providing for the scientific education of their non-scientific students. If a student is making a special subject of literature, for instance, what he needs to know about science is (1) the character of its methods, and (2) its main, important, results. The right way to secure this knowledge would be by a general course, covering a year of solid work, devoted to physics, chemistry, and biology, given either by a professor of rarely wide interests, or—what would usually be the best thing attainable—by three different professors. What is actually done in some of the colleges is to require the student to take one year of any one science he may happen to choose, which means usually that one—it might be geology—which he thinks he can slip through most easily, and to take it with the students who are being given their introductory year to a special course in the subject. But this is not to accomplish the object, (1) for the methods employed are too minute and detailed for the general student—he cannot see the woods for the trees; and it is to throw away the opportunity to gain the splendid—the indispensable—object (2). An educated human being who does not start life with a general knowledge of the results of the three great sciences is not educated, in the proper sense of the term. Is not this plan extremely unreasonable, or, to say the least, thoughtless? Has not the poor student a right to take it ill that his interests are so little considered? L. M. N.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Were it desirable to consume more of your valuable space in discussing the University of Maine, I should be glad to show several of the errors into which Mr. George L. Fox has fallen through ignorance of the facts about Maine educational conditions. For example, the University of Maine has *not* received "most of its money" from the State Treasury, does *not* give "free instruction," benefits *all* classes of citizens, has *not* "injured greatly the small colleges"; the statistics given of students in the institution are quite incorrect, and President Hyde did *not* at all oppose a large appropriation for it.

As to the argument that it is unjust to tax the many where the direct benefit goes only to the few, a little reflection will convince your readers that that principle is contradicted throughout our whole system of taxation, and must be. If I have no son of my own to be instructed, I pay my school tax like a good citizen, just the same, and derive infinite advantage indirectly from the higher education of others.

Karl Pomeroy Harrington.

Middletown, Conn., June 13.

"THE PIERIAN SPRING."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In looking over Drayton's "Of Poets and Poesie" the other day, I stumbled on the following lines:

Next these learn'd Jonson in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian Spring.

Why has no editor of Pope pointed out the resemblance between his famous couplet and the lines of Drayton just quoted?

C. T. Copeland.

Cambridge, June 14.

Notes.

Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island and Major Barbara" is about to be issued by Brentano's.

Early in the autumn the Macmillan Company will publish the letters of "that witty and learned cleric," Dean Hole.

Two books of memoirs are promised, which ought to contain much interesting matter. One is the reminiscences of Sir Edward Clarke, journalist, lawyer, and statesman; the other of the eminent illustrator, Walter Crane.

Next month Phillimore & Co. publish the "Guild Book of Stratford-upon-Avon," translated and edited by J. Harvey Bloom. It contains lists of admissions to the guild for the 130 years previous to the beginning of parish registers.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are about to publish an English translation of Ellen Key's "Century of the Child," which has caused so much talk in Sweden and Germany.

Edgar Prestage is writing a history of Portuguese literature—the first since the translation of Bouterwek's about a hundred years ago.

Hopper Striker Mott is preparing a history of "The Church at Harsenville," commonly known as the Bloomingdale Reformed Church. The work is to contain a large amount of topographical and genealogical matter, and illustrated with many hitherto unprinted views obtained from family sources.

J. St. Goar of Frankfort has published a "Stammbuch der Frankfurter Juden, von 1349-1849; mit einem Plane der Judengasse," by Dr. Alexander Dietz. The work contains the history of 625 Jewish families, besides much kindred matter.

Bernard Quaritch, the great bookseller, has moved his London establishment to No. 11 Grafton Street, New Bond Street, W.

Classical scholars, and particularly students of Homer, will be glad to have the short memoir of David Binning Monro, translated, with slight alterations, from a notice by J. Cook Wilson in the "Jahresbericht über die Fortschritte der klassischen Alterthumswissenschaft" (the Clarendon Press). The frontispiece is a capital photogravure portrait of the late Provost of Oriel College at his working table.

In recording the publication of "The Statesman's Year-Book" for 1907 (The Macmillan Co.) we need do no more than mention the more important changes and additions as pointed out by the editors of that invaluable work. The section dealing with the West African British Possessions has been rearranged, while Bolivia and Venezuela have been largely rewritten. The Transvaal Constitution and the Persian Constitution are included, with other new matter of history. The sections relating to the armies of the various states have been entirely rewritten by Major-Gen. P. J. Maitland, C.B. Tables and diagrams showing the growth of the navies of the world have been constructed by Fred T. Jane. In the present edition the United States occupies 262 pages, the British Empire 399, German Empire 120, and France 95.

The work of the Federal Government in increasing and enriching the supply of food and game fishes in every section of the country is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for June by the well-known ichthyologist and deputy commissioner of fisheries, Hugh M. Smith. Its special features have been the interchange of fishes between the Eastern and Western parts of the country and the importations from foreign lands. Among the most noteworthy achievements are the introduction of trout into Colorado, which is now the best-stocked State, and the colonization of shad and striped bass on the Pacific Coast. The contributions of the West to the East are mainly rainbow trout and the Pacific salmon. He devotes considerable space to the most widely distributed of our fish immigrants, the much abused carp, and commends it for its great economic value. Among the objects under consideration are the acclimatization of the dwarf salmon, pearl and edible oysters from Japan, and toilet sponges from the Mediterranean. Allied to this subject are the notice of Dr. T. Gill's monograph on fishes that build nests and take care of their young, and some notes on the remarkable habits of certain turtles and lizards. The illustrations, now the marked feature of the magazine, are of the Bighorn Mountains of Wyoming, "the wildest Alpine scenery in America," Dutch and British Guiana, the latter being accompanied by Prof. Angelo Heilprin's entertaining impressions of the Guiana wilderness and its wonderful forest.

The admission of women to the graduate work of the Johns Hopkins University, by a unanimous vote of the board of trustees, has aroused no special attention: this is the last stronghold to fall, and it may be considered that, as regards education, the battle begun by Elizabeth Blackwell, and other ardent fighters of her day, has now been won. As the latest sign of the good use which the privileged women of to-day are making of their facilities, it may be noted that the student taking the highest honors this year at Dickinson College is a woman, and that four women out of six students got the Phi Beta Kappa election.

A comparison of the figures for attendance at the Asheville conference of the American Library Association with those of the conference held at Atlanta eight years ago shows a striking growth of interest in the work. At Atlanta the total attendance was 215, and the number of delegates representing Southern States thirty-four, of which more than a majority were from the city of Atlanta itself. Such important States as Virginia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Florida were not represented by a single delegate. This year the total registry of delegates was about 415, of which no less than ninety were from the South. North Carolina, which eight years before had no delegate, was represented this year by thirteen. Nineteen delegates registered from Georgia, giving that State sixth place in respect to size of delegation, and placing it above Connecticut, Michigan, Iowa, Ohio, and Indiana. Kentucky, which at Atlanta was represented by one delegate only, had at this year's conference a total of twelve.

An interesting exhibition of objects illustrative of Greek and Roman life has just been opened at the British Museum. It is a tentative experiment with the aim not only to serve an educational purpose, but also to aid those who would penetrate the secrets of ancient thought and art which were so closely interwoven with the threads of ancient life. The objects are divided into two main sections of public and domestic institutions. In the first, the drama, religion and politics, the palæstra and the circus, and war are represented. In the other are to be found children's toys and games, and objects showing lessons in reading, writing, and painting. Among these are a wax tablet inscribed with a multiplication table from 1×1 to 3×10; a potsherd painted with a spelling exercise, combination of each consonant with each of the vowel sounds arranged in order; and a recitation-board with six lines of the Iliad, set out probably for the pupils to recite in unison with the master. There are also dolls, dresses, furniture, terracotta boats, etc., and two double-cylindered force pumps, used for fire-engines, and showing that our modern engines have gone but little further in these 2,000 years.

Russian papers report that the Government has practically decided upon the establishment of a new university in the northwestern part of the empire, in the Volga districts, preference being shown to the city of Woronesh, which makes the largest offer of financial assistance. This step is the result of the proposals of a committee of professors from the Russian University of Warsaw, and the Government is now chiefly concerned about the selection of a proper teaching corps.

The educational department of the French Government has published the university statistics for the last academic year. The whole number of students enrolled in the universities was 38,197, and of these 35,638 were men, making the woman contingent 2,559. Of the men, 33,399 were French and 2,239 foreigners, but more than one-half of the women were outsiders, namely, 1,195. The total enrolment of foreign students is accordingly 3,434, which is a considerable increase over the proportion some years ago, this change being doubtlessly the result of the systematic agitation started about a decade ago for the purpose of attracting students from abroad. As a consequence the percentage of foreigners in the French schools is now about equal to that in the German, and in excess of that in other European lands. The preponderance of the university in Paris is overwhelming, the enrolment being 15,789 students. Berlin holds no such prominence in Germany, reporting less than one-sixth of the total student body. The attendance at the other French universities is as follows: Lyons 2,786, Toulouse, 2,675, Bordeaux 2,469, Nancy 1,841, Montpellier 1,752, Lille 1,560, Rennes 1,498, Aix-Marseilles 1,269, Dijon 966, Poitiers 962, Grenoble 896, Caen 814, Besançon 325, and Clermont 281. The total enrolment in proportion to the population is about the same as in Germany.

The *Ferienkurse*, or vacation lectures, at various German universities, introduced in recent years, have assumed an especially wide scope in Jena. They are announced for the 5th to the 17th of August, and this year will be divided into six departments, viz., natural sciences, pedagogy, psychology, social sciences, theologico-philosophical, and languages. The total number is forty, about one-half being major courses of twelve hours each, and the other half minors of six hours.

The famous *Beilage* of the *Munich Allgemeine Zeitung*, which for a century and more has appeared in large folio form, is now modernized and published in octavo magazine shape. The former editor, Dr. Oskar Bulle, who some months ago had severed his connection with this, the best general scientific journal in Germany, has again become its editor.

Volumes v. and vi. have now appeared of A. C. McClurg & Co.'s "Literature of Libraries in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries," edited by John Cotton Dana and Henry W. Kent. One of these contains two brief tracts, or letters, of Gabriel Naudé on the dispersion of the Mazarin library, of which he was the learned head. Naudé, that "moralizing skeptic wearing the mask of an erudite," as Sainte-Beuve called him, represented the bookish zeal of the seventeenth century, and he writes with genuine pathos of the threatened dissipation "of this the most beautiful, the best, and the largest library which had ever been brought together in the world, containing, to my own knowledge, more than forty thousand volumes, of which more than twelve thousand were in folio." The book opens with a pleasant sketch of Naudé's life by Ruth Shepard Grannis. The other book contains the "Brief Outline of the History of Libraries," by Justus Lipsius. The translation is by John Cotton Dana. We have before now called attention to the charming appearance of these little volumes.

Four of the excellent reprints of the Malone Society have been sent to us by James Burns & Co. of London. Two are in black letter: "The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist" and "The Interlude of Wealth and

Health," both from copies found in an Irish library in 1906 and bought by the British Museum at £195 and £102, respectively. The originals are followed scrupulously, with the exception of the letters N and U, which are often indistinguishable in the old black letter, and are therefore used by the editors according to their judgment of the sense. In such words as "indicavit" or "iudicavit" each lection gives a meaning. The other two volumes are of later works, one being the "Orlando Furioso," attributed to Robert Greene and reprinted from the British Museum copy of the quarto of 1594, the other being "The Battle of Alcazar," probably by George Peele, reprinted from the British Museum and Dyce copies of the edition of 1594. The editing has been done by W. W. Greg, with the assistance of various hands, and is intended to reproduce the exact form of the original text. The books are a desirable addition to the growing library that is bringing the literature of the sixteenth century into the hands of scholars throughout the world.

A second volume of selections from the Bowdoin-Temple Papers has been issued by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The rehabilitation of John Temple and his appointment as British consul-general is one of the features, and he served in that capacity while Bowdoin, his father-in-law, was Governor of Massachusetts. This connection brings into relief the questions of trade and impressment of seamen which were discussed between the two countries before 1800. The confiscation of Temple's estate during the Revolution was the cause of later proceedings to recover the value, and Shays's Rebellion furnishes an incident connected with the financial disturbance succeeding the war. Of special value is the series of letters from the younger Bowdoin to George W. Erving, when on his futile mission to Spain. It cannot be said that either Bowdoin or Erving makes a good showing in this diplomatic venture, and the ineffectiveness of Monroe is again demonstrated. So few of the personal letters of the men employed in these earlier foreign missions have been printed, and so incomplete is the published selections from their public dispatches, that this volume is doubly valuable. It cannot alter the accepted view of the negotiations with Spain, but it casts much light upon the characters of the negotiators, and on the personal incidents, which, petty as they often were, controlled their conduct. A careful reading of these Bowdoin letters will serve to correct any belief in the charges brought by Erving and adopted by Jackson, that John Quincy Adams was deceived by Spain in the transfer of Florida, or was careless of boundaries in the delicate negotiations which led to the cession. The editing of the volume is a model of impartiality, and is the work of Charles C. Smith.

It is a pleasure to commend "The Italian Lakes," by W. D. McCrackan (L. C. Page & Co.). The author does not content himself with mere descriptions of places and scenery, but by brief accounts, sometimes biographical, of the many famous persons who by residence or travel are associated with the lakes, secures for his book a genuine human interest. Catullus, the two Plinys, Arnold of Brescia, Chevalier Bayard, Bernadino Luini, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Goethe, Volta, Donizetti, Manzoni, Garibaldi, Cavour, Ruskin, Giovanni Segantini, and many others who are so widely different in every other regard, come into these pages because they dwelt or sojourned among the most beautiful of inland waters. Passages from the poets in praise of the lakes are also quoted, from Catullus, Virgil, Dante, and the rest, though Mr. McCrackan has overlooked the last lines written by a great poet on this theme, Tennyson's "Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row." Both inside covers contain the same double-page map of the Italian lake-country. But, although it is quite large enough to include all the important places, some of the towns most prominently treated are not to be found on it, notably Pallanza and Solferino. We have noted a few errors. On page 2 it is said that "the forest trees are *of* chestnut and walnut," etc., as though they were manufactured. On page 4 the architect Bramante is called Brabante, and on page 43 Cardinal de' Medici, Cardinal de Medici. The younger Pliny was imperial legate in Bithynia and Pontus, not "Bithynia and Pontica" (p. 164). The name of the Dante scholar mentioned on p. 286 is Tozer, not Tozier. The word "large-ish," p. 226, is most objectionable. In the Italian inscription quoted on page 312 read *dimorò*, in place of "dimoro."

The Rev. Alexander Robertson, D.D., who writes "Venetian Discourses, Drawn from the History, Art, and Customs of Venice" (Scribners), is a clergyman who has lived long in Venice. His "Discourses" are a combination of history and homily. An example will suffice:

> I have often been asked if the piles of Venice palaces never rot, and so give way and require to be renewed. My answer is, unless something very abnormal happens, never. . . . In like manner, the statements and promises of God's Word never fail the believer.

Dr. Robertson has much information about Venice, and his book is beautifully illustrated; but why should any one wish to take his Venetian history in *sermons*? Algebra, seismography, and other branches of learning are not imparted in religious tabloids; why should Venetian history be?

The year 1891 saw the publication of two valuable Introductions to the Old Testament, that of Professor Driver, in English, and Prof. Carl Cornill's, in German. Driver's work was honored by translation into German by Rothstein in 1896, and G. H. Box, an English vicar and former scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, has now rendered the German treatise into English, with the title "Introduction to the Canonical Books of the Old Testament" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The translation is made from the fifth revised edition of the German. Like its English counterpart, Professor Cornill's work has won general recognition as a standard manual of study, based on thorough research and marked by real insight into the literary and historical character of the Old Testament documents. Questions of analysis, authorship, and date are naturally prominent, but in this Introduction one is brought further along toward the construction of a religious history of Israel, which is certainly the object of Old Testament study, than is the case in some works of its class. The clearness and conciseness of the original are preserved in the translation, but it is to be regretted that the translator has made reference to previous passages by sections only, which are not noted at the top of the page and are therefore difficult to find in the text.

The universities of France have in recent years produced a series of remarkable monographs on the history of English and other modern literatures; but the latest contribution from this source, Maurice Castelain's "Ben Jonson: l'homme et l'œuvre" (Paris: Hachette), a bulky octavo of 950 pages, only in a measure maintains the high standard of its predecessors. As a critical introduction to Jonson's work for French readers it has real merit, though extended and diluted beyond the needs of the subject; but it adds little to our knowledge of Jonson, it underestimates his power and influence as a lyric poet, and ignores the historical relations of his dramatic and poetic work. M. Castelain has also published a critical edition of the "Discoveries" (Paris: Hachette), in lieu of the Latin dissertation formerly required for the degree of *docteur ès lettres*. The sources of the "Discoveries" are printed at the foot of each page, thus emphasizing Jonson's indebtedness to his classical and continental predecessors; but M. Castelain has himself added little, though something, to the classical sources already indicated in Professor Schelling's edition, and to the borrowings from Heinsius and other continental Latinists pointed out in *Modern Philology*, 1905, ii. 451-460. The book contains no other annotative material.

An excellent translation of Yosaburo Takekoshi's "Japanese Rule in Formosa," with its preface by Baron Shimpei Goto, has been published by Longmans, Green & Co. The Japanese experiment in Formosa is of great interest, now that reports from Korea give a by no means flattering picture of conditions in that captured kingdom. That Japan is being judged as a colonizer is the reason for Mr. Takekoshi's book; and, as it is obvious that he is bent on making as favorable a showing as possible for his beloved country, his conclusions must be accepted with some reserve. It is not, after all, Formosa which will tell the story, but Korea; and decades must elapse before anything like final judgment can be passed. Yet, as we pointed out recently editorially, the story the author tells is altogether favorable to Japan, particularly on the financial side. It really looks as if she would have back all the money spent on Formosa by 1910, something to make Americans jealous, when they think of the millions squandered in the Philippines for which no return seems possible. In such matters as railways and roads, telegraphs and telephones, and sanitation, great progress has been made. Order has been established, so that the proverbial young girl may travel alone, save, of course, in the uncivilized part, where force is now being used to conquer the natives. But it must not be overlooked that the Government has derived no little of its financial success from the opium, salt, and camphor monopolies. It was quick, however, to establish civil rule, and is reported to be bent on a much-needed reform of the courts.

Mr. Takekoshi's book contains an excellent sketch of Formosa's past and a description of the island's geographical features and mineral wealth. The account of the savages is of especial value at this time of conquest. The faithful and intelligent translation is by George Braithwaite of Tokio.

Clovis Hugues, who died the other day, was for many years one of the most indefatigable of French agitators, and a writer of marked ability in both prose and verse. He was born at Ménerbes in 1851, and was educated in the Seminary at Sainte-Garde. It was at first his intention to enter the Church, but he soon renounced the idea of an ecclesiastical career and adopted that of a journalist. He wrote for a succession of newspapers, and in 1871 was arrested and condemned for his work on *La Fraternité* to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 6,000 francs. In 1878 he was tried at Aix for another offence and acquitted, and soon afterward he was elected a representative of the Extreme Left by one of the districts of Marseilles. As a deputy, M. Hugues identified himself with every demand of the extreme Radicals and Socialists. Among his best-known works may be mentioned "La Femme dans son État le plus interessant," "Les Intransigeants," "Poèmes de prison," "Les Jours de combat," "Madame Phaéton," a story of Parisian life, and "Monsieur le Gendarme." He also wrote several theatrical pieces, including "Une Étoile" and "Le Sommeil de Danton." The latter was only played once, but was reviewed very favorably.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, Edward A. Pace, Condé B. Pallen, Thomas J. Shahan, John J. Wynne, assisted by numerous collaborators. In fifteen volumes. Volume I New York: Robert Appleton Co.

This sumptuous volume is well printed, beautifully illustrated, and handsomely bound. The only fault that can be found with its mechanical make-up is the heavily glazed paper, which is a little trying to the eyes. The Encyclopedia is primarily an American enterprise, published with the imprimatur of the Catholic Archbishop of New York, but the contributors are from various lands, and the work bears a genuinely international character. There are something over two hundred contributors to the first volume, of whom more than eighty are foreigners. Canada, England, Ireland, Germany, Austria, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy, and even Servia, Turkey, India, and New Zealand, are represented, but names from Mexico and South America are noticeably lacking. The general aim of the work is clearly stated in the preface, from which the following passage may be quoted:

> The Catholic Encyclopedia, as its name implies, proposes to give its readers full and authoritative information on the entire cycle of Catholic interests, action, and doctrine. What the Church teaches and has taught; what she has done and is still doing for the highest welfare of mankind; her methods past and present; her struggles, her triumphs, and the achievements of her members, not only for her own immediate benefit but for the broadening and deepening of all true science, literature, and art—all come within the scope of the Catholic Encyclopedia. It differs from the general encyclopædia in omitting facts and information which have no relation to the Church. On the other hand, it is not exclusively a Church encyclopædia, nor is it limited to the ecclesiastical sciences and the doings of churchmen. It records all that Catholics have done, not only in behalf of charity and morals, but also for the intellectual and artistic development of mankind. It chronicles what Catholic artists, educators, poets, scientists, and men of action have achieved in their several provinces.

The Encyclopedia is not meant primarily for scholars, and it contains no elaborate original contributions, such as appear in the "Britannica" or in "Hastings' Bible Dictionary" and in "Cheyne's Encyclopedia Biblica"; but as a work intended to inform the general public on the matters with which it deals, it is excellently adapted to its end. The articles are clear and concise, and as a rule sufficiently elaborate without being loaded down with unimportant details. In the matter of form, in fact, many of them are models of what encyclopædia articles should be. And while they vary greatly in value, as is inevitably the case in any work of the kind, the average is high. As a thesaurus of information touching the rites and ceremonies, the beliefs and practices of the Roman Catholic Church, the work will undoubtedly prove invaluable. In this connection such articles as Abbey, Altar, Ambrosian Liturgy, Appeals, Asceticism; and the exceedingly convenient ones on Abbreviations and Ecclesiastical Addresses, may be particularly referred to. The last closes with the sound advice, "Even, however, with these explanations, which might have been developed at greater length, some difficulty may occasionally occur, in which case it is better to make a free use of titles of respect, rather than to run the risk of not using enough, and of thus falling short of what is due and fitting." Unfortunately, the author of the article Acolyte was not acquainted with Harnack's work on the Minor Orders, which would have kept him from representing the office in the usual way as an extension of the Diaconate.

Roman Catholic doctrine finds clear expression in the articles Adoption, Absolution, Adoration, and many others. In such articles there is considerable mediæval theology, but probably the greatest amount of merely traditional material is to be found in the articles containing the lives of various saints. In some of these commendable reticence is observed, as, for instance, in the article on Saint Agnes, but in others the old legendary tales abound. The length and profusion of detail of many of the biographical articles are an indication of the popular character of the work, but some of them, notably those on the more important popes, are exceedingly well done, the one on the notorious Alexander VI. being a model of sane and careful treatment. Of course the biographical articles are as a rule more sympathetic than in Protestant or secular encylopædias, but the writers do not hesitate to admit the vices and weaknesses of those they describe, on the principle which one of them quotes from Leo XIII., that "The historian of the church has the duty to dissimulate none of the trials that the church has had to suffer from the faults of her children, and even at times from those of her own ministers." The article on the Duke of Alva is an excellent example of the general attitude in this respect. His cruelty and tyranny are set forth frankly, and condemned unsparingly, while on the other hand he is treated with greater fairness than is common in current accounts of his life. Reference may also be made to the brief article on the English Catholic historian Lord Acton, which contains a very just and discriminating estimate of his work.

In addition to matters of specifically Catholic interest, the Encyclopedia deals also with a wide variety of topics, as the passage quoted from the preface might lead us to expect. There are occasional articles on subjects which have no discoverable relation to Catholicism, among them for instance the philosophical one on Æsthetics, and those on Protestant movements and sects, like Arminianism and Adventists. Others, though at first sight entirely secular in character, are rather violently brought into connection with Catholicism. Thus an article on the French Academy finds its justification in the fact that it was founded by a Cardinal and its early members were all Catholics. The medical article Anæsthesia is for the most part such as might appear in any general encyclopædia, but at the close the following practical advice is given for the benefit of Catholics:

> It is important therefore that clergymen should take due precautions by advising the administration of the sacraments before anæsthesia, even though it may be but for a slight operation. Surgeons should warn patients of the risks, even though they are but slight, since the re-assurance from the due performance of Christian duties will usually make the patient more composed and less subject to the influence of shock.

Similarly the article Anatomy is exclusively medical, except for the correction of a misapprehension concerning a papal bull of the fourteenth century relating to the subject. The excellent articles on Agrarianism and Arbitration treat the subjects as any secular encyclopædia might, but in the latter the sympathy of Catholic leaders with the principle of arbitration is briefly shown, and in the former the attitude of the Catholic Church is thus interestingly indicated:

> But though there is discord between revolutionary agrarianism and collectivism, they are alike in opposition to the uniform teaching and tradition of the Catholic Church on the lawfulness of private ownership of income-yielding property whether it be named "land" or "capital." And they are alike in opposition to the idea of all great statesmen from Solon to Leo XIII., namely, flourishing populations of small farmers or peasants.

Abstinence is treated in two articles, the one containing an elaborate historical sketch, and the other discussing its physical effects. In the latter the following passage is perhaps worth quoting:

> The Church has so wisely, and with a foreknowledge of scientific investigation and present proof so accurate as to be almost supernatural, taken all the above mentioned conditions into consideration, in framing her laws regarding Abstinence, that there is not the slightest danger of any physical ills accruing to those to whom these laws apply.

Such an article as this, and the many others on ethical and social questions, are instructive, as showing the wide ramification of Catholic interest and influence, and the degree to which religion enters into all parts of the life of a devout Catholic.

The many elaborate geographical articles also contain a great deal of material suitable to a general encyclopædia, and quite without religious bearing, but the religious conditions of the several places are set forth for the most part in an adequate and satisfactory way. In such articles as Africa, Alabama, and Alaska, it is interesting to see that Protestants are given full credit for their work, and no attempt is made to contrast it unfavorably with that of the Catholics.

Of course, in such a work as this one expects to find all specifically religious questions handled from a Catholic point of view, and one would hardly think of going to it for radical positions upon Biblical or theological matters. At the same time most of its Biblical articles are remarkably fair, stating the modern critical views and giving references to the most important recent literature, Protestant as well as Catholic. One is impressed in reading many other articles besides the Biblical with the large area of common ground shared by Catholics and Protestants. Such articles as Arianism, Apostles' Creed, Apologetics, and Agnosticism might for the most part have come from the pen of an average Protestant; and if less than full justice is done in any case to radical views, Catholicism is not to be particularly blamed for it. The unsatisfactory character of such an article as Arianism, for instance, is not due to prejudice, but to a lack of appreciation of the religious issues involved in the controversy. In fact, the general fairness of the work is one of its most conspicuous merits, and when one considers the temptation to the polemic treatment of many disputed questions, the editors are to be warmly commended for the enlightened spirit which controls at any rate the greater part of the work. It is noteworthy, in view of the modern tendency on the part of Protestant scholars to exhibit their lack of partisanship by avoiding the term "Reformation" in referring to the religious movement of the sixteenth century, to find the phrases "Protestant Reformation," "Continental Reformation," "English Reformers," and the like, used repeatedly and without any qualification in a Catholic encyclopædia.

Another conspicuous merit of the work is the way in which contributors have refrained from indulging in theological speculation and religious phantasy. The long article Angels is a good illustration of this. The subject furnished the Fathers and schoolmen with a capital opportunity for the play of religious imagination, but the article in the encyclopædia is strictly historical, giving the Biblical, patristic, and mediæval views with no attempt to defend the belief in angels, or to make devotional and homiletic use of them. In conclusion, it may be said that though this important work has chief value and significance for Catholics it contains a great deal of interest to every intelligent man, and, so far as it is used by non-Catholics, must contribute to the correcting of erroneous opinions and the breaking down of existing prejudices.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Disciple of a Saint. Being the Imaginary Biography of Ranicro di Landoccio dei Pagliaresi. By Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This historical novel, dealing with the life and times of St. Catherine of Siena, is a noteworthy success in a most difficult form of writing. The hero, Raniero di Landoccio dei Pagliaresi, was actually a disciple of St. Catherine, and the first of her secretaries in point of time. Highly educated, contemplative, and having a decided turn for poetry, he was oppressed by a sense of the political and religious evils of the age. His disposition, in short, was of the Hamlet type. St. Catherine's glowing energy and strength of purpose, interrupted though they often were by her visions and trances, inspired her young disciple with the motive power which in himself he lacked. But being sent in advance of his spiritual mother to Avignon, he comes under the spell of the rationalizing Pagan Revival, which then, just after the death of Petrarch, was at the beginning of its still unended career. By the time that Catherine arrives in the papal city, he is ready to cry out that fourteen centuries of Christianity have been a failure. "Behold the Church!" he says. "The good within her fold are weak; they dream or acquiesce. Only the bad are strong." And of all the forms of God, presented to his inward sight in his moods of poetic exaltation, not one was in the likeness of the Cross.

Catherine sees, hears, and understands. After the departure from Avignon he is healed of a bodily illness by her intercession, and is gradually restored in faith. For his besetting mental ailment, which she calls "confusion of mind," she prescribes work while she lives, and at her death leaves a message bidding him become a hermit. The event proved that her spiritual insight did not fail her in divining the cure he needed. In acts of penitence and devotion, in fasting and prayer, wherein, even more than in his active life, he shared the world's struggles and sorrows, he found a constructive faith and final repose.

At a time when there exists in the Anglican Church a strong Romanizing party, when so eminent a scholar as Professor Briggs concedes many of the Roman claims, it is interesting to observe that the chief preoccupation of the author of this novel is to uphold the main contentions of Catholic doctrine and practice. "Woe to the Church," thus she reports one of Neri's reflections after he has entered into the hermit's life—"woe to the Church when such meditations should cease, when the practice of the presence of God should be forgotten by her children." . . . "He and his comrade contemplatives scattered over Christendom were helping to preserve for the whole race its most precious treasure, to transmit to ages unborn the consciousness of the Transcendent God." Again, we are told that "the earth was to him no finality on the one hand, no illusion on the other, but image or sacrament of the Unseen." Compare with this Newman's statement in the first chapter of the "Apologia":

> The very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God leads to the conclusion that the system which is of less importance [that is, the material universe] is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system, and of this conclusion the theory to which I was inclined as a boy, viz., the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution.

In the dialogue, the most difficult part of an historical romance, Miss Scudder has achieved a distinct success. And she has wisely adopted the dramatic rather than the analytic mode of presentation. Her diction, however, is at times decidedly overstrained, especially when she speaks for herself and not through her personages. She has a curious weakness for the archaic use of *him* and *her* as reflexive pronouns, *e. g.*, p. 18, "The part was taken by a boy, who held *him* haughtily." Typographical errors are numerous, especially where Latin and Italian are quoted.

Sketches from Normandy. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Louis Becke is one of the increasing number of writers who have come to literature in middle age or after, by way of an active and even adventurous experience. For many years a trader in the South Seas, at fifty he found himself possessed of a good deal of fresh material, and able to use it effectively in fiction. His breezy, rough-and-ready style is not more journalistic than bookish. It is the style of a good natural talker, who has seen many amusing things in the course of a varied life. He has been called a second Herman Melville; but his flavor is not like that of the author of "Typee"; he is more vivacious, more humorous, less literary. There is an engaging shamelessness in the preface of the present sketches, where he confesses that the grammatical character of the book has been summarily damned by "three clergymen, one barrister, and a lady novelist"; and that therefore he has "thrown himself upon the mercy of his publisher's reader, and has asked him to do his best." That gentleman has, it seems, been wise in not doing his worst; he has had the discretion or the fortune to allow his author certain irregularities which pleasantly distinguish him from the painful bookman. Such a writer is invulnerable because he so cheerfully bares his bosom. Doubtless there is little to be said for these casual and garrulous sketches, except that they are unusually readable.

Needles and Pins. By Justin H. McCarthy. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. McCarthy again takes François Villon as his hero; Louis the Eleventh is cast for the villain, with Oliver le Daim and Tristan in the background, and alternate choruses of starving peasants and arrogant nobles. So far, all is according to history and Quentin Durward. But . . .! Novels of this type, even when manufactured with so admirable a skill as Mr. McCarthy's, are hardly pabulum for adults. It takes Mr. Hewlett's talent to write serious historical novels, and Mr. McCarthy does not in the least resemble Mr. Hewlett. Consequently, what extraordinary confusion will arise in the adolescent mind if, after browsing upon this François, it should later meet Mr. Stevenson's more truthful version! Mr. McCarthy's Villon is married to Katharine de Vaucelles, reincarnated as a remarkably disagreeable heiress of high

degree. Under every temptation he remains a peerless husband, and ends by reconquering her affection, in spite of frequently talking like an East Side agitator. In fact, Mr. McCarthy presents Villon in the light of a perfectly monogamous Shelley. Apart from this somewhat trying piece of originality, the book has merit—movement, color, and a sufficiently interesting conception of a fifteenth-century conservative finding herself married to a charming poet, with views on the equality of man. It is not, however, a sociological treatise, but a lively story of cloak and sword, decidedly brisker and worthier of consideration than would be divined from its somewhat trivial title.

The Princess Virginia. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Not to go behind 1840, the prince or princess of a vague kingdom (the kind defined by Stevenson as bounded by the Grand Duchy of Gérolstein and the seaports of Bohemia) may trace their genealogies somewhat thus—Alfred de Musset, George Meredith's "Harry Richmond," Daudet's "Les Rois en Exile," "Prince Otto," "Majesty," by Louis Couperus, "Her Majesty" (by some one else), Zenda (and dynasty), Henry Harland's enchanting "Players All," Anthony Hope's own brilliant "The King's Mirror." Then came what might be termed universal Zenda-and-water, and now the deluge! By this is meant the whole brewing of inexpressibly childish productions, of which "The Princess Virginia" is a fair specimen. No motors in this, but a manner so glib and facile that it resembles nothing so much as the swift revolutions of a new front wheel, when the salesman turns a bicycle upside down and gives a twirl to prove the smooth perfection of its ball-bearings. There is the same near approach to perpetual motion, and the same lack of arriving. There really must be a close season in princesses, for ten long years, or at least till the present mould is broken, and somebody makes a new one by hand.

The Story of a Pathfinder. By P. Deming. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Prefacing a group of sketches which have the reminiscent charm of a generation-old album of photographs, Mr. Deming gives an account of his own career. Born in 1829 in a small New York village, he was lucky enough to discover his bent early in life. As a child he chanced upon a stray pamphlet on stenography, and at once he was "fascinated, snared, and taken." His purpose never wavered until he succeeded in taking satisfactory notes of a legislative debate in Albany, which secured him a regular position. In 1865 he was instrumental in bringing shorthand into the courts, where, up to that time, the records depended upon reports laboriously made out in common writing.

Although written at a much later date, both his stories and preface bear rather the impress of the fifties than of the post-bellum newspaper world. It is the atmosphere of Greeley's Memoirs, with all the mildness and restraint of what might be called the middle Victorian period in American fiction.

Morals in Evolution: A Study in Comparative Ethics. By L. T. Hobhouse. 2 vols. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $5 net.

Whether and how ethical conduct and theory have advanced in the world—this is the question discussed by Mr. Hobhouse; the subject, sufficiently large and complicated, is treated by him in a sane and broad way. Ethics, he holds, is the product of man's experience and reflection—a thoroughly human creation; and human morality is as blind and imperfect as man himself. The central point of ethics is the idea of the good; but the good is not a fixed thing, it is constantly changing in practice, and if an ideal is conceived, it is determined by present conditions and is subject to change. The actual moral conduct of men is based on the whole of human character: on sympathy and antipathy, love and hate, self-abnegation and self-assertion—in a word, on all man's diverse and warring instincts and all customs and institutions and forms of social organization. The author begins his discussion by a sketch of the stages of organization, passing from rudimentary forms (as in the Veddahs of Ceylon and the Yahgans of Tierra del Fuego) to spontaneous growths resting on ties of blood kinship (in clans and tribes), thence to the firmer union controlled by authority (kings), and finally to the conception of citizenship and the modern state; and through those stages he traces the development of the ideas of law and justice, marriage, the position of women, relations between communities (methods of warfare, treatment of prisoners), class relations (slavery, caste, serfdom), property and poverty (provision for the poor). All these points are treated at length, with illustrations from various peoples and periods. The evolution of civilized justice, for example, is followed through early limited punishments, private vengeance, blood feuds—all these without a sense of moral responsibility—to the time when society begins to investigate, at first in a very simple way, and to consider the relation of crime to the public welfare. The fundamental ethical question in this long process is the reconciliation of social duty and personal right, two opposed instincts; and relative harmony is attained only after much clashing and many advances and retrogressions.

The more important part of Mr. Hobhouse's work is the discussion of the growth of ethical theory. While not denying that there may be moral elements in early savage life, he points out that the grounds and sanctions of morality are then almost entirely magical; in a violation of tahoo, for instance, the punishment is magically attached to the act; breaches of custom incur the anger of spirits or gods, and punishment is averted by non-moral means. The conception of supernatural sanctions continues into the higher religions, but in them an ideal of character is established, a good ethical standard is reached, the law of love is announced, as in Buddhism and Christianity, self-seeking is repressed, the socially constructive qualities are emphasized; but the self-abnegation of Buddhism and Christianity, as in the Sermon on the Mount, has been set aside by the necessities of society. Monotheism has been ethically effective in unifying the world and identifying God with the good; but, the author adds, it has raised a perplexing problem of evil, and, what is worse, has introduced the morally pernicious antithesis of natural and supernatural. We may note in passing that Hobhouse appears also to refer to monotheism the asceticism that issues from the conception of the antagonism between flesh and spirit. Monotheism, however, is not always accompanied by asceticism—never in purely Semitic religions, Judaism, Arabian Mohammedanism; only in Indian systems, in forms of Mohammedanism in Persia and Africa affected by India; in Christianity; and perhaps in late Egyptian cults. The origin of asceticism is too large a subject to be considered here, but clearly it is not merely a matter of theistic creed. But to return to Mr. Hobhouse's argument: The break of ethical theory with supernaturalism, which, of course, does not mean a break with religion, is traced by him through certain forms of ethical idealism that arise by reflection on experience (Confucius, Mencius), and through the movement of philosophic analysis of the mind and its conceptions (Plato, Aristotle), to the modern view of the law of nature; that is, the recognition of the claims of personality, and "the conception of Mind in Humanity developing towards a conscious realization of its own powers of growth as the central principle of Ethics." The advance of thought to self-knowledge is paralleled in a general way by the advance of the ethical consciousness to the conviction that it has arisen out of the conditions under which mind evolves. As to how far society will accept and be shaped by this view, Mr. Hobhouse, realizing our ignorance of the laws of mental growth, declines to express an opinion. But, he concludes, if this conception of the dominance of mind in human development be true:

> It is the germ of a religion and an ethics which are as far removed from materialism as from the optimistic teleology of the metaphysician or the half-naïve creeds of the churches. It gives a meaning to human effort as neither the pawn of an overruling Providence nor the sport of blind force. It is a message of hope to the world, of suffering lessened and strife assuaged, not by fleeing from reason to the bosom of faith, but by the increasing rational control of things by that collective wisdom, the εἷς ξυνὸς λόγος, which is all that we directly know of the Divine.

The central point of Mr. Hobhouse's exposition, that human ethics, including all customs, rules, institutions, and ideals, is a creation of the human mind, is fully borne out by experience and reflection. It does not exclude the supposition of a divine element in human life; it only assumes that the divine is known only through its manifestations in the world. This view is not new, nor is there much that can be called positively new in these volumes. But the picture given of human ethical progress, the attempt to show the nature of the progress, which is in theory rather than in practice, the conception of humanity as morally self-centred and self-evolving, and the demonstration of the validity of faith in man—these things are brought out with noteworthy lucidity and force. The criticism of customs and of systems of religion and of ethics is generally sound; the part played by the higher religions in supporting moral rules is recognized. The whole dis-

cussion is marked by good sense, and the careful collection of data will be very useful to the student of ethics.

Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2 net.

Garibaldi has found eulogists, detractors, and chroniclers by the score, but not until now an historian; his personality was too baffling. In him the Italians of the Risorgimento and their friends in foreign lands could see nothing but the hero; while the few serious historical students who have dealt with him have perhaps deduced too obvious conclusions from the long list of his failures and the inadequacy of his intellectual equipment; as Mr. Trevelyan admits he had the brains of an ox, and often enough showed it. The great merit of this book is that it blends these contrasting aspects into a satisfying historical statement based on careful and minute research, and while a cool critic may think that the note of admiration is at times rather strong, it must also be admitted that the subject is one of great difficulty, and that the author is of the highest competence.

The book divides easily into three parts, and the interest steadily grows, culminating in the last chapters. The early life of Garibaldi, his arrival in Italy during the war of 1848, and the events previous to his reaching Rome in 1849, are first briefly sketched. Then follows a description of the struggle against the French under Oudinot, as to which one general criticism may be urged, that it leaves the reader too much under the impression that the population of Rome was behind Mazzini's republic. There were a few moments of enthusiasm doubtless, but the last struggle was one of a very small body of patriots who were mostly north Italians and foreigners, while the population of Rome was either apathetic or hoping for the success of the French and the return of the Pope. It is in the third part, however, that Mr. Trevelyan is quite at his best, for there the interest is never diverted by political considerations from the human tragedy that haunts the hero's footsteps.

From captured Rome Garibaldi attempted with 4,000 men to fight his way through the peninsula to Venice, where Manin still kept flying the flag of Italian independence. He turned and twisted with guerrilla dexterity through the Apennines as far as S. Marino, where, hemmed in by Austrian columns, his followers laid down their arms. He himself, however, with his wife Anita and a handful of marked men for whom there could be no mercy, made a rush for the coast, seized fishing vessels, and pushed out for Venice. All were caught by the Austrian gunboats or driven ashore, and close to Ravenna Anita Garibaldi died in a sheltering farmhouse. Garibaldi, alone with one follower, escaped, after nearly incredible adventures.

Mr. Trevelyan's work has been so thoroughly done that his details are open to very little criticism. It may be questioned, however, whether the hopeless defence of Rome by the republicans had as great an effect as an example and stimulus for Italian nationalism as is suggested. The waves of patriotism had been lashed into a storm long before the Roman republic was proclaimed, and Cavour's subsequent policy and achievement were not affected by what happened on the Janiculum in the spring of 1849. At page 95 two statements may be queried: that Mazzini would under any circumstances have sent Garibaldi north to help Charles Albert, and that the King of Sardinia denounced the armistice of Salasco for the reasons stated: Charles Albert drew his sword for the Novara campaign for the plain reason that he preferred facing defeat at the hands of Radetzky to a republican revolution at Turin. In several places the statement is made that Louis Napoleon was a Carbonaro; in a strict sense this is highly improbable, and it was always denied by the Emperor and his family. Again, the policy of Louis Napoleon scarcely receives justice, since insufficient allowance is made for the difficulties he labored under in Paris; he was far from a free agent during the first few months of his presidency. Professor Bourgeois's "Rome et Napoleon III.," recently reviewed in our columns, appeared too late doubtless for Mr. Trevelyan to utilize. At page 235 the suggestion that the scaffold was used by the restored Papal Government is altogether misleading; without defending Antonelli's far from admirable administration, one must admit that the scaffold formed no part of his methods. It may also be doubted whether the impression given of the action of the French army of occupation is not unfair; there can be no question but that on the whole Oudinot and the French commanders showed great forbearance and humanity. In the bibliography we miss among capital works the British Parliamentary Papers of 1849 and Helfert's and Gennarelli's accounts of the condition of the Papal States. These blemishes are slight, and as few as one could expect to find in a work of this size. It should be added that the maps are excellent and the illustrations of considerable interest.

One last point remains to be dealt with. The style of the book, although somewhat suggestive of the Meredithian and Swinburnian enthusiasms of half a century ago, is on a very high level. At its best, as in the introductory chapter, it has rhythm, charm, deftness of construction, and elevation. But style of this character, of which emotion of the noblest sort is the inspiration, is difficult to sustain in long-continued historical narrative, if for no better reason than that in the chain of history the golden links are few. It is when he enters into communion with the soul of his hero that Mr. Trevelyan is at his best, and that is to say that he excels at a point where even the greatest historians have failed.

Heinrich Heine: Auch ein Denkmal. Von Adolf Bartels. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

It is a matter of regret that the incentive to Bartels's biographical study should have been the proposal to erect a monument to the poet, for in opposing the movement (now practically crowned with success) the historian, usually discerning, has given free rein to his anti-Semitism, and condemned poet and poetry alike. Inflamed at the committee's declaration, "Every German maiden sings his songs, and yet he has no monument in Germany," Bartels forgets that Hauptmann (whose genius he himself has honored in a special volume) and Haeckel signed the call for funds, and frets because four of the committee of nine are Jews and the fifth is the wife of a Jew. In nearly four hundred pages he continues the flaying begun years ago in his "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur." The criticism recalls the appearance of Xanthippus's "Was dünket Euch um Heine?" when, in 1888, an effort was made to provide a monument to the Jewish singer in Germany, except that with Bartels even stronger prejudice pervades every page, from his first regret that the German Government had not compelled Heine to retain his real name, Chajjim Bückeberg, to his closing exhortation, *Los von Heine!—zu Boden mit ihm!* The book presents considerable that is new, but its force lies in the effective summary of Heine's shortcomings, in the vast amount of citations from letters, notes, diaries, stray poems, and newspaper squibs, accusing and convicting the poet of falsehood, immorality, treachery to country and friend, and vanity. It is when Bartels discusses the works of Heine that he runs to greatest excess, and gifted poet and prose writer though he be, he is little likely to gather a following. Unfortunately, as is so often the case with German books, these extensive data are not accompanied by an index.

Beginning with Heine's life, Bartels reviews the various incidents, and finally comes to the conclusion:

> Heine never felt as a German, but always as a Jew. When he calls himself a German, it is either comedy or because, as a Jew composing in the German language, he could not and dared not tear asunder the bond that joined him to German culture. Heine's love of country, also, which frequently appears genuine, is not love for the German Fatherland, but really only Jewish family feeling, which is naturally connected with certain memories of place.

Bartels next considers "Heine the Poet and Maker of His Fame," examining his poems and prose in great detail, and discussing his relation to contemporaries. Taking up his promise made in the Introduction that he would show that Heine was neither a great poet nor the greatest lyrist after Goethe, he charges that Heine wrote many of the publisher's announcements of his works, puffing himself inordinately, and that by such widely read verse as

> Ich bin ein deutscher Dichter,
> Bekannt im deutschen Land,

he created a false impression of his real value. As a matter of fact, Bartels continues, Heine often makes gross blunders (*grobe Schnitzer*) in the use of German; and "at heart German is and remains a strange language to Heine, so far as he learns to master it." There is nothing new in his temperament not found already more highly developed in Byron; he does nothing that Goethe, Tieck, Brentano, and others have not done before him; he is not a poet, but a poet-virtuoso, and "of quite a different kind from our great German lyrists." He is a writer who does not owe a general indebtedness to his predecessors and contemporaries, but who appropriates bodily from their wares. The much-praised sonnet to his mother contains human elements, but is no more poetical than many verses

from mediocre poets. In the "Lorelei" Bartels sees no *lyrischer Kristall*, as do most Germans; he finds the last strophe "quite abominable," and thinks that the idea of a "golden comb" and "golden hair" must appeal especially to a Jew! He praises "Die Grenadiere" and "Belsazer," regarding them, as well as most of Heine's ballads, among the best of his works, but seeing in all of them traces of Herder and the Scottish and English balladists. He places no high value on the "Traumbilder," and thinks that, after all, only as a lyrist is Heine a poet, and that as a lyrist, or rather as a *Liederdichter*, he has reached his highest point, as in "Die Heimkehr." Many of these songs, however, are quite unnatural: "Du schönes Fischermädchen" reminds one of Wilhelm Müller; "Was will die einsame Träne" is "incredibly sentimental and really involuntarily comical"; "Du bist wie eine Blume" has the beauty of simplicity, whereas "Du hast Diamanten und Perlen" is "tolerably amusing, but nevertheless suggestive of Jewish cheek." Whatever Heine's merits as a versifier, Bartels maintains his proposition, "What one is as man, that he is also as poet."

With the proverbial disposition of the German to find the source of everything—if necessary, to dig a well!—Bartels sees in Sterne, Jean Paul, Kerner, Eichendorff, and Washington Irving the *Vorbilder* of the "Harzreise," and regards this work as the "least harmless" of Heine's. The description, however, of the natural scenery is ordinary, and save for the mention of such landmarks as the Brocken, could be as well applied to the Black Forest or Thuringia. "Nordeney" is more prosaic than the "Harzreise," and shows that Heine wished to say something, but had nothing to say. In "Deutschland: Ein Wintermärchen," Heine excels himself in abusing Germany and the Germans. In conclusion, Bartels admits that one cannot expect the Jews to give up Heine, but suggests that if the monument proposed is to be erected, it shall contain the inscription: *Heinrich Heine, Ihrem grossen Dichter und Vorkämpfer, Die deutschen Juden.*

The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics. Edited by Charles Welsh. 2 vols. New York: The Dodge Publishing Co. $2.50.

"Few, but those roses"—Meleager's phrase to describe Sappho's poetry—should be the motto of every anthologist, but it must be admitted that a selection of Irish verse made in the spirit of Palgrave's or Quiller-Couch's work could be contained in a very slim volume. Few people realize how brief is the period open to an Irish anthologist. Meleager, when, in the first century B. C., he wove his "Garland" of Greek poets, could ransack nearly seven centuries for the flowers of Greek lyric. Palgrave, for his two volumes in the Golden Treasury Series, and Quiller-Couch for the Oxford Book of English Verse, ranged over six and a half centuries. The earliest poets in the volumes before us date from the close of the eighteenth century, the best of them from the middle of the nineteenth. From one century's work we cannot expect an anthology that would do Ireland justice.

Half a dozen collections of Irish poetry have already appeared, but none so comprehensive as Mr. Welsh's. The best of its predecessors was the "Treasury of Irish Poetry," by Brooke and Rolleston, published seven years ago. It is about half the size of the present work, and has distinct advantages of arrangement, the poets being placed in groups, chronologically. Mr. Welsh has arranged his poets in strictly alphabetical order. This is to ignore the historical interest that should be added to such a miscellaneous collection, and to obscure for the reader the successive phases of Irish poetry. For instance, the poets of the Irish *Nation*, who wrote patriotic verse hostile to England in the 'forties, should be grouped together. Isolated, they and their problems and grievances are almost unintelligible. The poets of Young Ireland, of whom Mr. Yeats is the central figure, are the hope of Irish poetry of the future. The effect of their movement is lost when they are separated by so many names that have little significance now, and will never retain their place by force of merit. At least one-third of the poems collected here are hardly removed from doggerel, or can only be classed with the thinnest of Tom Moore's.

It is to be observed that, while English anthologists do not scruple to include in their collections Irish poets such as Yeats or Goldsmith or Moore, Irish editors, whose need was greater as their field was more restricted, have shown a proper pride in ignoring all poets not of Irish birth. Mr. Welsh would have done well to go further than his predecessors and to resign to English collectors Oscar Wilde, whose five poems included here do not contain a single allusion to Irish interests, while one of them, "Ave Imperatrix," is a whole-hearted panegyric of England, a false note in pages so full of the griefs of the exile and the patriot. In strong contrast are his mother's (Lady Wilde's) passionate laments for Erin and reproaches against England.

The deepest roots of Irish as of Greek poetry are set in the national sagas, and it is from that fountain of legends of

> Things done long ago and ill done,

that Irish poets must in the future draw their inspiration and allusions, if they are to count as more than imitators, like Wilde, of the English poetic tradition. That was perceived first by Ferguson and Mangan in the middle of the last century, and the poets of Young Ireland are but following their example. The pitfall of mysticism has been indicated to them so often by the critics that it will be sheer perversity on the part of Mr. Yeats and his friends if they let the "smoke of their dreams" obscure from all but a few mystics the essential beauty of their vision. Their task is to interpret those great sagas which most of us know so imperfectly, in such verse that they will become the common property of the world instead of being reserved for a few antiquaries and the moribund traditions of the very aged Irish. Homer and the Greek tragedians made out of the dim figures of the heroic saga, Helen, Achilles, Œdipus, and the rest, "forms more real than living man." That is what the poets who adore the Gaelic tradition must do for Cuchullin and Naisi and Deirdre, that Irish Helen whose precise story is still so vague to most educated readers. As it is, their names in beautiful verse give a slight shock as of a barbarism.

Mr. Welsh might have included more translations from the Irish. He omits that wonderful Aran ballad, "The Grief of a Girl's Heart," whose intensity, even in Lady Gregory's prose translation, makes nearly all the love-songs in these volumes seem thin and pale:

> It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods. It was on Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you forever.

Simætha in Theocritus is not more passionate and outspoken. Mr. Welsh should have included also the translation of that "Lament for Ireland," which rises above so much of the Irish poetry of discouragement:

> I do not know of anything under the sky
> That is friendly or favorable to the Gael,
> But only the sea that our need brings us to,
> Or the wind that blows to the harbour
> The ship that is bearing us away from Ireland;
> And there is reason that these are reconciled with us,
> For we increase the sea with our tears,
> And the wandering wind with our sighs.

How different is Irish from English poetic inspiration is shown on every page. England has never needed, like Ireland, and for a time Scotland, to sound the note of defiant grief or display a love of country deepened by a passionate pity for her sorrows. What one misses most in Irish poetry is the true Tyrtæan note. Even the fierce glee over the defeat of the English at Fontenoy, where the Irish fought on the French side—

> On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
> With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won—

is still the brief triumph of the outlawed exile, and the griefs of exile, *dura fugæ*, overpower the strain of victory. That impassioned love of a soil so often thankless, a true *mater scvera*, is a thing that even Irish poets have wondered at:

> 'Tis as though her sons for that ungentle mother
> Knew a mother's tenderness, felt a mother's pains.

Ireland may yet have her school of nature poets, but so far the love of country has overpowered the Wordsworthian delight in mere contemplation, just as the most passionate Irish love-songs are addressed, not to individuals, but to Dârk Rosaleen, or the Rose of the World, or some other of the figures by which they signify Erin, the true love of all their longings.

Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2 net.

The Truce in the East and Its Aftermath. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Why Letters or why Indiscreet is not quite apparent, in spite of the fact that Mr. Weale's story of the Boxer upheaval of 1900 and of the siege of the foreign legations is told in the form of a diary by a supposititious attaché of one of the threatened legations, and contains unpleasant reflections on the wisdom and courage of the leading elder diplomats in face of a tremendous crisis. But after all it is only natural that

the sudden uprising of a traditionally submissive population should have taken the little European colony in Peking by surprise; that something like panic should have resulted; that the young men should have chafed for instant action while the old men found it difficult to abandon at once the roundabout methods of their trade or to forget at once the suspicions and jealousies which in peaceful times it was their business to foment in the capital of the Celestial Empire. As for the device of a participant in and observer of the siege recording the progress of events from day to day, the reader is quite ready to take it at its worth, or, if Mr. Weale positively insists, to let himself be deceived, in view of the interest and unquestionable truth of a vividly dramatic narrative.

Vivid and remarkably good reading the account is almost throughout, although too often the author or editor strives too patently after his effect. Scenes of horror are after all easy enough to depict, and "color" rises almost spontaneously from the very subject. On the other hand, there are passages of gripping description whose success proceeds from their sincere simplicity. Our diplomat has a sympathetic eye for crowds. His picture of a panic-stricken mob of Chinese non-combatants fleeing from the city at the beginning of hostilities, is stirring. Better still, in fact, the best thing in the book, is the vision of another crowd, which the historian, hidden behind some ruined barricade, watches streaming out of the pink walls of the Forbidden City, when the guns of the relief expedition begin to be heard in the capital. He catches perfectly there the despair of a peace-loving people, which, awakening from a temporary obsession of blood madness, feels the terrible retribution of the white man advancing upon them, and flees without great hope of escape. The spoliation of the city is described with no mincing of words; our diplomat's sympathy for the Chinese is equal to the editor's own, as revealed in other books of his, but it is a healthy sympathy, based on a knowledge of the native character and of its great capacities for good if only Europe knew how to utilize them—which, apparently, in 1900, Europe did not.

Are the Powers any wiser in 1907 than they were in 1900? In the "Truce in the East," Mr. Weale is inclined to believe that they are. The Boxer uprising and the Russo-Japanese war have taught them. The volume is a sequel to the author's well-known "Re-Shaping of the Far East" which appeared a year and a half ago; and, because of the very short period it covers, calls for no extended comment. Its topics are still the subject of frequent discussion in the newspapers, though here treated of course with Mr. Weale's usual authority and directness. The peace between Japan and Russia is a truce and not a peace; the Anglo-Japanese alliance is an artifical, though temporarily useful, arrangement and cannot last; Russia is still unbeaten and, restricted to her true element, the solid land, is bound, with the development of railway power instead of seapower, to become stronger than ever in a short time. The natural guarantee for the preservation of the eqilibrium in the East and of peace in Asia is to be found in the up-building of a new and powerful China. Can it be done? The task is a tremendous one, but new forces tending towards the desired result are already at work in the Middle Kingdom. The government, though sluggishly enough, is moving against the extension of extraterritorial jurisdiction, dallying with the crucial problems of coinage and taxation, and building up an army. Among the people, the "China for the Chinese" movement is strong, a native press flourishes, increasing thousands of students are going abroad, and the foreign concession-hunter is being thrown over in favor of national capital and enterprise. In the absence of some unforeseen cataclysm, China may in a score of years prove no mean emulator of Japan. But Mr. Weale ventures on no definite predictions.

Switzerland and Its People. By Clarence Rook. Painted by Effie Jardine. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.

The enjoyment of all visiting depends as much on familiarity with the antecedents and quality of the people visited as on the charm of their surroundings. For travellers about to enter Switzerland for the first time, as well as for others who have long sojourned in the "crinkled little corner of Europe," such a want is supplied by this volume of text and pictures. The author, Clarence Rook, loves the "little people squeezed among the mountains" in "the playground of Europe," and he writes so convincingly and with such charm of the wonderful little republic, that the hurried tourist, whose ideas of Switzerland have been formed with his eyes on the mountain tops and his feet in the perfectly appointed hotels, will regard the Swiss with a newly awakened interest after a perusal of this work.

The book is heavy, and a trifle unwieldy, owing to the paper required by the illustrations. But about the text there is nothing heavy. In a style which is both easy and graceful, Mr. Rook introduces his reader to the admirable government and fine characteristics of the sturdy Swiss. He dwells on their patriotism, but does not ignore the fact that as "hosts" to the paying guest they are supreme."

In speaking of the "art of a Government which conceals its art," the writer relates an incident which will appeal to many who know Switzerland. He was dining, he tells us, at a restaurant where he met several of the leading men of a large town. The talk turned upon politics, and the claims of the canton were discussed. "After the argument, one of the foreign guests suggested an appeal to the President. An Englishman, taking his courage in both hands and proclaiming ignorance, asked the name of that President and the question ran round the table, for no one could tell the name of the head of the Government. Finally, a stout burgher was appealed to, but he did not know the name! With admirable tact he called a waiter and put the question. He was the only man in the room who knew the name of the head of the State."

The birth and growth of the Republic, the Completion of the Confederation, the Government of the Swiss, fill four chapters with historical matter. Mr. Rook not only tells of the Swiss celebrities, and there have been many distingulshed sons of this small republic, but he also entertains us with accounts of the noted guests who at one time or another made Switzerland their home. The obvious features of a tour in Switzerland are touched upon but lightly; but with enthusiasm well merited, he dwells upon the winter sunshine and the out-of-door life of the Engadine.

The book is embellished with fifty-five charming colored plates of mountain scenery, painted in winter, spring, and summer by Effie Jardine. There are likewise twenty-four half-tones from photographs taken by G. R. Ballance. Among these latter the upper surface of the clouds seen from the Rochers de Naye, where they hang four thousand feet above Lake Geneva, is an extraordinary reproduction.

The Story of Port Royal. By Ethel Romanes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

The reader who turns from discussions concerning the three unities or *vraisemblance* in French tragedy of the seventeenth century to the questions of faith is rewarded by a wealth of material. The writings of Saint François de Sales, the establishment of Congregations like the Oratoire, the efforts of the Jesuits to obtain authority, the struggle of Bossuet and the Gallicans against papal encroachment, his quarrel with Fénelon over Mme. Guyon, the enthusiasts of the Sacred Heart—all these show that the stately age whose literature rejected the *merveilleux chrétien* was teeming with the problems of religion.

Many years ago in his "Port Royal" Sainte-Beuve told in detail the history of the most important of the religious struggles of the age. Everything that could be said was said in that work, the most important single study of the seventeenth century. Mrs. Romanes in her "The Story of Port Royal" has attempted to retell the history of the heroes and heroines of the movement. She is, as her preface states and as the numerous references to contemporary English religious literature testify, one of the Anglican Communion who seeks to multiply the bonds between it and other branches of the universal Catholic Church. The Port Royalists, she feels, were unjustly persecuted as heretics, they are wrongly compared to the Calvinists. Her interests plainly incline her to sympathy for the contemplative life of prayer, which the *solitaires* of Port Royal exemplified, and of which Little Gidding suggests itself as an English parallel. She is therefore naturally led to pass over the technicalities of the strife between Jesuits and Jansenists on efficacious and sufficient grace, and to concentrate her attention on the heroes and martyrs she sees among the Arnauds, the Lemaîtres, the Pascals, and on the dramatic incidents of the *journée du guichet*, or the miracle of the Holy Thorn. The non-technical parts of Sainte-Beuve's work are retold in a spirit of sympathy by one who would perhaps be scarcely fitted to cope with the "Augustinus" or the five propositions, but who has done her own judging in matters wherein her interests lie. Yet we cannot but feel that her conclusions are sometimes over-benevolent and fail to represent the intolerance and sometimes the insincerity of the Jansenists, with whom the name of Port Royal must be bound.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. Romanes did not submit her manuscript to somebody competent to correct her French. "Saint Beuve" is perhaps too frequent in English for the reviewer to take offence at it, and "Forgazzaro" introduces one to another language; but other proper names appear in the variety and incoherence with which, apparently, Shakespeare wrote his autograph. The author is utterly unable to localize an accent, and when she speaks of Pascal's "Nouveaux Expériences" or quotes the sub-title of the Port Royal Logic as "plusieurs observations nouveaux propre à former le jugement," the effect is painful.

The Mirror of the Times: Mir'ât az-Zamân. Edited in facsimile, with Introduction, by J. R. Jewett. University of Chicago Press.

American scholars have so long been wont to think of the great libraries of Europe as the sole repositories of the ancient manuscripts, classical and Oriental, that it is with nothing less than a shock of delighted surprise that we receive from the University of Chicago Press Prof. James Richard Jewett's magnificent facsimile reproduction of manuscript No. 136 of the Landberg collection of Arabic manuscripts belonging to Yale. It may well be a source of profound satisfaction to Morris K. Jesup of this city, to whose enlightened generosity Yale owes this superb collection, to know that his gift has so speedily borne fruit.

The manuscript is the "Mir'ât az-Zamân" or "Mirror of the Times," by Sibt ibn al-Jauzî, and is an annalistic record of the period from 1101 A. D. to 1257, the year of the author's death, or, roughly, the period of the Crusades. Since the author was born in 1186 A. D., it is clear that this is in large measure a contemporaneous record of events, and that the earliest of them antedates the author's birth by only eighty-five years. Moreover, it is expressly stated in the colophon that the copying of this very manuscript was finished January 9, 1592, that is, only 135 years after its author completed the original. Truly, then, this "Mirror" brings us face to face with the "Times." And what times they are! They begin with the year of the Hejira 495, less than a year after the coronation of Baldwin as King of Jerusalem, and include the "period of the growth of the crusading states, the development of the power of Nûr ad-Dîn, the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin, and all the events which followed that terrible blow to the Christian power," even to the sixth Crusade and the sailing for home (in 1254) of St. Louis. The author was brought up in Bagdad, his birthplace, by his mother's father, the celebrated scholar and historian, Ibn al-Jauzi. His work, then, should prove of first-rate importance as affording an intelligent view of the Moslem side of the story of the conflicts of that most fascinating period of mediæval history.

Contrary to common opinion, the work of reading the proofs for a facsimile reproduction is an onerous matter. We congratulate Professor Jewett upon the general success of his undertaking, and cannot refrain from publicly urging upon him the duty of giving us an English version of the "Mirror." The book is dedicated to Theodor Nöldeke of Strassburg. In commenting recently upon the fact that a work upon the Vedas by the Oxford professor of Sanskrit had just been published by Harvard University, Nöldeke remarked: "That is a sign of the times." We can easily imagine that he will repeat that comment when he receives this gift from his old pupil Jewett.

Science.

Nature's Own Gardens. Written and illustrated in color and line by Maud U. Clarke. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

Miss Clarke prefaces her handsome volume with a quotation from Richard Jefferies: "I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, etc.," and her work might be described as a gossiping account of the wild plants that have formed the burden of English song and nature writing from the days when Chaucer wrote of "these floures white and rede Suche as men callen daysyes" to Kipling's "Buy my English posies." Her record is partly scientific, partly picturesque, partly literary, partly sentimental. It is divided into chapters by the months, and reads as if it had been composed from journals kept for a number of years, which were now, so to speak, melted together and the slag removed.

Her garden is that of the poets as well as of botany, and the pages may be recommended particularly to those who know the names and characters of English flowers from books, but are unfamiliar with them in their actual homes. Such a reader, having in mind, let us say, Wordsworth's "stir" over the small celandine, but not familiar with the plant in its British haunts, will find a peculiar interest and profit in the pages here that tell about the little flower and its ways:

From quite a long time ago, the thought of February always involved the thought of a Celandine, *Ranunculus ficaria,* or Lesser Celandine. Not the bitterly cold February with snow and wicked winds and much frost, but a thawing February, when the ruts grew soft again in the lanes, and heads of moisture hung on all the Blackthorn points on the hedges. . . . The petals of the Lesser Celandine are slightly variable, eight an average number, whereas those of the Greater Celandine do not vary from the four pale yellow ones that characterize the flower. I have seen it looking certainly effective growing out of a mossy stone wall that formed a cottage boundary. The foliage is a very charming gray-green and handsome in shape, often giving the plant an imposing height of eighteen inches or more. . . . I saw it this Spring in such a spot, a shining golden stream of little star flowers that flashed the sunlight from all their glistening points most brilliantly. The "stream" ran round a little hayrick that stood at the bottom of a meadow. Now Celandines like moisture at the root, and sunshine for their faces, and the draining of the land gave them the one, and they took care to grow the southwest side of the rick and claim the other on every day the sun shone. The colony spread on beyond the rick, under a tall, jagged hedge, massing up the sides of the bank or lying mud-stained near the water runnel at the base. The petal of the Celandine has a curious way of whitening as the flower fades, as if the little crown were after all not gold, but silver-gilt.

Such is the manner of the book, personal in tone, colloquial, not always quite exact in the use of language, but fairly entertaining in the mass. The pictures are attractive, and in some cases almost make one see the flower growing in its home. Others, it must be said, are decidedly messy, as are so many of the recent color-plates that aim at impressionistic effect. One sees only a blur of colors.

In connection with the Museum of the Natural Sciences in La Plata, the Argentine Republic has established a faculty which is to devote special attention to research work in anthropology. The head of both the museum and the faculty is the professor of linguistics, Dr. S. Lafone-Quevedo. The chair of anthropology is in charge of Prof. R. Lehmann-Ritsche, that of ethnography is given to Professor Outos, and that of archæology to Professor Torrez.

The death is announced of Dr. M. T. Masters, the distinguished editor of the *Gardeners' Chronicle,* with which magazine he had been associated for forty-one years. He was born in 1833, the son of Alderman Masters, who was an intellectual nurseryman at Canterbury. Dr. Masters wrote a great deal for the *Gardeners' Chronicle* and for the Proceedings and Journals of the Linnæan Society. His best-known book is "Vegetable Teratology."

Drama and Music.

"The Truth" (The Macmillan Company) is the latest of Clyde Fitch's plays to be produced in printed form. It was acted and reviewed so recently in this city that it may be dismissed now with but brief notice. A careful re-reading of it furnishes no reason for modifying the opinion originally expressed that the cleverness of the general idea underlying it, and of the mechanical construction—with its smoothness of action and ingenuity of effective incident—count for little in comparison with its trickiness, its extravagance, and its utter conventionality. Becky Warder's purposeless lies are in no way characteristic, but are simply transparent devices for the production of certain situations preliminary to the final domestic quarrel and the preordained reconciliation. As in so many other of Mr. Fitch's plays, character is moulded to fit the exigencies of theatrical incident, and this fact stands out more clearly in type than it did in the stage representation. The dialogue is smartly, compactly, and naturally written, and, as a rule, lends itself readily to conversational utterance. Of solid literary quality it has very little. Occasionally there is a sentence that glitters, but so does tinsel. That is why so much of this cheap stuff is used in the theatre.

Olga Nethersole is to produce an English version of Paul Hervieu's play, "The Awakening," in the Astor Theatre next January. Later on she is to appear in the original piece, with a French cast, at the Théâtre Bernhardt in Paris.

Charles Fry's performance in London of such parts of "Troilus and Cressida" as could be made tolerable to a modern English audience does not seem to have attained more than a success of curiosity. This was one of the few Shakespearean pieces which Phelps himself did not venture to attempt at Sadler's Wells. For Mr. Fry there was, of course, a special audi-

ence, but apparently he did not succeed in exciting much enthusiasm.

Laurence Irving is about to undertake the responsibilities of management by producing at the Coronet Theatre, in London, on the evening of Monday, June 24, an English version of M. Brieux's "Les Hannetons," which he will call "The Incubus." The play, when produced for a private performance by the Stage Society, had a very favorable reception.

Catulle Mendès has been talking about his project for the establishment of an open-air theatre in the forest of Saint-Germain, where he owns a country seat. He has had the scheme in his mind for a long time, but took no active steps towards its realization, fearing opposition from the municipality. Discovering, however, that the forest belonged, not to the municipality, but to the state, he sought and obtained the requisite permission. The model which he proposes to imitate is an open-air theatre in which Goethe produced some of his plays at Weimar. It is to seat 2,700 spectators, and to be covered over in wet weather. The first production will probably be Musset's "La Coupe et les lèvres," and after that some of the younger dramatists with whose work M. Mendès sympathizes will have their chance.

Complaints are often made that first-class musical entertainments are not well attended. Yet great progress has been made in the last seven or eight decades. Compare, for instance, the crowded audiences at the Philharmonic or the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts with the state of affairs in Vienna in Beethoven's time as described by Franz Fridberg:

Beethoven was during thirty years the centre of the musical life in Vienna; here he created his monumental works. But when, near the close of his career, he produced his latest and most glorious creation, the Ninth Symphony, with a large orchestra and chorus and four first-class soloists, the audience was a very small one. We must bear in mind the date. In Beethoven's day, and in the early period of Mendelssohn, there was as yet no real concert public; such a public was formed gradually, after the twenties, and even then, it gave its attention chiefly to the celebrated performers, while classical concerts were then and for many years more shunned. When Nicolai founded the Philharmonic concerts in the forties, he was compelled after a few winters to abandon the enterprise because of insufficient support.

Ferruccio Busoni has accepted the place of director of the Masterschool for Pianists in Vienna, formerly held by Emil Sauer. He has also just issued a book containing, among other things, a number of aphorisms on musical æsthetics.

Gustav Mahler is to be succeeded by Felix Mottl as director of the Hofoper, Vienna.

Alphorns are now used in Switzerland, chiefly to gratify the curiosity of tourists and occasionally for signalling purposes. In former centuries they were also used in church music, as accompaniment to choral singing, especially at Advent and on Christmas night.

The remains of Joseph Haydn are to be transferred from Eisenstadt to Vienna. They will there be placed in the central cemetery between Beethoven and Schubert, with a proper monument.

The German Emperor has contributed $2,000 to the fund for the preservation of the house in Eisenach in which Bach was born.

Art.

THE UMBRIAN EXHIBITION AT PERUGIA.

FLORENCE, May 21.

The Exhibition of Ancient Umbrian Art, to give it once for all its full style, is most attractively displayed in the Palazzo Pubblico at Perugia and does great credit to its organizers. The arrangement in general is strictly geographical, but there has been no rigid segregation by material. Paintings, invariably well lighted and agreeably spaced, are in nearly every room, but in every case there are also smaller exhibits of embroideries, stuffs, metal work, or illuminated manuscripts. These are never large enough to be distracting, serving rather as a rest or diversion from the main quest. If the mural restorations of the Palace are at times uncomfortably garish, this is no fault of the organizers. In general, they have manifested the most fastidious taste, and the show seems quite ideally installed. At any rate, being a large exhibition, it is seen without fatigue, and repeated visits only confirm the sense that the committee has very ably put its best foot forward. It is the only one of four recent regional exhibitions which has been ready on the day of opening. The Upper Tiber valley, too, is now quite at its best, and the exhibition adds a powerful reason for omitting from an Italian trip any other small city rather than Perugia. Mornings and evenings one may observe from the walls those tender gradations from full green through gray to the blue hills and the pale strip of sky between the terrestrial and celestial blue, that we love in the background of Perugino.

The exhibition, or, as we may more idiomatically call it, the Mostra, may be considered from a broader or from a narrower point of view—as a display of what Mediæval and Renaissance Umbria possessed in works of art, or, again, as a representation of what she produced. If the organizers had taken the more exclusive attitude, they would have greatly diminished the interest and significance of the show. In fact, it is a little disquieting to find that one's mind returns not to the strictly Umbrian display, but to certain exhibits which are either not at all or only partially indigenous. There is perhaps no single object that compares in beauty with that marvellous fourteenth-century bishop's crook in silver gilt, from Città di Castello, which is shown in the Cabinetto della Torre. Only study the crocketing, the architectural forms, the two bands of enamel in lapis and emerald, the eager angel with arms raised to support the crook, the imploring bishop before the Virgin and Child within the loop—the figures as spirited as they are exquisite, and you will realize this bit of silversmithing is in a manner an epitome of Gothic art at its best. But can we believe that an Umbrian smith created this marvel, so near the style of Nino Pisano? Nothing among the surely Umbrian metal work permits such a supposition. We have presumably to do with a Florentine work of the highest quality. As much may be said of the delicious ivory Virgin from the Sacred Convent at Assisi. It must be reckoned as one of the finest, as it is also one of the largest figurines of its type, but surely Pisa or Florence again is to be credited with its making. The numerous and fine textiles tell much the same story. The cut velvets have come from or at least through Genoa, the brocades are French or Venetian. The single notable piece of large sculpture, the tinted St. Sebastian boldly cut in wood, which is shown in the Niccolo Alunno room, seems to be the work of some wandering artist from the Marches who had learned his trade at Padua or Ferrara. Again the splendid silverlight altar front from the Cathedral of Città di Castello—a remarkably vivacious combination of the late Byzantine and incipient native sculpture—is of pure Florentine workmanship. It is dated in the twelfth century, but belongs to that ambiguous class which might be of considerably later time. In short, the more severely one narrows his observations to truly Umbrian matters, the more inconsequential the show seems. We hasten to add that it has also a peculiar and undeniable charm the analysis of which will occupy us later.

But the organizers of the Mostra have been wise in adopting a merely geographical criterion. Any other course would have been foolish, for the very good reason that, except as a figment of art history, no such thing as an Umbrian school has existed since Etruscan times. There have been non-Umbrian artists who worked for Umbrian clients, there have been provincial schools at Fabriano, Gubbio, Camerino, Foligno, Perugia, etc., the artists of which were usually sedulous imitators of the painters of Siena and the Marca, but an Umbrian school, in the sense that there is one of Florence, Siena, Venice, or Lombardy, there has never been and never could be. The artistic product has been as diverse as the political vicissitudes of the region. There was nowhere the seriousness or artistic self-consciousness that at Florence kept painting in one arduous ascent towards technical perfection, and at Siena caused a tenacious loyalty to the local tradition, together with a constant attempt to refine upon it. In Umbria no such divine discontent, no such single-minded fealty to a local ideal. Everywhere placid, mediocre craftsmen glad to repeat the approved sentimentalities without change, but equally ready to borrow when the wind blew that way, a leaf from the Sienese, Florentine, or Marchian book, such borrowings being usually made in externals without grasping the spirit of the prototype. When she produced a great artist, as she surely did in Piero della Francesca, Perugino, and Signorelli, Umbria did not know how to support him. Piero and Signorelli virtually became Florentines, and Umbria preserves little of their work. Even Perugino, perhaps the single artist of the first rank whose quality is specifically Umbrian, learned much from Tuscany and found the best market for his talent at Florence. In short, Umbria neither knew how to produce great artists nor yet how to keep the few that Providence vouchsafed her in the face of discouraging circumstances. Without some such ungracious appeal to histori-

cal fact, no proper estimate of the pictures of the so-called Umbrian school here brought together is possible, and much of the invidiousness of these reservations disappears when one notes how thoroughly charming the display is after all.

These Alegretto Nuzis, Matteo da Gualdos, Ottaviano Nellis, Niccolo Alunnos, and the rest were not merely backward, but almost unteachable. Indeed, no one fact more distinctly marks the ultraprovincial quality of the school than its entire incapacity to profit by the splendid examples of Italian art that gradually enriched the Umbrian territory. At Perugia itself, Arnolfo and the Pisani, in the superb fountain before the Cathedral, daily witnessed to the revival of Italian art, and the lesson was wholly vain. At Assisi were collected scores of masterpieces of the Roman, Florentine, and Sienese schools of painting, and for nearly 200 years the Umbrian artists continued to paint as if Giotto had never existed. And when they did reach out they imitated the wrong things. We find Niccolo Alunno, beginning with a delightful variation upon the painting of the Marca, ending with an anxious and unskilful imitation of the most reactionary painter of the period, Carlo Crivelli. And after the great apparition that we call Perugino, involving in a manner the creation of landscape as an art, for a hundred years the Umbrians contentedly mimicked his trivialities, the accidental and unorganic traits of his large achievement. It is evident that only the proverbial surgical operation could effect the entrance of ideas into the artistic Umbrian head.

But ideas never interested them: they dealt in sentiments. And here we approach the solution of our paradox—How can anything so inconsequential as this show be so wholly charming? First of all, its unpretentiousness constitutes a charm. There is no tax upon the visitor. If one excepts Signorelli's St. Sebastian and the Pietà of his school, the lovely Gentile da Fabriano lent by the Museum at Pisa, the Perugino Predella from Città di Castello, nothing requires much of the visitor in the way of understanding and appreciation. One rarely has to make the expenditure of concentrated attention necessary to fix a great impression of art. On the contrary, all the pictures without any pretence of mastery joyously repeat the theme of the graciousness of the Virgin Mother, the winsomeness of the Christ Child, the glamour of adolescence in youthful saints and martyrs, the sweet dignity of old age in bishops and confessors. It is notable that narrative subjects are almost wholly absent. In the Franciscan legend Umbria produced the masterpiece of mediæval story-telling, but never an artist who was capable of realizing it worthily on panel or wall. I do not forget Matteo da Gualdo in an Assisan oratory, nor yet Benedetto Bonfigli in the Palazzo Pubblico at Perugia, but in general these engaging Umbrians seem incapable of the very moderate inventiveness displayed, say, by those minor craftsmen who painted the fronts of Florentine bride chests. And yet our Umbrians, in spite or perhaps because of technical mediocrity, have the grace of childlikeness of an art wholly ingenuous and popular, untouched by theory of any sort, and unspoiled by aristocratic or worldly patronage. In a hundred pictures one may verify the charm of the roadside songs of Italy. As in these *stornelli* and *strambotti* the poetic vein is tenuous and the melody slight and unoriginal, but there it is, authentic, appealing, and infinitely refreshing.

While ruminating on this sweet unreasonableness which characterizes all Umbrian art, good fortune brought me to Assisi and to a great scholar, who has studied his Umbria as no other living man. He assured me that in this devotion to reverie unsupported by reflection or technical accomplishment one might note the Umbrian foible or virtue of humility. The patrons of the region thought slightly enough of the local artists. When a great commission was in hand at Spoleto, for example, they sent for the Florentine Fra Filippo. And similarly the Umbrian artists thought very humbly of themselves. When they had gained skill to present the wistfulness of the Madonna, that sufficed. Ambition, the peculiar pride that usually sustains the artist, was singularly lacking. If they touched the heart by the sincerity of their own emotion and flattered the eye by the naïve use of fresh color, that was enough. The passion for perfection which one finds in almost every other school of Italy never penetrated apparently to the land of St. Francis. These painters, excepting always the great and sordid Perugino, were *poverelli* who produced blithely and without thought for the morrow.

With this key it seems one may indeed unlock the Umbrian heart. And as one passes from hall to hall in the Perugian palace one will see everywhere the indications of a contentment which from the point of view of art one can only regard as sweetly unreasonable, yet which is most enjoyable to one who wisely takes this art simply for what it is. Take the Byzantine Madonna in Hall I. For the stories on the wings the painter has been content to copy some much earlier Byzantine manuscript. In the false and clumsy delineation of the muscles he attaches himself to some barbaric painter, presumably Margaritone da Arezzo. He is a complete reactionary, for the cusped Gothic form of the panel points not to the thirteenth century, with the catalogue, but to the early fourteenth. And yet, as regards sentiment, how perfectly he has realized the then comparatively new type of the affectionate Madonna. The child clasps its mother's neck vehemently. The panel is conceived, in spite of its archaism, in the spirit of the later Sienese. Everywhere we shall find such surprising anticipations. In the neighboring room devoted to the Fabriano school, one may note a Virgin and Child by Francescuccio di Cicco. It bears the date of 1359, and the background is completely repainted. But the Madonna has a shy grace, a wholly personal quality, that carries us forward to the Quattrocento and Gentile da Fabriano. In other words, these Umbrians have after all something that places them in advance of their times, and (had their technical skill answered to their originality of feeling) might have given them universal value, namely, an intimate attitude towards their subjects, a desire to present them in their emotional sincerity and simplicity. They are at once the most backward and the most modern of the early Italian painters.

It is in this delightful low vaulted room containing the pictures of the Fabriano school that one may best grasp the significance of the exhibition. Here is the wonderful Gentile from Pisa, which shows what could be done when a master of this school was artistically quickened by contact with the main current of Italian painting. We may remark in passing that the inconsequential panel which hangs beside it protests against its ambitious attribution to Gentile. Here is the Trecentist, Alegretto Nuzi, to show us how winning and how superficial is this art in its average manifestations. He imitates Simone Memmi, when it is not Ambrogio Lorenzetti. He hardly falls below the spirituality of his Sienese exemplars. His color is a delight. But examine his pictures closely and see how he shirks all the problems in which the Sienese delighted. In the drawing of hair he remains heavy handed. If he has a brocade to paint he spreads the pattern flat across his spineless figures instead of searching lovingly the response of the pattern to the folds.

Or go to the *clou* of the exhibition, the hall in which no less than nine altarpieces by Niccolo Alunno are gathered, and there eliminate the pictures and study the frames. Recall what a solid architectural construction a fine Florentine and Venetian ancona is, and then look at these flimsy tabernacles in which Niccolo sets his wobbling saints. It is all painfully *inachevé*.

One could heartily wish it all back in the churches where its sentiment would count. We hasten to add that students of the Quattrocento will be grateful to the organizers of the Mostra, and to the cities, particularly Foligno, that have lent their treasures. Here is Alunno's earliest signed work, 1462, and perhaps his best, a Madonna with Angels and Saints Francis and Bernardino. It is spread on a generous panel in the Marchian style, and displays above a quivering glory of swallowlike angels' wings. One feels that in the later anconas the compartments are so many straitjackets. They promise a monumental quality which Niccolo never had to give. But at least we may study his entire development in this single room, and if he issues diminished from the survey, he emerges also defined. There were in him velleities of a charming realism, and had he dared to be himself we might have drawn from him, as well as from Bonfigli, Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, and Perugino, our ideal conception of the youth of Renaissance Umbria.

The grim Umbria of the Baglioni appears just once, in Signorelli's Saint Sebastian from Città di Castello. It divulges a whole side of life that the art of the region has sedulously ignored. The saint rises high before a peaceful river valley, while the executioners string their crossbows or launch their bolts with professional zest. High on a cliff to the left is the Arch of Constantine. On a crag to the right over a town is a ruin resembling the Colosseum. A street ascends sharply into the city, and down the road men at arms and an angry throng, in miniature, drag and push the pinioned saint towards the stake. Behind the place of execution knights are tilting. The color is pale, mostly slates and grays, and if this picture were not seriously accredited one would suspect the hand of that extraordinary Signorelli follower who did the Crucifixion of the Accademia, Florence. One can hardly imagine anything at once more documentary and more noble than

this Saint Sebastian. With it one comes back to what we mean by Renaissance painting as one of the finer products of the human intelligence.

Almost as much may be said for the splendid Pietà of Signorelli's school, one of the few real "finds" at the show, which has been unearthed from a private collection. It is an extraordinarily tragic and imaginative picture whose author one would gladly know. Undoubtedly it will be put provisionally into that convenient waste-basket entitled Bartolommeo della Gatta, but it has no convincing analogies with his assured work.

In general, few new pictures have come to light, and the task of an attribution monger will be perfunctory. Among the Perugino school pieces there is some sorting out and redistribution to be done, if the game seems worth the candle.

Among the high pleasures of the Mostra must be reckoned the Perugino predella, from the Church of Santa Maria Nuova at Fano. It is, to begin with, in its original condition, barring a little darkening, and it presents the great landscapist in a delightful unofficial vein. With the great Signorelli, it is the only picture that much enlarges the sum of impressions gained from the Perugian Pinacoteca, which, in passing, has been enlarged, rearranged, and relabelled for the nonce.

A wise visitor will give much time to this permanent exhibit, and perhaps will devote more attention at the Mostra to the embroideries and metal work than to the pictures. In these matters I am inexpert, but anybody can see the beauty of the enamelled chalices belonging to the commune of Perugia, and I can imagine the ecclesiastical embroideries which abound arousing the enthusiasm of the knowing. One may note particularly that needlework in pale blue linen on white, which curiously recalls our own colonial bedcovers. Of wholly extraordinary personal and artistic value are the cerements of St. Francis, presumably used for the transportation of his body to the Basilica in 1230. Waving stripes are picked out by the needle in lapis blue and gold, upon a ground of that crimson which is really the Imperial purple. One may be sure, too, that it is the pious work of Umbrian hands. If we had a scrap as large as this page we should regard it as infinitely precious, and here are four metres of it. As for the grave-clothes of Benedict XI., dating from 1304, many fine textiles are here presented, but only in the case of the embroidery can one have any confidence that the work is Umbrian.

I have perforce omitted much of interest—a small, but welcome, collection of the potteries of Gubbio and Deruta, the early Pintorricchios (one unfinished), from Spello, and that remarkable Perugino banner, virtually a cartoon, of Christ bearing the Cross, which has been, it seems to me, erroneously, attributed to Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. The very important display of illuminated manuscripts of the Umbrian school does not lend itself to treatment in a letter, even if I had the necessary competence. It seems really of greater consequence than the pictures, and I may note that in the Niccolo Alunno room is a miniature signed by that new favorite of the connoisseurs Caporali, to whom apparently what is not Fiorenzo di Lorenzo is now to be relegated. Finally, the collection of Plague banners, mostly from Perugian churches, is of cultural interest. In most cases the Virgin or St. Sebastian intercedes with an angry Christ. Below are The Scythe-bearing Death, as a symbol of the Plague, and heaps of corpses beside a quite recognizable Perugia. These banners were carried during the epidemics that raged in the second half of the Quattrocento. In the same spirit, only a few years ago, the inhabitants of Torre del Greco paraded the Virgin in time of eruption, and Vesuvius, like the pestilence, promptly subsided. M.

Finance.

THE "JULY DISBURSEMENTS."

As the end of June approaches, each year, discussion invariably recurs on the financial markets as to what will be the effect of the mid-year disbursement of interest and coupon money. That this incident in the year's finance is by no means a negligible factor, may be judged from the advertisements by Wall Street banking houses. Ordinarily, at this season, these bankers announce in much detail, and with much display, the special attractions which they are offering to investors. One year it may be long-term bonds; another year (as in 1899) stocks of new industrial companies; in still another, as at present, railway notes with a high rate of interest. There is fashion in investment securities, as well as in dress goods and millinery. Just now, railway stocks appear to be out of vogue; last winter's markets are responsible for that. Some time, no doubt, they will come into fashion again, and then we shall see them offered with the same enthusiasm in the bankers' advertisements at the end of June.

Nor are these July disbursements without actual and considerable influence on financial prices. It is roughly estimated that the interest and dividend payments which fall due in this country around July 1 foot up $150,000,000. Except possibly for the January period, this is the largest of the "coupon days." Habit leads to the very general fixing of such payments, whether quarterly or half-yearly, to begin with the beginning of the year, and July thus receives its share of the disbursements on either basis. The $150,000,000 estimate covers only payments made on Government, State, and city loans, and on securities of well-known corporations; the actual sum distributed to investors would be larger by the amount that is paid at that time on mortgages of various sorts, and on shares of small companies. The fundamental fact, however, is that something like the above amount of capital will be placed in investors' hands not far from July 1; from which the deduction is naturally made that, since these investors had already selected Stock Exchange securities as the repository of their previous stores of capital, they will place in similar securities at least a part of the new capital. In a year of active markets and of general prosperity, such a movement frequently has the effect of raising Stock Exchange prices.

Such expectations are occasionally disappointed; they are expressed somewhat doubtfully this year, and the result cannot fail to be more than usually interesting. With the mass of new securities pressing for sale, and the forced liquidation by unlucky speculators, the movement would be particularly welcome. It is sometimes asked how the "July demand" can fail to materialize, since the fact of the sudden pouring of this new fund into investors' laps is conceded. To explain the seeming inconsistency, the habits of the thrifty members of the community, large capitalists and small, must be examined. Taking the community as a whole, money received from the "July disbursements" will be used, in the main, in four different ways—to make new expenditures, to pay off old debts, to enlarge the capital used in a private business, or to put back into investments. The part reinvested will doubtless be the largest, but it will not go exclusively into Stock Exchange securities. A very considerable portion of it will be put out at loan on real estate mortgages; always a favorite investment of small capitalists, especially at times when, as at present, building operations are very general and the rate of interest on such loans inviting.

It will thus be seen that the Stock Exchange cannot reckon with assurance on the greater part of the $150,000,000. It has been the familiar explanation of the so-called "scarcity of capital," this year, that demand for its use in other directions than the Wall Street money or investment market has been almost unprecedentedly great, and this affects the recipient of a thousand dollars in "July coupon money" quite as much as the recipient of a hundred thousand. The rate of interest offered this month by all sorts of borrowers is an evidence of this; even the New York savings banks, barely one-third of which declared last July as high a rate as 4 per cent. to depositors, will probably all pay as much next month. The trust companies have very generally marked up their rate on current deposit accounts. All such institutions benefit by the higher average yield on their own investments, and can accordingly do better by the people whose money they use. But this general raising of the bid for money, outside of Wall Street, has the natural result of diverting the $150,000,000 from the Stock Exchange.

To these considerations, so far as regards the influence of the "July disbursements" on the stock market, must be added the important influence of wealthy capitalists who anticipate their interest and dividends. A millionaire who knows what will come to him from his investment holdings, on July 1, will not always wait until July to reinvest it. If stocks and bonds are offered at low prices on the market during June, or even in the early spring-time, it is easy for such a capitalist to borrow the requisite purchase-money from his bank, and pay off the loan the ensuing month, with his "July dividends." The probability is that, in this period of anticipating and "discounting" everything, our largest capitalists have adopted this plan on such a scale that the bulk of the July money was frequently reinvested, and sometimes most unwisely, before it was received. Mental allowance for this probability is no doubt made when Wall Street

questions the influence of this year's July disbursements in advancing prices.

Still, the release of this great mass of capital into the market cannot be wholly without result. If it accomplishes nothing else, it should at least relieve the strain on credit through the use of the new resources to pay off debt. It may do much more than this. In 1903, the July interest day arrived at the climax of Wall Street's "rich men's panic." The release of capital seemed to have no effect on the flood of forced liquidation; investment prices continued to go down, until August. When recovery then began, however, it was quick and sharp, and the Stock Exchange soon realized that the blackest days of the July panic were the very days when investors were cautiously reinvesting their July dividends.

Railway Problems (Ginn & Co.) is the fifth volume in a series prepared under the direction of Prof. W. Z. Ripley, who himself edits the present work. Like its predecessors, it is a collection of reprints of articles and decisions, intended primarily to serve as a "case-book" for class use with students of the railway problem. But it is more than this. The selections have been so carefully made, and so well arranged from both the historical and logical point of view, that they furnish by far the most informing body of material available to any one interested in this absorbing question. The historical portion is happily introduced by an excerpt from Charles Francis Adams's classic, "A Chapter of Erie," which is followed by Ida Tarbell's discussion of Standard Oil Rebates. The unique feature is the introduction of a considerable number of Interstate Commerce Commission decisions with illustrative maps, that cover the important principles of their rate decisions, abridged with a view to a ready comprehension of their significant features and to an emphasis of the economic rather than the legal points involved. The new Interstate Commerce Act has a chapter, and foreign railways receive consideration. The book is superior in arrangement and comprehensiveness to the previous collection which Professor Ripley edited, entitled "Trusts, Pools, and Corporations," and is a distinct addition to usable literature on transportation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Boigne, Memoirs of the Comtesse de. Edited by M. Charles Nicoullaud. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Carpenter, Frank G. Foods. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Clark, Mary Mead. A Corner in India. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.
Crawford, John J. Bank Directors. Bankers Publishing Co.
Goodell, Charles L. Pathways to the Best. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.
Diefendorf, A. Ross. Clinical Psychiatry. Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.
Fraülein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden. Scribners. $1.50.
Hadley, Arthur Twining. Standards of Public Morality. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Harcourt, L. W. Vernon. His Grace the Steward and Trial of Peers. Longmans. $5 net.
Heming, Arthur. Spirit Lake. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Herrick, Glenn W. A Text-Book in General Zoology. American Book Co. $1.20.
Hugo, Intellectual Autobiography of Victor. Translated by Lorenz O'Rourke. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.20 net.
Ibsen's Works. Vol. X: Hedda Gabler.—The Master Builder. Scribners. $1.
James, William. Pragmatism. Longmans. $1.25 net.
Lipsius, Justus. A Brief Outline of the History of Libraries. Translated by John C. Dana. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lovett, Robert W. Lateral Curvature of the Spine and Round Shoulders. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1.75 net.
MacCurdy, Hansford. Selection and Cross-breeding in Relation to the Inheritance of Coat-pigments and Coat-patterns in Rats and Guinea-Pigs. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Malone Society Reprints. The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist.—The Battle of Alcazar.—History of Orlando Furioso.—Interlude of Wealth and Health.
Muzzey, David Saville. A Beginner's Book in Latin. Longmans. $1.
Naudé, Gabriel. News from France. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Nordau, Max. A Question of Honor. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Oldmeadow, Ernest. Susan. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.50.
Orczy, Baroness. The Gates of Kamt. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Plato's Apology and Crito. Edited by Isaac Flagg. American Book Co. $1.40.
Reissig, Carl, and Jelliffe, Smith Ely. The Standard Family Physician. 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Report of the Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the American Bar Association held at St. Paul, Minn. Philadelphia: Dando Printing and Publishing Co.
Richards, Theodore William. The Compressibilities of the Elements and their Periodic Relations.—Atomic Weights of Potassium, Silver, Chlorine, Bromine, Nitrogen and Sulphur. Washington: Carnegie Institute
Rostand, Edmond. Les Mots.
Sage, William. By the Right Divine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Smith, Eugene Allen. Underground Water Resources of Alabama. Montgomery, Ala.
Scratton, Howel. The Fortuna Filly. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.50.
Statesman's Year-Book, 1907. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Tenney, Edward Payson. Contrasts in Social Progress. Longmans. $2.50 net.
Trumbull, William. Evolution and Religion. Grafton Press. $1.25 net.
Tyler, John Mason. Growth and Education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Wardle, Jane. The Artistic Temperament. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wealth, Debt and Taxation. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Wilson, Augusta Evans. Devota. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Young, Ruth. The Heart of the Wind. London: Elkin Mathews.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1907.

The Week.

The story that a prominent Georgian, who is easily recognized as John Temple Graves—there being no other Georgian so prominent—offered to Mr. Roosevelt the vote of a Southern State if he would run again, was quickly discredited. So, too, was the assertion that the President promptly said: "By George, I'll take a third term if I can break the solid South." All those who continue to impute to Mr. Roosevelt a desire for another term before 1912 are prevaricators of the worst kind; by rights they should have a shorter and more ugly word applied to them. They run the risk of being classed with certain railroad conspirators and nature fakers. No, only those who wish to injure the President will continue to repeat alleged assertions of his willingness to run again in 1908. What they should do is to boom Mr. Taft as the real heir-apparent to the bad times of 1909 or 1910—if there are any—as well as to the policies of Mr. Roosevelt. They should, moreover, assiduously address themselves to belittling all talk of Charles E. Hughes for President, which one now hears in so many directions and in such unexpected quarters. It is obviously Mr. Hughes's duty to stick to Albany affairs, and we cannot imagine why it is that he should have received telegrams and letters from all over the country congratulating him on his veto of the two-cent fare bill, with its treasonable insinuations that Roosevelt methods are not what they are cracked up to be. If this thing continues, it is quite possible that the President may not himself be able to shape the future of the Republican party—and of the magnitude of that scandal we can scarcely bring ourselves to think.

With a bureau at work in his interest and the endorsement of ex-Senator Chandler, Senator La Follette's Presidential boom is ready for inspection. In one respect it is unique among Republican candidacies in that its chances look very much better in the light of strict logic than in that of practical politics. Says Senator Chandler: "If the Republicans are to nominate a radical candidate on a radical platform, they can find only one man who meets the requirements—that man is La Follette." It is true that he is a Republican, a man who "does things," who has carried through one of the most comprehensive programmes of legislation ever seen in an American State, and who finally has manifested an ability to win Democratic votes which we hardly suppose any other Republican aspirant would pretend to equal. According to definition, he belongs to the Roosevelt type, if ever any man did. Yet he is one of the very last on whom the President's favor is likely to fall. It would not do to have the people talking a few years hence of the "La Follette type," any more than "the Hughes type." Apparently fulfilling every expressed requirement, La Follette still, in the minds of Republican philosophers, bears only the same relation to the ideal Roosevelt candidate that the plucked chicken did to Plato's man.

The reasons for making the Independence League national in scope are explained by Charles A. Walsh, former secretary of the Democratic National Committee, and now one of Hearst's chief supporters. During a recent tour of a dozen or so States he has discovered "general distrust of both old parties," and "in all quarters a demand that the Independence League of New York should extend the organization throughout the United States." These two statements are regarded as parts of one demonstration. The first comes very near being an axiom at present. The people are independent as never before. But, unfortunately, independence is not among those benefits which can best be secured by organized and unanimous action. A hundred voters may be more influential if they band themselves together and agree to vote and act in unison; but they are not more independent. Indeed, the people have been working out for themselves lately a pitifully primitive conception of independence, which consists merely in voting for the best candidates, whoever may have nominated them. But the genuine article, as they are now to be made to realize, at great expense to Mr. Hearst, is equipped with constitution and by-laws.

The discovery by the State Department of an "old statute"—so the dispatch describes it—giving the President power to exclude any products of any foreign state unjustly discriminating against the sale of any American product within its boundaries, is hailed as likely to revolutionize tariff relations between this country and other nations. A useful tariff cudgel is what the experts term it. So it is useful, in the sense that a club in the hands of a policeman or the puller-in of a Bowery clothing store may be. As between gentlemen, weapons of this kind are not in fashion, and though nations may not always behave like gentlemen, in the long run the armed bully is neither popular nor always successful in obtaining what he wants. Originally bestowed to enable the President to retaliate for German discrimination against our meats, this power was speedily forgotten when that dispute was adjusted. It is now to be used against other nations as the President shall determine. Thus we see once more how tariffs are the most perfect means of producing concord and friendly feeling between nations, and what measures of good will grow out of them. So far as the age of the newly-discovered "old" statute—seventeen years—is concerned, if our executive bureaus forget such important measures in so short a period, the need for a highly-paid official whose duty shall be to remind our Secretaries and law officers is obvious. We have long been of the opinion that the States need such a servant of the public. Hundreds of laws go on our statute-books every year only to be forgotten or ignored. Frequently office-holders of great importance serve out their terms and go back to private life with no idea of the powers and duties actually bestowed upon them. In many cases, of course, the mere existence of a law ends an abuse, so that neither the police nor the district attorneys have to think of it again; but in how many hundreds of cases are the statutes or ordinances overlooked? No one would dare estimate the number of those that are hopelessly antiquated.

Americans will note with satisfaction the announcement of our delegation at the Hague Congress, through Gen. Porter, that the United States reserve the right to propose and discuss the limitation of armaments. This does not necessarily mean that this country will surely take a resolute initiative in that matter. It does signify, however, that the United States do not intend to have the whole question foreclosed. Should good opporunity present itself, our delegates will seize it. Any other course would really be ridiculous. Here is the most important question that could come before the Conference, yet a sort of tacit edict has gone forth that it shall not be even mentioned. Grown men could scarcely submit to such a tabu. What they are all thinking about, some of them will insist upon having the liberty to talk about. The brave notice served by Gen. Porter was gratifying proof that the policy of "Hush!" will not intimidate the Americans.

The Georgia Legislature is likely, according to Dr. Jeff Davis, president of the Georgia Industrial Association, to find itself in a dilemma. It is committed to the disfranchisement of the ne-

groes, yet will also be subjected to strong pressure to pass a compulsory education law. How to compel the white children to attend school without teaching all the little negroes likewise, is the problem. Dr. Davis fears that the education of the negroes will speedily bring to naught their disfranchisement. This seems ridiculous, for the simple reason that it is the easiest thing in the world to trick an educated negro out of his ballot, and it is being done pretty much everywhere in the South openly enough. But Dr. Davis's alarm is less interesting than his explanation why a compulsory law would make trouble among the whites. The poor white man, it appears, will not "send his children to school where they come in contact with children who are better off, wear better clothes, and present a better appearance." What the race question has to do with this, we cannot see, but Dr. Davis can. Seriously, it is gratifying to note that the desire for a compulsory school law is growing all over the South. The Columbia, S. C., *State* has for weeks been printing letters from its readers, mostly in favor of compulsory education. A Mr. W. H. Edwards, writing from Chester, S. C., declares that more negro children are going to school in the up-country towns than white, because the latter are haled into the factories. It is, in fact, the factory-owners who, together with the presidents of industrial associations of the Dr. Davis type, are the real stumbling-blocks in the way of the compulsory education laws which the most intelligent Southerners desire.

Labor Commissioner Neill is "surprised," and no wonder, at the strike of the San Francisco telegraphers. Through his efforts, a complete agreement had been reached between the officers of the national union and the managers of the companies, and the positive announcement had been made that there would be no strike. Yet a local organization proceeds to make waste paper of the agreement, and issues a vaunting statement about its intention to carry the issue into politics and "to the very doors of Congress." This is to break down the great justification of labor unions. Employers are willing to treat with them only because they are able to bind their men. If they will not live up to their undertakings, they become not only a nuisance, but cumberers of the ground. Yet we see the International Pressmen, on Friday, deliberately repudiating its five years' agreement with the United Typothetæ of America. It had been entered into after careful inquiry and long negotiations, and was admirably fitted to bring about what both pressmen and employing printers desire above all things—stability in the trade. But the pressmen now contemptuously tear up the signed undertaking of their own chiefs. Whom the gods would destroy, they first make untrustworthy.

It occurred to the Chicago *Record-Herald* to question the leading railroad presidents about the Roosevelt plan of having the Government make a "physical valuation" of the various lines. Three presidents declined to give their views for publication; eight replied in opposition to the plan, while A. J. Earling of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul favored it, on the ground that "there seems to be a public demand for it," though he thought it would not have "any particular effect." A. B. Stickney of the Great Western was apparently on both sides. He does not "especially favor" valuation by the Government, remarking that it would entail "enormous cost" upon the companies; but, on the other hand, if it were "done thoroughly and conscientiously," it would show that the talk about "water" in railway capitalization is all moonshine. The ground taken by the railway men who are squarely hostile to the President's suggestion is, first, that the result could be nothing but "official guessing," since no two men, and no two committees, would agree on cost, value, or capitalization; secondly, that the figures, even if accurate ones could be obtained, would have nothing to do with the fixing of rates, since the latter depend upon service to the shipper and upon competition. The whole symposium betrays much anxiety on the part of the railway presidents lest continued agitation compel them to go on paying exorbitant interest for the capital they need. This Mr. Roosevelt also deprecated in his Indianapolis speech.

It is cause for rejoicing that Justice Brewer's seventieth birthday finds him in every way able to continue his service on the Supreme Court bench. This he has now graced for seventeen and one-half years, during which time his professional and personal standing has been steadily enhanced. As man and jurist he is held in great respect. Thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the founders of our institutions, and having the principles of the republic at heart, he has conscientiously stood up for them, even when the popular tide was flowing in the other direction. Some of his very best contributions to our noteworthy judicial opinions have, therefore, been views in dissent from those of the majority of the Court. Unlike some of his fellow-members of the Federal judiciary, Justice Brewer has not felt it necessary to hold himself aloof from public life. Thus he has presided over gatherings of lawyers and jurists on various occasions, and given many other evidences of civic spirit, notably in his efforts to dignify and uplift his profession. His appeals to the bar of the country for nobler ideals, for steadfast opposition to the demoralizing commercial tendencies of the present day, and for a higher code of professional ethics will be as gratefully remembered as his clear and able decisions on vital American policies.

That is a very pleasant form of religion for hot weather which Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish has established at Chicago. Once "an accomplised barber," but now "elector of the sun-worshippers' cult in America," he began his services in Lake Park Avenue, at the convenient hour of 4:27 A. M. About forty followers spent the day in adoring and admiring the light and heat of the sun; they wore flowing robes of many colors, ate figs and nuts, and discussed such cooling topics as: "To-day the Corner Stone of Life Eternal," and "Individualism in Mazdaznan Collectivism." The crowning delight of this heliocentric gathering was an address delivered by "Monseigneur Quisquam." Quis est ille? While these proceedings were taking place on the shore of Lake Michigan, the "Nobles of the Aleppo Temple" were engaged at Boston in a memorial service for their departed comrades. Eight or nine thousand of the nobles were present, and an oration was delivered by John H. Atwood of Kansas, who rejoices in the modest title of "Past Imperial Potentate." At the close of his address, a pleasant surprise awaited the audience. A choir sang "Unfold, Ye Portals Everlasting," whereupon curtains were parted, and, as the report says: "seemingly resting upon golden clouds were posted eight angels, some with golden trumpets and others with harps." The audience was "mute with admiration." Some of the questions put by the Past Imperial Potentate of Boston should be answered by Monseigneur Quisquam of Chicago, such as: "What is beyond?" "When the silver cord is loosed, what will be?" "What is here when the golden bowl is broken" These two societies, representing at once the culture of the East and the refinement of the West, have a great future, and, in Mr. Atwood's words, they will one day "top the mountain ridge."

"We crawled along Friday from one o'clock until three o'clock Saturday, not stopping all night, but our forces were exhausted after being twenty-four hours without food or drink. The thermometer registered 96 degrees; there was a blinding dust, and our lips were cracked and our faces burned." It may be stated that the scene of action is Mongolia; yet the words quoted are not from a volume of Aslatic travels of the early nineteenth century, nor even from an account of a Japanese reconnoitring ex-

pedition in the late war with Russia. The writer is the correspondent of the Paris *Matin*, and he is travelling as a passenger in one of the cars engaged in the Peking-to-Paris automobile race. Amidst the sands of Gobi the motor did what motors have always done, and will continue to do under every sky: it broke down. Thereupon "the sadness of despair seized us. All around there was nothing but sand. The only food was one army biscuit and one chicken." There were only two litres of water, and, of course, no petrol. Five miles from Morristown or two hundred from Mukden; what difference does it make? Man's helplessness, for all his boasted mastery of Nature, appears the same. Thus a Mongolian woman came by, riding a camel, and "we made her understand that we wanted a tow. Her docile camel was harnessed to the car, but the heavy vehicle sank into the sand." It needs no extraordinary imagination to picture various juvenile Mongolian faces peering from behind that very camel's saddle-cloth and calling out derisively, "Get a dromedary." Was there at least the satisfaction of seeing the native mind awed by the ponderous devil-machine? Not at all. A Mongol caravan sighted the stranded travellers, and, cruellest blow of all, "passed heedless of our supplications."

With delightful inconsequence, the Irish Nationalists have announced at Dublin that they have decided to break off all relations with the English Liberals, and to inaugurate a grand and harmonious movement for Home Rule. Not too harmonious, however. Motions to welcome back Messrs. Healy and O'Brien were voted down by large majorities. Those able but perverse gentlemen have not submitted gracefully to the Irish Parliamentary machine, and so they must remain outside the breastworks. This is rather a cruel test of the sincerity of the Dublin convention. Jaundiced observers will be sure to say that what Redmond and his party are after is simply agitation and funds to keep their hold on office secure. And their advertised policy seems fatuous in the extreme. They break with a Prime Minister who has again and again declared himself a convinced Home Ruler, to play into the hands of his rival, who is on record as determined to resist Home Rule to the death. If there is any intelligible strategy in this at all, it must lie in the notion that Ireland can never be happy except when she is miserable. To proclaim her wrongs, vociferously but hopelessly, and to give the Bannerman Government an awful "jar," seem to be the whole of the new policy of the Nationalists. Some say that the Irish would, anyhow, rather have a fight than the fruits of victory. Wherever there is a good-sized row, it will be found that, as at the battle in France, *nos Irlandais s'y distinguèrent.*

Signs of appeasement among the wine-growers of Southern France are reported. On Saturday the Chamber passed a prevention of frauds bill. Sunday's visit of Marcelin Albert *chez* M. Clemenceau, dramatic or Tarasconian as one may choose to call it, should do much to hasten the reconciliation between a stern but reasonable Government and a repentant Midi. The leader of the rebellious South is stated to have shed tears of repentance within the Ministry of the Interior. The Minister of the Interior and Premier is said to have bidden his visitor go in peace, in obedience to the laws of hospitality. No more striking scene could have been devised to move the Meridional heart and imagination. Legislative concessions at this late day would be insufficient. That the manufacture of wine out of sugar or the residues of fruit should be forbidden under penalty of a fine ranging from 500 to 10,000 francs, and from six days' to six months' imprisonment, and strict regulations as to the sales of sugar be established, is something. But with the shedding of blood in the streets of Narbonne, the question has become as much one of embittered feelings as of hostile interests. Will M. Clemenceau succeed in enforcing order before entering upon a policy of broad concession? Repeatedly during his term of office he has shown his capacity for doing so.

The movement for a greater Berlin is due not merely to a desire for a big city or for better communication with the suburbs. It is partly an expression of a wish to develop the city æsthetically. Thus the two architectural societies of Berlin have published an appeal for the inclusion of the twenty-five suburbs and villages near by, on the ground that if this is not done the capital cannot grow in a uniform way. At present the suburban towns have their own building regulations, and these are taken advantage of by persons who are anticipating the time when the city will incorporate the villages. What the architects want is a comprehensive and far-sighted plan for the development of the city during the next twenty or thirty years. This would, of course, be a characteristically Continental policy. It leaves scope for individuality, yet it makes impossible such contrasts as render our American cities the wonder of foreign visitors. But the architects want more than uniformity in building: they desire to obtain by competition the very best plan for the landscape development of the future city, with its parks, its shaded avenues, its circular boulevards, and its railway communications all marked out decades in advance. In brief, they want to Haussmannize Berlin after the manner of Paris, or as we Americans now proudly say, to imitate the Burnham way of planning for the Washington of the future.

The declaration to the people issued by the Russian Social Revolutionists contains the following familiar sentence: "The Government dissolved the Duma because it needs an obedient Duma which will support the interests of the aristocrats." Practically this has been avowed by the ministry, if for "aristocrats" we substitute "land-owners"; and therein the autocracy has committed as fatal a blunder as any in its long list of errors and sins of the last three years. Whatever real justification the Government may have possessed against the liberal elements, it could derive only from its vaunted rôle of sole champion of the peasants, that vast silent majority of which we hear so much. At least there was some appearance of reason, when the Government argued that the Jew must not be emancipated lest he devour the helpless *mujik;* the Armenian and the Celt and the Lett and Pole must be kept down lest they destroy the political fabric built up by the same Russian *mujik.* In other words, the broad backs of eighty-five million peasants were, for a time at least, still solid foundation enough for the support of the throne. But when the Government, by partially or completely disfranchising the peasant, deliberately cuts away its own historic underpinning, and attempts to build on a new and narrow foundation of landlordism, it is apparent that the task of the revolutionists must be greatly facilitated.

We have got out of the habit of thinking of Portugal as a country prone to revolutions. It would almost seem, too, as if King Carlos and his Prime Minister had also forgotten their national history. Otherwise, they could scarcely have expected that their attempt to govern without a Parliament would not provoke such bloody outbreaks as those in Lisbon. The world has seen many attempts to rule "by decree," as it is now sought to rule the Portuguese. Some of them have succeeded. Bismarck carried the thing through for a time in Prussia, but he had a compact and powerful military organization behind him; and even for Bismarck the process involved great hazard. He himself said that, if he had failed, he would have paid the penalty with his life. King Charles of England made a similar effort to get on without a Parliament; but as Lincoln said, when that Constitutional struggle was cited to him, he didn't know much about English history, but he was very clear that, somehow, the King lost his head. The King of Portugal is aware that his name in English would be spelled Charles.

UPHOLDING LAW AND ORDER.

By an odd coincidence, two political Radicals in office, John Morley in England, and Georges Clemenceau in France, have lately been at the same time applying the most rigid means within the power of the Government to put down violent attacks upon the constituted authorities. Clemenceau's fate, in this particular, has seemed peculiarly malign. Having made his career as a man of the most popular sympathies, advanced and even Socialistic in his creed, a vigorous writer in behalf of the rights of the people, and a flaming orator against oppression, his Ministry has been one long succession of riotous outbreaks by strikers and of stern repression by his orders. The coal-miners of the North, the bakers and municipal electricians and others in Paris, finally the hot-blooded children of the Midi—all have found their former *compagnon*, Clemenceau, as hard as iron to the appeals of disturbers of the peace, and ready to employ the last soldier of the republic to maintain order. It probably will be the political death of Clemenceau, sooner or later; but he has stood to his task with admirable courage and firmness.

Across the Channel, John Morley's difficulty has been, if not so serious, yet not unlike in principle. It was again the case of a philosophic radical called to actual power and, when confronted with sedition, putting it down as relentlessly as any autocrat. As Secretary for India, Mr. Morley had to face in the Northwest a condition which was one of acute incitement to riot, and, in a few cases, of overt acts of violence. Without hesitation, this disciple of Mill, this biographer of Rousseau and Cobden, utilized the most stringent means within his power to make an example of the offenders and to restore security to the troubled districts. He even resorted to an old and long-unused power, and, by administrative order, and without a trial, sent out of the country the ringleader in sedition, Lala Rajpat Rai. And this course, which superficially appears so much like the *lettre de cachet* or the methods of a Russian chief of police, Mr. Morley, the Radical, defended in the Commons with the utmost coolness. He simply spoke with convincing earnestness of his overwhelming sense of responsibility, to the people of India and of England alike, for the preservation of order, and of his determination to uphold it at all hazards. When questioned sharply as to the evidence upon which he had proceeded, he squarely refused to give it to the House, on the ground that it would be prejudicial to the public interest, and said proudly: "I must really ask my honorable friend to accept it from me that I am very unlikely to make statements on the floor of this House without having provided myself with fair and reasonable confirmation."

The two instances—Clemenceau and Morley—fall very happily together to show that the instinct for political order is strengthening. Let freedom broaden as it may, still there is the fundamental rule of all discussion and all theorizing and all experimentation, that the peace must be kept. That is the only way in which the game can be fairly played. Those who are beaten must take their defeat in as good part as possible, and hope for better luck next time; they must not be allowed to smash the windows and break up the furniture. And Governments are more and more perceiving it to be one of their prime duties to act as an umpire, with the police at his back, to see to it that even political agitation shall be done decently and in order. The flamboyant Clemenceau is in this at one with the cold and critical Morley.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this principle of holding everybody to the weapons and rules of peace cries out peculiarly for enforcement in the realm of labor troubles. Offences of that kind are bound to come in our modern industrialism. With workingmen increasing in mass and in consciousness of power, it was inevitable that they should combine and endeavor to better themselves. No one objects to that. But the root conception of all social order, as of all government, must not be cut through in the act. Let labor unions do what they please, so long as it be peaceable and not destructive of the rights of other laboring men; but let it be understood that they take to open rioting or secret outrages at their peril. Fortunately, in this sphere, too, executives are everywhere showing that they bear not the sword in vain. This country has had its lesson in both kinds. We have seen the unchecked Pittsburgh riots; and we have seen, on the other hand, a Gov. Rusk and a Gov. Flower turning the military force of the State against lawless strikers; and we are well persuaded which is the more excellent way.

Right here lies the chief significance of the great trial at Boisé. It is intended, primarily, to determine who was guilty of a particular murder; but looming over all is the issue of organized lawlessness within the State. If a body of men, under whatever name, professing whatever aim, can defy the laws, and substitute the bludgeon and poison and the bomb for argument and votes, then it is high time for the authorities to exert their full power to bring them to book. If the Western Federation of Miners has done one-tenth of the things alleged in the evidence at Boisé, it should feel the hand of the Government upon it as heavy as any rioter in India or revolutionary in the Midi.

MENDING THE LORDS.

Campbell-Bannerman's long-expected resolution, looking towards a curtailment of the powers of the House of Lords, was introduced in the Commons on Monday. He has spoken of it as only a "preface to a volume." By that he meant that his resolution would be followed up, in due time, by a bill; and that, if the Lords did not show themselves amenable to mild pressure, sterner measures would be resorted to, and, finally, an appeal taken to the country on the sole and direct issue between the Commons and the Upper Chamber.

All this is certainly very moderate. It accords with the Premier's cautious Scotch nature. He is averse to doing too much thundering in the index. It is a question, however, whether his party does not need just now a little more thundering. The dispatches report dissatisfaction among the militant Liberals and the Radicals, though they will, of course, support the Prime Minister. They would have preferred, it is clear, a louder battle-cry. The initial step of Sir Henry is too tentative and uncertain to please them. All the machinery which he proposes for a conference between the two Houses, on bills in dispute, with references back and repassing, seems to them cumbrous and slow. In their present state of disappointment and impaired prestige, they would have hailed a fighting leadership; and many of them will doubtless be tempted to say, in the reputed words of Bishop Atterbury, that stout Jacobite who wanted himself to proclaim James III. at Charing Cross: "Here is the finest cause in Europe lost for want of spirit."

Few thoughtful and impartial Englishmen deny that the House of Lords is in need of reform of some kind. Proposals to create life peers have come from the side of the Conservatives themselves. Lord Newton brought forward in the gilded chamber itself, only a few weeks ago, a plan to introduce fresh blood and make the Lords a more tolerable legislative assembly. At present it is, confessedly, not that. It is even more true to-day than it was when Bagehot wrote, that "the House of Lords on most days looks so unlike what it ought to be, that most people will not believe it is what it ought to be." That is, a handful of peers dawdle in; the Chancellor takes his seat on the woolsack at 4:45; a bill or two is droned through; a question or two is asked of the Government; and at 5:15 the House rises. This is not a travesty of the ordinary legislative record of the Lords. While the Commons are working, the Lords are idling. It is only on great occasions, critical divisions, that the whips gather in the peers to a real debate and an actual vote. Then they come trooping in from every corner of Europe, many of them actually unknown by

sight to the doorkeepers of the House. One of these officials stopped a noble lord, at the time when Gladstone's Irish bill was to be thrown out, and when, to get a great majority, the preserves and watering places were combed fine, and asked him, "Are you a peer?" The answer illustrated the view taken of high legislative functions by too many charged with them. It was: "Do you think that, if I was not, I would come to this d——d hole?"

It was this spectacle of neglect and inefficiency that most appalled Bagehot. He thought the Lords were less in danger of "rough destruction" than of "inward decay." His prediction was:

> If most of its members neglect their duties; if all its members continue to be of one class, and that not quite the best; if its doors are shut against genius that cannot found a family and ability which has not five thousand a year—its power will be less year by year, and at last be gone, as so much kingly power is gone, no one knows how. Its danger is not assassination, but atrophy; not abolition, but decline.

But, in recent times, the Lords have added gross partisanship to laziness and disregard of duty as a real revising Chamber. For at least twenty years, the House of Lords has been nothing but an annex of the Conservative party. When the latter is in power, the Lords abdicate their functions. They accept obediently whatever legislation the Commons may send up. It is only Liberal bills that they feel it a duty to scrutinize, to amend, or to reject. Thus any Liberal Government exists only on sufferance. In its large measures of legislation, it is at the mercy of the Lords. This humiliating and irritating state of things has been more pronounced in recent years than ever. Mr. Balfour tells the Lords how to vote on all important bills. He almost openly uses the Upper House as a mere pawn in party warfare. Indeed, he boasts of the power he has, through the Lords, to checkmate a Liberal Ministry. At the great Unionist demonstration in Queen's Hall the other day, he said: "Our strength, if it be small in the House of Commons, is great elsewhere." Everybody knew what he meant by "elsewhere"—the House of Lords, where the Unionists count on the acquiescence of their puppets. And Lord Lansdowne said arrogantly in a speech on the land-reform bill, "We will not permit" so and so, meaning that the Lords would thwart the Commons, even though the latter spoke in overwhelming voice both for itself and the nation. It is this sort of intolerably partisan use of one House of Parliament which the Prime Minister denounced yesterday, and against it proposed to set a Constitutional and electoral agitation at work.

Success, if it come at all, will not be attained by waging the contest merely on abstract principle. General talk about the abuse of the bicameral system, or the need of a revising body, will not move Englishmen. They need some tangible grievance, some gross injustice, to stir their blood; and unless the Liberals produce one, nothing will be done. If, however, the Lords, in some pitch of haughtiness, should reject a bill on which the mass of the people had set their hearts, then, indeed, Campbell-Bannerman could go out and set the heather on fire. But till such an opportunity comes, he and his party will probably go on marking time.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND QUESTION.

It appears that no sooner is our Japanese "war" over than we are to have one with England. Sensible people will expect it to be equally bloodless—though, unhappily, not inkless. That the London *Standard* should even hint at the possibility of hostilities growing out of the dispute over the Newfoundland fisheries, is one sign more that a part of the press is not yet civilized. When two men who have got beyond the barbarian stage have differences, they do not fall to clubbing and shooting, but look for some means of friendly adjustment, or settlement in a court of justice. So will nations also act, if they do not wish to be called savage; and the habit of some newspapers recklessly to suggest war shows that Shelley did not make his statement complete. He called war "the statesman's game," as well as "the priest's delight, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade," but he did not foresee that it might become the amusement of the sensational journalist in a dull season.

The controversy is undoubtedly important. This is because very grave questions of international law are involved. The proper interpretation of the Treaty of 1818 is concerned, as is also the question whether American fishermen in Newfoundland waters are subject to the local jurisdiction, together with the further question of the true relation of the British Government to a self-governing colony. Thus it is not, as some appear to suppose, a wretched quarrel about a parcel of frozen herring. The practical issues at stake are trifling. Looking merely at the real value of the fisheries, it would be better that the whole should be surrendered by either country than that the fearful destruction of war should be hazarded. This is the position consistently taken by Sir Robert Bond, Premier of Newfoundland. In his speech in London, the other day, before the West Indian Club, he said that if it was all a mere squabble about a few fish, neither he nor his Government would have anything to do with it. But there was a great Constitutional question involved, affecting every colony in the Empire. "To put it briefly, the American Government had taken the position that they were not amenable to the municipal laws of Newfoundland when they came within the jurisdiction of the colony to exercise their privileges under treaty. He and his Government had protested in the strongest terms against the admission of that principle, but he regretted to say that last year the colony was not upheld in its demand."

The history of this thorny question has been subjected to minute analysis by Judge Thomas Hodgins of Canada, in the last *Contemporary*. By the citations he there makes from the official correspondence of the United States Department of State and the British Foreign Office, it becomes clear that the attitude of neither Government has been entirely consistent. No Secretary on either side has, of course, ever admitted that there could be any doubt of our right, under the Treaty, "to take fish of every kind" in certain defined parts of Newfoundland waters. But are our fishermen, when in those waters, subject to the colonial laws? For years, the English Government maintained, and ours admitted, that they were. Secretary Marcy in 1856, writing of "certain acts" of Colonial Legislatures, said that it was "reasonable and desirable that both the United States and British fishermen should pay a like respect to such laws"; and, accordingly, he stated that "the observance of them is enforced upon the citizens of the United States." In 1870 our Secretary of the Treasury took a similar position. Secretary Bayard, in 1886, assured the British Government that "everything will be done by the United States to cause their citizens, engaged in fishing, . . . to prevent an infraction of the fishery laws of the British Provinces."

A different line, however, was taken by Secretary Evarts at the time of the Fortune Bay disturbances in 1878, and has since been followed by Secretary Root. Their position, which they argue with great astuteness, is that the Treaty of 1818 grants absolute and sweeping rights with which the local jurisdiction can in no way whatever interfere. They contest stoutly the authority of Newfoundland to make any fishing regulations which shall be binding upon American fishermen in Newfoundland waters. Even the Sunday laws, our two Secretaries set at defiance. Mr. Evarts denied roundly that "our fishing fleet is subject to the Sunday laws of Newfoundland"; and Mr. Root has declared that "the Government of the United States cannot recognize the authority of Great Britain to determine whether American citizens shall fish on Sunday." He bases this upon his doctrine that the Treaty granted "a perpetual right," the exercise of which "this Government cannot permit to be subject to the will of the colony of Newfoundland." On the

similar stand of Mr. Evarts, Hall's "International Law" said in its fifth edition: "It was contended that the simple grant to foreign subjects of a right to enjoy certain national property, in common with the subjects of the state, carried with it, by implication, an entire surrender, in so far as such national property was concerned, of one of the highest rights of sovereignty, viz., the right of legislation. That the American Government should have put forward such a claim is scarcely intelligible." The present difficulty between Newfoundland and the Home Government arose when the Foreign Office departed from its own precedents and suspended the application of local laws to American fishermen, pending an adjustment of the whole question by a new treaty. Meanwhile, a *modus vivendi* was agreed upon, which it is now proposed to extend for another year.

The points in debate are nice ones, plainly. Jurists and statesmen have differed upon the law governing in the affair. But this makes the case precisely of the kind which it has been agreed to refer to the Hague Tribunal, in the event that the parties could not come to an amicable adjustment. Secretary Root would be the first to urge a submission of our claims to that Tribunal, before proceeding to extremities, or even to threats; so that the talk of war growing out of the Newfoundland dispute is preposterous nonsense.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S REFORMS.

The President of Princeton University is not content with raising large sums of money for his institution and erecting many new buildings. He has an altogether praiseworthy desire to try new educational experiments based on experience in other countries. Two years ago he introduced, with very little fuss and feathers, the preceptorial system; that is, he employed a large number of young instructors to supervise the work of the students and generally interest them in their studies. With this system still in the experimental stage, Mr. Wilson boldly tackles the problem of undergraduate societies, from which many a college president has recoiled in dismay, and announces his plan to establish quadrangles, that is, little self-contained colleges within the university, after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge.

President Wilson would not, of course, claim any originality for his latest undertaking. More than twelve years ago President Eliot suggested that the manifold problems which have come with the growth and prosperity of our American universities might be solved by building up colleges within each university. At least, he said, the experiment was worth trying, and it was with this idea in mind that he endeavored to bring about the removal to Harvard of Tufts College, that little institution which flourishes within sight of the tower of Memorial Hall. So in the negotiations with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology he wished the Institute to have its own grounds, and retain so far as possible its own identity after amalgamation with the Lawrence Scientific School. Now it appears that Princeton is to be the first to try the experiment, and not by inducing smaller institutions to affiliate with it, but by developing quadrangles of dormitories in which undergraduates "shall eat as well as lodge, and in which they shall, under the direction of a member of the faculty, regulate their own corporate life by some simple method of self-government." As in the English universities, there is to be a common living room and dining hall, and men of all four classes are to reside together.

This is obviously a blow at the college class system, which is already tottering at Harvard, and can hardly be said to exist at the University of Chicago. The real objective of President Wilson's plan is, frankly, to bring faculty and students into close connection and bind the whole university together by that common consciousness which comes from close social contact, and "to rid the university of combinations, cliques, and social organizations." It is a purer and better democracy that he desires, as well as the restoration of that personal influence of teacher over student so very valuable, and yet now so nearly lost at our larger universities. In this aim everybody who believes in the democratic mission of our colleges and their great equalizing influence must sympathize with Mr. Wilson. It has been quite serious enough to see class distinctions arising in all parts of the country by reason of wealth, or for other causes. If such tendencies cannot be checked at our colleges, if our universities are merely to reproduce within their walls the glaring contrasts between great wealth and extreme poverty, then it is indeed time for serious counsel. The dangers are apparent enough in our rich Eastern colleges, and are beginning to be felt in the Western. Hence the immediate need of such experimenting as Princeton is to undertake.

Confirmation of this is found in the fact that the University of Wisconsin, one of the very best of our State institutions, is also bent on building up a residential life by means of halls, with their own dining rooms and commons. But instead of turning to the quadrangle, President Van Hise, as John Corbin points out in the current *Saturday Evening Post*, is planning a long series of halls around a single large yard or campus. That is, however, of less importance than Wisconsin's discovery that even in one of the most democratic of our universities the influence of fraternities is wholly undemocratic. They claim, of course, to select only representative men, but, as Mr. Corbin says, "the line between the fraternity and non-fraternity elements is sharp, and the strife keen." Inevitably, there are jealousies and ill-feeling, for, aside from the hurts which invariably follow the drawing of any lines, it is obvious that, among 2,000, "many good fellows and potentially good athletes are never discovered." The evil permeates all our colleges. There are protests against it at Yale; at Harvard the club evil is, perhaps, most serious, and the Harvard Union is a partially successful effort to grapple with it by giving a club to all. But faculty and president, corporation and overseers, make no headway against it, while the erection of costly and luxurious dormitories intensifies the evil, as have the expensive club or chapter houses at Princeton and Williams.

It would be idle to affirm that President Wilson's plan is a cure-all. The quadrangle plan has obvious weaknesses, against which measures would soon have to be taken. Thus, if residence is to be secured by election by those living in each quadrangle, these sub-colleges might merely reproduce the chapter-house evils on a larger scale. But Mr. Wilson's protest is heartily to be acclaimed, none the less. If our young Americans are to get the greatest benefits from college life, it will be because they stand on their own merits in the multitude in which they find themselves, and not because the weak or the partially developed find shelter or shielding within a charmed circle of a couple of dozen of their own kind.

THE NEW BOSTON MUSEUM.

The long-expected plans of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have now been published. The trustees judiciously took their time. To create a new type of art museum is a work that cannot be done overnight. Five years have been spent in the attempt to develop, through comparative study and scientific investigations, a museum which shall be cognizant of every tradition, and yet independent of all. A set of thorough and brilliantly simple designs is the outcome. The architectural and engineering problems involved in a great popular art museum have, for the first time, apparently, been studied from every conceivable angle. From the conscientiousness of the trustees of the museum in Boston, other American communities will benefit; for such a project, assumed by competent professional architects in cooperation with intelligent amateurs, necessarily sets a standard for emulation, if not for imitation.

Just how adequate a solution has been reached, by the architect of the Museum of Fine Arts, of the primary problems

of segregation of departments, separation of collections into "exhibition series" and "study series," the free circulation of crowds, and the proper lighting of exhibits, is doubtless to be proved only by use. The new museum, at all events, based upon what has come to be known as "the Boston idea," will not fail through being illogical. A rotunda on the main floor, reached directly by an easy ascent from the entrance, is the architectural *clou* of the plan. All the larger circuits include it. Lesser circuits make possible a complete survey of any single department without setting foot in any other. Beneath each series of galleries, on the main or upper floor, and connected by staircases and elevator service, is the corresponding series of study-rooms and storerooms. The design throughout is logical; it seemingly should be usable.

The architectural embodiment of the plan is formal, serious, dignified. The Ionic columns are a concession to the neo-classicism of the day. Both the initial installation and the completed group will have the impressiveness that belongs to large physical dimensions, the human interest that attaches to very evident adaptation of construction to functional needs. Picturesque the museum will not be. Artistically it is open, of course, to objections applying to all perfectly symmetrical architecture, particularly when it is projected upon steel framework, with its rigidly mechanical spacings. The ideal housing for the collections of an art museum would perhaps be a series of comparatively small buildings, each of distinctive character, constructed of hand-dressed stone or hand-hewn timber. The background thus created would add charm to exhibits which suffer in the conditions of the ordinary art museum, however logically designed. But next best is the frankly neutral and unobtrusive kind which makes the best use possible of steel and concrete, contenting itself with being simple and unpretentious as regards details that cannot be positively beautiful.

A museum designed to secure the comfort of all classes of visitors will normally become an important civic centre. The man in the rusty black cutaway has become an object of especial solicitude. Wife and children he religiously takes to the art museum at least once a year on a Sunday afternoon. How to induce him to come more frequently, how to interest and not to weary him, is a problem full of technical difficulties. For him the allurements of landscape gardening in the forecourt, and other approaches of the museum. There are shady nooks for the polyglot population, and seats along the drives and pathways. Within the building broad avenues of circulation and other arrangements make the sightseeing easy. In the distribution of collections the habits of the perambulating crowd have been studied—its way of turning always to right rather than to left; its avoidance of small objects and dark corners. In German museums observation has shown that if entrance to a gallery and egress from it are by doors facing each other at opposite ends of one wall, the visitors walk along that side only, neglecting the other walls of the room. Many other apparently trivial facts of mob psychology are worth taking into account when a great place of popular resort is planned.

The procession of people through an art museum on a free day is at best a solemn function. Only the Italians have the audacity to be exuberant. Only the gamin grows voluble from the discovery, through inspection of a group of ivory cubes, that the ancient Egyptians, too, played craps. For the most part, pleasures connected with the static arts are taken soberly, if not sadly. What best can be done—as has been done in Boston—is to trace the causes of "museum fatigue" and, as far as possible, to eliminate them. Even infelicitous proportions in the lines of a gallery may give sense of weariness. The color of backgrounds has its effect in tiring or stimulating the perceptions. Objects must not be crowded together, as in an antique shop or in the Jarves collection at New Haven, but must be separated one from another by reasonable allowance of space. The lighting, whether from overhead or from the side, must be just right; elaborate experimental studies conducted in the interest of the Boston Museum have determined principles by which what is right may be readily ascertained. All that is publicly shown in such a museum is of the best; and, if the man from the street becomes interested in the exhibitions of a particular department, quiet, well-lighted study rooms and the assistance of a trained curator await him on the floor directly beneath.

Once art collections were a property of the royal palace. Now they belong to King Demos. The form taken by the Boston Museum is not, however, extreme in its recognition of the duty to be popular. It stops short of the radicalism of some of the more advanced "musæologists" of Europe and this country. It has not undertaken inordinately to broaden its field. Prudent and practical counsels prevailed in Boston. A civic centre of the graphic arts is all that is attempted.

A focus of professional as well as popular interest in the arts will have been provided when the first installation of the Museum of Fine Arts is opened two years hence. The covered courts of the museum will give opportunity for special exhibitions of a character such as no other American cities, except Washington and Pittsburgh, now have. Local associations, like the Copley Society and the Society of Arts and Crafts, may henceforth give their art shows under more favorable circumstances than ever before. The adjacent art school will centralize the student life of the city at the museum, and the tendency of Harvard to move "in town" will increase the educational usefulness of the collections. A new type of art museum has been evolved; as a part of the new university of the Fenway it will be tested under exceptionally favorable auspices.

A MARTIAN GOSPEL.

The long philosophical poem by Mr. Edward Henry Clement, read before the alumni of Tufts College, and entitled "The Gospel from Mars," is an encouraging sign. It shows that the muse still haunts our academic groves. Yet recent search through the periodicals published at American universities has revealed a dearth of poetry. Not even love, apparently, longer inspires undergraduates to write verses, and of the *indignatio* that makes them, they seemingly have little. But in Mr. Clement we discern the making of a New World Lucretius, or at least an incipient André Chenier; and he is plainly a man of university training. As befits a work which deals with cosmic problems, his is in blank verse. It was, says the author in the opening lines, at Tufts College that he learned of other worlds than ours, when he "first caught the goodly sphere of earth"—a figure which appears to be borrowed from the ball-field. The poet shows his appreciation by returning to his alma mater, and giving her the results achieved by contemplating the planet Mars; so

> Let Science then lend ear while Poetry
> Interprets wireless tidings flashed from Mars.

He reminds us that one Italian, Columbus, discovered America; that another Italian, Galileo, devised a telescope, "though his tube was but a reed compared with Lowell's yard-wide, light-beam net"; and that still a third, Schiaparelli, "called the lines he caught" on Mars, "canali." Our poet then proceeds to explain the origin and development of the Cosmos. How do we know, he inquires, "that the sun holds us enmeshed with all our sister worlds"? To those of us who did not know the fact, it is interesting to learn that it is because Nature is subject to law; that man with his godlike reason walks over the earth's crust, from which issue occasionally bursts of volcanic fire. These recall to us the planet's fiery origin, for the earth came from seething vapor, then was changed into water, became a "formless ooze," out of which emerged "drifting disks," minnows, and sea monsters. In time,

> To fins succeeded feet, out on dry land
> Life crawled at last—and struggled up to Man.

That gives a clear account of the "whence"; and a view of the "whither"

is also vouchsafed us. Mars being much older than the earth, is much drier. Life on its surface is more difficult. People there have had to "get together," as it were, and dig Schiaparelli's canals. That which has befallen Mars and its inhabitants must one day befall this terrestrial globe and ourselves. What the Martians have already done, we should do. Such is the poet's inspiring thesis. He admits that "the era of canals begins on earth," as he mentions Suêz and Panama, though strangely silent concerning the Welland and the Delaware and Raritan canals. The past of one planet tells the future of the other. Our own earth is fast becoming a desert, so we should attend to the matter while there is time, and, like the Martians, dig more energetically. No smiling optimist should divert us from this important task. Earth may be still so young that we can recall the Bagdad of Haroun-al-Raschid, and the vale.

> Where nightingales could hop from tree to tree
> Or cats walk roofs from Kashgar to the sea.

But earth will soon be a desert. Fortunately, before it is too late, the newest vehicles of travel are at hand, and we may accompany the poet on a tour through Mars, and come to close quarters with its gospel. He summons us thus:

> Come scale with me o'er Mars's yellow sands
> Mount in our aeroplane or gyroscope.

In this way we have a view of the ruined civilization in that distant region; and a vivid idea is gained of what will happen when the earth dries up. Of the smiling doubter, the poet sternly inquires: "Think you that the water syndicate would corner long the world's life-giving store?" The syndicate might seize the canals; but if these are to become dry, why should men take the trouble to dig them? It will go hard with vested interests in that coming day—as also with "the facile press" and "hireling jurists." They will be "the first muck to be swept away"; indeed, the last water left on earth shall do the sweeping. But moral improvement will come with the disappearance of water. It has already begun. Society will be reorganized when "love checks lust," "competition strives in service, and all that any have shall be for all."

The gospel from Mars is opposed to Darwinism. Survival of the fittest, according to the poet, means survival of the highest in mind and soul.

> We have outgrown the reddened tooth and claw,
> The strenuous life of anthropoidal apes,
> That grin and chatter platitudes outworn,
> And pelt Peace Congresses with cocoanuts.

But is not that a dangerous mixture of *lèse-majesté* and nature faking?

The Tufts alumni were made to understand that the hope for those on this drying earth lies not in religion, for we "have outgrown the dogma and the creed"; nor in a pulpit that "preaches rebates," nor in the universities which foster privilege, but in the "gospel sent by the living Mars." Mr. Clement's poem would have to be laid aside until cool weather, as its effect on the reader is that of a blast from Sahara, were it not for its concluding lines, wherein the author "steps out" of his library upon the wet grass, looks up at the sky and sees Mars set. That passage makes pleasant summer reading. But we fear that into the poet's brain, while his attention was fixed on the distant canals, may have stolen unwittingly the beams of the moon, with their well-known unhappy effect.

CHESTERFIELD.—I.

A "Life of Lord Chesterfield"* devoted almost exclusively to the political career of that arbiter of elegancies might seem to promise an oddly distorted portrait. Yet from any point of view we may welcome Mr. Craig's careful, if ill-composed, work. It will at least do something to modify the contemptuous ignorance which passes commonly for a judgment of his lordship, and which, for one reason or another, has overtaken most of the men who fought in the Opposition to that right British master, Sir Robert Walpole. And a sober consideration of his career brings also a new element into our opinion of his Letters. We are likely to look with more lenience on his reiterated preaching of politeness and superficial address when we remember that in active life he himself played an honorable and manly part. The second member of his favorite motto, *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, assumes a just proportion to the first by a comparison of his acts with his words.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, came of a distinguished house, so ancient that he could safely ridicule the vanity of birth by setting up portraits of Adam and Eve de Stanhope in his family gallery, and by calling it, in one of his *World* papers, "the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander Self-love." He was born in St. James's Square, London, in 1694. His father, the third Earl, seems to have been more distinguished by stubbornness than any other quality; being a strong Jacobite, he punished his heir's Hanoverian tendencies by cutting his allowance down to five hundred pounds a year, and, for his other traits, we may suppose that Swift exaggerated a little when he wrote: "If it be old Chesterfield, I have heard he was the greatest knave in England." The son lived not at home, but with his maternal grandmother, the excellent Marchioness of Halifax, who indulged his bent and kept him out of school until, at the age of eighteen, he was entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Here apparently he combined the studious and the rakish life, with a predominance of the former. At any rate, he steeped himself in the Classics, and began that discipline in the precise use of language, which made him one of the first masters of English. His method of study he explained later to his son: "So long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my principal study), whether ancient or modern, I used to write down the shining passages, and then translate them as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into English; if English, into French." At nineteen he left the university, if we may believe his own words, as precious a pedant as ever went up to London: when he talked best, he talked Horace; his wit was to quote Martial, and his notion of a fine gentleman to follow Ovid. He never forgave the university for sending him out with this tincture of scholasticism, and his unrelenting rancor inclines one to believe that his accounts of a blundering start in society are not a commonplace fiction for pointing a moral. And indeed, as his perfected manners were the polish of a sensitive egotism, it is natural that his entrance upon the world should have been marked by an awkward self-consciousness. He would not permit his son to go either to Cambridge or Oxford. His letters speak of the universities always with hatred and contempt, and one of his journalistic portraits of a boor repeats the theme: "As he had resided long in college, he had contracted all the habits, prejudices, the laziness, the soaking, the pride, and the pedantry of a cloister, which after a certain time are never to be rubbed off."

It need not be said that Chesterfield soon rubbed off his *mauvaise honte* by contact with the world. For some years he served in the lower house of Parliament with indifferent success. At the age of thirty-one he succeeded to the earldom by the death of his father, and began his real career, being better fitted by temperament and education for influence among the Lords than among the Commons. Two periods in his political activity stand out prominently: his mission as ambassador to The Hague from 1728 to 1732, and his viceroyalty of Ireland in 1745-6; in both which offices he showed undoubted ability. At The Hague, where the tangled dynastic relations of Europe were debated, he kept his head and maintained the honor of England—and no man could do more. To Ireland he gave for eight memorable months a happy government, showing a peculiar sympathy for that tormented people. Some of his best-known witticisms come from Dublin, and his wit, together with his firm tolerance, was an important element in his success. "I would much rather," he once said, "be distinguished and remembered by the name of the *Irish Lord-Lieutenant* than by that of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland." Again, at a critical moment, when a Castle official brought him word in the morning that "the people of Connaught were actually rising," he first gravely consulted his watch and then replied with composure: "Well, it is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true." In the interval between his residence at The Hague and in Dublin he was, until Walpole's downfall in 1742, a member of the cabal, which led the Opposition and gave hostility to that minister the name of Patriotism. Chesterfield's part in the political game was an active, but not a leading, one. He had neither the virulent pen nor the personal weight of Bolingbroke; he could not intrigue with the trim-

* *Life of Lord Chesterfield.* An account of the Ancestry, Personal Character, and Public Services of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield. By W. H. Craig. New York: John Lane Co. 1907.

ming Pulteney, or contend against the domineering, gusty Carteret; but he wrote and spoke much, and took his part in the harrying of the great Parliamentary boar. After his return from Ireland, he was for a while secretary of state in the Broad-bottom ministry of the Pelhams, but gradually dropped out of the arena into the quiet of a valetudinary old age that fluttered between the magnificent library of Chesterfield House in South Audley Street and his gardens and *Babiole* at Blackheath. "I am now, for the first time in my life," he writes to an old friend in 1753, "impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath and converse with my vegetables *d'égal à égal* which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. . . . The place agrees with my health and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horse's agreeably without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes I have lost them." As for the library in his city house, it was one of the spectacles of London, and still exists, little changed. In 1845, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* thus described,

> What he boasted of as "the finest room in London"—and perhaps even now it remains unsurpassed—his spacious and beautiful library, looking on the finest private garden in London. The walls are covered half-way up with rich and classical stores of literature; above the cases are, in close series, the portraits of eminent authors, French and English, with most of whom he had conversed: Over these and immediately under the massive cornice, extend all round in foot-long capitals the Horatian lines:
>
> Nunc veterum libris. Nunc somno et inertibus horis.
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.
>
> On the mantelpiece and cabinets stand busts of old orators, interspersed with voluptuous vases and bronzes, antique or Italian, and airy statuettes in marble or alabaster of nude or semi-nude opera nymphs.

Stoic we may believe the oblivion of the half-cloistered wit, deaf and broken in health, to have been, but jocund never. "Physical ills," he writes, "are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed." And again: "I read a good deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with grave folios in the morning, while my head is clearest and my attention strongest; I take up less severe quartos after dinner; and at night I choose the mixed company and amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis;* that is my philosophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills by diverting my attention to other objects." It is the *savoir vieillir*, the bland resignation of the man of the world, such as we meet in page after page of the letters of Horace Walpole, like Chesterfield, old and gouty: "Visions are the consolation of life; it is wise to indulge them, unless one builds on them as realities. Our dreams are almost at an end! Mine are mixed with pain; yet I think it does not make me peevish. I accept with thankfulness every hour in which I do not suffer. I am not impatient for the moment that will terminate both anguish and cheerfulness, and I endeavor to form my mind to resigning the first with gratitude, and the latter with submission." The visions of Chesterfield, we may fancy, were more solid than those of the epicure of Strawberry Hill. He had seen the great world, and knew men and manners. From those perpetual friends, his books, he could turn to memory of Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, in whose company, as he wrote, he used to feel in society as much above himself as if he had been with all the princes in Europe. The quarrels and reconciliations of those mighty wits, no doubt, he reflected upon much, as also upon the coarser battles of the politicians, including the relentless Lord Bollingbroke. Much, too, he must have thought of the flutter of more effeminate society, and of his own reputation as the glass of form, given so grudgingly by his rivals, won with such pains to himself. There was a world of recollections to occupy the gouty and somewhat lonely old gentleman in his chair.

We can almost see him in his library by his garden window, a frail and uncomely figure, the eyes, beneath the bushy high-arched brows, large and touched with pain; the mouth small and lifted in a half-kindly, half-cynical smile; the chin heavy, but rounded to a point. So Gainsborough painted him, and so the face appears, not without nobility and power, in most of the memoirs of the day. But the voice was shrill and the body curiously awkward. Plain-speaking George II. calls him a "dwarf baboon," and handsome Hervey, Pope's "white curd of ass's milk," who has no love for his person or respect for his morals, will not even allow any dignity to the countenance:

> With a person as disagreeable as it was possible for a human figure to be without being deformed, he affected following many women of the first beauty and the most in fashion; and, if you would have taken his word for it, not without success; whilst in fact and in truth he never gained any one above the venal rank of those whom an Adonis or a Vulcan might be equally well with, for an equal sum of money. He was very short, disproportioned, thick, and clumsily made; had a broad [it is narrow in the portraits], rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth [he alludes himself to this defect], and a head big enough for a Polyphemus. One Ben Ashurst, who said few good things, though admired for many, told Lord Chesterfield once that he was like a stunted giant—which was a humorous idea and really apposite. Such a thing would disconcert Lord Chesterfield as much as it would have done anybody who had neither his wit nor his assurance on other occasions; for though he could attack vigorously, he could defend but weakly, his quickness never showing itself in reply, any more than his understanding in argument.

Lord Hervey's report of this encounter with Ben Ashurst might be used as a simile of the Parliamentary contest between Chesterfield and Sir Robert. And in other respects the description is something more than gossip; it helps to explain the exaggerated insistence upon form and manner in a man who could leave nothing to nature, but must win his reputation entirely by art. We must remember always that the great Earl, in writing to an ungainly son, had had also his own ungainliness to overcome. And we must remember, too, that his passionate interest in the son's ambition arose in part from a feeling that his own career had fallen short of what his powers promised. He had held office and had won respect as a speaker in Parliament, yet his actual weight in the Government, or against it, was never equal to his capabilities; and of this he seems to have been painfully conscious. We may give various reasons for this partial failure of his ambition, but the truth probably lies in Hervey's caustic words:

> Lord Chesterfield was allowed by everybody to have more conversible entertaining table-wit than any man of his time; his propensity to ridicule, in which he indulged himself with infinite humor and no distinction, and with inexhaustible spirits and no discretion, made him sought and feared, liked and not loved, by most of his acquaintance; no sex, no relation, no rank, no power, no profession, no friendship, no obligation was a shield from those pointed, glittering weapons, that seemed to shine only to a stander-by, but cut deep in those they touched. . . . I remember two lines in a satire of Boileau's that fit him exactly:
>
> Mais c'est un petit fou qui se croit tout permis,
> Et qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis.
>
> And as his lordship, for want of principle, often sacrificed his character to his interest, so by these means he as often, for want of prudence, sacrificed his interest to his vanity.

The truth is his lordship was not much liked or trusted. From the King down he made men feel the inferiority of their minds, and this, in an age when politics were so completely personal, was in itself enough to ruin him. And, besides, he did not play the game. Bribery and corruption were the tools of administration used notoriously by Walpole, as they were in turn by the protesting Patriots; now Chesterfield would not take a bribe, and is one of the few men who came out of public life with clean hands. So much was to his honor and not against his influence, but he had an uncomfortable way of failing to see that other men might pocket their rewards and still be honest within the acknowledged rules of the sport. He lacked apparently the first requisite of political *savoir vivre*, and in this he was coupled with Lord Carteret: "They both of them, too, treated all principles of honesty and integrity with such open contempt that they seemed to think the appearance of those qualities would be of as little use to them as the reality, which must certainly be impolitic, since always to ridicule those who are swayed by such principles was telling all their acquaintance, 'If you do not behave to me like knaves, I shall either distrust you as hypocrites or laugh at you as fools.'" After following Chesterfield's career in all its details and allowing credit to his incorruptibility and his occasional efficiency, one still returns, unfairly it may be, to the judgment of Horace Walpole on reading his Letters: "Yet in all that great character what was there worth remembering but his *bons mots?* . . . from politics he rather escaped well, than succeeded by them"—so dangerous is the reputation for wit.

As a maker of *bons mots*, rather than as a statesman, he moves through the records of the age, and it should seem that people looked for his inevitable witticism at every occurrence in the government or society. So Mrs. Montagu sends to her husband "an admirable *bon mot* of Lord Chesterfield's" on the perplexities of George III. just come to the throne: "He said the King was in doubt whether he should burn Scotch coal [Bute], Pitt coal, or Newcastle coal." And

Horace Walpole, as part of the regular news of the day, writes to Horace Mann, "two new *bons mots* of his lordship much repeated, better than his ordinary." At another time, after relating an outrageously wicked retort to Mrs. Ann Pitt, Chatham's sister, he breaks out: "What gayety and spirit at seventy-five, and how prettily expressed! It contains the cheerfulness of the wars of the Fronde in France."

On one occasion Chesterfield left the retirement of his library and gardens, and what he then accomplished was the proudest achievement of his life. In 1582 Gregory XIII. had reformed the calendar, and all the countries of Europe, except England, Russia, and Sweden, had adopted the New Style. As a consequence, there were in Chesterfield's day two different methods of reckoning dates, an inconvenience which had been impressed upon him by the difficulties of his correspondence during his embassy to The Hague. In 1751 he had a bill introduced in Parliament by which the year henceforth should begin the 1st January, instead of the 25th March, and the eleven superfluous days should be voided by calling the 3d September, 1752, the 14th. Superstition, habit, and the embarrassment of altering contract dates combined to oppose the bill, but with the aid of Henry Pelham, who was prime minister, and of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, it was passed in the end. He was fond of repeating the story of the triumph to his son in that vein of didactic modesty so peculiarly his own. March 18, O. S., 1751, he wrote:

> I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both of which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed: they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards with infinite knowledge and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me.

After this incursion into public life, he returned to valetudinarian ways, preparing himself with tranquil stoicism for the end, ever ready with a jest or a sententious fling at destiny. He reminds one of Franklin, without Franklin's great body and without his imperturbability. "Not so loud," he replied to one who accosted him in the street walking with a friend. "The fact is that Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, only we don't wish it to be generally known." It is like Franklin's "I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity, when I ought to have been abed and asleep." Eight years before his death he was in a mood to write to his son: "I feel the beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold; the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world." Everybody knows his last words—they are classic—spoken when the *valet de chambre* opened the curtains of his bed and announced his old and well-tried friend: "Give Dayrolles a chair." That act of formal courtesy should be added to the illustrations of Pope's ruling passion strong in death.

He died March 24, 1773, leaving the tradition of his wit to be taken up by such lesser men as George Selwyn, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Sidney Smith. The letters to his son, which have made him at once famous and infamous to posterity, had been published surreptitiously before his death. They demand treatment at length.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The two copies with undated title-page of George Herbert's "The Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," one in the Huth library in England, the other in the no less famous library of Robert Hoe in New York, have long been the envy of other collectors. Lowndes gives the date of this undated form as 1631, and says: "A few copies of this, the first and rarest edition, were issued for presentation to the author's friends without date." This date and Lowndes's statement have been frequently copied. The so-called first published edition has a slightly different title, with date 1633. There is also another edition of the same date, having the words "Second Edition" on the title, the types of this being an entirely new resetting. Lowndes's statement that the undated copies were "issued for presentation to the author's friends" was probably merely an opinion based upon the fact that the Brand-Heber-Daniel copy (the only one he had seen), now Mr. Hoe's, was ruled around in red ink and was in a contemporary tooled binding, as is also the Huth copy. This is a reasonable surmise, and it is not at all impossible that Nicholas Ferrar, the editor, did have a few copies ruled up for presentation. But the date 1631 is entirely wrong, and the undated title is almost certainly a later printing. "The Temple" was not printed until after the author's death, which took place the end of February, probably (he was buried March 3), 1633.

We have been permitted to examine the very fine copy in the original sheep-binding of the first edition (with dated title), which sold at Sotheby's for £104 on May 18, 1903, and there can be no doubt that the title-leaf of this copy was the one printed with the first signature, and was not an inserted or substituted leaf. If the titles of the three books (without date, first edition dated 1633, and second edition dated 1633) are placed side by side, it will readily be seen that the more logical position of the undated title-page is between the two first dated editions. The first edition (dated 1633) has, "By Mr. George Herbert." The undated edition and the second edition read alike, "By Mr. George Herbert, late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge." The imprint of the first edition is: "Cambridge: Printed by Thom. Buck, and Roger Daniel, printers to the Universitie. 1633." That of the undated edition reads: "Cambridge: Printed by Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel: And are to be sold by Francis Green, stationer in Cambridge." The imprint of the second edition is: Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, printers to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1633. And are to be sold by Fr. Green." To these may be added the imprint of the third edition, which, as given by Hazlitt, is "Printed by T. Buck, and R. Daniel, . . . 1634. And are to be sold by Fr. Green."

The fact that the imprint of the first edition contains no bookseller's name, while the two other forms of 1633 and the next edition of 1634 contain the name of a "stationer," would be strong evidence that this was the "privately printed" form, if it were positively known that such an issue did appear. In the same way "By Mr. George Herbert" was sufficient for friends of the author, while to tell strangers that he was "late Oratour of the Universitie of Cambridge" would be likely to help the sale of the book.

Correspondence.

UNPRACTICAL TEACHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial you mention a list of subjects given out in some of the New York schools to young children for investigation, showing your amazement that such broad and difficult topics should be assigned to minds so immature. As a teacher, I was highly gratified to see a journal of your standing take up this pedagogical matter. I fear that our education has suffered because the capable thinking people outside of the schoolroom take so little interest in what is going on within. As a member of the educational system of one of our most important cities, I have seen just such instances of poor judgment in directing the work of pupils, being guilty myself of such mistakes. I am not going to try to shift any blame from my own shoulders when I offer an explanation for this overshooting of the mental ability of young children. But I am convinced that a great deal of it is due to the method of supervision. In every large educational organization in this country that I am at all acquainted with there are numbers of the higher rank who never do any teaching, but who are expected and required generally to inspect it very closely and critically. Of necessity, these persons very soon get up in the clouds, and view the work from this lofty height. They are enthusiastic and ambitious, and many of them very soon lose all connection with practical instruction. Hence, they have no test for their theories, but having the authority they can insist upon their subordinates attempting to put these beautiful notions into actual use.

I fear that you can look for still wilder experiments, as there is a tendency to have more and more employees who do not teach. I see no corrective except a rigid insistence that all should be held responsible for actual steady work with a class, except some half-dozen—not more even in so large an organization as in New York city. I do not mean that they should give full time;

far from it, as that would destroy their power for initiative and leadership; but I cannot see why they could not give at least three hours a week. This would cover one entire subject in the average high school for one year, or two such in the grammar grades. There is no other substitute for keeping an educational captain's feet on hard mother earth. B. C.

Washington, June 24.

PRESENT CRISIS IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Just two years ago I wrote these words: "Falsification of wine is carried on to such an extent that it is almost impossible for grape-growers to make a living." The revolt of four departments of the South is the outcome of these vast frauds, and of the shameless propaganda of alcoholism in France by means of *buvettes* found at every step, so to speak.

It is pretended that this crisis is the result of overproduction. This is not so. More French wine is sold and exported than is produced. It is said that the Genevan authorities threw many hogsheads of manufactured claret into the Rhone last year, and Mr. Lassies affirmed in the Chambers that recently many thousand hectolitres of falsified or manufactured wine were sold to the *assistance publique* at Paris!

Formerly, till within the last twenty-five years, the French drank nothing but their own natural wines, and they were the most temperate people in Europe. To-day more alcohol is consumed in France than anywhere else.

Cities.	Population.	Liquor-sellers.
New York	3,437,000	10,821
Chicago	1,698,000	5,740
London	4,536,000	5,860
Paris	2,661,000	30,000
St. Petersburg	1,500,000	513
Glasgow	760,000	1,430
Washington	279,000	492

What has thus transformed the French nation into an alcoholic people? An enemy hath done it. Those whom M. Brunetière called "les ennemis de l'âme Française" have killed the grape, and debauched the people with alcoholic drinks of the worst kind. The kind of absinthe sold at popular *buvettes* is recognized to be of a most deadly sort. The sale of superior kinds of absinthe has slightly diminished as the richer classes begin to understand the evils it engenders. Some one has said, "divide and reign"; corrupt and reign is the motto of the Judeo-masonic coterie that rules in France. With commerce and shopping paralyzed by a general strike of *inscrits maritimes*, mass meetings of 100,000 to 300,000 winegrowers in revolt, carrying around small guillotines with the inscription "mort aux fraudeurs"—the Government publicly accused of having falsified and suppressed the Montagnini papers sent to the Parliamentary commission itself—to say nothing of a mass meeting of 5,000 Catholics at the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris, a few days ago, one might suppose the French rente would have fallen a little. On the contrary, it climbed up to 95.30 yesterday. Everything is artificial in France. When the collapse comes people will be surprised; and come it must, in spite of the Internationale. Anarchy and incoherence cannot always do duty for Government.

J. Napier Brodhead.

Nice, France, June 4.

GOETHE AND THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Goethe's suggestion that the United States take in hand a Panama Canal (Eckermann, English ed., p. 222), and Mephisto's method of providing paper currency, are instances of anticipation that have more than once been referred to. It is probably less known, however, that the modern theatrical syndicate can find an argument in its favor in Goethe's Conversations. "If I had the management of a theatre now," he writes, "the entire winter should be provided with superior 'stars.' . . . Keep on with your starring, and you will be astounded at the advantage which will result both for the theatre and the public. I foresee a time when a clever man, who knows his business, will take charge of four theatres at once and provide them with stars by turns. And I am confident that he will maintain his hold better than if he had only one."

Abram S. Isaacs.

New York University, June 22.

THE RHYTHM OF "CHRISTABEL."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is more or less customary to refer to Coleridge's fragment "Christabel" as an example of musical verse.

(1.) Is it, or is it not, true that the requirements of rhythm, as applied to metrical composition, are continually violated in this poem?

(2.) Is the general versification therein followed admitted to belong to any form recognized as regular, as established by the masters and by the authorities on this subject? Inquirer.

New York, June 24.

[If the word "regular" is used as applied by the school of Pope, the rhythm of "Christabel" is not regular. It follows, for the most part, the older English four-beat metre, divided into four measures of equal time, but with a varying number of syllables in each measure. Read in this way, the lines are highly musical. Coleridge thought his rhythm was an invention of his own, but his originality consisted really in introducing a form, with variations and expansions, which had merely been forgotten.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Macmillans are issuing a new edition of Louis Einstein's "Italian Renaissance," which has been out of print for some time.

Dr. J. S. Milne has written for the Oxford University Press a long monograph on "Surgical Instruments in Greek and Roman Times." The subject has never before been fully investigated.

A new edition of F. Loraine Petre's "Napoleon's Campaign in Poland" is issued by John Lane Co. A number of illustrations have been added, and constitute the only new feature.

William J. Long's story of "Wayeeses the White Wolf," the *casus belli* with Washington, is reprinted by Ginn & Co. in a separate volume, with all the illustrations as they appeared in "Northern Trails."

"The Memoirs of Madame Ristori," translated by G. Mantellini, will be issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. in August.

Prof. Kuno Francke has brought together a number of his recent magazine papers under the title "German Ideals of To-day" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). As seven of them appeared originally in the *Nation*, it scarcely becomes us to be voluble in praise. The spirit of the book may be summed up, in the words of the Preface, as an attempt to set forth "the concentrated striving of contemporary Germany for the vision of eternal things."

Dr. Berbig, pastor in Neustadt (Koburg), has discovered in the ducal archives the letters of advice sent by the Kurfürst Johann, with various articles to Martin Luther, in 1530. They help to date Luther's letters of that period. They are to be published soon.

A movement has been started at Portsmouth, N. H., to purchase the old home of Thomas Bailey Aldrich on Court Street for a museum. This is the house described in "The Story of a Bad Boy."

Mrs. W. E. H. Lecky would feel very much obliged if those who possess any letters from the late Mr. Lecky, which might be of use as a memoir, would forward them to her, at No. 38 Onslow Gardens, London, S. W. They will be returned in due course.

A committee has been formed to raise subscriptions for a memorial to the late Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). The purpose is (a) to set up a portrait plaque, in marble or bronze, in University College, London, where she studied; (b) to set up a replica of this in a suitable position in the United States; (c) to establish an annual scholarship in England for the study of modern English literature, and (d) to give a similar scholarship in the United States. The secretary of the committee is Miss Zoë Procter, No. 62 Chester Terrace, Eaton Square, S. W., London.

The committee organized some time ago for purchasing Coleridge's cottage at Nether Stowey reports that sufficient money has been contributed for this purpose, but that £200 is still needed for maintenance.

The Second International Congress for Physical Therapeutics has been called to meet in Rome from the 13th to the 16th of October.

The fourteenth International Congress for Hygiene and Demography meets in Berlin, in the Reichstag building, from the 23d to the 29th of September. Its work will be done in eight sections, and more than one hundred hospitals and similar institutions are to be inspected by the members.

The *Kladderadatsch* of Berlin recently entered upon its sixtieth year, and on this occasion published a jubilee number, in which the customary poem was not lacking. This most notable of German comi-

cal papers is originally the product of the revolutionary year of 1848, and was founded by David Kalisch in conjunction with the publisher Hofmann. Its present editor is Johannes Trojan.

The first issue of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, comes out with a cover red enough to hurt the eyes. The contents are milder. Well-known men of the universities have contributed a series of thoughtful articles showing the general trend of educational ideas. Among the papers is a hitherto unprinted essay of John Stuart Mill's "On Social Freedom."

The *Hibbert Journal*, a quarterly review of religion and philosophy, has been edited by Prof. L. P. Jacks, dean of Manchester College, Oxford, with the assistance of a distinguished board of British scholars. The aim of the magazine has been to establish a bridge of communication between the educated layman on the one hand and the expert scholar on the other. An American advisory board has now been added, consisting of B. W. Bacon, professor of New Testament criticism and exegesis, Yale; William Adams Brown, Rooseveit professor of systematic theology, Union Theological Seminary; Dr. E. B. Craighead, president of the Tulane University of Louisiana; Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, president of the American Unitarian Association; G. H. Howison, professor of philosophy, University of California; C. J. Keyser, Adrain professor of mathematics, Columbia University; A. O. Lovejoy, professor of philosophy, Washington University, St. Louis; A. C. McGiffert, professor of church history, Union Theological Seminary; R. Heber Newton, D.D.; Josiah Royce, professor of the history of philosophy, Harvard; George E. Vincent, professor of sociology, University of Chicago; Dr. R. S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution.

One could not have forseen that so much delightful—in fact, indispensable—information could be added to one's Baedeker as is contained in "Sojourning, Shopping, and Studying in Paris," by Elizabeth Otis Williams (McClurg & Co.). Tourists will do well not to omit it from their handbags.

A noteworthy tribute was paid to the missionaries in the East by the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, colonial secretary in the Balfour Cabinet, at the recent anniversary meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. He said that "during the whole time that he was at the Colonial Office no missionary ever gave the ministers of the crown the slightest trouble or uneasiness. . . . No questions were full of more profound difficulty than those which affected the native races, and the advice which from time to time he received from missionaries in the colonies who were dealing with native races was such as proved of the greatest possible value to him."

An almost universal interest in education is to-day the most suggestive mark of activity in Syria and the adjacent countries. This is very largely due to the American College at Beirut, whose graduates, medical, collegiate, commercial, etc., says Consul-General Ravndal, "have become a mighty instrument of civilization." In eight years the number of students has increased from about 275 to more than 850, including 200 Mohammedans, and representing all the Levant and the near East. The increase in the future is expected to be still larger, since the great cities to the east and northeast have become more accessible through improved railway facilities. In Beirut itself an imposing Government industrial school is being erected, and the Government Medical School at Damascus is preparing to put up permanent buildings. Education is transforming Syria through the raising of the standard of living and the development of the resources of the country.

The winners of a number of the prizes given by the Académie Française have been announced. Under the Prix Montyon 1,500 fr. goes to Marius Roustan for his "Philosophes et la société française au xviiie siècle"; also six awards of 1,000 fr. each go to Mme. Edgy for "La Servante," Mme. Alberich-Chabroi for "L'Offensive," Achille Millien for "Chantes et chansons," Georges Lechartier for "L'Irréductible Force," Edmond Ferry for "La France en Afrique," and Prince Louis d'Orléans for "À travers l'Hindo-Kush." The Prix Furtado, of 1,000 fr., goes to Henri Mazel for "Ce qu'il faut lire dans la vie."

The Academy of Inscriptions and Linguistics in Paris was recently petitioned to express its views in reference to an artificial world language, and especially to Esperanto. The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* states that the Academy by unanimous vote decided not to express any conviction on the subject, on the ground that it could not waste its time on such discussions.

The principal article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number five, is by Prof. E. Hammer on the latest methods of constructing accurate topographical maps. The accompanying chart illustrates his course of instruction in topographical drawing given to the pupils of the high schools at Stuttgart. The other main contents are some notes on a map of the region between Ibi and Yola on the Benue, the great eastern branch of the Niger, and the geographical courses for the summer term in the German Universities.

The second number of the *American Journal of International Law* maintains the high promise of the initial issue. It continues the Chronicle, for the ensuing three months; opens with Secretary Root's comprehensive and instructive address on the Real Questions Under the Japanese Treaty, apropos of the California School controversy; discusses the Convention of 1907 between our Government and the Dominican; comments on the Geneva convention of 1906; puts forth some suggestions as to a Permanent Court of Arbitration; considers a Permanent Tribunal of International Arbitration, Its Necessity and Value; presents a continuation, by Robert Lansing, of his Notes on State Sovereignty—a paper that goes back to the criticisms of Sir Henry Maine on Austin's theory; and gives Richard Olney's critical address, delivered at the recent meeting of the Society in Washington, on the Development of International Law. Among the discussions in recent literature bearing on the confessedly paradoxical Korean situation, this Journal's five pages on the International status of that country are easily among the most comprehensive and valuable. The necessary historical background is given, with a statement of the present status, now that Japan, which for years demanded an independent autonomy for the Hermit Kingdom, has established over it "a protectorate of the strictest kind"—a result to which the Treaty of Portsmouth contributed. The Japanese situation in California is also considered, in an editorial concluding with a quotation from the (London) *Law Magazine and Review*, that "no infringement of Japanese rights, contractual or real, can be said to have been committed." The new Immigration law is also critically discussed, as is Extraterritoriality and the United States Court for China. The editor, Dr. James Brown Scott, solicitor of the State Department, formerly a professor in the Columbia University Law School, should find himself in familiar fields when discussing such questions as these. A Chronicle of International Events, compiled by Henry G. Crocker, appears, and a table of public documents, by Philip DeWitt Phair. The selection, in each number, of judicial decisions relating to international law is comprehensive—not limited to American decisions, but taking in English cases, and notably one Scotch case of technical interest—that of Mortensen, who had been convicted of using the method of fishing known as "otter trawling" in Moray Firth within certain prohibited limits.

One other distinctive feature of the Journal should be noticed, that accompanying each number is a supplement of official documents. These supplements are uniformly but separately printed, and consecutively paged by themselves, so that they can be kept at hand for reference in a form to occupy the least space. They exhibit a multitude of agreements, conventions, treaties, and other valuable international documents; comprehending the Treaty of Portsmouth and antecedent British-Japanese alliances, legislation and agreements respecting our rights in the Newfoundland fisheries, a translation of the long Algeciras agreement, Franco-British and Franco-Spanish declarations respecting Morocco and Egypt, etc., while one (the second) goes back and takes in the 1856 Declaration of Paris, the Brussels Convention of 1874, the Geneva Convention of 1884, that of Geneva of 1906 for the amelioration of the condition of the sick and wounded in the field, with our 1907 treaty with the Dominican republic relating to the customs revenue; agreements concerning Korea, and about a score of others, of great importance. Each member of the Society of International Law receives the *Journal* and its Supplements, with no expense except the payment of his annual dues; and membership is not restricted to members of the bar. It seems appropriate to accord the new publication a very cordial welcome. Messrs. Baker, Voorhis & Co. are to be the publishers from this time on.

The second volume of the "Catalogue of Hebrew Manuscripts in the Bodleian Library," (Oxford: Clarendon Press), by Adolph Neubauer and Arthur Ernest Cowley, contains the additions to the collection since 1886, including the great mass of fragments from the Geniza of the old synagogue in Cairo. The work was begun by Dr. Neubauer, the editor of the former volume of the Catalogue, and, after the failure of his health, was completed by Mr. Cowley. The whole number of manuscripts

described in the volume is 316, of which 166 (containing 2,675 pieces) are from Cairo. The identification and detailed description of these mutilated and often half-obliterated fragments have been the chief task of the cataloguer, which has been fulfilled with unsparing pains. Full indexes do all that can be done to help the student find what he is seeking in this mass of material.

In "The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom in the Light of To-day" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Prof. J. F. Genung has followed up his earlier studies on Job and Ecclesiastes by a more comprehensive popular survey of the Hebrew "Wisdom," including the sapiential books of the Old Testament, Sirach and the Wisdom of Solomon, and from the New Testament the discourses and parables of Jesus and the Epistle of James. His aim, as defined in the preface, is "to unfold in the literary idiom of to-day, what that strain of scripture utterance known to scholars as Wisdom means, for now and all time, as distinguished from, or rather as added to, what supposably it once meant"—to interpret the living spirit of these ancient writings rather than the dead letter. This task is accomplished with insight and sympathy; the reader is made to realize how large and enduring a part of our intellectual and moral inheritance we have in these books. The style sometimes offends a severe taste, and we had rather not believe that monstrosities like "factual" belong to the literary idiom of to-day—or to-morrow.

A judicious life of Frederick Douglass, from the appropriate and competent hand of Booker T. Washington, forms the latest addition to the American Crisis Biographies (George W. Jacobs & Co.). Douglass's career, from whatever standpoint it is viewed, was certainly remarkable. Born a slave, he rose, by virtue of his own ability and industry, aided by fortunate circumstances, to a position of commanding influence among the negro race in this country, and to a foremost rank among American orators. He began his public career as an enthusiastic disciple of Garrison, but found himself compelled, as time went on, to differ fundamentally from the great abolition leader; and, although he remained through life a radical reformer, he gained rather than lost influence as the struggle progressed, and exhibited a discretion and courteous good-temper which his associates sometimes lacked. His political prominence brought him reward, not only in a wide acquaintance at home and abroad, but also in the gift of such important offices as those of marshal, and later recorder of deeds, of the District of Columbia, and minister to Hayti. The latter, for various reasons, afforded small chance for distinction, but in the others he acquitted himself with dignity and success. Naturally, he was a strong advocate of negro suffrage, but he never ceased to urge upon the members of his race the need of attaining industrial efficiency. Mr. Washington, whose statesmanlike treatment of the negro question and admitted oratorical power make him in these respects a worthy successor to Douglass, writes with commendable simplicity and moderation, offering no apologies for the mistakes of Douglass's career, and neither denouncing the slavery advocates nor covering with excessive praise the Abolitionists. The appearance of such a book by such a writer is a significantly hopeful sign.

Two essays in Vol. XV., No. 2, of the Modern Language Association for June, should be of special interest to Americans: "On the Conservatism of Language in a New Country," by Frank Egbert Bryant, and "Chateaubriand's America," by Emma Kate Armstrong. Founding his discussion on a statement by Ellis in his "Early English Pronunciation," made in 1869, that the language of a colony is almost always more conservative than that of its mother country, and that American English is archaic in respect to that of British English, Mr. Bryant maintains that "it has not been and cannot be proved that Americans speak a more archaic English than the people of Great Britain," contending that there is not the least probability that immigration in itself is a conservative force. Miss Armstrong's study of Chateaubriand has to do especially with his arrival in, and first impressions of America, and this, of course, opens the old question, discussed pro and con by Bédier, Stathers, Dick, and others, as to whether Chateaubriand, in five months, really travelled from Baltimore to Niagara, then to the Gulf of Mexico and back to Philadelphia, and whether he met Washington on the journey, as he describes. The amount of what Miss Armstrong has *festgestellt* is not great, but it is something. She searched Washington's papers in the Library of Congress, and says: "To sum up, a careful examination of Chateaubriand's works shows that two of his statements about his visit to America may be accepted without hesitation: he came to Baltimore, and his letter of introduction from the Marquis de la Rouërie was received by Washington." Mr. William Guild Howard contributes an interesting paper on Schiller and Hebbel, in which he seeks to prove that "the decisive moment in Hebbel's life was the moment of his escape from thraldom to the rhetorical sentimentality of Schiller," and that while Hebbel recognized the merits of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans," he was not directly influenced by Schiller in the disposition of his matter for "Judith." Other essays in the number are: "The Objectivity of the Ghosts in Shakespeare," by Elmer Edgar Stoll; "The Story of Grisandole: A Study in the Legend of Merlin," by Lucy Allen Paton; "Doni and the Jacobeans," by John M. Berdan; and "Dryden's Conversion to the Roman Catholic Faith," by Robert K. Root.

LADY MARY.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times. By George Paston. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

Miss E. M. Symonds, who writes pleasantly under the name of "George Paston," has given us in this volume both an interesting and a valuable contribution to the happily increasing literature that deals with the manners and tastes, the books and personages of the much berated but to its lovers always fascinating eighteenth century. When she undertook her task she had little hope that she would make any considerable gleanings, but, thanks to the Earl of Harrowby, she was allowed to examine the manuscripts at Sandon Hall, where she found "four or five hundred unpublished letters," upwards of a hundred being from Lady Mary and about half as many from that famous woman's inimitable spouse, whom his friends often called Mr. Wortley. As Lady Mary's Diary has been beyond recall since 1794, when her daughter, Lady Bute, with a discretion as admirable as it was lamentable, committed it to the flames, no better "find" can reasonably have been expected by any admirer of Pope's witty antagonist, if admirers she still has.

Whether our biographer has made a proper use of her treasure-trove is a question that admits of some discussion. She has given certain letters entire, abridged others, and digested still a larger number into a smoothly running narrative, with the result that the book is pleasant reading, and that we feel we have been "personally conducted" over an interesting tract of time, to say nothing of the fascinating though not precisely charming region constituted by the life and character, the mind and heart, of one of the most distinguished and brilliant women known to history. In other words, this biography has been written for the general reader rather than for the student, a fact which does not absolve us, however, from the duty of asking whether it might not have been profitably shortened by some two hundred pages.

On the other hand, the student and the insatiate lover of the eighteenth century is almost bound to wish that the correspondence had been published intact, with just enough annotation and interpolated text to save it from being as forbidding as a report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. No excising editor can ever know what a scholar may need, just as few of them seem to know what the public will stand. There will always be trouble about such discoveries in connection with men and subjects in which both the public and scholars are interested; but there is surely no occasion to argue the matter here.

It is equally true that one ought not, as a rule, to look a gift horse too closely in the mouth. Yet what can one do but closely scrutinize the work of a biographer who begins her book by misdating the birth of her heroine by a century! Careless proofreading, of course; yet how far does it extend? So far as the present reviewer can determine, after pretty thorough tests, the carelessness, while rather disgraceful, does not detract greatly from the value of the book. It is absurd, for instance, to read of John Morris (of Bemerton), of the *Quarterly Review* for February, 1737; it is desirable to spell consistently in the text—cf. Stuart (p. 504) and Steuart (p. 505)—it is worth while to give correctly the Christian names of the diarist Evelyn and of the father of the notorious Mrs. Manley—but these defects are, after all, trifles. It is disconcerting to find three errors in the notes to a single page (13), but perhaps we should be satisfied on finding that there is only one instance of a note's being absent after we have been directed to look for it, and an examination of a large number of the notes leads to the conclusion that the three errors to a page was a case of exceptional sleepiness on the part of the

author, the proofreader, or both. The annotation is a little capricious, rather commonplace, and too frequently slovenly; but there are not so many departures from the dates and titles furnished by the Dictionary of National Biography as the errors first detected led us to expect.

And the good things of the volume abundantly compensate for the defects—so abundantly, indeed, that one is at a loss how to describe or enumerate them. Lady Mary's dazzling girlhood and her unparalleled experiences with her lover, Mr. Wortley, occupy over a fourth of the space, and give the reader of psychological bias much occasion for reflection. If there was ever a suitor that deserved to fail, if there was ever an unmagnetic and disagreeable, not to say, contemptible, hero of what ought to have been a romance, Mr. Wortley Montagu may safely be named to fill the position, despite the fact that he was the friend of Joseph Addison, and, what is more, of Richard Steele. If Pope and Horace Walpole were justified in assailing Lady Mary's morals in a tender point—this volume leaves that question still an open one—Mr. Wortley deserves no commiseration. His letters before the elopement dealt once, at least, with the possibility of what Lady Mary's enemies treated as an actuality, but that is not the most surprising or repulsive feature of his side of the correspondence. To use a homely phrase, both lovers, before they finally eloped, "backed and filled" to an extent that one would pronounce unnatural and impossible were these letters found in an eighteenth century novel; but, while Mr. Wortley seems scarcely human, Lady Mary is apparently more womanly than she shows herself to be at any later period. Her head, stuffed with knowledge kept in motion by her wit, was always more in evidence than her heart; but her early letters prove that she began life with that invisible organ in a healthy condition, and that somehow Mr. Wortley managed to control its movements and to get them thoroughly out of order. One would give a good deal to have been present at one of those clandestine meetings at Mrs. Steele's, in order to judge, if possible what trick of glance or speech, what feature of personality, made Lady Mary ready to brave her father's wrath and to overlook the thousand and one unattractive qualities of her middle-aged admirer. One is not so anxious to look in on her as a deserted bride at Huntingdon or York, though one is interested in reading details about the renting of country houses in 1713. That she should have been deserted does not surprise us, when we read this exhortation addressed to her by her would-be husband on the eve of their elopement: "If we should once get into a coach, let us not say one word till we come before the parson, least we should engage in fresh disputes." So careful a gentleman might well, as the story goes, have written out a speech which he intended to read from his hat, and have inserted in the margin such hints as "Here pause a minute," "look round," "low," "loud," "cough."

Of the pages and chapters describing the life of Lady Mary, the notorious woman of the world, the traveller, the philanthropical advocate of inoculation, the flame and then the far from defenceless victim of Pope, the exile of Italy and France, the eccentric old personage described by Walpole, it is impossible to speak adequately within the space of any less leisurely review than those our grandfathers tolerated. Although Miss Symonds makes the letters tell the story well, she can scarcely be said to add, in the second half of her book, anything very important to our knowledge either of Lady Mary or of her times. But she makes available her mass of material, and she treats with fairness and thoroughness such episodes as the affair with the French intriguer Rémond, and the quarrel with Pope. Moreover, she furnishes scores of interesting passages which will be useful to writers on manners and to discursive editors of the type of the late Dr. Birkbeck Hill. One's pencil is kept busy marking the tid-bits.

For example, we are carried back to the age of "The Rape of the Lock," when we find Mr. Secretary Craggs meeting Lady Mary at the foot of the great stairs after she had reluctantly left the King's presence to keep an engagement, and, on hearing of her plight, catching her in his arms, running with her upstairs, and depositing her in the ante-chamber! The manners and morals of the Vienna ladies of 1716 interest us quite as much as they did the wife of the soon-recalled ambassador to Turkey. On the other hand, we can but wonder at her failure to recognize the greatness of "Gulliver's Travels," and the genius of Swift, whether or not we share her antipathy for that wonderful man's character. It is pleasanter to find that she wrote in her cousin Fielding's "Tom Jones" "*Ne plus ultra*," and on reading "Joseph Andrews" liked that better. If we are fond of parallels, we can compare the tactics of the gallant ladies, headed by the Duchess of Queensberry (Prior's Kitty), who managed to hear a debate in the Lords, despite an order from the Chancellor not to admit them, with the methods employed in our own day by the virgin martyrs who try to storm the lower house. It is interesting to learn that in 1739 one of the drawbacks to Continental travelling was the constant risk one ran of meeting Englishmen, and we sympathize with Lady Mary when she objects to having her trunks examined on her return to her native land after an exile of over twenty years. But sympathy is out of the question when we recall her attitude toward her scapegrace son. Despite his linguistic attainments he was surely afflicted with some mental disorder, and, whether she could understand this or not, and whatever the shocks he gave her pride, no true mother—nay, no woman worthy of respect—should have written to and about him as Lady Mary did. One can forgive her coarseness, her hardness, her miserliness; one can dismiss the strictures of Pope and Walpole as slanders; one can admire her learning, her pleas for the better education of her sex, and her later relations with her daughter, Lady Bute; but one is forced to draw the line at pardoning the woman who could write his sister these words about her own son:

> A few days before, I received from an unknown hand, without any letter of advice, a very nonsensical book, printed with your brother's name to it, which only serves to show me that he has private correspondencies here, and that he is still a Knavish Fool.

"Folly (as Mons. Rochefoucault remarks) is the only incorrigible fault." So wrote Lady Mary on another occasion, and the folly of Edward Wortley Montagu, the polyglot traveller and polygamist, seems to have borne out the French Moralist. His chagrined parent was as little of a fool as any Englishwoman has ever been, but she was something much worse. She was an unfeeling mother who made the cynical remark about her son's wife—or rather one of his wives—that she was "too old to attract gallants and not rich enough to buy them." Is it any wonder that to-day Lady Mary is for most people merely the woman who introduced inoculation into England, and called Pope "the wicked wasp of Twickenham"?

CURRENT FICTION.

The Letters of One. By Charles Hare Plunkett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An interesting study of a morbid and irritating type. The writer of the letters is a small author who "lives for his art." The only original thing about him is that he claims little for his product, does not even fancy that he is about to produce masterpieces. Yet he prides himself upon his status as an artist, and is complacent in sacrificing everything and everybody else to the maintenance of that status. The principal victim is the woman to whom the letters are addressed. Knowing that she is inclined to marry him, he decides coolly to stay away from her and bait her with correspondence. A more subtly devised insult to any healthy and sensitive woman than the series of communications which follow, it would be hard to imagine. The pleasure of fidgeting and dawdling over his precious little literary exercises is evidently enhanced by the delicate spectacle of her distress. She has wealth and health and a loving heart, but he prefers to hug his poverty, his valetudinary habit, his idle and selfish dreams. And to this voluptuousness of the artist he adds the voluptuousness of the celibate; there is a touch of grossness in his very abnegations. The end of it all is reassuring. The man has promised the woman from the outset that he will come to her if she insists. As a final test, one supposes, she summons him. Follows a fatuous letter from him, thanking her for her kindness. She has been wonderfully good to him during the risky interview; she has, in effect, done nothing to compromise him! "Whatever may befall us, there is that between us which I hardly dare think—your perfect and wise acquiescence, your determination to let me do what I thought right." Here, obviously, is the perfect woman—one who will yearn for him indefinitely—at a definite distance. But the interview has, curiously enough, been less gratifying to the lady. The next letter is a reply to one from her announcing that she has decided to have nothing further to do with him. This, he says, is a terrible shock; he has neither eaten nor slept since receiving it. As a matter of fact, though his vanity is hurt, he evidently enjoys the situation. Whereupon "Poor-me's" and "God-bless-you's" follow each other tumultuously, and the correspondence ends with a creditable burst of rhetoric. In the introduction to the letters it is hinted that the lady is not permanently uncon-

soled; and as the gentleman has only insisted upon being miserable, there is nothing for any one to complain of. The business sounds rather farcical when reduced to these terms; but as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the artistic temperament theory, the book has merit.

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are two reasons for missing nothing that comes from the pen of this lady. The first is that her stories beget an almost sinful content with one's own place of abode, if only it be out of the Fatherland. Not Frau Buchholtz herself drew a more repulsive picture of honest bourgeois life, with its hideous concentration upon kitchen matters, and its distrust of all beyond its immediate ken.

Like Hildegarde of "The Initials," Fräulein Schmidt has a stepmother, who takes boarders. Like that Hamilton who was beloved by a whole past generation of mothers, Mr. Anstruther comes from a fashionable English circle, to improve his German. Like Hamilton, he offers marriage to his landlady's daughter. Here the parallel ceases. Fräulein Schmidt's letters form the only narrative, and it must be confessed that they rather suggest "Elizabeth" than a girl brought up in a poor household in Jena. Still, as the letters are undeniably good reading, this remark should be taken as a comment, not a criticism. England proves too much for Roger, England represented by a rich *partie* and his father's displeasure. Fräulein Schmidt has the rare courage and taste to wish to keep her faithless lover as a friend, and, truly, this is necessary, or where would the rest of the book have been, with its humorous descriptions, its pretty bits of scenery, its reflections upon life and literature?

In the end, Roger breaks with his rich Miss Cheriton and wishes to be taken back. At this point the author consults poetical justice before probability. Though chained to the grim fate of a dowerless girl in Germany, Rose-Marie Schmidt, having outgrown Roger, finds strength of soul to refuse him. Now, to use a big word, here is a psychological impossibility. "Elizabeth" with her talent for perversity might have done this. Not so the perfectly unembittered Rose-Marie! Still, one is quite free to believe that even if the book be ended, the story may perhaps go on, more normally. And after all, this is a minor matter, since (the second reason for reading them) these letters themselves, while slight, make a thoroughly acceptable bit of summer diversion.

The Haunters of the Silences. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Some years ago, when Mr. Burroughs fell upon Mr. Long, as it were, out of a clear sky, the incredible thing happened. So far as we recall, not a single naturalist of standing appeared in Mr. Long's defence; and the sale of Mr. Long's books at once increased enormously. Rejected of his fellows, town libraries clamored to take him in, even as they would be taken in, and school committees adopted him with enthusiasm. So he became the idol of whopper-loving childhood, the cynosure of the kindergartner, and the prophet of the lady with the bird-glass. Now that the President has laid hand to him, there is no knowing where he may stop. Mr. Roberts, to be sure, is the immediate target; we may congratulate him upon the substantial damages which a good-natured populace has begun already, no doubt, to pour into his lap. Who would not rather have the President call him a liar than a poet? Upon the technical points involved in the controversy, a layman had better not express an opinion. He does not know how a lynx kills a wolf, and does not so much care, so long as the blood flows. He does not go to a book like "The Haunters of the Silences" for precise information as to the habits of animals. He goes to it because he likes good stories, including fish stories. His interest in the animal story may be waning a bit; for the "nature" writers are in the way of running into the ground their fable of tooth and claw. And it may seem to him reasonable that, after the story is told, after the effect has been gained, the fabulist should now and then own frankly that whopper is the word.

The Wooing of Tokala. By Franklin Wells Calkins. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

With only a thread of story, in the conventional sense, this is a thoroughly competent study of a group of Dakotah and Sioux Indians. Their habits, traditions, and point of view are given with a detail which though painstaking is never tiresome. Mr. Calkins loves his red men. Their individuality, their humanity, is strongly borne in upon him, and the modern way of looking at all the mysteries of folk lore enables him both to understand and to interpret. He never loses the attitude of Indian towards Indian and towards white men. Having set himself to describing the whole condition from the other side, the Dakotahs', he actually succeeds in keeping up the illusion without a break. He makes his Indians quite plain, as creatures in the toils of tradition and beliefs which they must obey. His style is clear and simple, attaining excellent effects by dint of completely avoiding self-conscious and labored efforts. In fact, the whole book contains matter of real interest, which is conveyed without parade of knowledge and with a total absence of trick or mannerism.

Dulcibel: A Tale of Old Salem. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

If any reader desires to forget recent higher criticism of the Salem persecutions for witchcraft let him turn to Mr. Peterson's story. Rehabilitations in the light of modern research, reversals of judgment, the mantle of allowance for the day and the dogma, will all be forgotten while he abandons himself to the easy task of unmitigated abhorrence. The tale is not without its crudities, but it is animated and full of zeal. With every allowance for partisanship it is a stirring recital, and pulls at the nerves of indignation as if the dreadful thing had not all happened two hundred years ago.

Structure and Growth of the Mind. By W. Mitchell. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.60 net.

This is a treatise on descriptive and genetic psychology. It is presented in a series of lectures which were composed, as the author says, to be read as well as heard. The discursive style and the absence of prominent landmarks would often give the reader a rather vague idea of the plan of exposition, were it not for the table of contents, which is a model of scientific analysis, and almost makes up for the absence of an alphabetical index. The first lecture and the last are concerned with questions of physiological psychology. The author begins with a discussion of "Mind and Brain," and this forms, we think, the best chapter in the book. He disposes easily of materialism, as so many psychologists before him have done. He then takes up the theory of "parallelism," which at present is being extensively defended and attacked by metaphysicians and psychologists. Do physical and psychical processes act and react upon one another, or have we to do with two totally distinct, yet parallel, series of phenomena, which, although not interacting, correspond as two clocks might correspond with each other? Professor Mitchell maintains that physical, as well as psychical, phenomena are all modifications of mind. All our direct experience is of mental, not of material, changes. The latter are abstractions. There are not two series parallel to each other—one psychical, the other physical; there is a single series. For the idealistic metaphysician there is no "parallelism," inasmuch as direct experience is of the psychical only. Nevertheless, as the author points out, this does not preclude the psychologist from demonstrating a correspondence between certain modifications of the brain, and certain states of which we are directly conscious. The greater part of the volume is devoted to an explanation and analysis of this direct experience.

There are three chapters on "sympathetic and æsthetic intelligence." Of these, the first is concerned with "imitation," to which the author does not attach the importance given to it by Tarde and Baldwin as a means of mental development; the second and third contain explanations of the way in which self reads itself into experience, and becomes absorbed in it. The growth of intelligence is treated according to a threefold division of the latter into "sensory," "perceptual," and "conceptual." The concluding lecture leaves the "direct" and takes up the "indirect" explanation of experience. This can be read with understanding only by those who have some knowledge of the nervous system. Professor Mitchell gives a plausible account of the localization of the functions of the brain; but the territory is difficult for the traveller, and the further one goes, the further the frontier of certainty seems to recede.

In general, the point of view taken in these lectures is that of moderate pragmatism. The author holds that he has "a single task at all grades," and "at all of them the criterion of truth is the system of truth to which it claims to belong. The development of knowledge is by a tentative seeking of what will work with-

in the system." Unlike most modern psychologists, he has no scruples about using the term "faculty," which he defines as "a power to experience"; but he does not always adhere to this definition, as when he calls "sympathy" a faculty. And his explanation of the way in which we become aware of the existence of faculties is obscure, for he observes: "The explanation of a faculty consists in analyzing it not into anything that we experience, but into the conditions of the experience after which it is named." A faculty "is a power to achieve experience by means that we do not experience."

The plan followed by the author throughout is to consider first our experience of things; second, our thought about them, and last, our action in consequence of our thought and interest. This analysis may be accommodated to the traditional division of mental processes into those of knowing, feeling, and willing. In every process, self is an element; and Professor Mitchell has no sympathy apparently with the associational psychology, which would explain one experience by another. He thinks that the active self must always be considered in every mental change. This point does not seem to be of much psychological importance. For if the self be regarded as something which changes at every moment of consciousness, then we may disregard it, and examine the states of consciousness as such. If, on the contrary, it is a common factor which remains unchanged in every experience, then it may be eliminated. At all events, it is misleading to speak as the author does of our consciousness of "self-activity" without removing the obscurity which surrounds the conception of "activity" in general, and of "self-activity" in particular. Mr. Bradley long ago found fault with the abuse of the word "activity," which he regarded as a "scandal" in philosophy. Indeed, it would be well if those who employ the term would either define it, or else admit that it is indefinable. As for "self-activity," it is used even more vaguely.

These lectures resemble not so much the precise and well-guarded treatises on psychology of the last two decades, as they do a modernized form of those discourses which once attracted, informed, and delighted the audiences at the Scotch universities during the days of Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown. Professor Mitchell has made a good contribution to psychology, and indirectly to pedagogy; and that will be recognized even by readers who dissent from his conclusions.

Race Prejudice. By Jean Finot. Translated by Florence Wade-Evans. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

M. Finot is an apostle of international and interracial friendship. Holding that one great obstacle, indeed the greatest obstacle, in the way of the establishment of kindly relations between human communities is the belief in the existence of insurmountable racial differences and antagonisms, he sets himself to show that the diversities that exist are neither fundamental nor necessarily permanent. With the term "race" he has little difficulty—no one now holds that the word can be taken to mean an absolutely unitary and fixed social group. He goes into detail, however, on the question, examining, with a large array of authorities, the various proposed divisions of humanity based on shape and size of skull, length of limbs, color of skin, and other physical differences, and deciding that in these regards there is no visible line of demarcation between human groups. Here he is too positive; the trustworthy statistics thus far published are not large enough to warrant his sweeping generalization; still, the facts he adduces go to diminish the significance of the physical differences between peoples and between other groups. On the other hand, he points out the influences that make for the unity of the human type: the conditions of climate and food, the crossing of races, and the law of organic coördination, according to which changes in one organ affect all others. Striking examples of the effect of these influences may be given, such as the growth of the Hungarian people out of a Turkish nucleus, the mixed character of the English, and in this country the rapid Americanization of large bodies of immigrants of diverse types. Here again, with much that is sound, the author is disposed to accept too hastily poorly authenticated reports of the results of cross-breeding in the lower human groups.

M. Finot's main purpose is to set aside the current opinion that the "Latin" peoples, and especially the French, are essentially different from the other peoples of Europe, and to show that there is no reason for relegating negroes to a permanently low place, intellectually and culturally, among human races. France, he says, while at bottom not Celtic, but Germanic, has the most mixed population and the greatest variety of soils of any European country, and it is precisely for this reason that she is the leader of civilization in Europe, the land where human equality is most recognized, the centre whence ideas spread over Europe and America. Not calling in question the cultural primacy of France (a primacy long ago claimed for her by Guizot and others), and accepting for the moment the statement as to the character of her population (though this is doubtful), the author's conclusion does not certainly follow; national character and national achievement are things too complicated to be explained in so summary a manner, as he himself admits in his sketch of the discordant opinions that have been expressed concerning the Celtic genius. However, his exposition of the French civilization is instructive, and his object will have been gained if it be recognized (as recognized it must be) that it is no longer possible to divide all human psychological material into "French nature and human nature."

His championship of the negro is based in part on a precarious ethnological theory—the white race, he says (p. 99), is the direct fruit of a negro race. True, some ethnologists hold that Europe was settled by a North African stock; but this supposition is by no means proved, and if it were proved, the character of the stock in question is unknown. He is on safer ground when he points to the industrial and cultural progress of negroes in this country, though it should be added that this progress has been made entirely under white tutelage. All friends of the negro welcome his growth in capacity, and insist that he shall have equality of opportunity; but it is too soon to maintain, as M. Finot does, that he is in all respects the equal of the white man—only time can decide this question. M. Finot, further, is firmly convinced that the American white race is moving physically toward the Redskin type—leather-like skin, muddy tint (among woman insipid pallor), small head covered with smooth dark hair, long neck, sunken eyes, with dark iris, elongated bones of the extremities (in women unmelodious voice, thinness, precocious physical and intellectual development). This point may be left to somatologists to decide.

It may be hoped that M. Finot's book will help to dispel race prejudice and to further the sentiment of human unity. One cannot, indeed, share his optimistic expectations to the full. Granted that the term "race" represents merely a hypothetical limit and not a concrete reality, it remains true that mankind is divided into communities that are concrete and real, every one regarding itself as an independent unit, and every one working for its own advantage. This narrow self-regarding attitude may be modified by the abolition of the dogma of racial antagonism, but for complete regeneration we must look to the larger influences that spring from close companionship and the sense of identity of interests—it is, in fact, this last that will destroy the feeling of antagonism.

M. Finot's volume, while it does not escape the exaggeration natural to an enthusiastic advocate, contains much matter that is of interest to students of international relations and racial history.

Haddon. The Manor, the Hall, its Lords and Traditions. By G. LeBlanc Smith. London: Elliot Stock.

Haddon Hall has so long been the property of tourists, novelists, and playwrights, that a time has come when the archæologist may fitly claim his share in this delightful memorial of the past. To be sure, a certain amount of history must needs be woven into any tale of Dorothy Vernon and her elopement. But then the elopement is a complete myth, and it remains for the present historian to give us in its soberer, more authentic form, the annals of this ancient place. His book on Haddon is a volume of nearly 170 pages, in which, amid copious illustrations, is told the story of the Peverels, the Avenels, the Vernons, and the Mannerses, as it centres around one of the most famous buildings in England.

Haddon, like every other respectable manor, goes back to Domesday, where it figures in close association with Bakewell. Shortly after the Conquest, it was granted by William to his natural son, William Peverel, in whose family a part of it remained until the fourth Peverel forfeited his lands to the first of the Plantagenets. In the meantime, however, the greater part of the manor, including the Hall, had been granted by the second Peverel to a knight named Avenel. By a singular arrangement effected about 1170, William of Avenel divided all his possessions at death between his two sons-in-law, Richard de Vernon and Simon Basset, the two "sharing equal-

ly everywhere and in all things as my heirs, and so that Simon Basset and his heirs shall do to Richard de Vernon and his heirs what the younger shall own to the elder." Eventually, the Vernons bought out the interest of the Bassets in Haddon, and the estate remained their property in the male line until 1565, when Sir George Vernon died, leaving two daughters. The younger of these was the celebrated Dorothy, who carried Haddon as part of her dower to John Manners, second son of the first Earl of Rutland.

As for the incident with which Dorothy Vernon is chiefly connected in legend, Mr. Smith says: "There is not one particle of historical or documentary evidence to support the tale of elopement." He furthermore observes: "The amount of truth contained in this undoubtedly pretty tale may be gauged from the fact that the very room in which she was supposed to have been dancing, and the actual steps down which she is said to have fled, were built by her husband John Manners, when he married her and became possessed of the Haddon estates." There are several other points about Haddon and its owners which Mr. Smith is at pains to clear up. One of these is that all the later Vernons were descended from a certain Gilbert le Franceis, who married a Vernon heiress, and whose sons assumed the Vernon name. There is at Haddon a so-called confessional, which the local guide always associates with pre-Reformation days. As a matter of fact, it never was a confessional at all, and dates only from the seventeenth century. "This," says Mr. Smith, "like Dorothy Vernon's elopement, is another Haddon fable."

The true antiquarian is so filled with the romance of his subject that he has little patience for those who demand the pseudo-romance of melodrama. In the present case Mr. Smith does nothing to embellish his theme by any attempt at fine writing. It is enough that he should set down correctly the leading events in manorial annals and make notes upon the chief objects of interest that are still preserved within the hall. But for those who wish to *know*, this book is worth all the loosely written trash about Haddon, put together. We submit, however, that Mr. Smith would do well to avoid a common misquotation when he writes at the foot of his dedication:

Si monumentum quaris, circumspice.

Apropos of this volume, we wish to say a word on behalf of the American tourist whose vagaries and vandalism are so often held up to ridicule and abuse. It does, indeed, happen from time to time that some one, like the late Rev. Mr. Talmage, goes abroad with a geological hammer to knock relics off the corners of ancient and venerated buildings. The verses of J. K. Stephen, entitled, "On a Rhine Steamer," are also not without a certain justification. But we would fain protest against an indiscriminate tirade against those from our side of the Atlantic who during six months of the year infest the English inn and wander about the English ruin. The next time the reader hears American tourists denounced abusively, let him remember, though he need not cite, the following passage from the preface to Mr. Smith's book on Haddon Hall:

Large numbers of Americans visit Haddon every year, and take the greatest interest in everything shown them, besides displaying far more intelligence than the average Briton, who is perfectly content to amuse himself by endeavoring to inscribe his name on every wall or anything inscribable, despite forbidding notices, when the guide's back is turned or attention is in any way diverted. The American seems to come to learn, while our countrymen come to enjoy themselves in any way, rowdy or otherwise, that they can.

The King of Court Poets. A Study of the Work, Life, and Times of Lodovico Ariosto. By Edmund G. Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Gardner has won a high place in the esteem of students of Italian literature and travellers in Italy, in the first instance by his excellent "Dante Primer" and "Dante's Ten Heavens," and in the second by his books on Florence and Siena in Dent's Mediæval Towns series. In his "Dukes and Poets in Ferrara," and in the present volume, he has attempted a combination of political and literary history; but we cannot think that these two epochs have been happily chosen for such an attempt. There are periods in which political events may be grouped about the writings and personalities of literary men. Cases in point are Masson's "Life of Milton" and Villari's "Life and Times of Machiavelli," and any adequate political history of the Italian Risorgimento must also be a library history of the same era. But neither the men nor the events with which Mr. Gardner deals can be compared to those which we have cited. "In the earlier epoch of Ferrarese history," says Mr. Gardner, "the princes of the House of Este—and, above all, the first Duke Ercole—are far more interesting than the poets who sang their praises. But in this second period Ariosto becomes an incomparably more attractive and engaging figure than either Cardinal Ippolito or Duke Alfonso." This is true enough, but Ariosto, accomplished court poet though he was, even King of Court Poets, according to our author's title, and often as he was employed on public business, had little influence upon the political moves in which he played a part. He was never anything more than a legate or emissary, with definite instruction to control his acts.

For this reason different portions of the book, as they deal with political or literary history, read as if they belonged to different studies, and were bound together by mistake. Chapters iv, vi, viii, and ix, which together form the largest and most important of the purely historical parts, have little to do with Ariosto. But more than this, Mr. Gardner has not shown himself in his two later ventures to be a good writer of history. Both of them leave no question of his diligence in research, but they also betray his imperfect mastery of the art of historical perspective. We can almost see him in the act of transferring the materials directly from the archives to his pages. Whereas, in his popular books on Florence and Siena he showed that he could write a clear and entertaining historical brief when he depended on others for his facts, his writing here is not only without distinction, but is sometimes positively bad. There are all too many sentences like this: "Count Niccolò Ariosti was at Lugo, as ducal commissary in Romagna, when in the November of this year, 1496, he put an innocent man to the torture in order to make him deliver up to justice the name of a villain who had done him wrong, whom, for the sake of his own honor, he was shielding."

Mr. Gardner is at his best in dealing with Ariosto's personal and literary history. Chapters xi, xii, and xiii, under the respective titles of "The Orlando Furioso," "Ariosto's Minor Poems," and "Ariosto's Comedies," are all good, especially the twelfth. The influence of the poet's predecessors and contemporaries, and the growth and development of his own art, are set forth with insight, while epitomes and long quotations, nearly always accompanied by translations, make the treatment easy to follow, even when a text of the author is not at hand. But here again a serious defect is the almost complete failure to consider Ariosto's versification from the formal and historical points of view. His invention of a new comic rhythm, the dodecasyllabic *verso sdrucciolo*, is indeed mentioned (p. 331), as also the fact that in his one undoubted canzone of the regular type, the pauses in sense do not correspond with the metrical periods (p. 298). But there is never a word said about the history of the *ottava rima*, the form which is so characteristic of the Italian epic, and over which Ariosto won so perfect a command.

We wish to draw attention to a discriminating passage in Mr. Gardner's criticism of the "Orlando" (pp. 266 ff.), in which he rightly rejects the judgment of Tasso that the two "Orlandos"—Boiardo's "Innamorato" and Ariosto's "Furioso"—should be considered as a single complete poem, begun by the one and brought to an end with greater artistic power by the other poet. Mr. Gardner justly observes that the two poems belong to entirely different categories in art:

> The one is a chivalrous romance written in verse, the other is a romantic epic. "The true culminating point in the history of the Italian romance of chivalry," writes Pio Rajna, "is represented by the first, rather than by the second 'Orlando.' With the poem of the Count of Scandiano ends the natural and spontaneous development of the genus. With the 'Furioso,' born of an Italian father, but of a Latin mother, there begins in the stem another branch, which, if it still recognizes the 'Chanson de Roland' and the 'Roman de Tristan' among its ancestors, nevertheless derives a good part of its blood from the 'Æneid,' from the 'Metamorphoses,' and from the 'Thebaid.'"

Mr. Gardner's phrase, "chivalrous romance," instead of "romance of chivalry," may not be commended, but his distinction, as suggested by Rajna, is a valid one. And a striking evidence of Ariosto's indebtedness to the ancients is his delight in episodic narrative, which, though never wholly irrelevant, nevertheless obstructs the main current of the fable. In fact, an interesting essay in comparative literature might be written on the episodic element in epic poetry.

Mr. Gardner's versions are usually accurate, but he has made a few slips in translating his author's *Carm.* i, 11, as quoted on page 293. "Celebres" in the line, "Et Satyros inter celebres Dryadasque puellas," means not "renowned," but "thronging." "Dum vaga mens aliud poscat" is rendered "Whilst my roving mind asks other things"; but the correct sense is, "Until my roving fancy ask a change." In translating "Qui-

bus parili vita tenore fluit," "Ye for whom life flows in *rigid* tenour," Mr. Gardner probably derives the notion of "rigid" from "Catones" in the preceding line rather than from "parili," which here has the meaning of "monotonous."

The book is provided with a full bibliography and index, and is beautifully made up. The frontispiece is from the woodcut after Titian's design, which was published in the Ferrara edition of the "Orlando" of 1532. There are besides eight illustrations in the text from contemporary medals and paintings.

Die Geheimlehre des Veda. By Paul Deussen. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.

Erinnerungen an Indien. By Paul Deussen. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer.

In his "Secret Doctrine of the Veda" the distinguished professor of philosophy in the University of Kiel aims to reveal the esoteric teachings of the Veda by a careful and quite exhaustive collection of passages from it and from the commentaries of Indian exegetists, especially from the Upanishads. The Bible ascribes the fall of man to the corruption and perversion of his will, which brought him under the hereditary dominion of sin; the Veda, he says, discovers the origin of human errors and delinquencies in ignorance. The former finds ransom through the mediatorial transformation of the will; the latter secures redemption through enlightenment and the enlargement of the perceptive faculties. In the words of Shakespeare,

> Ignorance is the curse of God,
> Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

But since man is neither wholly will nor wholly intellect, the two schemes of redemption supplement and elucidate each other.

The secret doctrine which the author discovers in the Veda and expounds is that of the *Âtman*, the principle of life, sensation, and intelligence, which has its highest impersonal manifestation in Brahma, the supreme deity and soul of the universe, and which constitutes the essence, entity, and imperishable self of every individual. This doctrine was taught by Çankara, the celebrated interpreter of the Vedânta philosophy, by Plato, Kant, and Schopenhauer, and finds concise expression in Descartes's "cogito, ergo sum," corresponding essentially to the Sanskrit "aham Brahma asmi," I am Brahma. All else is illusion (*mâyâ*). We cannot here give even a succinct survey of the contents of this volume, but can commend it to all who may be interested in the subject. Professor Deussen, we may add, is the ablest living exponent of Hindu Philosophy, but in reading his work one must allow for a certain perversion of the naïve spirituality of the more ancient India through his Teutonic intellectualism.

His "Recollections of India" is a work of more general interest, but also of special value to Oriental scholars. It contains delightful reminiscences of a journey in India extending from Bombay to Peshawar in the extreme north, thence to Calcutta, and through central India, back to Bombay, including a remarkable excursion in the Himalayas and a tour to Madras and Ceylon. Professor Deussen was accompanied by his wife. They both speak English, and were thus enabled to converse with the officials and British residents, while his knowledge of Sanskrit and Hindi facilitated his intercourse with native scholars and the common people. Indeed, since his return he has kept up a correspondence in Sanskrit with some of his learned friends there, who address him as Devasena, a quite complimentary orthographic form of his name, since it implies a connection with the celestial hosts.

These rare qualifications brought him into more or less familiar association with all classes—rulers, priests, pandits, and persons of every caste from Brahmins to Sudras. It is hardly necessary to add that this volume of 256 pages gives a more varied and more accurate description of the country and its heterogeneous inhabitants, their thoughts, feelings, occupations, and conditions in ordinary life, as well as their ideas embodied in philosophic systems and religious tenets, than any other record of travel in that remote region. Obscure places, which have no interest for the average tourist, are full of significance and suggestiveness to him through the allusions to them in the "Rigveda," the "Mahâbhârata," and other monuments of Sanskrit literature. At the same time he shows strong practical sense and often delicious humor in the narration of his daily experiences. He praises the organization and construction of the railways and the arrangements for the comfort of the passengers. The hotels are very defective, and in many smaller towns there are no inns whatever, and the Government has erected so-called dawk-bungalows at the stations for the travellers, or prepares beds in the waiting rooms or in empty cars. Although these makeshifts furnish rather primitive accommodations, they are preferable to the average hotels. In Lucknow he took a cab, or *ekka*, which he calls "the most wretched vehicle I ever sat in." Its name seems at first to be a corruption of hack, but is really from the Sanskrit *eka*, single, one-horse shay; its disagreeable jerking and jolting, however, might sugest *aka*, moving tortuously or jostling to and fro.

The book has a map of India and sixteen illustrations with an appendix containing a lecture in English "On the Philosophy of the Vedânta and Its Relations to Occidental Metaphysics," delivered before the Royal Asiatic Society in Bombay.

The Arthur of the English Poets. By Howard Maynadier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.

This is an excellent book and is likely to supersede M. W. MacCallum's "Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story," which has long done good service as the best popular account of the development of the Arthurian legend in the Middle Ages, and its treatment by the English poets. To be sure, the plan of the two works is not quite the same. In Mr. MacCallum's book only about a fifth of the space was given to the period before Malory, whereas in the present work the proportion is almost exactly one-half. We believe, for our own part, that Professor Maynadier's plan is the more judicious of the two. The Arthurian legend has a vastly greater importance for mediæval than for modern literature, and, besides, there is really no organic connection between the various treatments of Arthurian story in the different modern periods—between Blackmore's "King Arthur," for example, and Tennyson's "Idylls."

In general, Professor Maynadier's work satisfies all the requirements of exact scholarship, but there are some errors in it which it will be worth while pointing out—most of them, as will be observed, relating to the Old French prose romances, which are so commonly neglected by students of the Arthurian legend on this side of the ocean, owing, doubtless, to the fact that some of the most important of them remain to this day unedited. In the first place, Professor Maynadier invests Malory with an authority which is not his due. Malory has indisputably an important place in the history of English prose style, although to ascribe to him the quality of "swiftness," as Professor Maynardier does, sounds rather ironical; but as far as his materials are concerned, he is entirely unoriginal, and any one who has had to occupy himself much with Malory's relations to his French sources will even begin to doubt whether the merit of judicious selection is really his, and whether the work of compilation and abridgment had not already been done for him, in the main, by some French compiler. However this may be, Professor Maynadier's idea about Malory's Anglicising his material is purely imaginary. The part which the Archbishop of Canterbury plays in the "Morte Darthur" is taken over bodily from the "Mort Artu," or rather the modified form of this romance which Malory undoubtedly followed in the latter part of his work. Similarly, there is no earthly connection between Margaret of Anjou and the story of how Gulnevere defended herself against Mordred in the Tower of London. This story, in every detail, is found in the "Mort Artu," composed more than two hundred years before. In fact the only reason why the "Morte Darthur" has eclipsed the Old French romances is that it is short (comparatively speaking) and they are long. If we take any individual episode in the best of these romances—say, the prose "Tristan" or the "Mort Artu"—we shall find that even in the matter of style Malory enjoys no superiority whatever.

Professor Maynadier makes another slip in regard to Malory's sources, when he cites among them the Middle English stanzaic "Morte Arthur." If he had consulted the Early English Text Society's edition of the poem in question, he would have been saved this error. There are other instances, however, besides those involving Malory, which show Professor Maynadier's imperfect acquaintance with the Old French prose romances. For example, with regard to the continuations of "Merlin" he remarks that, "for some reason or other," the romancers decided to carry the adventures of Merlin beyond Arthur's coronation. But the reason is perfectly well known—namely, a desire to connect "Merlin" with "Lancelot du Lac." Again, our author speaks of the "Quête du St. Graal" as ascribed sometimes to Robert de Boron, but more often to Walter Map, but the versions so ascribed are not identical. The former is preserved in the Portuguese "Demanda do Santo Graall," the latter in the Vulgate—Quest,

published by Dr. Furnivall. Of the story of Mordred's incestuous birth, Professor Maynadier observes: "How this episode got into the stories [of Arthur] cannot be said." It is almost certain, however, as was suggested by Gaston Paris, that this feature of the Arthurian legend was borrowed from the legend of Pope Gregory. Turning to our author's discussion of the Holy Grail, one remarks here again the old error of Alfred Nutt's, which has enjoyed such a vigorous life, concerning "The Lay of the Great Fool"—accepted by that eminent folklorist in his "Legend of the Holy Grail" as a genuine Celtic parallel of the Perceval story. But Professor Zimmer in his review of this book, now seventeen years ago, pointed out that this tale first appears in an eighteenth century Irish manuscript next to a version of Chrétien's "Yvain" and amidst other material of a similar character, so that there can be no reasonable doubt that it too is derived from the French. Professor Maynadier repeats from Paulin Paris a very unfavorable estimate of the compilation of Arthurian romance made by Rusticiano da Pisa in the latter part of the thirteenth century. From the purely literary point of view the judgment may be correct, but this compilation contains Arthurian material of greater value than is generally known, and is one of the first works which should be published, if the longed-for Arthurian Society is ever formed.

There are a good many statements besides the above in Professor Maynadier's work that invite criticism. There is no reason, for instance, for conceiving the historical Arthur as a bare-foot and bare-legged savage chieftain. The Latin origin of his name, which seems well assured—if nothing else—would lead us to suppose that he belonged to the Romanized Celts, and hence was, no doubt, a civilized man. The book, taken as a whole, however, is one of decided value. It is very agreeably written, and has a basis of accurate scholarship.

A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, based on the Lexicon of William Gesenius as Translated by Edward Robinson. By Francis Brown, S. R. Driver, and Charles A. Briggs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $7.50 net.

The title-page of the new Hebrew and English lexicon does not quite accurately describe it. Large as is the debt which it owes to the great German lexicographer, it is really based, not on Robinson's Gesenius, but on an independent and exhaustive collection and analysis of the material, and this alone would suffice to distinguish it as the most important contribution to Hebrew lexicography since the "Thesaurus." When it is added that the gains of three-quarters of a century in Semitic philology, in textual criticism, geographical exploration, and archæological research, as well as in Biblical exegesis, have been brought to bear on the lexical problems of the Old Tstament, it will be understood that the lexicon has no need to commend itself by even the greatest names of former generations. Scholars of the English tongue have now in their hands an instrument not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled in any other language; and American scholars will have a peculiar pride in the fact that it is mainly a product of American scholarship. The publishers and editors, especially Professor Brown, who has borne the burden of the task for nearly twenty years, are to be heartily congratulated in its completion.

Science.

The World Machine. The First Phase: The Cosmic Mechanism. By Carl Snyder. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Our estimate of this book depends upon what we conceive to be its purpose. If we consider it as the first installment of a new philosophy of the universe, we shall be inclined to criticise it sharply, both for its assumptions and its inadequacies. But if we regard it as a popular history of the development of physical and astronomical science, we must give it praise Apparently the author intends us to take the former view, since he announces two more "phases" in preparation: "The Mechanism of Life" and "The Social Mechanism." He holds that "every step toward positive knowledge has been an advance toward mechanical conceptions of phenomena which must one day end in a *mechanical conception of the whole.*" This sounds as if it were written a generation ago, when it was commonly assumed that the only way to "explain" anything was to construct a model machine which would work similarly, and that if we only knew enough we should see that the universe "really" consisted of nothing but moving atoms. Nowadays the trend of thought is quite the other way. There is a tendency, represented by such leaders as Ostwald and Poincaré, to abandon mechanical analogies as inadequate and cumbersome, even in fields like physics and chemistry, where they have been the most useful in the past. But criticism of Mr. Snyder's mechanical materialism should be postponed until he develops in the later volumes his own system of philosophy.

His point of view does not impair the value of the present volume, because it is the history of the development of the mechanical interpretation of physical phenomena which he has to record. He has given life to this story of ideas by the abundant use of biographical details, dividing it into chapters with such headings as "Archimedes and the First Ideas of Gravitation," "Galileo and the Optic Tube," "Newton and the Motor Force of the World Machine." The conception of history as a series of epoch-making men is at least as legitimate in science as it is in literature, art, or politics, and it is certainly the best way that has been devised for catching the attention of the ordinary reader, for whose benefit the book is written. He will find here what he could elsewhere only by long search, that is, descriptions and explanations in popular language of the most important discoveries in astronomy and physics, and clear presentations of conflicting cosmical theories. Mr. Snyder's style is that of the writer of magazine "feature stories." He picks up picturesque facts and anecdotes and puts them in telling fashion by the free use of slang, snappiness, and grandiloquence. He gets his information mostly at second or third hand and gives few references by which his sources can be traced. Besides the liability to historical errors due to this, he is fond of exaggeration and rash prophecy, such as the following:

> The weather sharp now knows the most, though not all, of the physical conditions which produce the varieties and eccentricities of atmospheric phenomena. The biochemist understands the most, but not all, of the physical conditions which result in the display of life by "inert" matter. But he cannot, as yet, follow these conditions sufficiently close to produce life, just as the weather prophet cannot yet predict earthly weather five hundred years hence, as he will be able not distantly to do. Probably the solution of the one problem will be reached almost as soon as the other.

In "Lilies and Orchids," by Rosina C. Boardman (Robert Grier Cooke), we have handsome reproductions in color of thirty-six drawings of important members of the family of orchids and lilies in the widest sense. The twenty-four plates on which these sketches are grouped are not of equal merit, but all of them are good and not misleading. An objectionable nomenclature is partially atoned for by the use in parentheses of the more generally accepted names. Most of the text is interesting and correct, but there are a few oversights, such as the statement on page 13, "The orchids are more nearly related to the lilies than to any other family": whereas the iris-family and amaryllis-family stand, in every well-considered modern system of classification, as the intermediate steps by which the lilies with their non-adherent ovary have passed into the more highly specialized forms of orchids. All such attractive books as Miss Boardman's are heartily welcomed. We greet with pleasure every treatise on plants and flowers which will lead people to look more closely at their beauty and mechanism, and at what these stand for in the order of nature.

A second edition of Ernest Ingersoll's "The Life of Animals" has been issued with the omission of one illustration, the substitution of several photographs for drawings, and the "correction of a few minor errors." There are still others which should have been corrected, such as the wrong initialing of Professor Osborne's name on page four. It is to be regretted that this opportunity was not taken to introduce a chapter on those important mammals, the cetaceans, which, as in the first edition, are dismissed with a bare half-hundred words.

Dr. Karl Bauer, founder of the observatory at Kalocza, Hungary, and inventor of various meteorological instruments, has just died, in his seventy-sixth year.

Drama and Music.

Stephen Phillips has several plays in hand to follow Mr. Tree's production of "Faust," which he is writing in conjunction with Comyns Carr. He contemplates a new piece for Lewis Waller upon the subject of the Saxon Harold, with the character of Edith designed for Miss Evelyn Millard. He is at work also upon a version of

Victor Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse," and is writing a one-act play around the character of Jephthah's daughter, which he thinks would suit the personality of Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison.

J. M. Synge's Irish comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World," which created a riot in Dublin, has just been produced in the Great Queen Street Theatre, in London. That it should have given offence in Ireland, does not seem strange. It is a satire, of which the burthen is that in County Mayo the inhabitants would make a hero of a man who had killed his father, merely because he had the pluck to kill him out in the open with a "loy," or potato-spade, not from behind with a rusty fork, as the Widow Quin killed her husband. It is said in construction, character, and dialogue, to be the best play Mr. Synge has yet written; and its setting, its incidents, and its treatment are so unfamiliar as to double its value in the eyes of English theatregoers.

A dispatch announces the death on Monday of Joseph Knight, the oldest of London's dramatic critics. He was born in 1829. He was an excellent Shakespearean scholar, and his criticisms in the *Athenæum* were marked by good judgment and commendable reserve. Since 1883 he had been the editor of *Notes and Queries*, and in addition to his connection with the *Athenæum*, as dramatic critic, he wrote the criticisms for the *Globe*. As a writer of books Mr. Knight was also well known. He prepared a life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti for the Great Writers Series (1877), and was the author of "Theatrical Notes" (1893), "Life of David Garrick" (1894), "The Stage in the Year 1900" (1901), and the lives of actors for the Dictionary of National Biography. He was also the editor of Downe's Roscius Anglicanus.

Mr. Kneisel, who declined the directorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra in order to continue with his Quartet, has gone abroad to search for a violoncellist to replace Mr. Schroeder. With him he will then go to his place at Blue Hill, Me., to rehearse the quartets to be played next season. Of the amount of painstaking and repetition required to secure an exquisite ensemble like that of the Kneisel Quartet, few music-lovers have the remotest idea. The players also have to deny themselves many forms of exercise which would delight and invigorate them. They cannot row, nor can they ride a horse. Mr. Kneisel has a garden, but he cannot use the spade or the hoe. "A violinist," he said the other day, "should not even carry an umbrella or a cane. Whenever I do so I have cause to regret it, for it mars the smoothness of my bowing. Ysaye has had the same experience. Sarasate used to leave his house for a walk with a stick in hand, but after a short distance he always gave it to his valet." One reason why Mr. Kneisel likes the Maine coast is that at his summer residence the strings behave so much better than further south; a dozen strings last as long there as a hundred do near Boston; and the presence of fog in Maine does not alter that fact.

The German Brahms Society has just issued Ellen's Second Song, by Schubert (opus 52, No. 2), arranged by Brahms for soprano solo, female choir, and wind instruments. The Brahmsgesellschaft has also issued a new edition of "Brahms-Texte," containing all the poems he set to music, and of the first volume of Max Kalbeck's elaborate biography of Brahms. The second volume is to appear in the autumn. A new edition is also promised of Brahms's correspondence with Heinrich and Elizabeth Herzogenberg, in which, however, Brahms plays a minor rôle, his own letters being few in number and uninteresting.

A Leipzig firm has sold the MS. of one of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin (in G-major, opus 96) to Commendatore Leo S. Olschi of Florence, for $10,000 (42,500 marks). A good deal of soreness has been caused among the Germans by this sale.

Vladimir De Pachman, the great pianist, announces his farewell tour in America from September, 1907, to May, 1908.

The death is announced of H. A. Köstlin, professor of theology in the University of Giessen from 1895 to 1901. He was the author of several important works on the history of church music.

Art.

Some important changes are being made in the hanging of the pictures at the Louvre, which, in the case of Rembrandt, are distinctly for the better. The tendency of late in exhibitions of old and modern painters is to place the work of one man together, and this is the arrangement now adopted with the Louvre Rembrandts. They have been brought from the Salon Carré and the little alcoves and grouped at one end of the long gallery. It is a regret, of course, not to find that wonderful Hendrickje Stoffels in the Salon Carré with the Lionardo and the Giorgione, the Velasquez and the Titians. But there is no doubt that Rembrandt never before has been so well seen at the Louvre; many bare spaces are left on the walls of the alcoves, and probably there will be further interesting groupings and changes before long. One other thing that strikes the present visitor at the Louvre is the positive splendor with which Manet holds his own in the great room of the modern Frenchmen. Ingres, from whom it can now be seen how much he learned, pales before the beauty and the colors of the Olympe. The picture seems to have gained by the removal from its probation at the Luxembourg to a place among the masters.

There have been changes also in the hanging at the London National Gallery, and these also are very much for the better. The influence of Sir Charles Holroyd is already making itself felt, though it is hardly a year since he succeeded Sir Edward Poynter, and the few things he has had time to do make one hopeful for the future of the Gallery under his direction. The most notable change as yet is in the arrangement of the Dutch and Flemish pictures. The large room where they have hitherto hung together is now reserved for the Dutchmen, and Franz Hals has his place, as he should, on the walls with Rembrandt. The Flemish pictures fare no less well. Rubens, in a room apart, which he almost fills, the remaining space being given to Jordaens and Van Dyck, has a stateliness and sumptuousness that never impressed one in the same way when his three or four big pictures were in the corner of the large room. They appear now with the decorative dignity that belongs to them, while the student profits immensely by the new arrangement. Here, too, bare spaces on the walls prepare one for further changes. It is noticeable that modern foreign work has been gradually creeping into the National Gallery of late. There are the Boudin and Fantin with the French collection, and a little group of modern Dutchmen, with the old Dutch masters. The latter group has been lent—not bought or presented. And it must be said that the work scarcely has the distinction that justifies the acceptance of the loan at Trafalgar Square, where there is a modern section only for British work, and even this the Tate Gallery is rapidly monopolizing.

The exhibition of the New English Art Club is now open in London; its present headquarters an unattractive little gallery in Dering Yard, just off New Bond Street. There was a time when this exhibition was one of the most interesting given in England. The club was young; so were its members, who represented all that was strongest and most promising in the art of Great Britain. You could smell the powder, feel the revolution in the air at their annual show, the enthusiast used to say. But the club has reached the conservatism of maturity, it has managed to get rid of many of its distinguished and promising members, and to-day it is little more than a gathering of the professors of the Slade School at University College, their friends and followers. Wilson Steer remains, and he, by refusing to exhibit with other societies or academics, has proved a very decided attraction. But his two pictures this year—portraits—show that he is now wavering in his allegiance between the French and English portrait-painters of the eighteenth century, as in his landscapes he has so often wavered between Monet and Constable. Walter Sickert remains, but, apparently, prefers to reserve his best work for other galleries; worthier things of his have been seen at the new Salon in Paris, and the International in London. Rothenstein remains, but seems, in paint, to be endeavoring to rival Mr. Zangwill's success in words, and, in his presentation of his people at their religious rites, to be looking to subject for success as dutifully as any Academician; the Ghetto supplying the novelty. The younger members, who have come into the fold of late, have not done much so far except to express unquestioned loyalty to Slade teaching, or to give that promise which, at the New English Art Club, has for the last twenty years passed as achievement. The result is that the present exhibition would be sadly dull and disappointing, but for the contributions of an Academician, Mr. Sargent. For some reason he has always been honored by the club, and he often shows with its members. He has now several brilliant sketches, mostly of architecture, in oils and water-colors, which, by their vigor, their audacity, their solidity, emphasize the weakness of the work sur-

rounding them. Here, anyway, is a man who can make good, strong studies, but does not think art begins and ends with the jotting down, on paper or canvas or metal, of his notes and memoranda. The New Englishman, as a rule, leaves off where the artist begins, and is coutent to display the study for the masterpiece that is never done—often not even attempted. The pity of it is that the club at the start had everything in its hands, and could have become, had it continued on the same lines, a formidable opponent to the Academy. Now it has left the work of opposition to the International, and one can only hope that the efficiency of this society in the work of reform will be more enduring.

The frontispiece of the *Burlington Magazine* for June is a photogravure after "A Man with a Hawk," by Henry Wyatt, an almost unknown English painter of the early part of the nineteenth century, who worked as an assistant in the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence and is, likely enough, the real author of many pictures attributed to his master. The work has sufficient quality to make one feel that the individuality of the painter is worth rescuing, but, at least in the reproduction, hardly enough to justify the praise of the writer in the *Burlington*, who says of it:

Here we have a picture which in spirit and accomplishment is of the highest degree of excellence, and only falls short of the work of the supreme masters of portraiture from lack of the gravity with which they invest their sitters.

After this there is something of anticlimax in the further statement that "but for the inscription on the back of the eanvas, the painting might well have passed for the work of Lawrence." An article by Perey Moore Turner on "The Representation of the British School in the Louvre" gives occasion for the reproduction of two pictures by Lawrence himself, that extremely clever painter who was so far from a "supreme master," and of Reynolds's Master Hare, accidentally mislabelled "by T. Gainsborough." The leading article is Ethel Ross Barker's account of "Past Excavations of Herculaneum," illustrated with five plates after antique bronzes, and there are articles on tapestry, stained glass, Dutch and Flemish furniture, etc., etc. The department of Art in America is largely devoted to notes on the exhibition of the National Academy, that of the Ten American Painters, and several minor exhibitions.

The special spring number of the *Studio* is devoted this year to the Royal Scottish Academy, and contains a history of that institution by A. L. Baldry, lists of its members and professors, forty plates in color after the works of prominent members, past and present, eight portraits and four facsimiles of autograph letters. The Scotch painters have evidently confined their efforts largely to landscape and portraiture, and there are few serious attempts at figure painting in these forty plates. In landscape the earlier work is scenic, the later episodical and *intime;* but through the whole series, from the pictures of the earliest Academicians to those of the Glasgow men of to-day, there is an obvious attempt at fulness and quality of color which distinguishes these men from their contemporaries over the border, and justifies, to some extent—in spite of the evidenecs of foreign influence, particularly that of the modern Dutch School, in the more recent work—the contention that there is a Scottish School of painting.

The Life Publishing Co. puts out a handsomely printed quarto, with pictures and verse from that weekly, with the appropriate title of "The Comedy of Life." The drawing of these cartoons is sometimes a little to seek, but their wit and grace and their skill in characterization rarely fail.

The Prix Henner, of 3,000 fr., for a figure painter of French nationality, and at least thirty years old, has been awarded for the first time by the Société des Artistes Français to M. Guinier, who exhibits two paintings, Femme Pensive, and Jeune Fille et Pavots.

Léon Gauchez ("Paul Lervi") has died in Paris in his eighty-third year. M. Gauchez was founder and director of *L'Art*.

Finance.

CAUSES OF THE "BETTER FEELING."

It has been manifest this past week, to every one accustomed to feel the pulse of financial sentiment and financial markets, that a distinctly more hopeful feeling has begun to prevail. This has been noticeable, not through predictions of a "boom in trade" or a "boom in stocks," but through the gradual disappearance of the pessimism which, a very few weeks ago, tinged every expert diagnosis and prognosis in finance. Until this change in sentiment occurred, belief was general that a season of grave disturbance was before us in the summer, and that serious complications, financial or industrial, were possibly yet to be undergone. By no means every experienced watcher even yet declares that the markets will not have to sail through troubled waters between now and the later autumn. But a feeling that the financial position is now such that trials of this sort may be endured without disaster, if not without inconvenieuce, has grown very general.

What has caused the change? The Stock Exchange, which measures everything in the terms of professional speculation, replies that "liquidation has been completed," and that the market is "sold to a standstill." This is not so trivial a view of the case as may perhaps be imagined; for the Stock Exchange is a microcosm in which all the forces at work in outside finance and industry are embodied, and when urgent sales of investment securities have ceased, the usual meaning is that the financial or industrial distress from which those sales resulted has also come to an end, or has, at all events, reached a stage where there is promise of relief. But this does not answer the main question. Why should even this compulsory or precautionary throwing over of investment holdings have ceased?

The eause may be either technical or sentimental—that is to say, the sales may have stopped because those already made had provided the capital requisite for safety, or because the fears which provoked the previous selling had been removed. As regards the first of the two suppositions, it must always be true that, at some point, realizing on their investment holdings will put embarrassed individuals or companies into a position of safety. Their difficulty was, that they could not borrow; but by thus marketing part of their possessions, they may dispense with borrowing, and pay off debts. Such a result assumes a demand from purchasers on the Stock Exchange which will produce the requisite sum. Lacking such demand, prices might fall to ruinous figures—as they do, precisely because of paralyzed purchasing power, in a real industrial panic. Nothing like that has resulted this past season; the lower prices fell, the stronger became the legitimate demand for them. It was evident that, at a price, capital could be had, and the low valuations fixed on the Stock Exchange in March and May were the price exacted and paid.

Nor is this all of the technical relief provided. In a genuine panic, prices for stocks may be so disordered that banks, themselves embarrassed from other reasons—say from a run of depositors—are more reluctant to lend on such security than they were at the higher level. The result then is a frantic bid for money by Wall Street, and

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failure of firms which cannot get it. Nothing like this has resulted from the past season's fall in prices; on the contrary, Stock Exchange liquidation released so many bank loans, and fall in Stock Exchange prices reduced so largely Wall Street's demands on bank resources, that people with good securities to offer as collateral found the money rate suddenly reduced to the lowest figure in months. This of itself may have averted further forced liquidation.

So much for the technical side. It will readily be perceived, however, that the very fact which made possible this restored equilibrium was the absence of general fright and panic; therefore the sentimental causes of the better feeling may, after all, turn out to be fundamental. Dozens of reasons are usually offered to explain such a change in financial sentiment, and, naturally, the number produced after the event is larger than those assigned in prediction. One influence towards better feeling stands out, however, so distinctly, and with so logical a bearing on the financial situation, that it may fairly be called paramount. This influence is the altered outlook for the harvests. That the season of growing crops, both in this country and in Europe, began unfavorably, is known to every one. That the agricultural situation was highly critical up to the opening of June, was witnessed by the violent advance in grain prices. The first of June, in the Eastern States, was the coldest June day on the Weather Bureau's records, and it was freely asserted, at that time, that nothing could save the harvests from a possibly disastrous shortage, except "perfect weather" from that time forward.

This was a hard requirement; yet, in the three weeks which have ensued, precisely that ideal "growing weather"—hotter than usual, which was to be desired after the abnormal cold of May—has prevailed throughout the United States. Wheat and cotton prices have fallen; it is now confidently expected that the Government's July cotton crop estimate, due next Wednesday, and its grain crop estimate, due Wednesday of the ensuing week, will show very great improvement in the outlook. For wheat, at any rate, the prospect of the moment is for a yield large enough—when added to a surplus, from last year's crop, 48,000 000 bushels greater than the "carried-over" surplus a year ago—to spare the usual amount for export. With Europe's harvest shortage from last year's yield now calculated at 180,000,000 to 280 000,000 bushels, the financial importance of this change in our own situation is enough of itself to explain the change in sentiment.

No single cause ever operates alone in a matter of this sort; financial movements result from the cumulative influence of a great variety of causes. Therefore it is easily possible that the failure as yet of any formidable trade reaction to develop—entailing such consequences as did the iron trade relapse of 1903—is a strong contributing influence towards better feeling. The nearness of the "July reinvestment period" always has some effect, and may have more than usual this year, when the mid-year revenues will be used quite as much to liquidate over-extended credit as to invest on the Stock Exchange. No doubt it will be alleged, by that curiously perverse part of the railway community which has insisted on "antagonism to railroads" as the root of all recent depression, that people are growing reassured in that direction, and are therefore feeling better. This argument meets difficulties, unless President Roosevelt's rather Delphic Memorial Day speech, or Gov. Hughes's veto of the "Two-Cent Fare bill" in New York, is assumed to mean reversal of public opinion. However, such things are undoubtedly a help, even if their function as the main cause of conditions precedent is not admitted.

The larger question is, whether the favorable change in financial sentiment is merely a temporary incident, or marks the real turn in the tide. As to that, one must watch three doubtful spots in the situation. Crops may be growing well into July, or even into August, yet be blighted at harvest, and late crops, like this year's, run a peculiar risk. The bank position is not as strong as might be wished, when the New York surplus reserve, at $5,600,000 last Saturday, was the lowest on record for that date, outside of the panic year 1893, and when $6,000,000 gold per week has lately been going from New York to Europe. Finally, the world outside of the United States is not in the best financial position, when financial trouble has actually broken out at Genoa, Alexandria, and Rio Janeiro, and when London and Paris are facing formidable liquidation. But these are considerations for the future.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Hartley B. The Mid Earth Life. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Hunting Co.
Annual Report of the States Charities, 1907. Albany.
Avery, Elroy McKendree. A History of the United States and its People. Vol. 3. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Barus, Carl. Condensation of Vapor as Induced by Nuclei and Ions. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Bastian, H. Charlton. The Evolution of Life. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Belloc, Hilaire. The Historic Thames. Dutton. $6 net.
Bruce, Philip Alexander. Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson. $1.50 net.
Bullen, Frank T. Our Heritage of the Sea. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Butler, Pierce. Judah P. Benjamin. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
Cartwright, Julia. Madame: A Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. and Duchess of Orleans. Dutton. $3 net.
Cheyne, T. K. Traditions and Beliefs of Ancient Israel. London: Adam & Charles Black.
Chonski, Myriem de. La Brahina. Paris: Armand Colin.
Clark, Galen. The Big Trees of California. Published by the author.
Comedy of Life. Life Publishing Co. $2.
Commons, John R. Proportional Representation. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Cram, Ralph Adams. The Gothic Quest. Baker & Taylor Co.
Cromwell, Norman H. The Sportsman's Primer. Outing Publishing Co.
Davidson, William L. The Stoic Creed. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Ethnology, Twenty-fourth Annual Report of the Bureau of. By W. H. Holmes. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Fusco, Antonio. La Filosofia Dell' Arte in Gustavo Flaubert. Messina.
Garduer, Percy. The Growth of Christianity. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Goffiot, L.-V. Le Theatre au Collège du Moyen Age à Nos Jours. Paris: Honoré Champion.
Guthrie, William B. Socialism Before the French Revolution. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Headlam, Cecil. The Story of Oxford. Macmillan Co. $2.
Holder, Charles Frederick. Half Hours with the Animals. American Book Co. 60 cents.
Homer's Iliad. Translated by Edgar A. Tibbetts. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Horsley, Victor, and Mary D. Sturge. Alcohol and the Human Body. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Hyamson Albert M. A Dictionary of the Bible. Dutton. 50 cents.
Irish Texts Society. Vol. VI: Imtheachta Aenlasa. Edited by George Calder. London: David Nutt.
Irwin, Wallace. The Shame of the Colleges. Outing Publishing Co.
Kitson, Arthur. Capt. James Cook. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Klein, Charles. The Lion and the Mouse. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Launay, L. de. L'Or Dans le Monde. Paris: Armand Colin.
Lauck, W. Jett. The Causes of the Panic of 1893. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Lloyd, A. B. In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country. Dutton. $3 net.
Long, William J. Wayeeses, the White Wolf. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Montague, F. C. The History of England. Longmans.
My Jest Book. Selected by Mark Lemon. Dutton. 50 cents.
National Educational Association. Fiftieth Anniversary Volume. Winona, Wis.: Published by the Association.
Neame, L. E. The Asiatic Danger in the Colonies. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Newbolt, Henry. The Old Country. Dutton. $1.50.
Noyes, Alfred. The Flower of Old Japan and other Poems. Macmillan Co.
Pares, Bernard. Russia and Reform. Dutton. $3 net.
Person, Harlow Stafford. Industrial Education. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Report of the Commissioner of Education. Vol. 1. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Rhead, Louis. Bait Angling for Common Fishes. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Roberts, W. Sir William Beechey, R. A. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Root, Elihu. The Citizen's Part in Government. Scribners. $1 net.
Schaching, Otto von. The Bell Foundry. Benziger Bros.
Scott, John Reed. Beatrix of Clare. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Selous, F. C. Recent Hunting Trips in British America. Imported by Scribners. $5 net.
Strong, Mrs. Arthur. Roman Sculpture. Imported by Scribners. $3 net.
Sumner, William Graham. Folkways. Boston: Ginn & Co. $3.
Taylor, I. A. Queen Hortense and Her Friends. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners. $6 net.
Teranus, V. E. Der Letzte Krieg. Berlin.
Washington, Booker T., and W. E. B. Du Bois. The Negro in the South. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1 net.
Welles, A. M. Reminiscent Ramblings. Denver: W. F. Robinson Printing Co.
Wolff, Max J. Shakespeare. München: C. H. Beck.

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